TREASURY OF SONG

(NUMBER 2)

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR

THE HOME CIRCLE

THE RICHEST, MOST DELIGHTFUL GEMS

FROM MANY LANDS

SACRED, PATRIOTIC, COMIC, AND SENTIMENTAL.

THE RESULT OF LABORIOUS RESEARCH THROUGH THE EXTENSIVE REPERTOIRES OF THE MUSIC CENTRES OF EUROPE AND OF SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE MASTER COMPOSERS OF THE PRESENT DAY, SUCH AS BENNETT, WATSON, LESLIE, DIEHL, GATTY, BARNBY, MARZIALS, HATTON, TOURS, CRAMPTON, PINSUTI, BLUMENTHAL, ADAMS, GOUNOD, MOLLOY, DENZA, WESLEY, PARRY, MOIR, STAINER, ARNE, REYLOFF, DICK, SULLIVAN, LAWSON, ETC., ETC.

CONTAINS THEIR LATEST AND FAVORITE

SONGS, HYMNS, GLEES, MADRIGALS, BALLADS, SENTENCES, RESPONSES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, ETC., ETC., ALL CHOSEN EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR EMINENT FITNESS TO PROMOTE

THE HAPPINESS OF EVERY HOME.

PROFESSOR D. H. MORRISON, MUSICAL EDITOR,

ALSO EDITOR OF TREASURY OF SONG NO. 1, TREASURY OF SONG WITHOUT WORDS, ETC.

HUBBARD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

SONG has not yet fulfilled its mission, nor has a halt been called for its devotees. They are ever pressing forward, gaining new achievements and bestowing them upon the world. And the world is appreciative of the masters in music. It warmly welcomes their splendid productions and delights itself in the inspiration they impart.

Nowhere is this fact more clearly demonstrated than in the history of TREASURY OF SONG. When No. 1 appeared its success was by no means certain. It was a costly experiment, but it offered the musical public a collection of musical gems. In this it met a universal want, and therefore received a universal welcome. More than a hundred thousand copies were soon placed in as many happy homes, where they have ministered joy day after day, as young and old, grave and gay, have turned their pages and sung their songs.

But a new demand has arisen. Musical workers have not been idle, nor were all the worlds of song exhausted when No. 1 was made. Lovers of music ask for another book of musical gems. "Give us the newest songs," they say, "and give us the gems of other lands."

Who can respond so well to this demand as he who, as editor of Treasury of Song No. 1, did so much to create it? His capacity for such work is proven and his experience is the ripest and the widest. To supply material for another Treasury of Song, England, Germany, France, and Italy have been laid under contribution. Professor Morrison has visited these lands and searched through their musical treasuries, thus securing the latest and best of the world's musical work. What more could be done to secure a worthy book for an appreciative public?

Confident that a hearty greeting awaits this new volume, "Treasury of Song No. 2," it is sent forth, like its predecessor, on "its mission of harmony."

THE PUBLISHERS.

Hotel Royal

RIVERS & BARTELS,
PROPRIETORS

New Orleans January 1885

Gentlemen,

I have examined your beautiful volume "Treasury of Song" and find it a charming collection of lovely songs, rich in character and pleasing in variety.

Very truly yours

Adelina Patti

Messrs Hubbard Brothers

923 Chestnut St Philadelphia.

TREASURY OF SONG.

(No. 2.)

Fac-simile of the original manuscript given Mr. Morrison as a souvenir of their interview, by the celebrated composer—BERTHOLD TOURS.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

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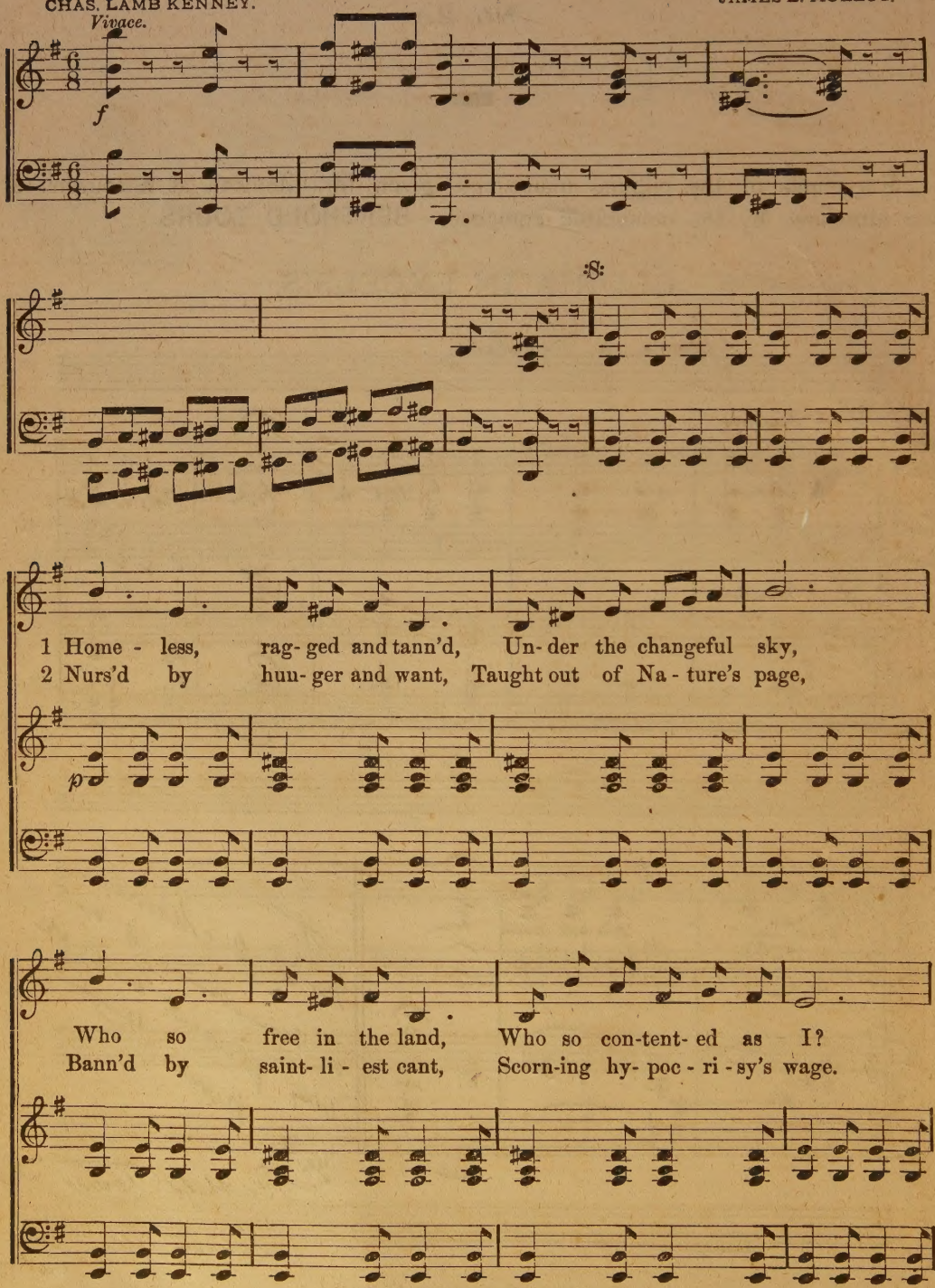
THE VAGABOND.

CHAS. LAMB KENNEY. JAMES L. MOLLOY.


Vivace.
f
:S:
1 Home - less, rag- ged and tann'd, Un- der the changeful sky,
2 Nurs'd by hun- ger and want, Taught out of Na - ture's page,
p
Who so free in the land, Who so con-tent- ed as I?
Bann'd by saint- li - est cant, Scorn-ing hy- poc - ri - sy's wage.

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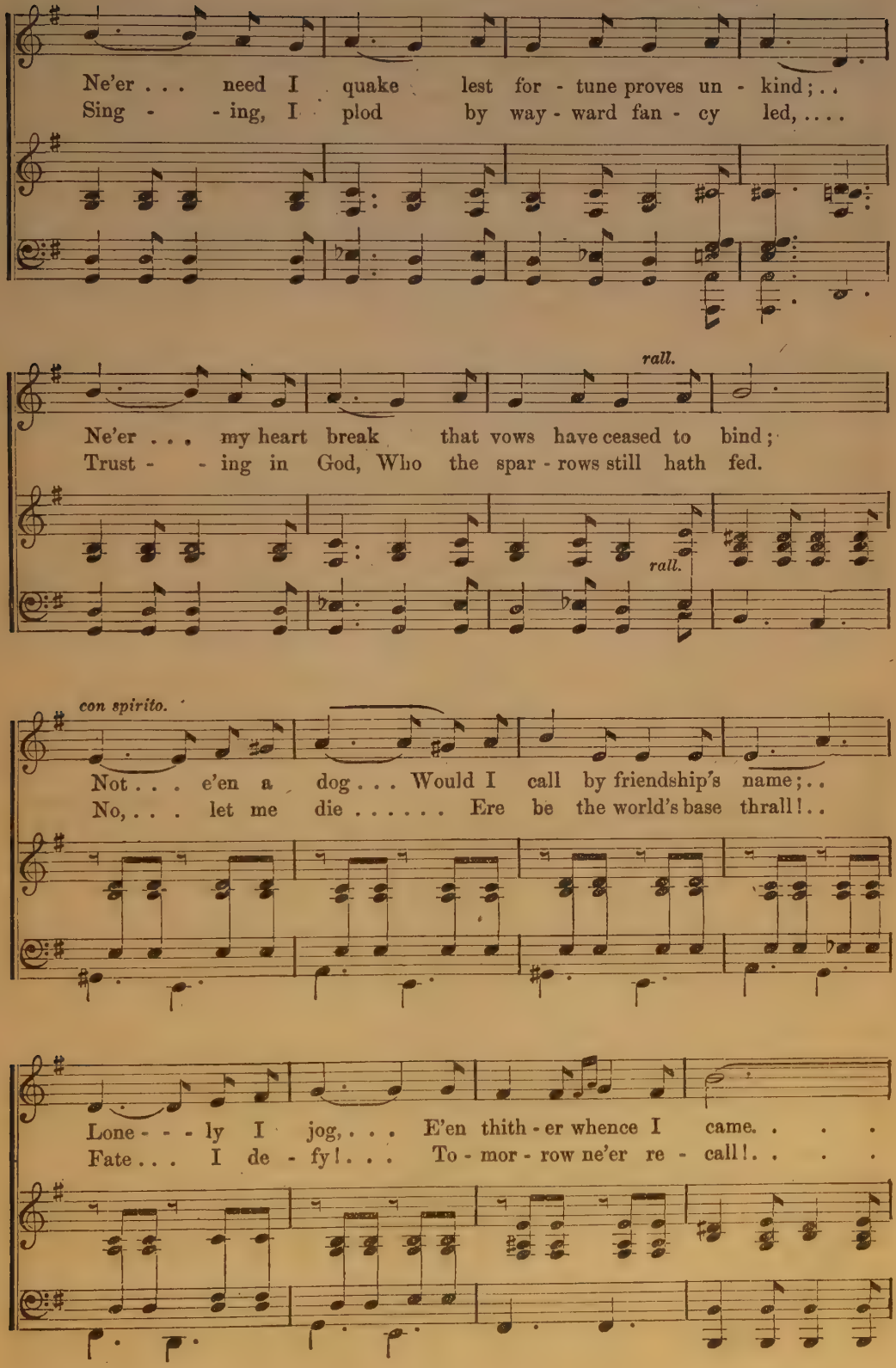
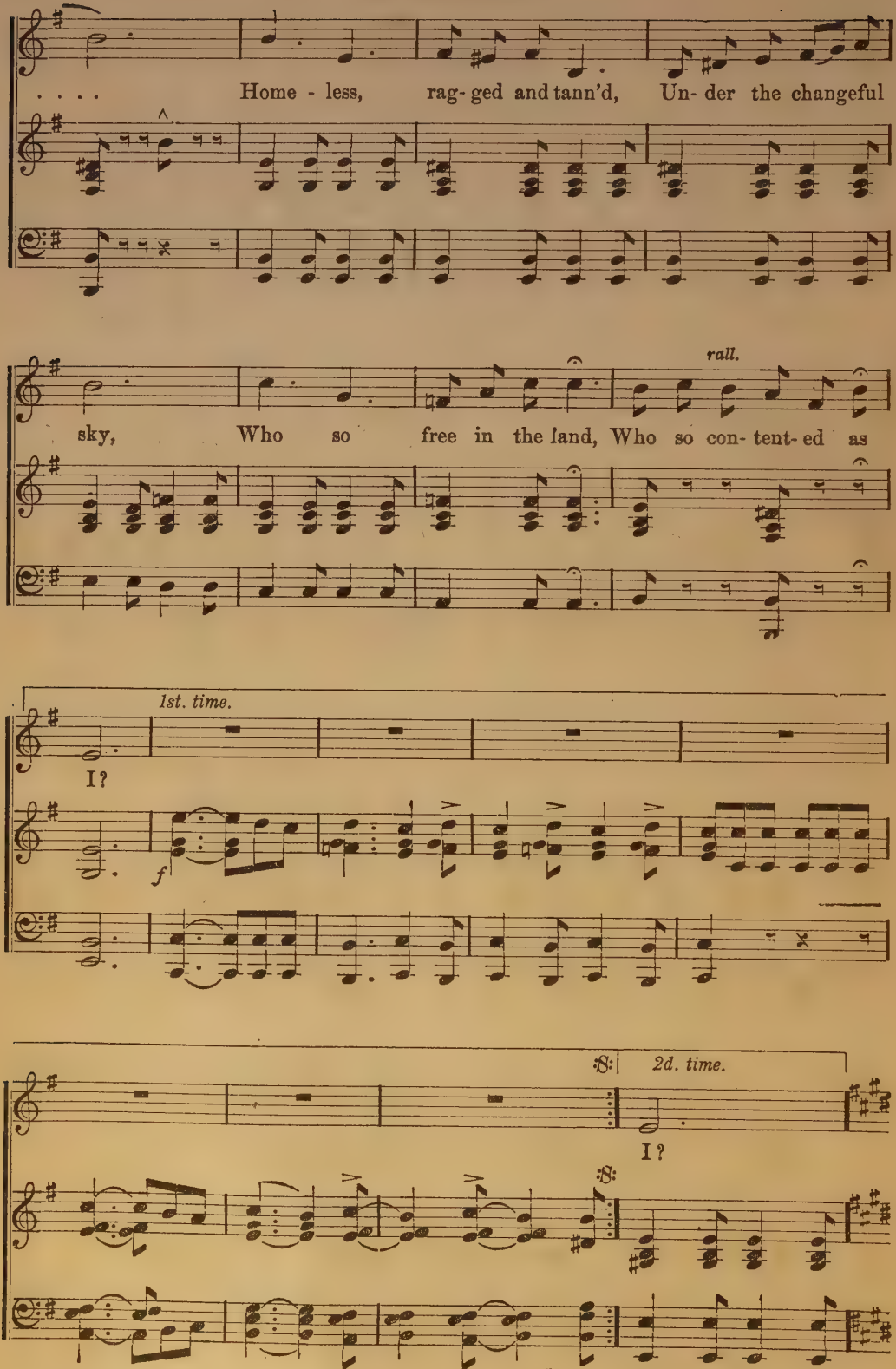
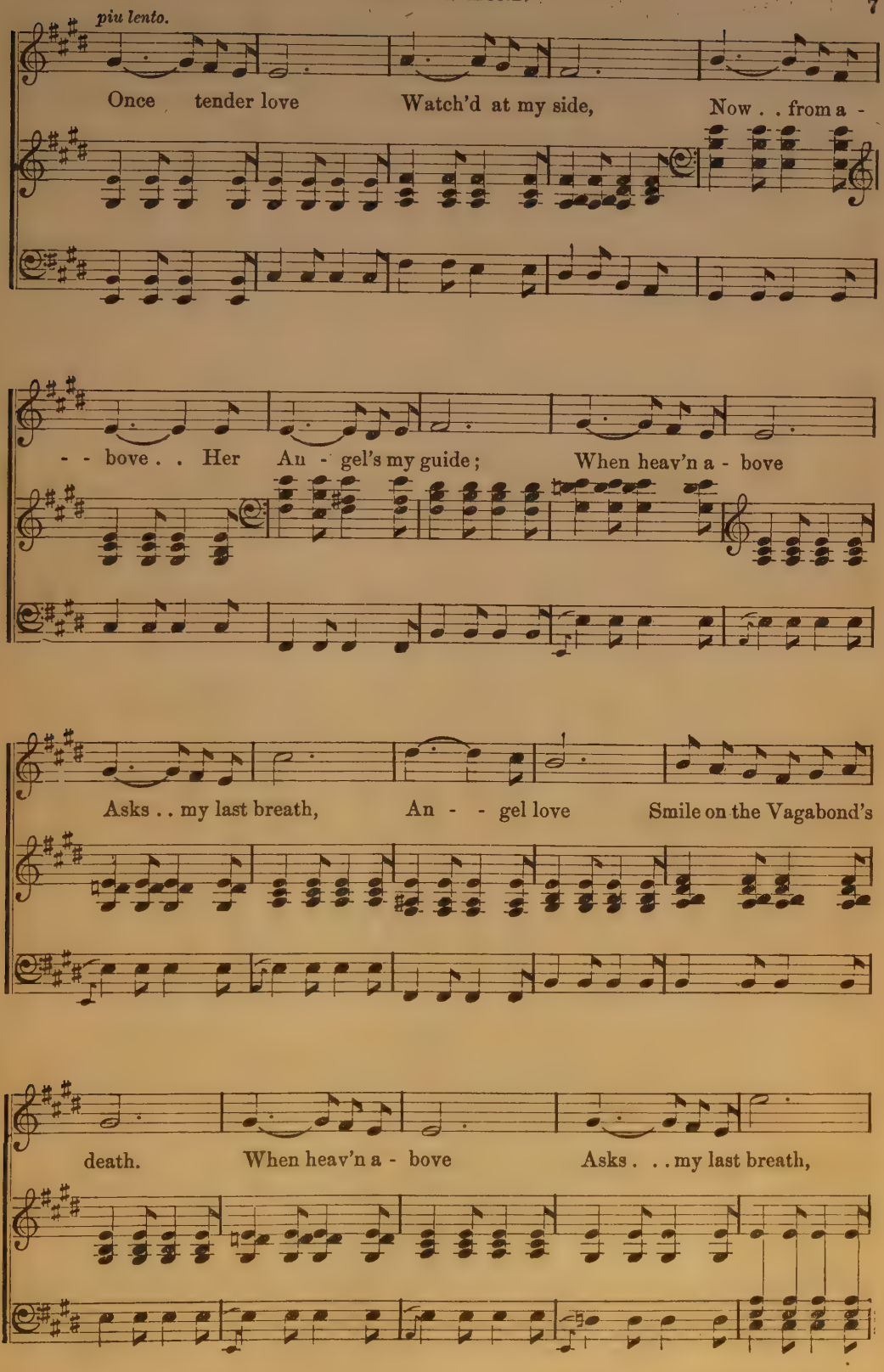
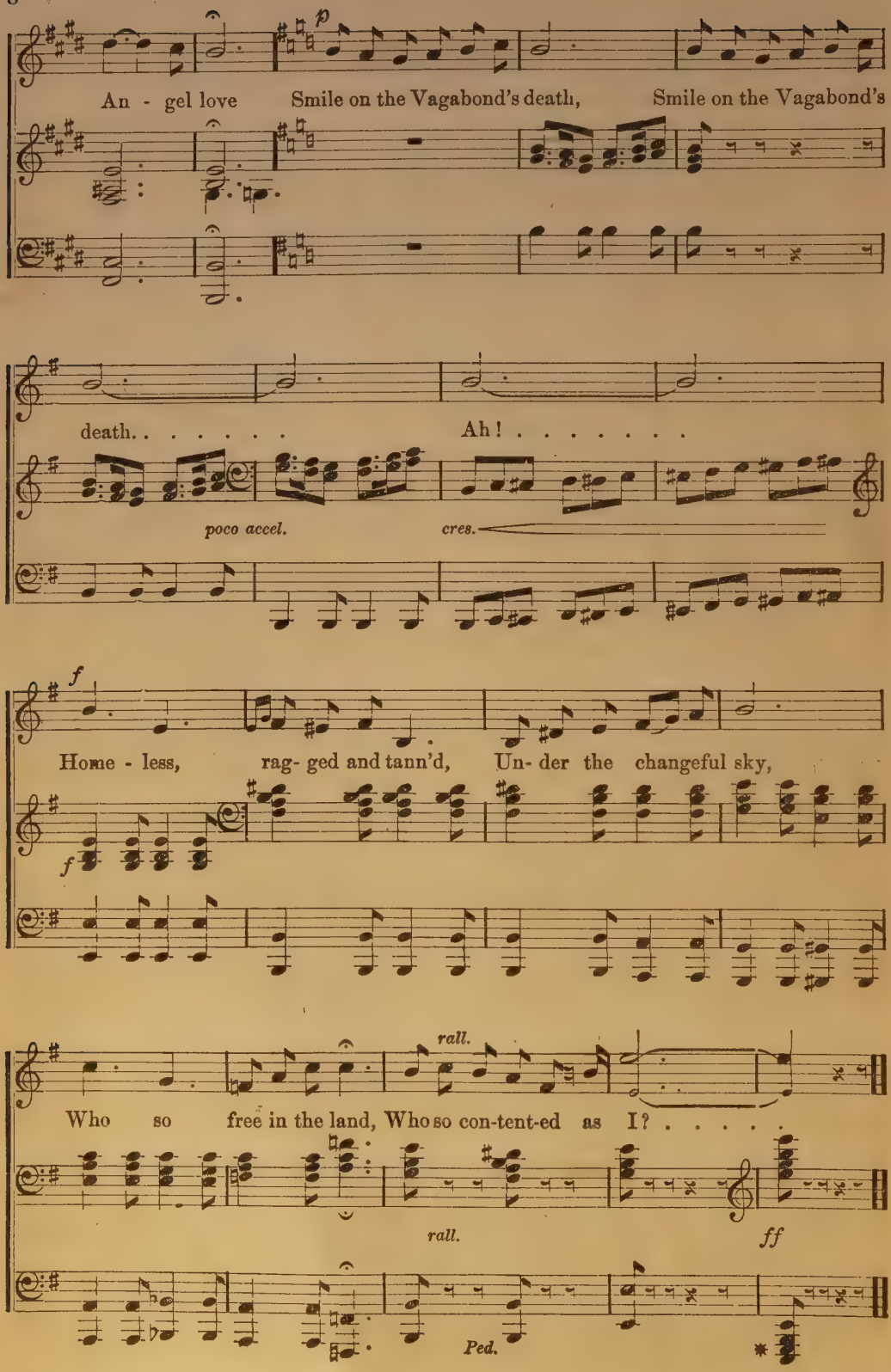

Ne'er . . . need I quake lest for - tune proves un - kind; . .
Sing - - ing, I plod by way - ward fan - cy led, ...
rall.
Ne'er . . . my heart break that vows have ceased to bind;
Trust - - ing in God, Who the spar - rows still hath fed.
rall.
con spirito.
Not . . . e'en a dog . . . Would I call by friendship's name; . .
No, . . . let me die . . . . . Ere be the world's base thrall! . .
Lone - - - ly I jog, . . . E'en thith - er whence I came. . . .
Fate . . . I de - fy! . . . To - mor - row ne'er re - call! . . . .


. . . . Home - less, rag- ged and tann'd, Un- der the changeful
sky, Who so free in the land, Who so con- tent- ed as
rall.
1st. time.
I?
f
2d. time.
I?

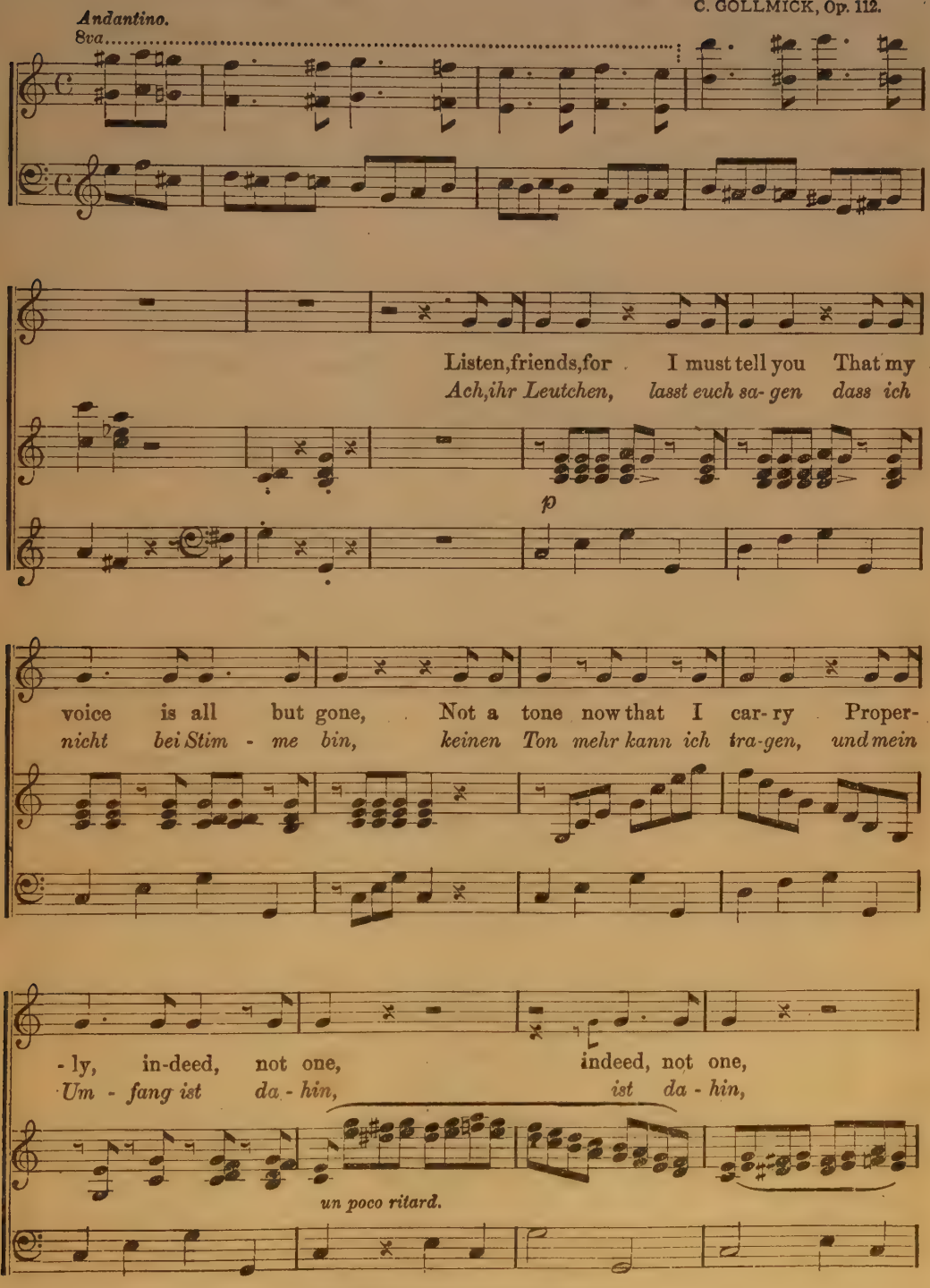

piu lento.
Once tender love Watch'd at my side, Now . . from a -
- - bove . . Her An - gel's my guide; When heav'n a - bove
Asks . . my last breath, An - - gel love Smile on the Vagabond's
death. When heav'n a - bove Asks . . . my last breath,


p
An - gel love Smile on the Vagabond's death, Smile on the Vagabond's
death. . . . . Ah! . . . . . .
poco accel.
cres.
f
Home - less, rag- ged and tann'd, Un- der the changeful sky,
f
rall.
Who so free in the land, Who so con-tent-ed as I? . . . . .
rall.
ff
Ped.

MONODY;

OR, THE LOST TONES.

C. GOLLMICK, Op. 112.


Andantino.
8va
Listen, friends, for I must tell you That my
Ach, ihr Leutchen, lasst euch sa- gen dass ich
p
voice is all but gone, Not a tone now that I car- ry Proper-
nicht bei Stim - me bin, keinen Ton mehr kann ich tra-gen, und mein
- ly, in-deed, not one, indeed, not one,
Um - fang ist da - hin, ist da - hin,
un poco ritard.

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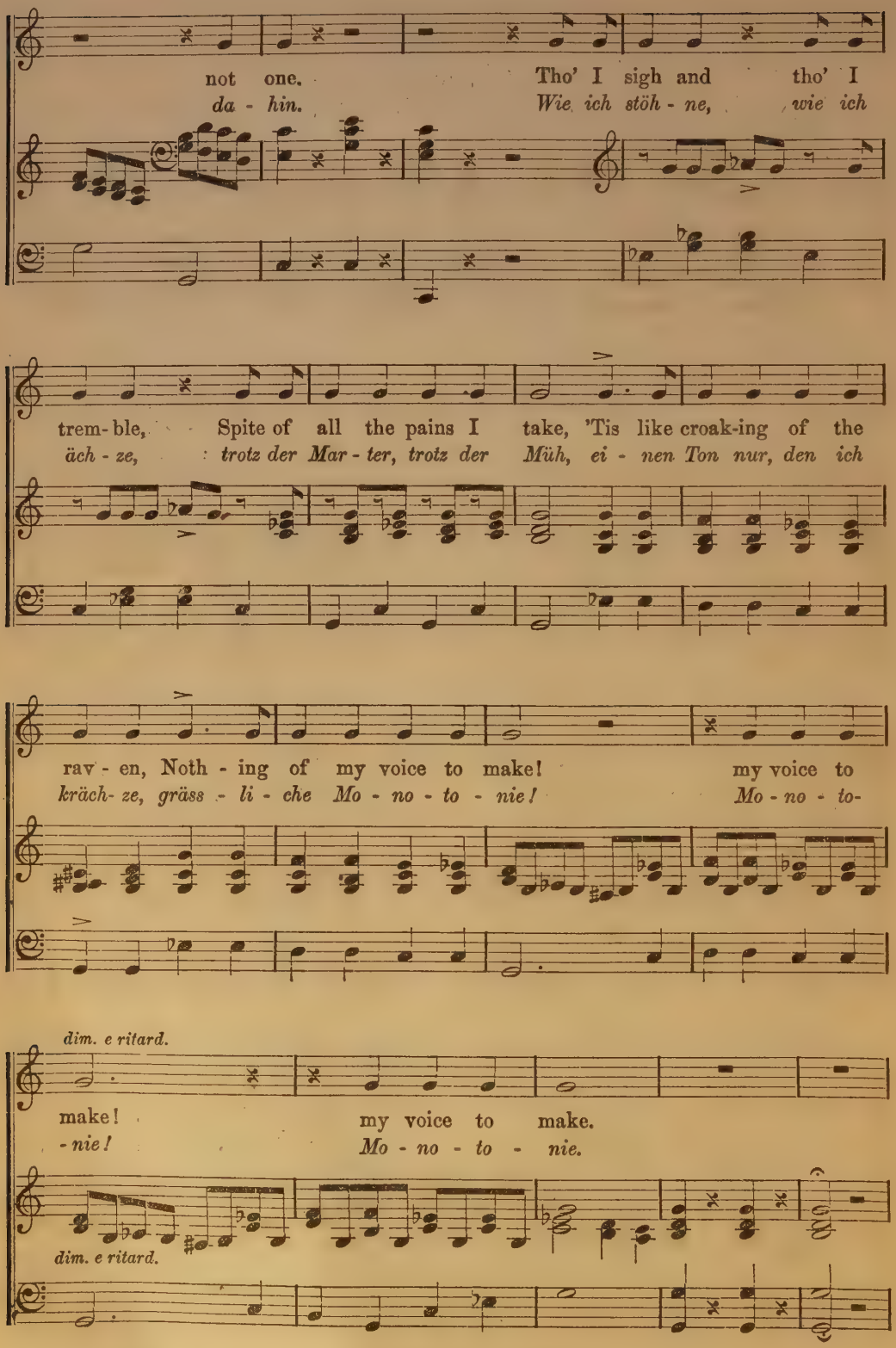
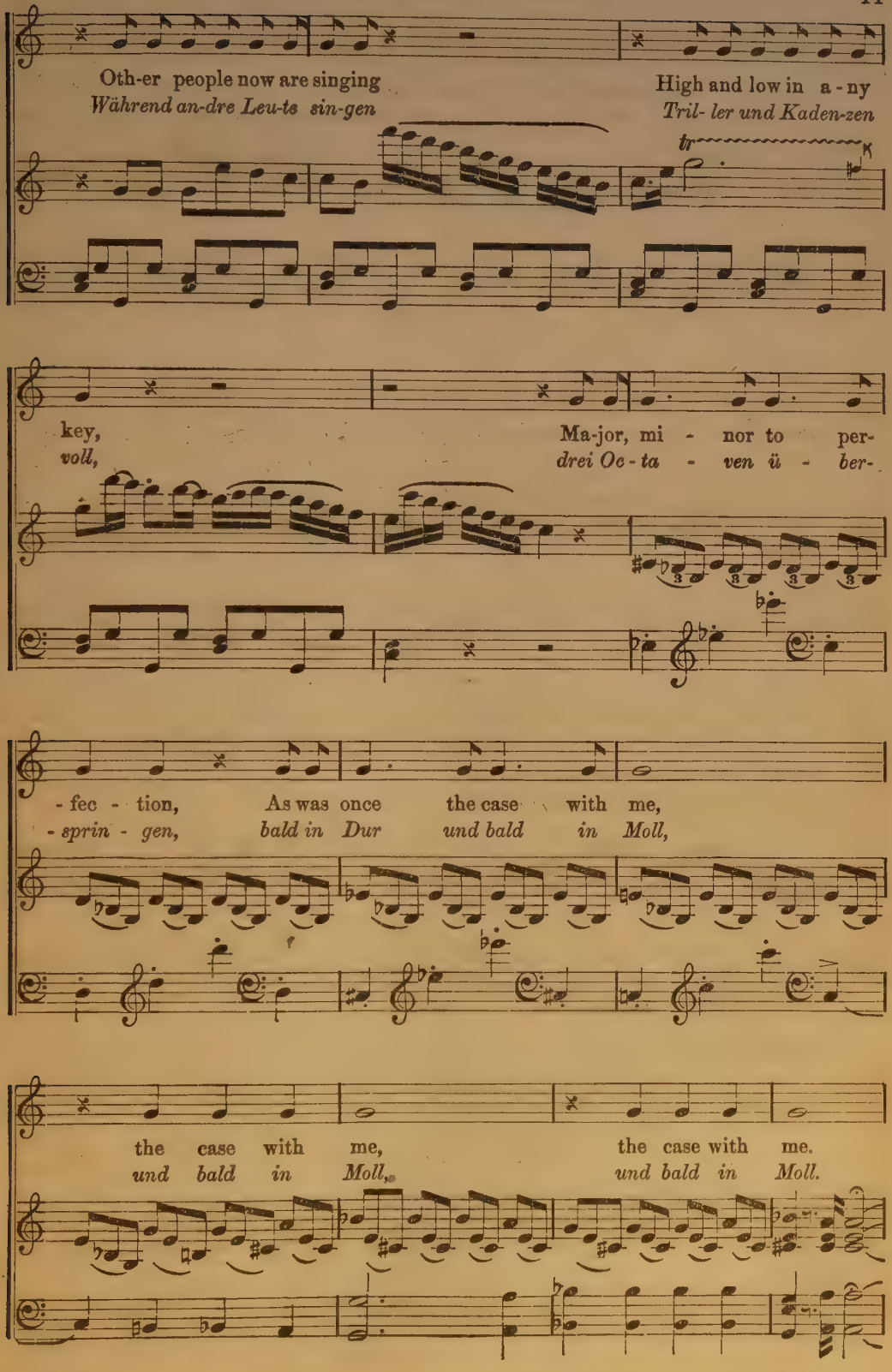
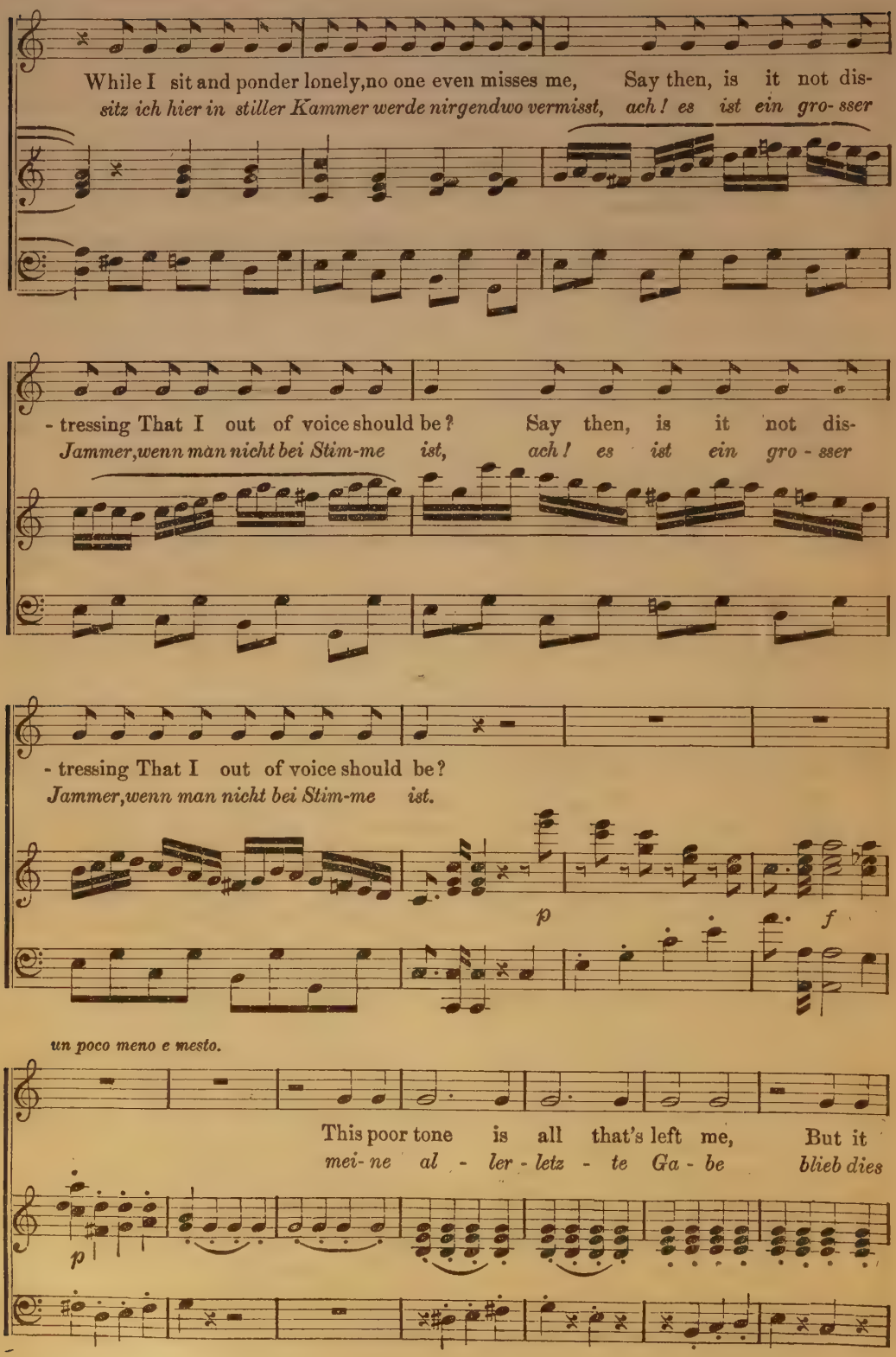
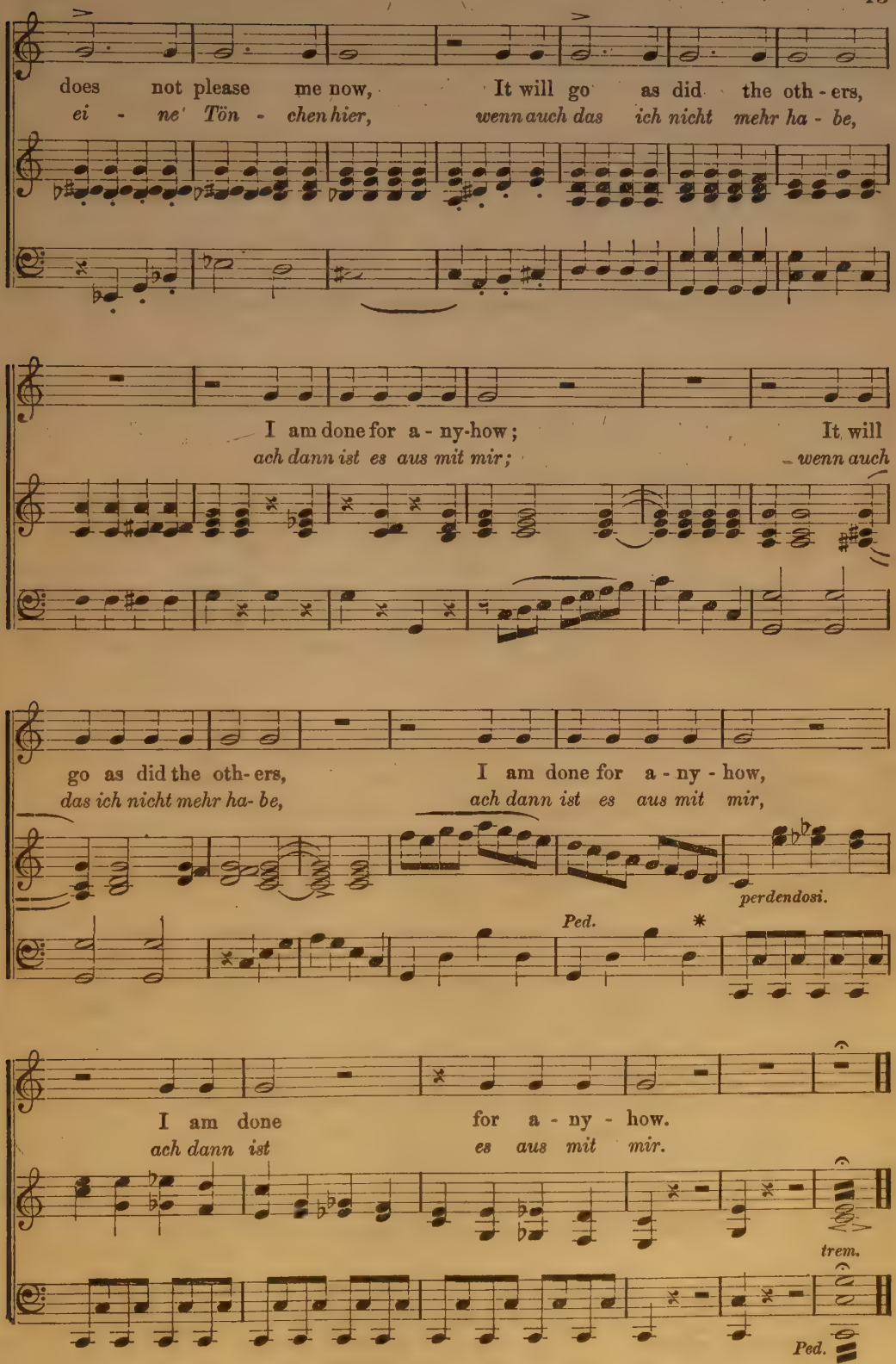
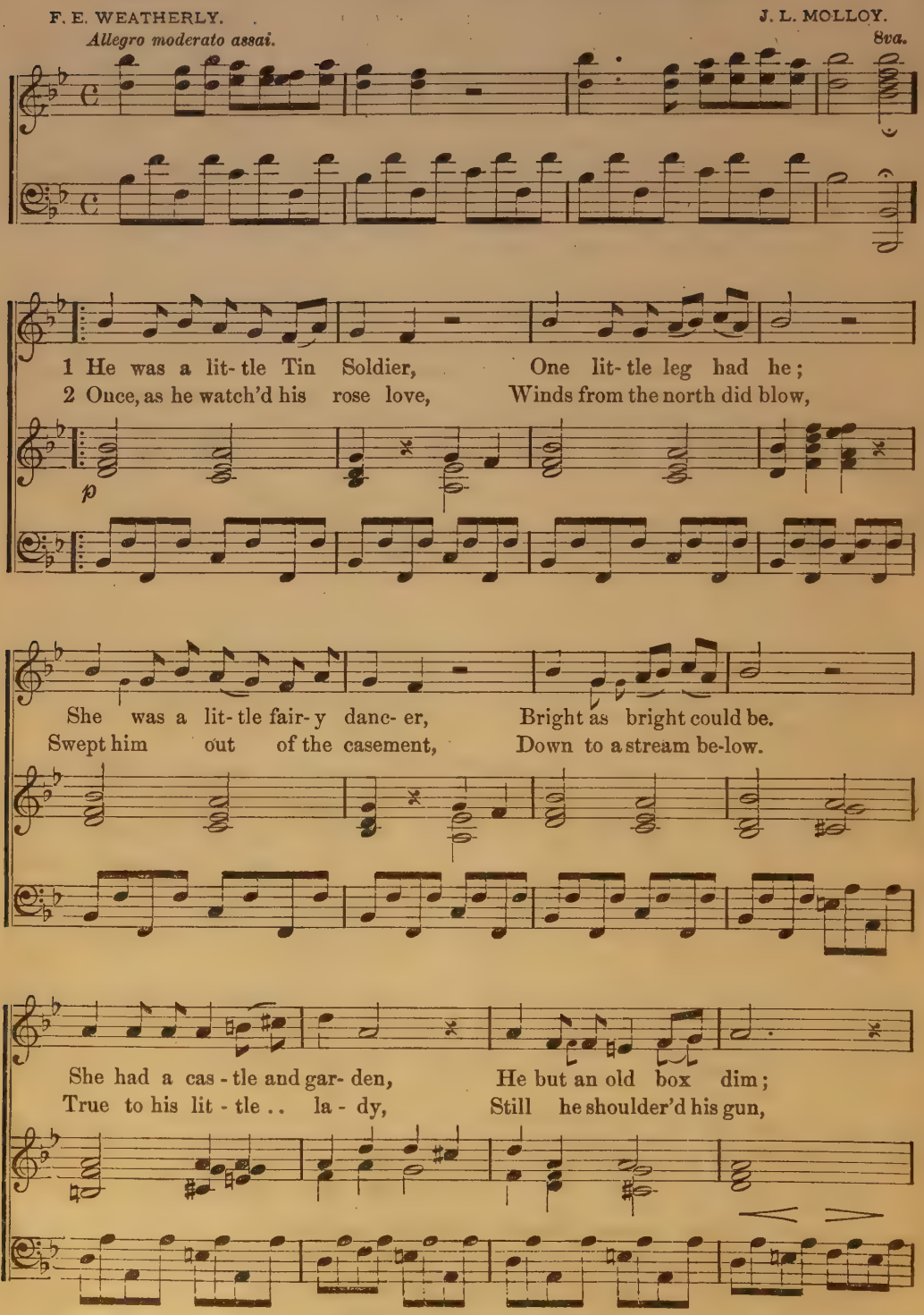

not one. Tho' I sigh and tho' I
da - hin. Wie ich stöh - ne, wie ich
trem- ble, Spite of all the pains I take, 'Tis like croak-ing of the
äch - ze, trotz der Mar - ter, trotz der Müh, ei - nen Ton nur, den ich
rav - en, Noth - ing of my voice to make! my voice to
kräch- ze, gräss - li - che Mo - no - to - nie! Mo - no - to-
dim. e ritard.
make! my voice to make.
- nie! Mo - no - to - nie.
dim. e ritard.


Oth-er people now are singing
Während an-dre Leu-te sin-gen
High and low in a-ny
Tril- ler und Kaden-zen
tr
key,
voll,
Ma-jor, mi - nor to per-
drei Oc-ta - ven ü - ber-
- fec - tion, As was once the case with me,
- sprin - gen, bald in Dur und bald in Moll,
the case with me, the case with me.
und bald in Moll, und bald in Moll.


While I sit and ponder lonely,no one even misses me, Say then, is it not dis-
sitz ich hier in stiller Kammer werde nirgendwo vermisst, ach! es ist ein gro- sser
- tressing That I out of voice should be? Say then, is it not dis-
Jammer,wenn man nicht bei Stim-me ist, ach! es ist ein gro - sser
- tressing That I out of voice should be?
Jammer,wenn man nicht bei Stim-me ist.
p
f
un poco meno e mesto.
This poor tone is all that's left me, But it
mei- ne al - ler - letz - te Ga - be blieb dies
p


does not please me now, It will go as did the oth - ers,
ei - ne' Tön - chen hier, wenn auch das ich nicht mehr ha - be,
I am done for a - ny-how; It will
ach dann ist es aus mit mir; wenn auch
go as did the oth-ers, I am done for a - ny - how,
das ich nicht mehr ha- be, ach dann ist es aus mit mir,
perdendosi.
Ped. *
I am done for a - ny - how.
ach dann ist es aus mit mir.
trem.
Ped.

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.


F. E. WEATHERLY.
J. L. MOLLOY.
Allegro moderato assai.
8va.
1 He was a lit- tle Tin Soldier, One lit- tle leg had he;
2 Once, as he watch'd his rose love, Winds from the north did blow,
p
She was a lit- tle fair- y danc- er, Bright as bright could be.
Swept him out of the casement, Down to a stream be-low.
She had a cas - tle and gar- den, He but an old box dim;
True to his lit - tle .. la - dy, Still he shoulder'd his gun,

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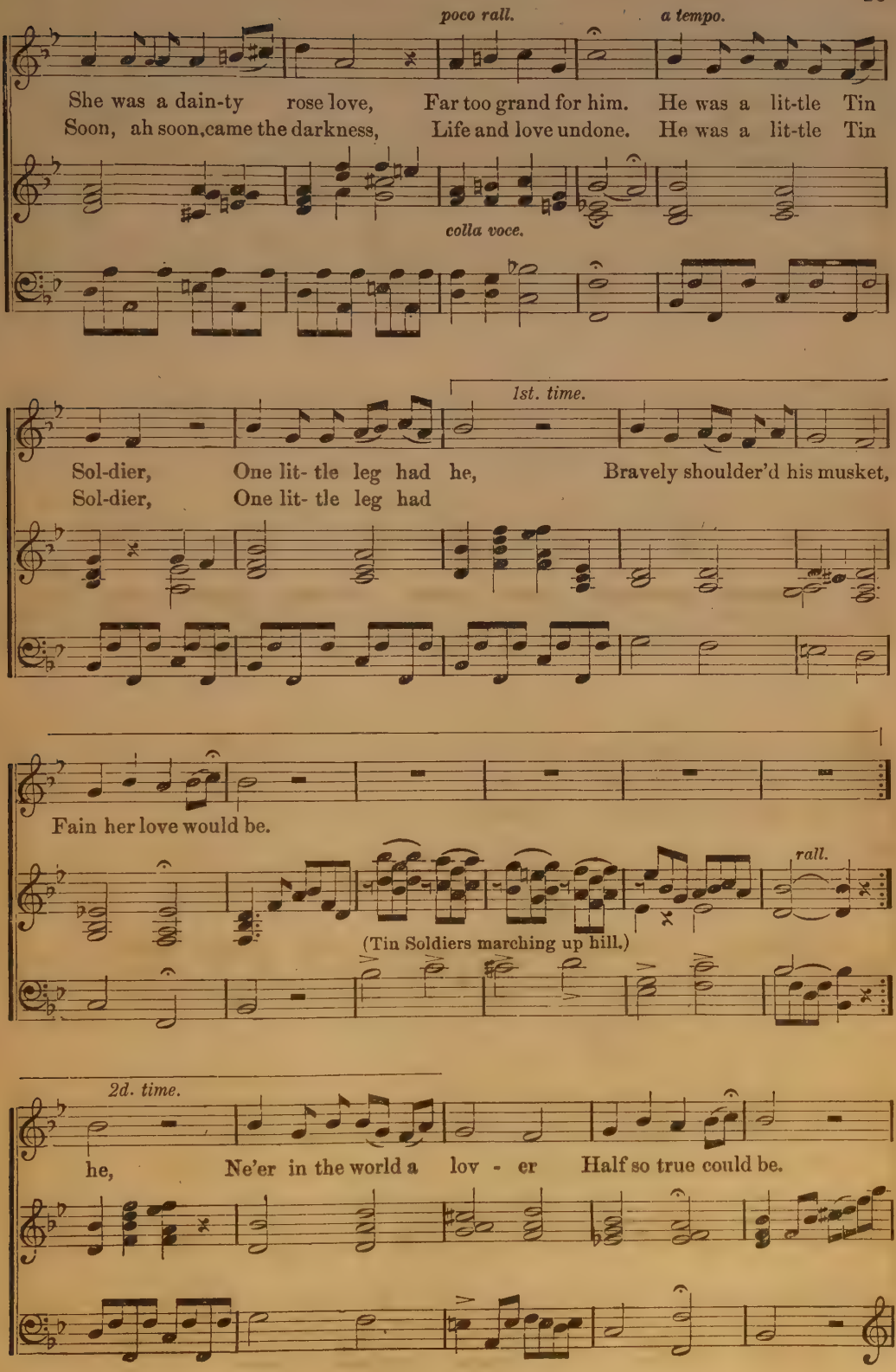
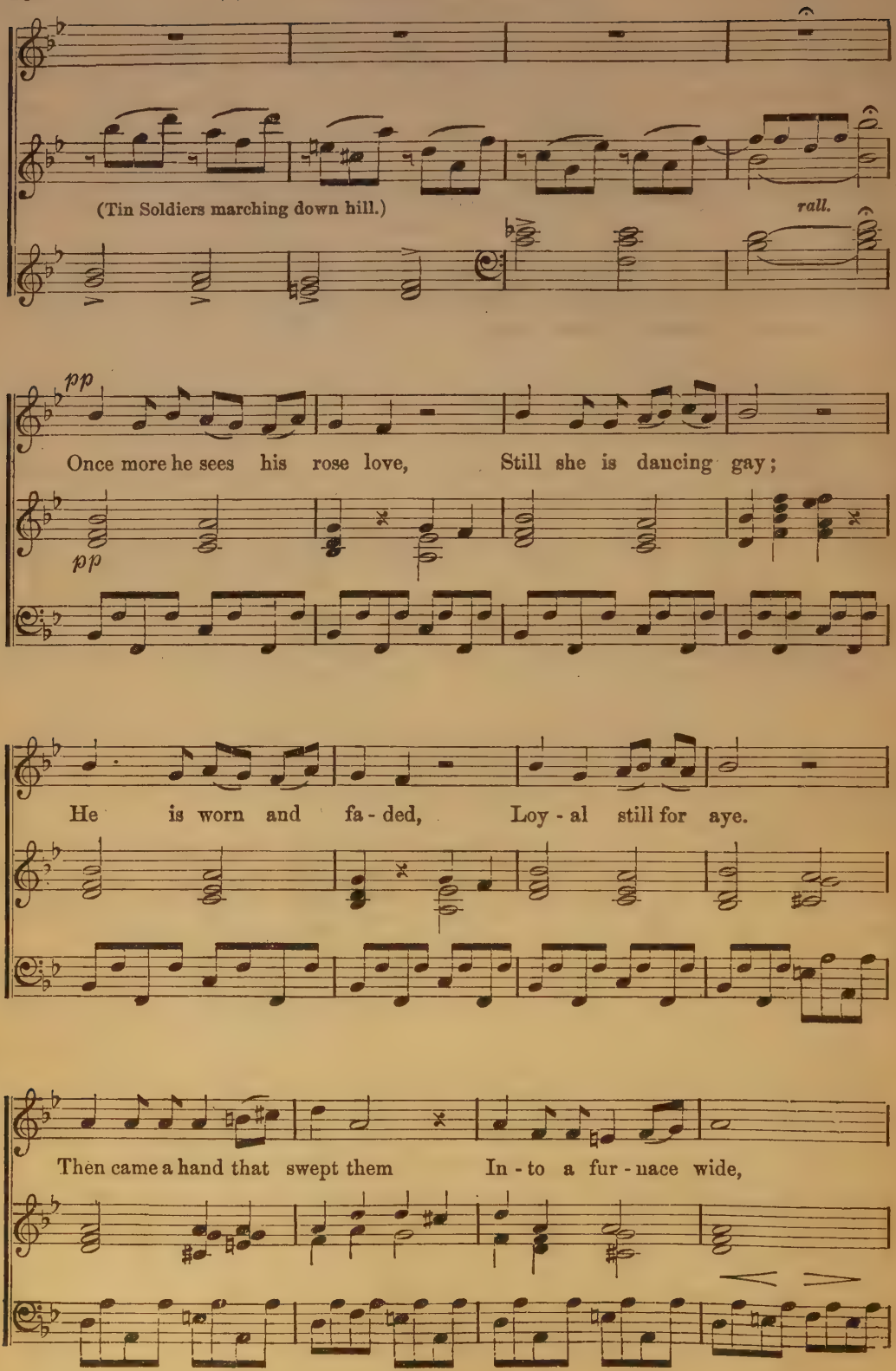
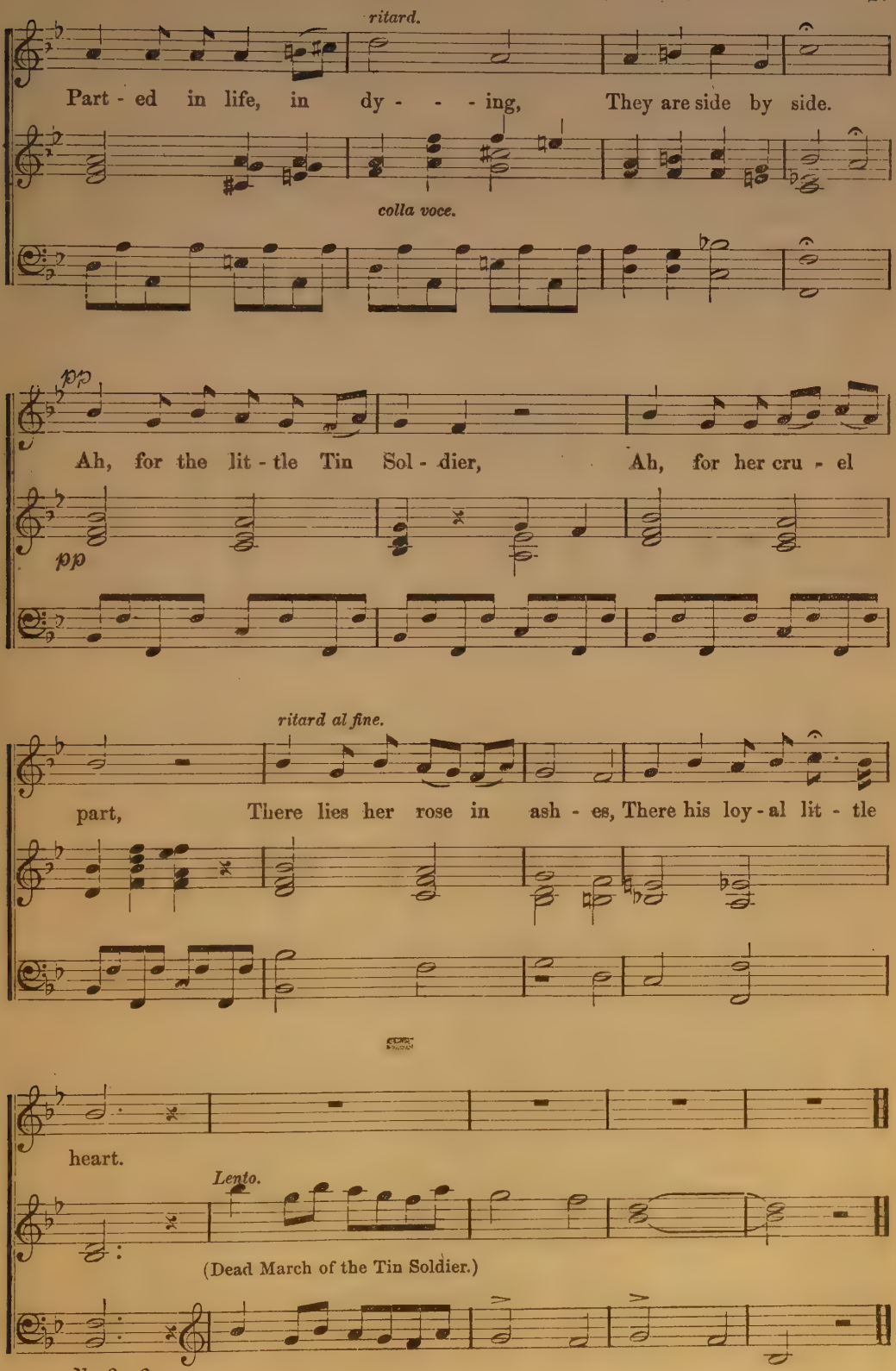
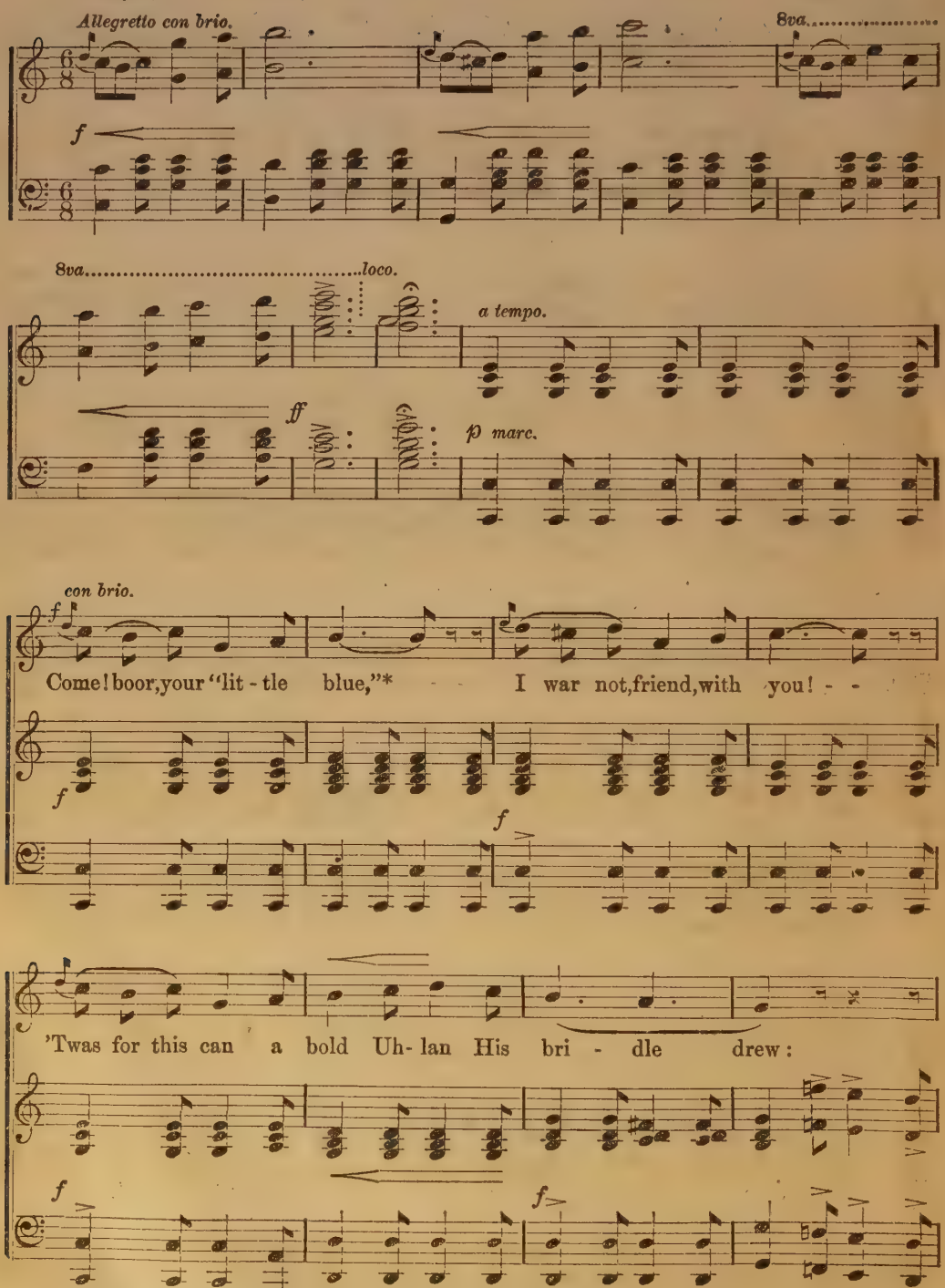

poco rall.
a tempo.
She was a dain-ty rose love, Far too grand for him. He was a lit-tle Tin
Soon, ah soon,came the darkness, Life and love undone. He was a lit-tle Tin
colla voce.
1st. time.
Sol-dier, One lit- tle leg had he, Bravely shoulder'd his musket,
Sol-dier, One lit- tle leg had
Fain her love would be.
rall.
(Tin Soldiers marching up hill.)
2d. time.
he, Ne'er in the world a lov - er Half so true could be.


(Tin Soldiers marching down hill.)
rall.
pp
Once more he sees his rose love, Still she is dancing gay;
pp
He is worn and fa - ded, Loy - al still for aye.
Then came a hand that swept them In - to a fur - nace wide,


ritard.
Part - ed in life, in dy - - - ing, They are side by side.
colla voce.
pp
Ah, for the lit - tle Tin Sol - dier, Ah, for her cru - el
pp
ritard al fine.
part, There lies her rose in ash - es, There his loy - al lit - tle
heart.
Lento.
(Dead March of the Tin Soldier.)

THE SCOUT.

H. B. FARNIE. F. CAMPANA.



* "Petit Bleu."—Small country Wine.

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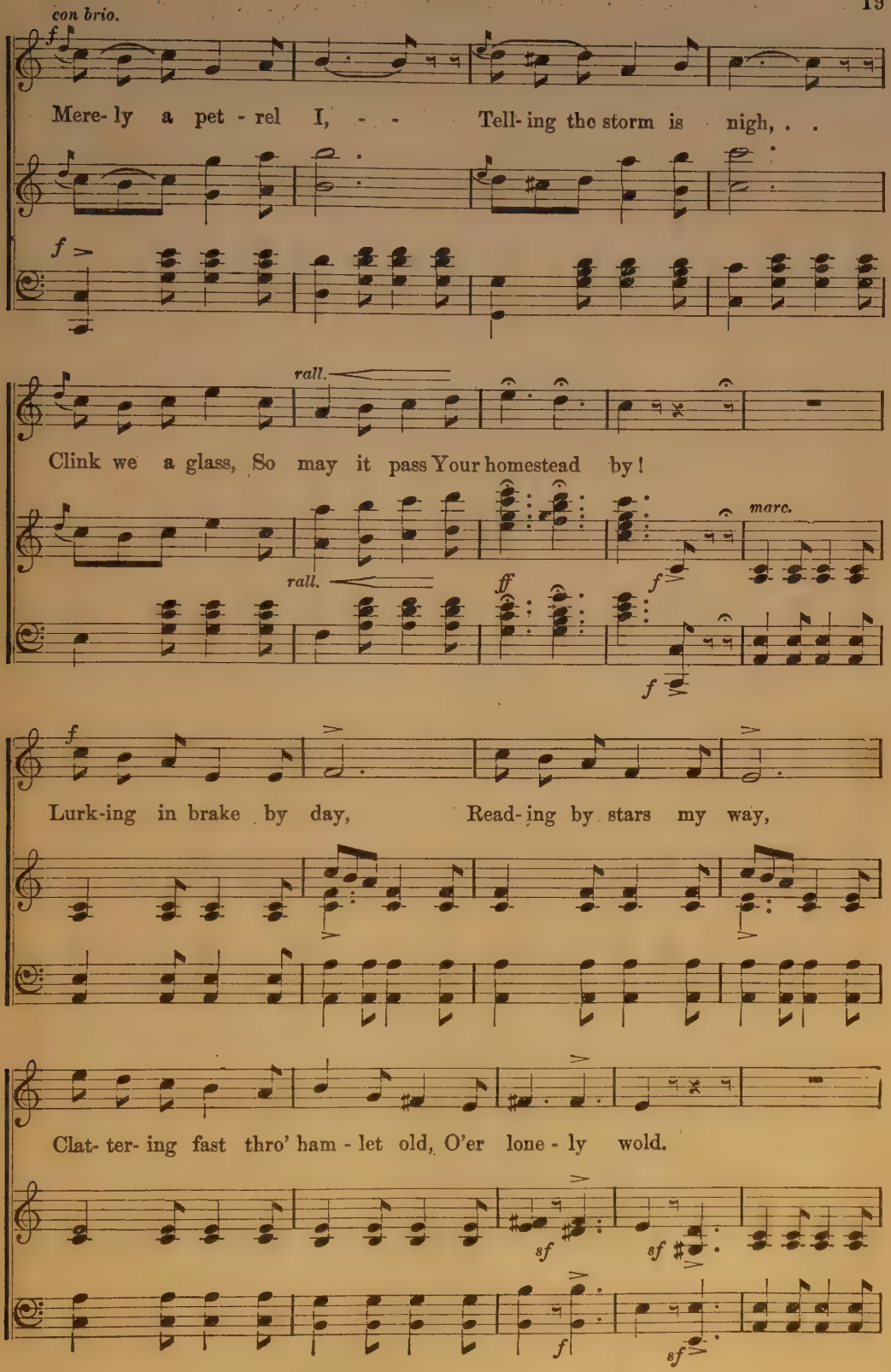
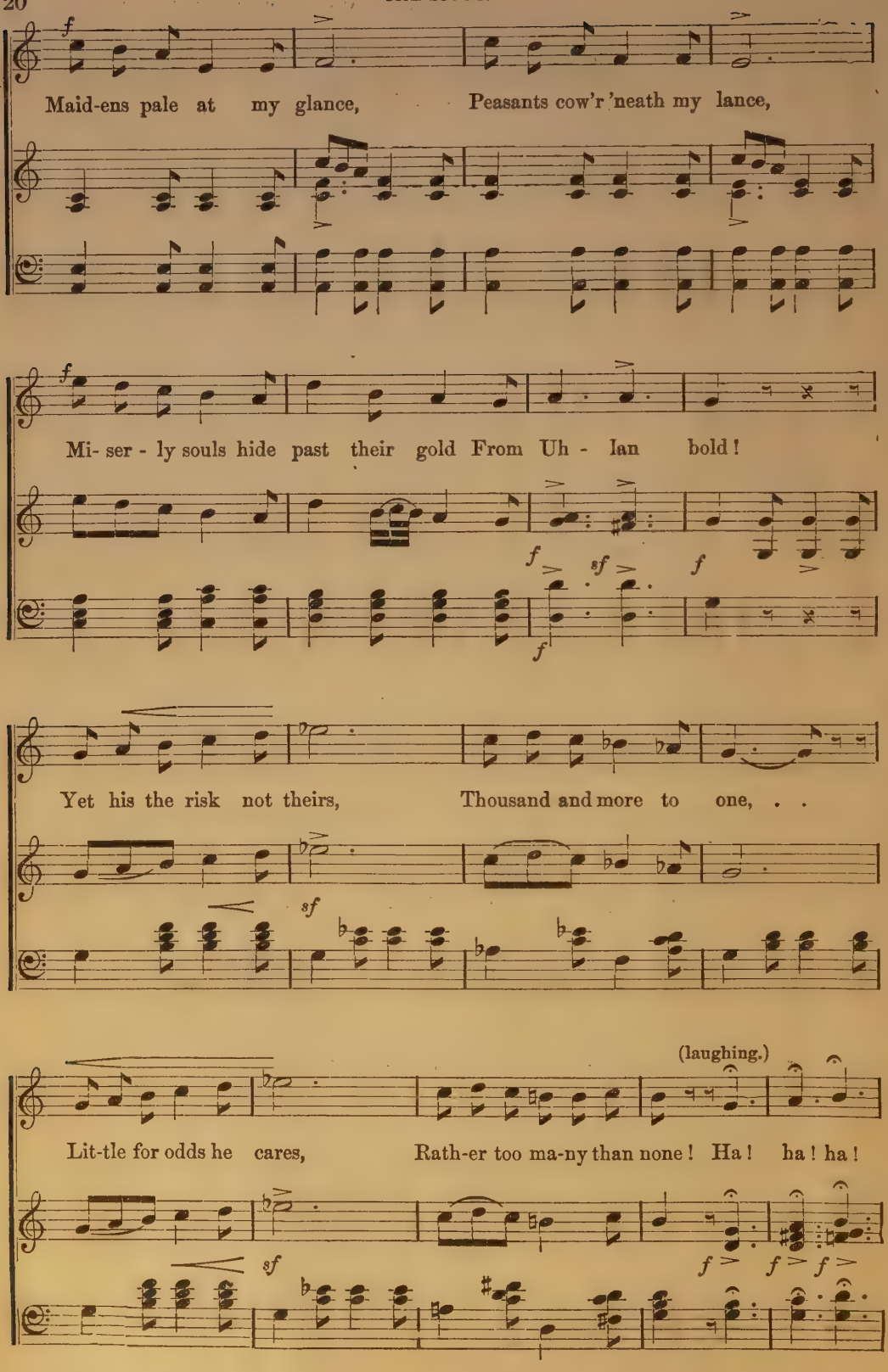
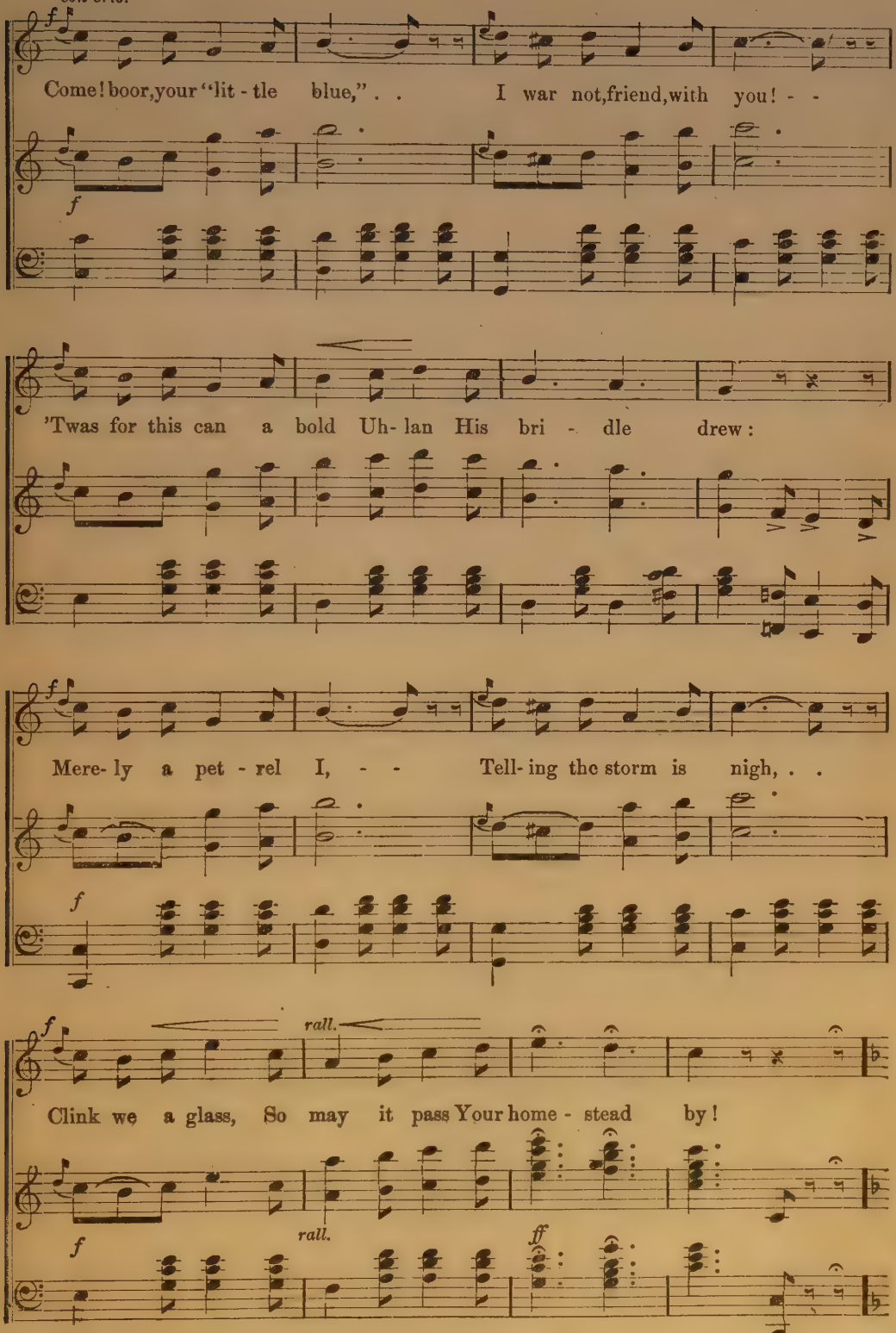
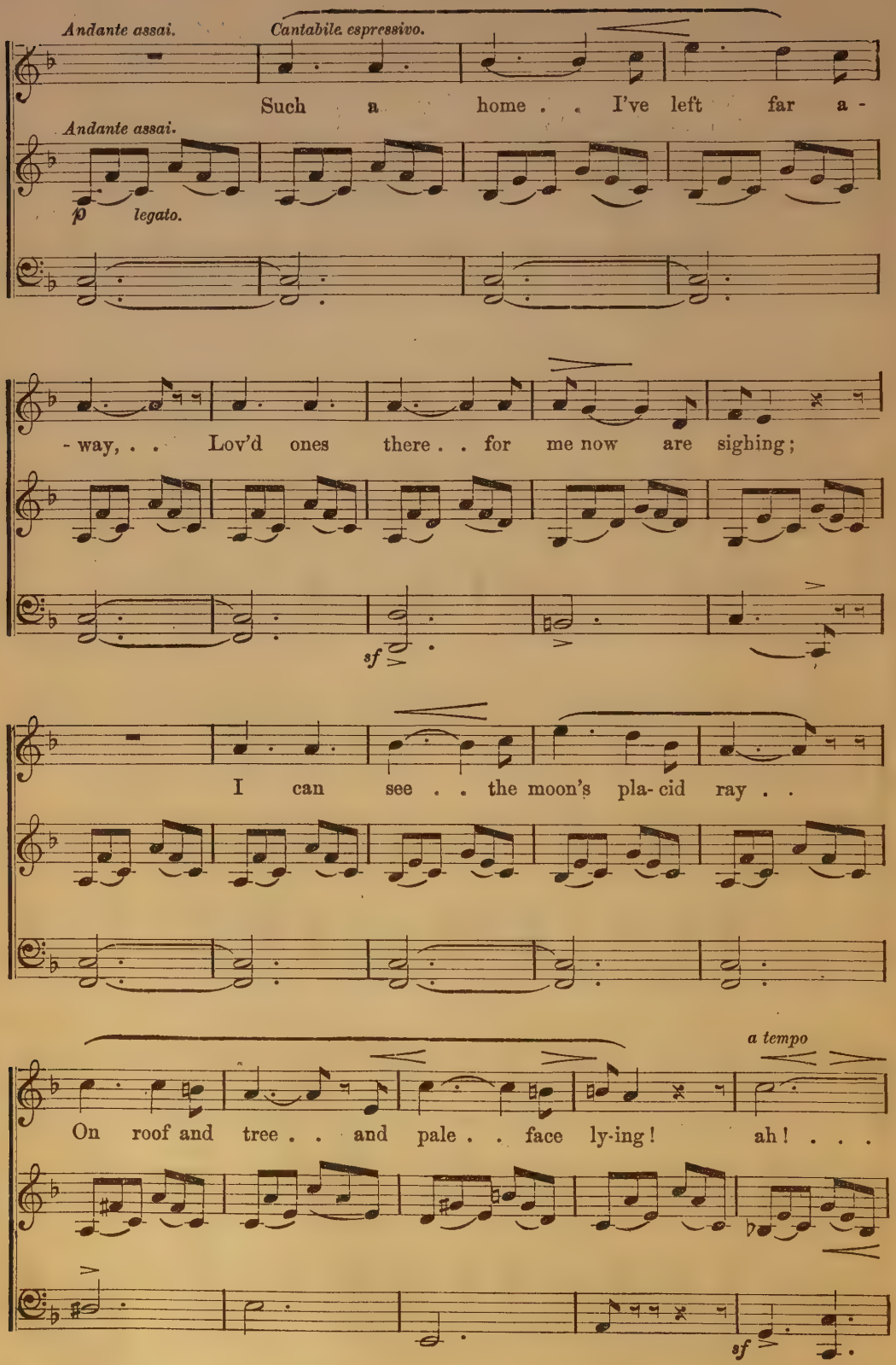
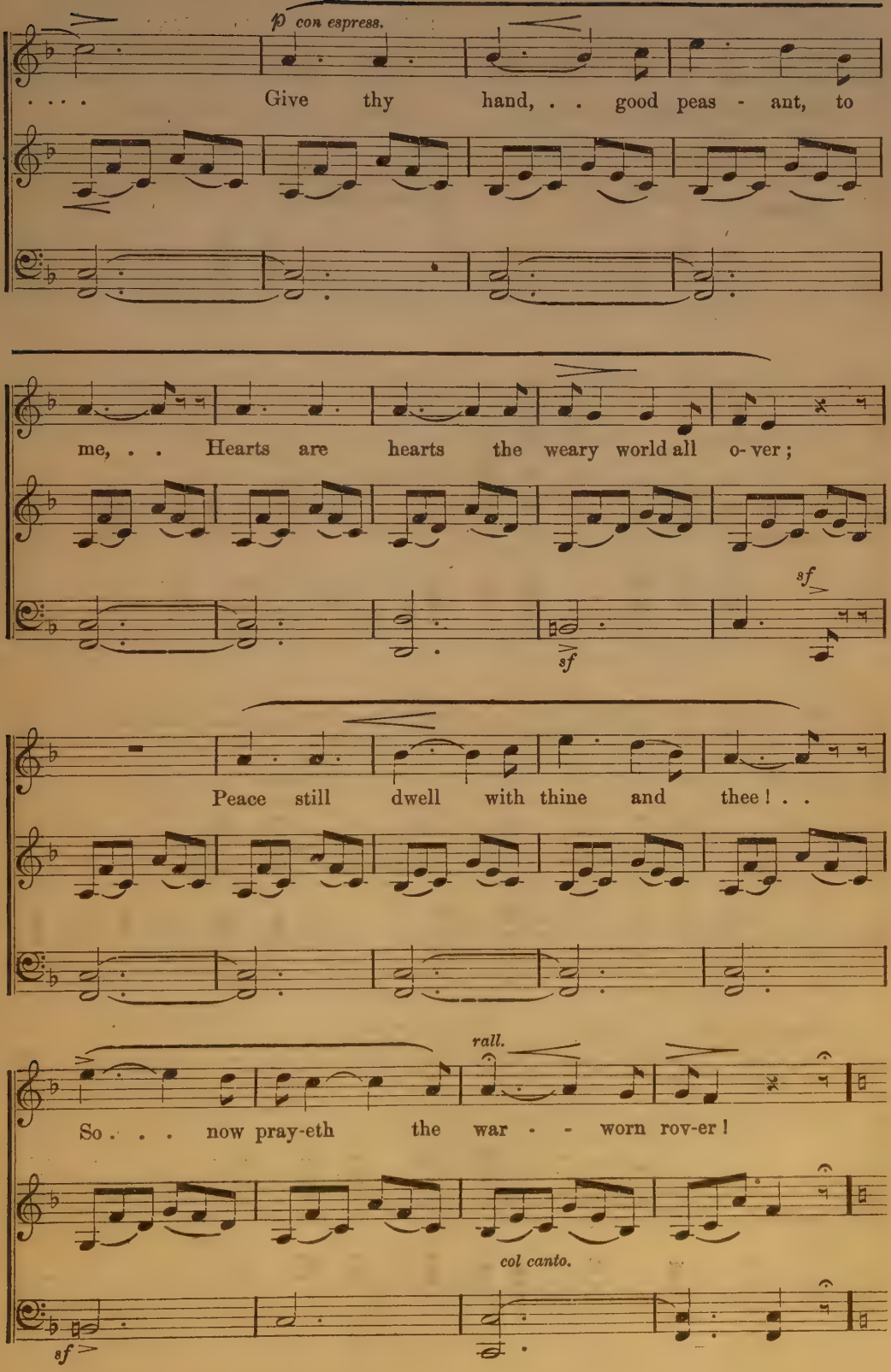

con brio.
Mere- ly a pet - rel I, - - Tell- ing the storm is nigh, . .
rall.
Clink we a glass, So may it pass Your homestead by!
marc.
rall.
Lurk-ing in brake by day, Read- ing by stars my way,
Clat- ter- ing fast thro' ham - let old, O'er lone - ly wold.

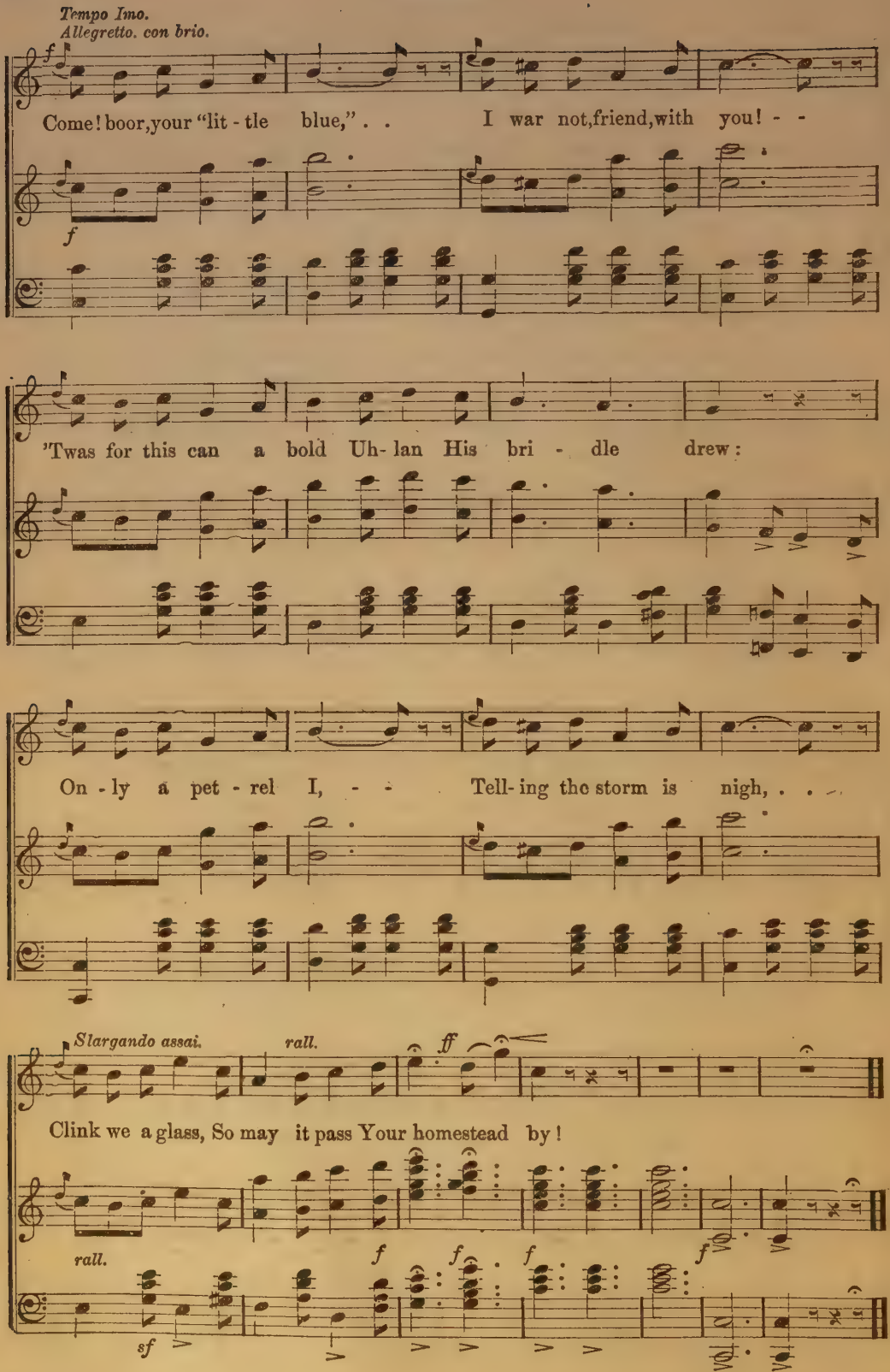

Maid-ens pale at my glance, Peasants cow'r 'neath my lance,
Mi- ser - ly souls hide past their gold From Uh - lan bold!
Yet his the risk not theirs, Thousand and more to one, . .
(laughing.)
Lit-tle for odds he cares, Rath-er too ma-ny than none! Ha! ha! ha!

a tempo deciso.
con brio.


f
Come! boor, your "lit - tle blue," . . I war not, friend, with you! - -
f
'Twas for this can a bold Uh- lan His bri - dle drew:
f
Mere- ly a pet - rel I, - - Tell- ing the storm is nigh, . .
f
rall.
Clink we a glass, So may it pass Your home - stead by!
f
rall.
ff

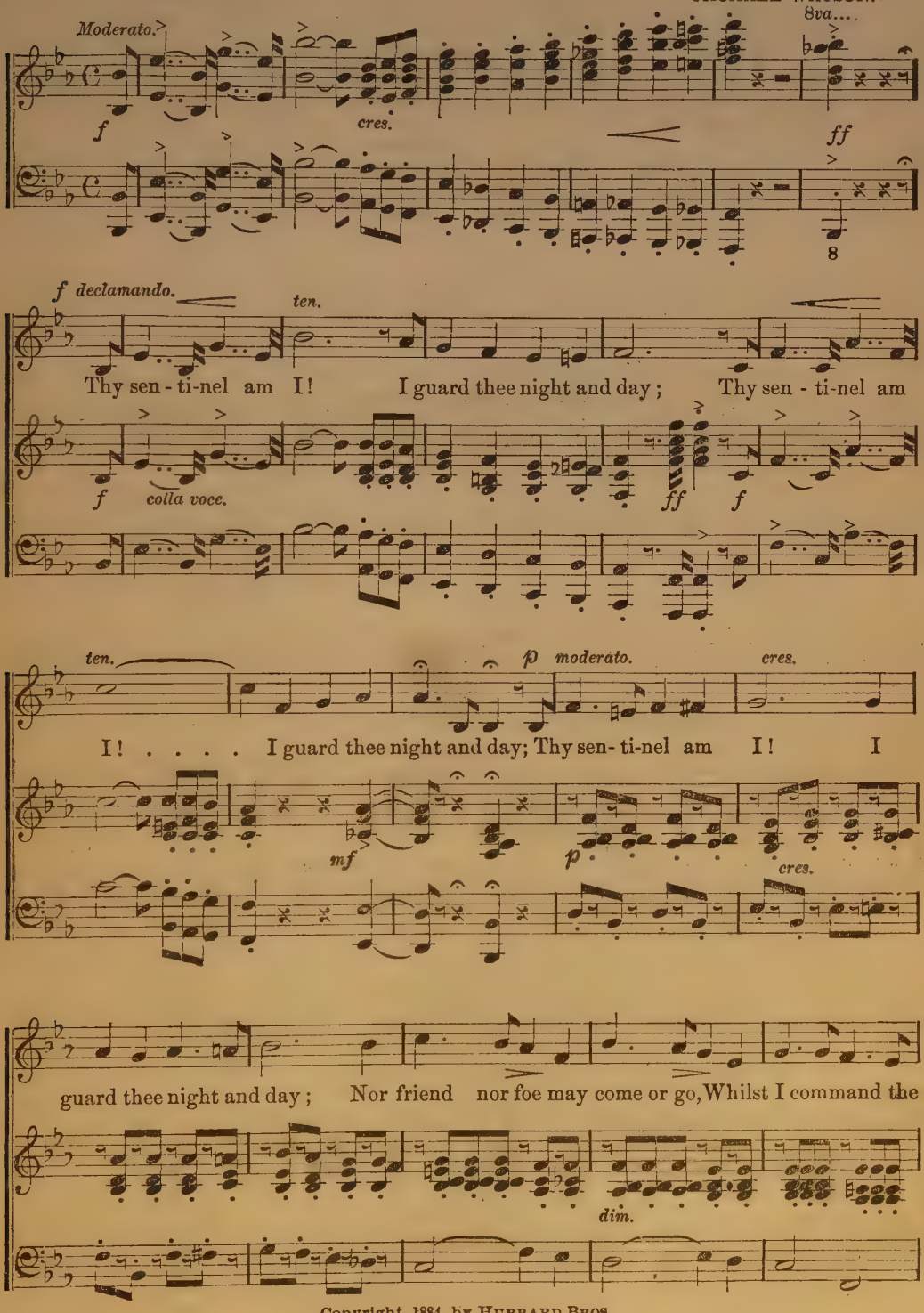

Andante assai.
Cantabile espressivo.
Such a home . . I've left far a -
Andante assai.
p legato.
- way, . . Lov'd ones there . . for me now are sighing;
sf
I can see . . the moon's pla- cid ray . .
a tempo
On roof and tree . . and pale . . face ly-ing! ah! . . .
sf


p con espress.
. . . . Give thy hand, . . good peas - ant, to
me, . . Hearts are hearts the weary world all o- ver;
sf
sf
Peace still dwell with thine and thee! . .
rall.
So . . . now pray-eth the war - - worn rov-er!
col canto.
sf


Tempo Imo.
Allegretto. con brio.
Come! boor, your "lit - tle blue," . . I war not, friend, with you! - -
'Twas for this can a bold Uh- lan His bri - dle drew:
On - ly a pet - rel I, - - Tell- ing the storm is nigh, . .
Slargando assai.
rall.
Clink we a glass, So may it pass Your homestead by!
rall.

THY SENTINEL AM I.

EDWARD OXENFORD. MICHAEL WATSON.



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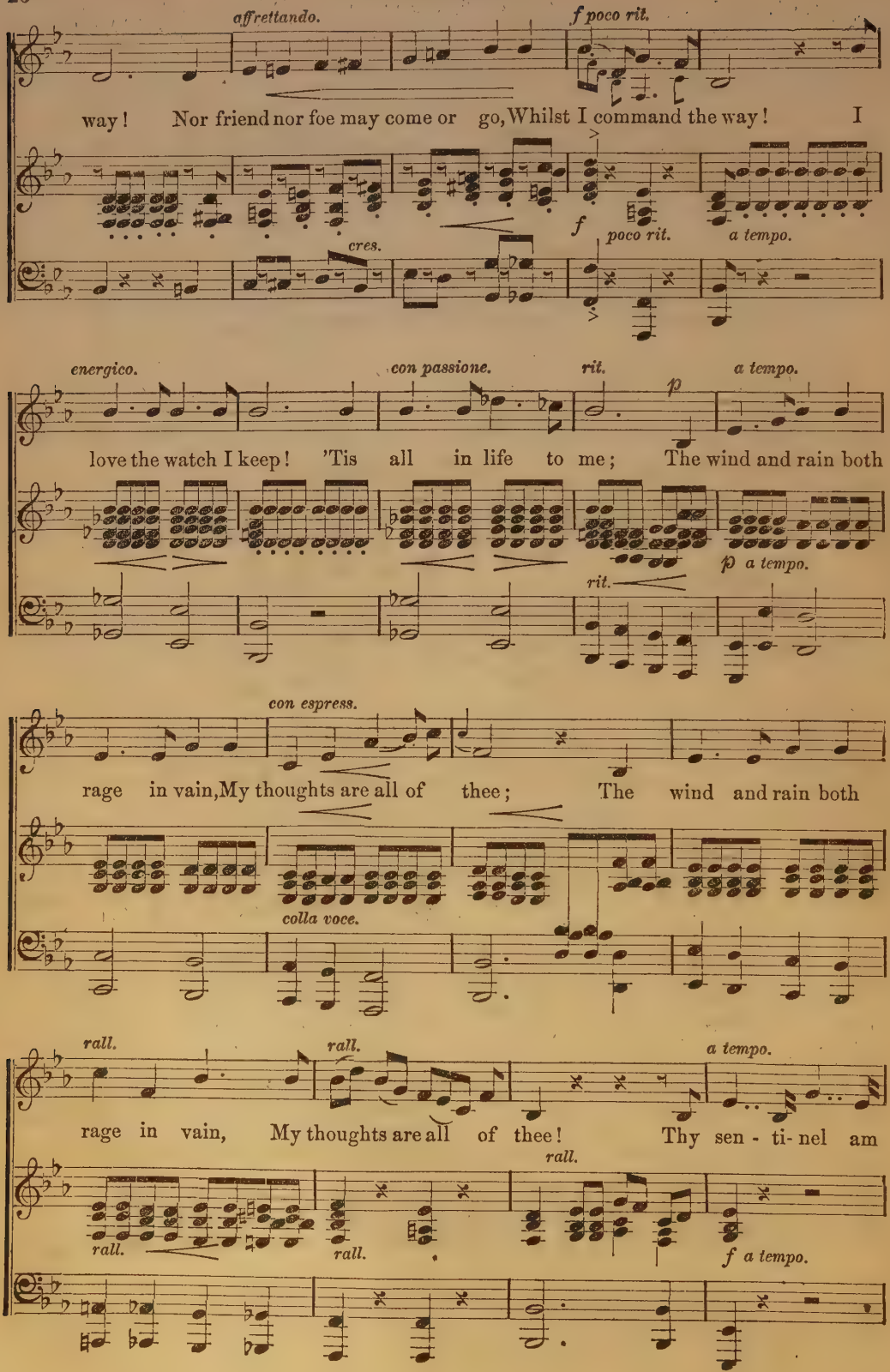
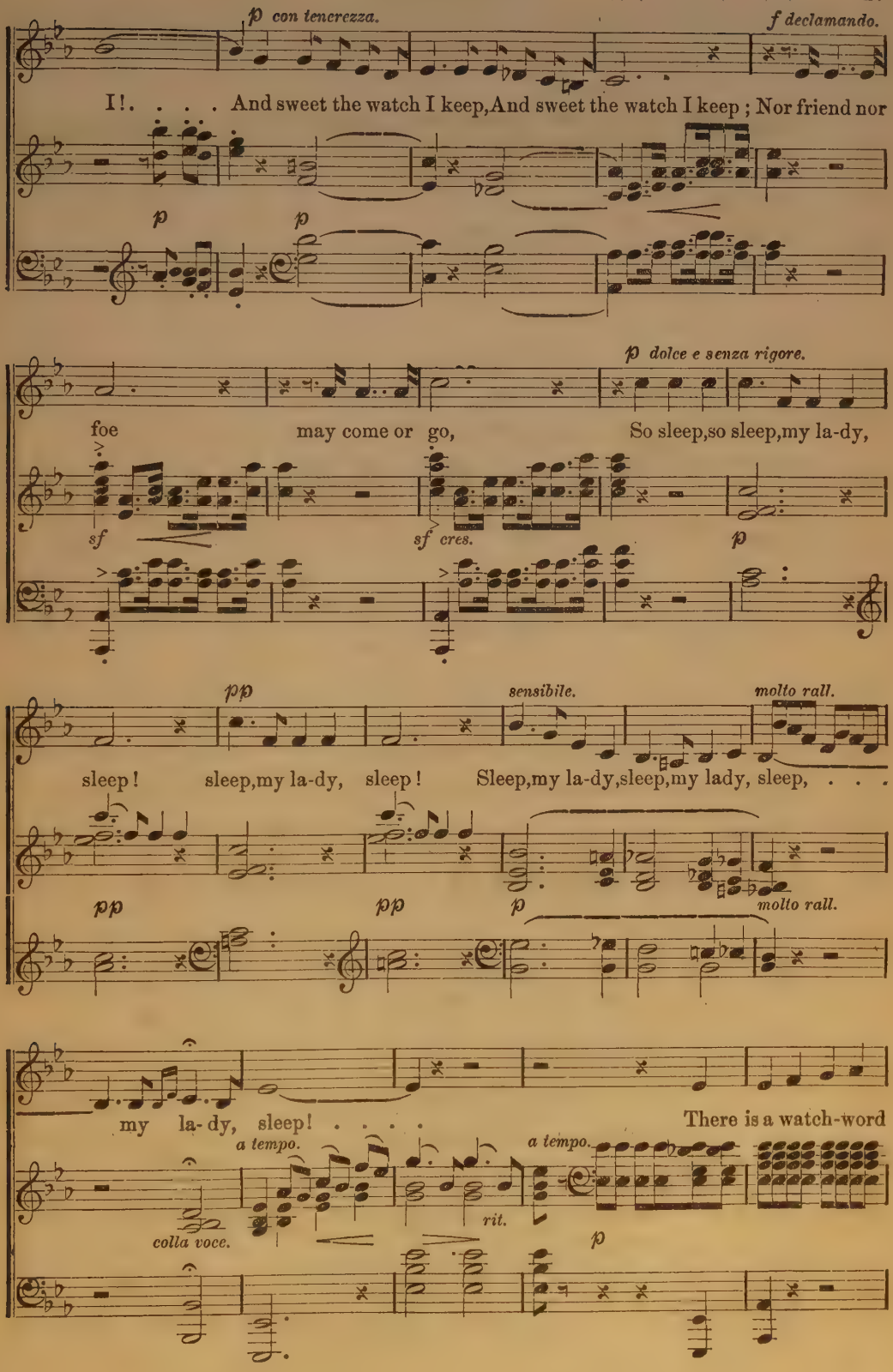
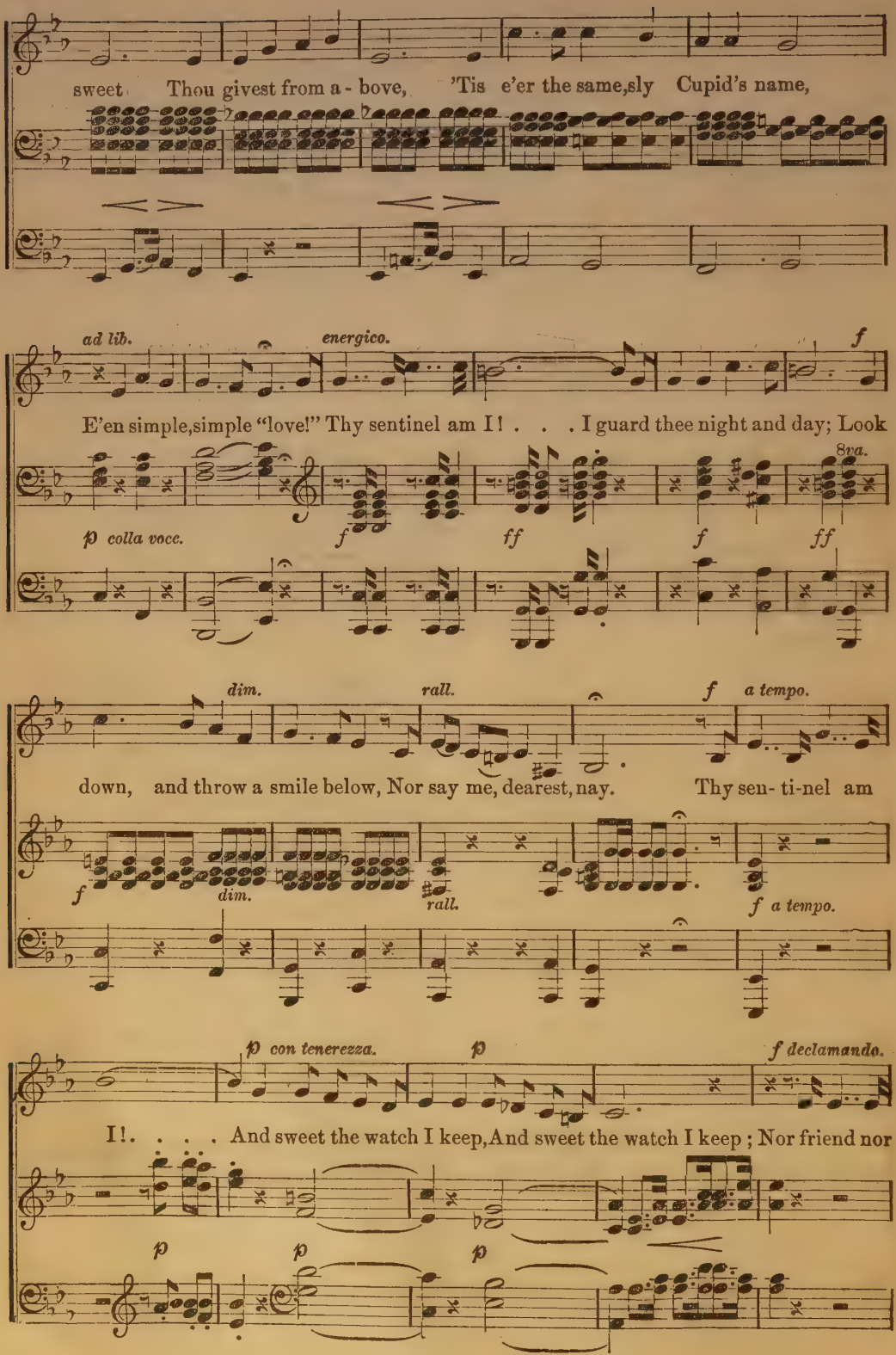
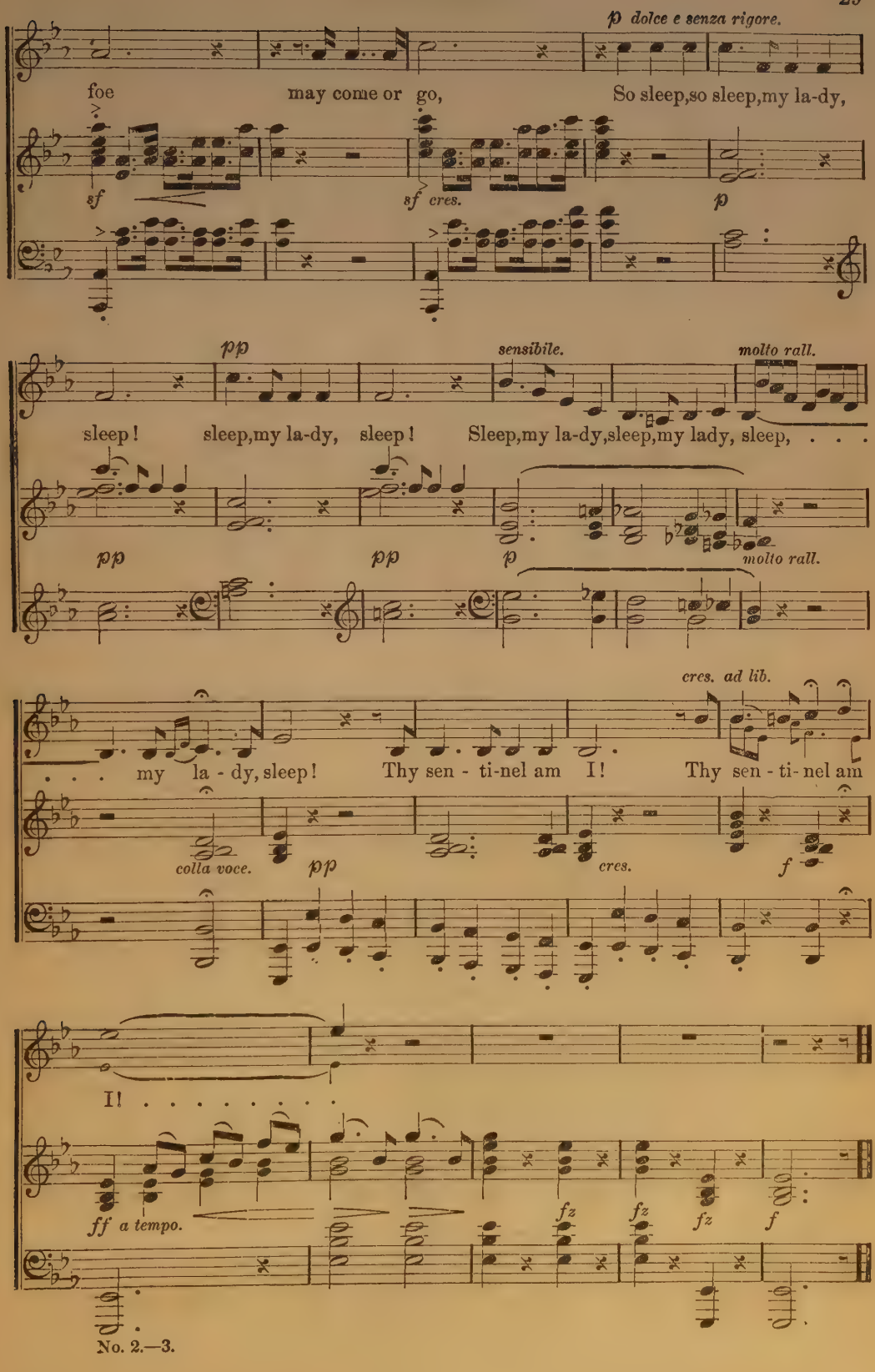

affrettando.
f poco rit.
way! Nor friend nor foe may come or go, Whilst I command the way! I
f
poco rit.
a tempo.
cres.
energico.
con passione.
rit.
a tempo.
p
love the watch I keep! 'Tis all in life to me; The wind and rain both
p a tempo.
rit.
con espress.
rage in vain, My thoughts are all of thee; The wind and rain both
colla voce.
rall.
rall.
a tempo.
rage in vain, My thoughts are all of thee! Thy sen - ti - nel am
rall.
rall.
rall.
rall.
f a tempo.

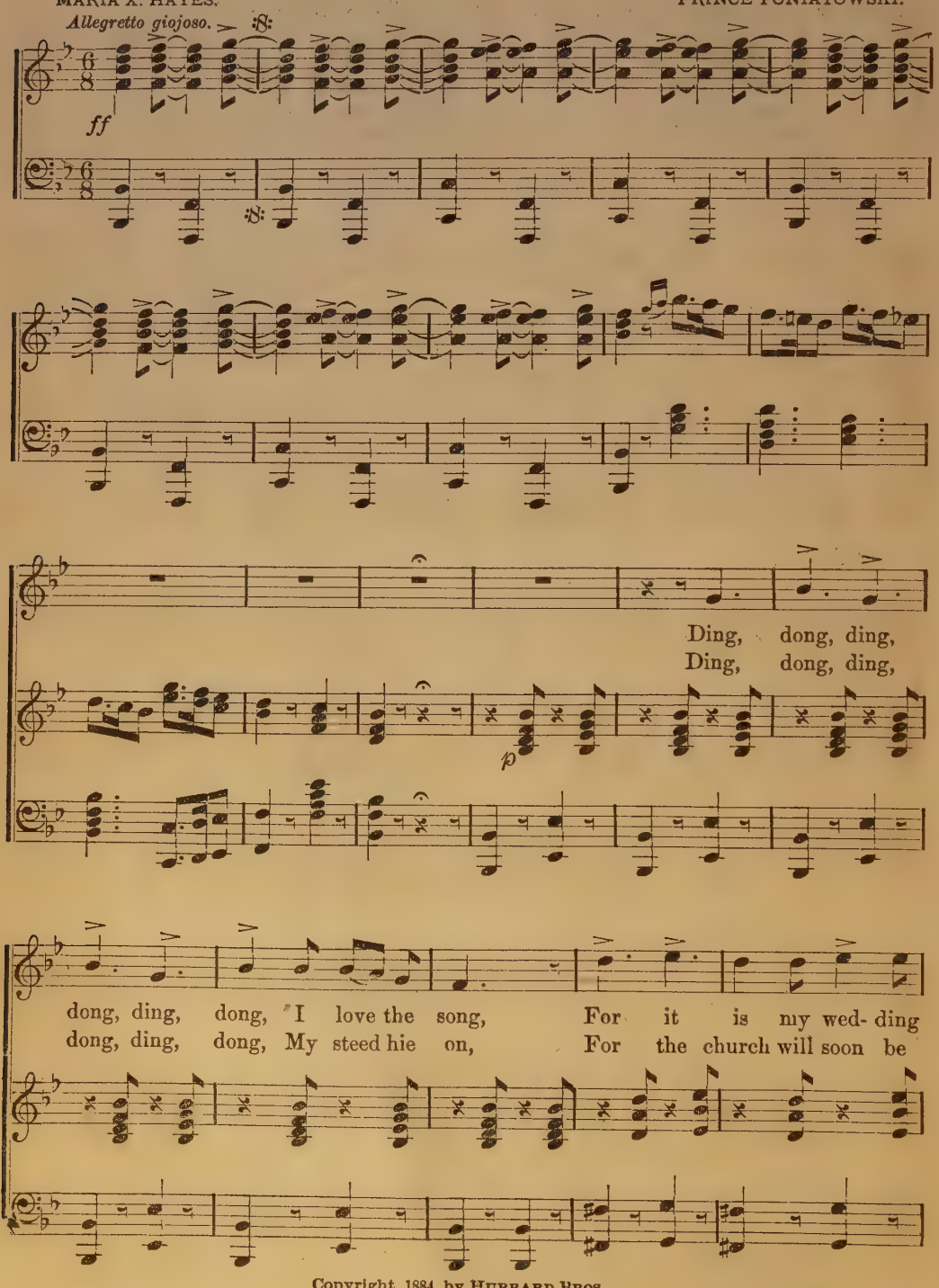

p con tenerezza.
f declamando.
I!. . . . And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep ; Nor friend nor
p
p
p dolce e senza rigore.
foe may come or go, So sleep, so sleep, my la-dy,
sf
sf cres.
p
pp
sensibile.
molto rall.
sleep! sleep, my la-dy, sleep! Sleep, my la-dy, sleep, my lady, sleep, . . .
pp
pp
p
molto rall.
my la-dy, sleep! . . . . There is a watch-word
a tempo.
a tempo.
colla voce.
rit.
p


sweet Thou givest from a - bove, 'Tis e'er the same, sly Cupid's name,
ad lib.
energico.
f
E'en simple, simple "love!" Thy sentinel am I! . . . I guard thee night and day; Look
8va.
p colla voce.
f
ff
f
ff
dim.
rall.
f a tempo.
down, and throw a smile below, Nor say me, dearest, nay. Thy sen- ti-nel am
f
dim.
rall.
f a tempo.
p con tenerezza.
p
f declamando.
I! . . . And sweet the watch I keep, And sweet the watch I keep; Nor friend nor
p
p
p


p dolce e senza rigore.
foe may come or go, So sleep,so sleep,my la-dy,
sf
sf cres.
p
pp
sensibile.
molto rall.
sleep! sleep,my la-dy, sleep! Sleep,my la-dy,sleep,my lady, sleep, . . .
pp
pp
p
molto rall.
cres. ad lib.
. . . my la - dy, sleep! Thy sen - ti-nel am I! Thy sen - ti-nel am
colla voce.
pp
cres.
f
I! . . . . . .
ff a tempo.
fz
fz
fz
f

THE YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

MARIA X. HAYES. PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.


Allegretto giojoso.
ff
Ding, dong, ding,
Ding, dong, ding,
p
dong, ding, dong, I love the song, For it is my wed- ding
dong, ding, dong, My steed hie on, For the church will soon be

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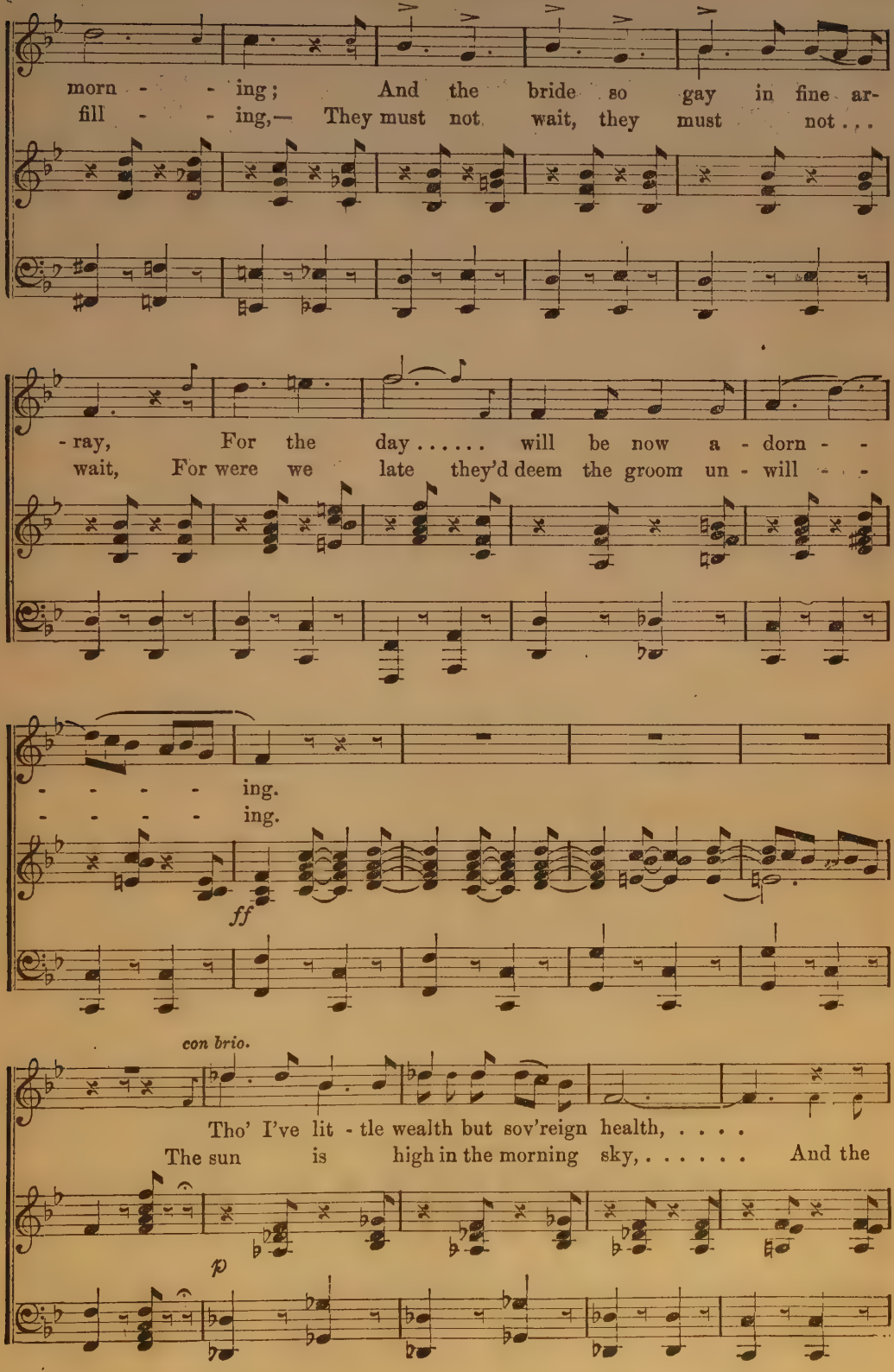
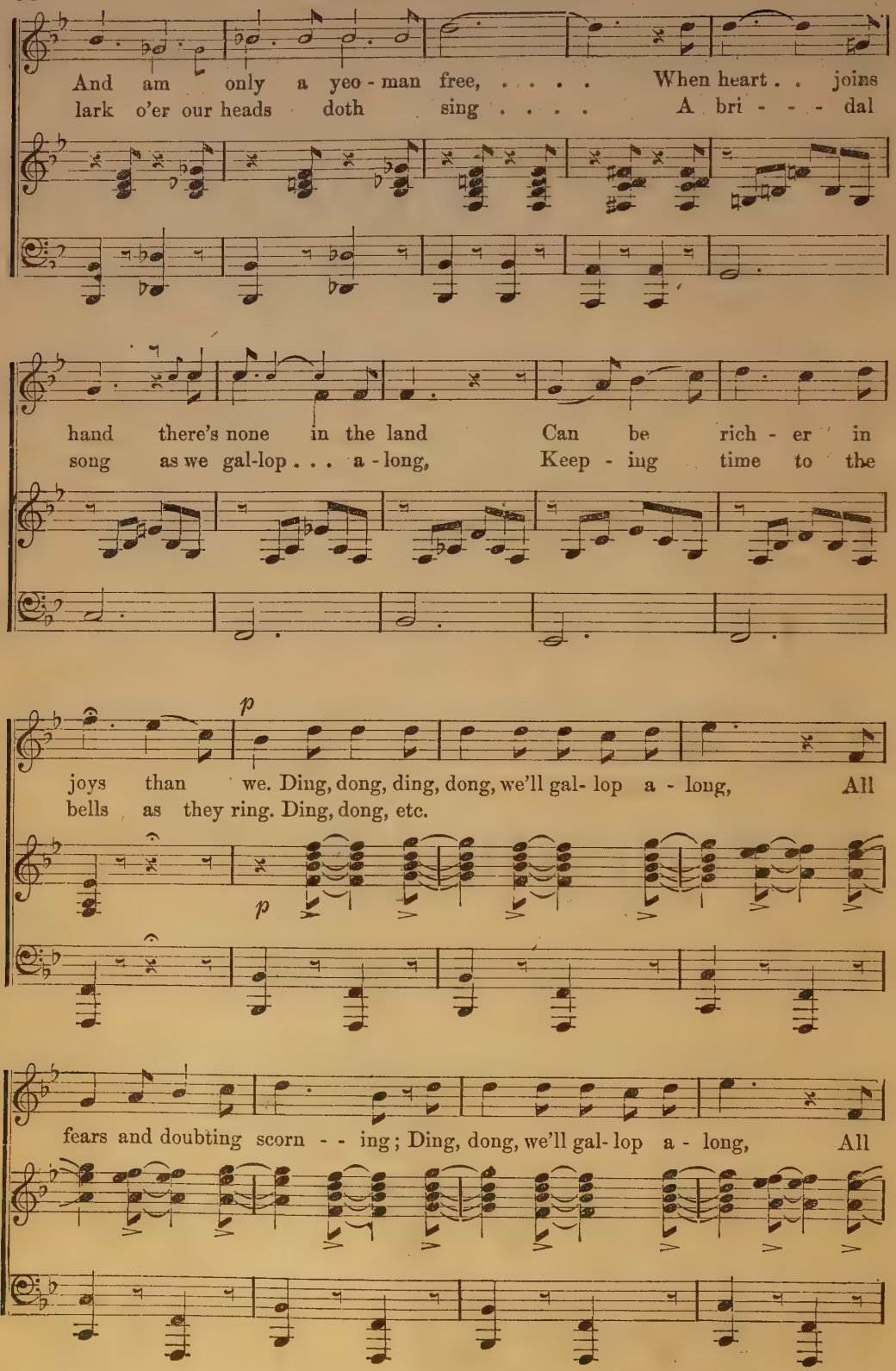
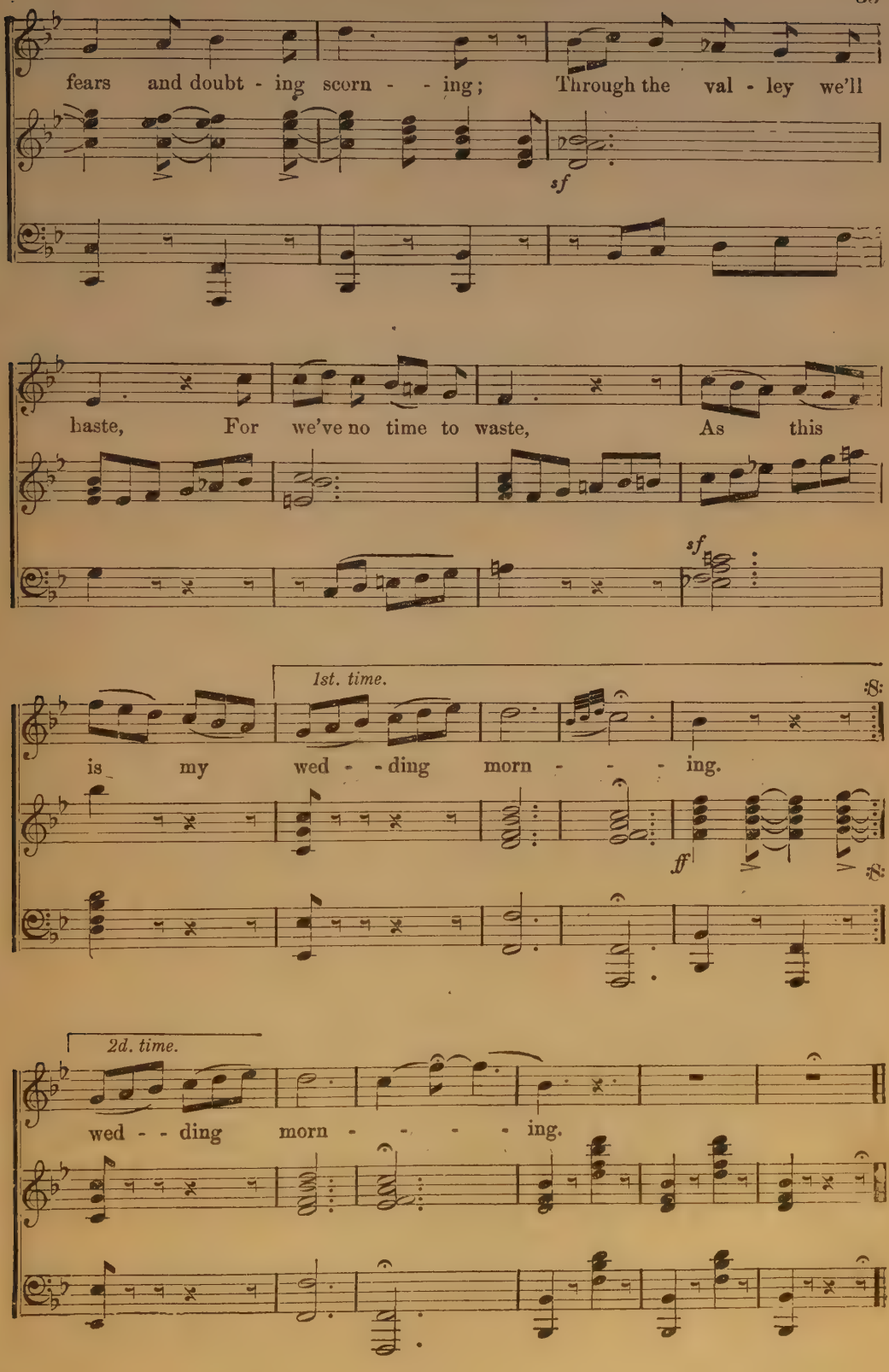

morn - - ing; And the bride so gay in fine ar-
fill - - ing,— They must not wait, they must not . . .
- ray, For the day . . . . . will be now a - dorn - -
wait, For were we late they'd deem the groom un - will - -
- - - - - ing.
- - - - - ing.
ff
con brio.
Tho' I've lit - tle wealth but sov'reign health, ...
The sun is high in the morning sky, ... And the
p

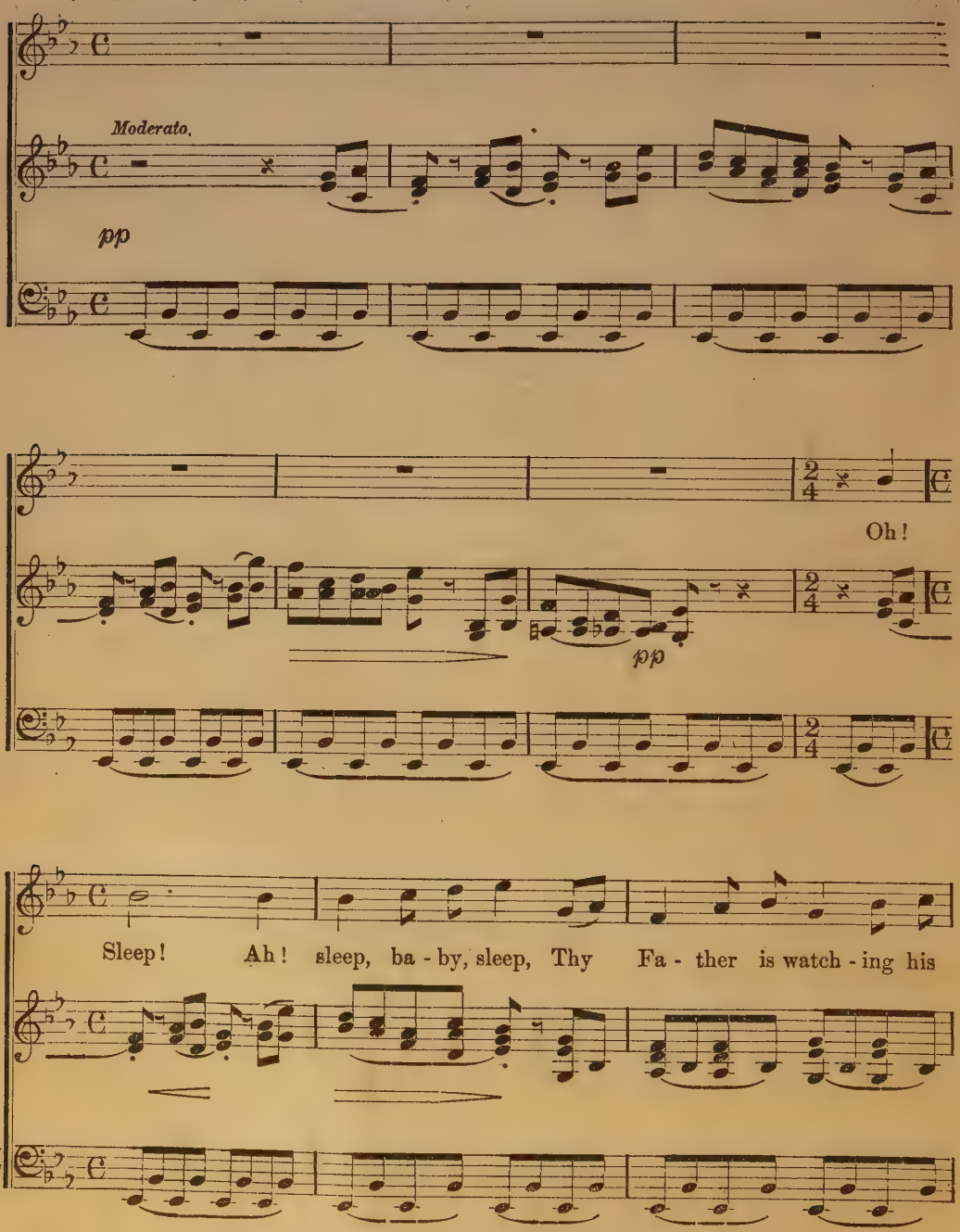

And am only a yeo - man free, ... When heart . . joins
lark o'er our heads doth sing . . . . A bri - - - dal
hand there's none in the land Can be rich - er in
song as we gal-lop . . . a - long, Keep - ing time to the
p
joys than we. Ding, dong, ding, dong, we'll gal- lop a - long, All
bells as they ring. Ding, dong, etc.
p
fears and doubting scorn - - ing; Ding, dong, we'll gal- lop a - long, All


fears and doubt - ing scorn - - ing; Through the val - ley we'll
sf
haste, For we've no time to waste, As this
sf
1st. time.
is my wed - - ding morn - - - - ing.
ff
2d. time.
wed - - ding morn - - - - - ing.

"SLEEP! BABY, SLEEP!"

(CRADLE SONG.)

FROM THE GERMAN. A. H. PEASE.



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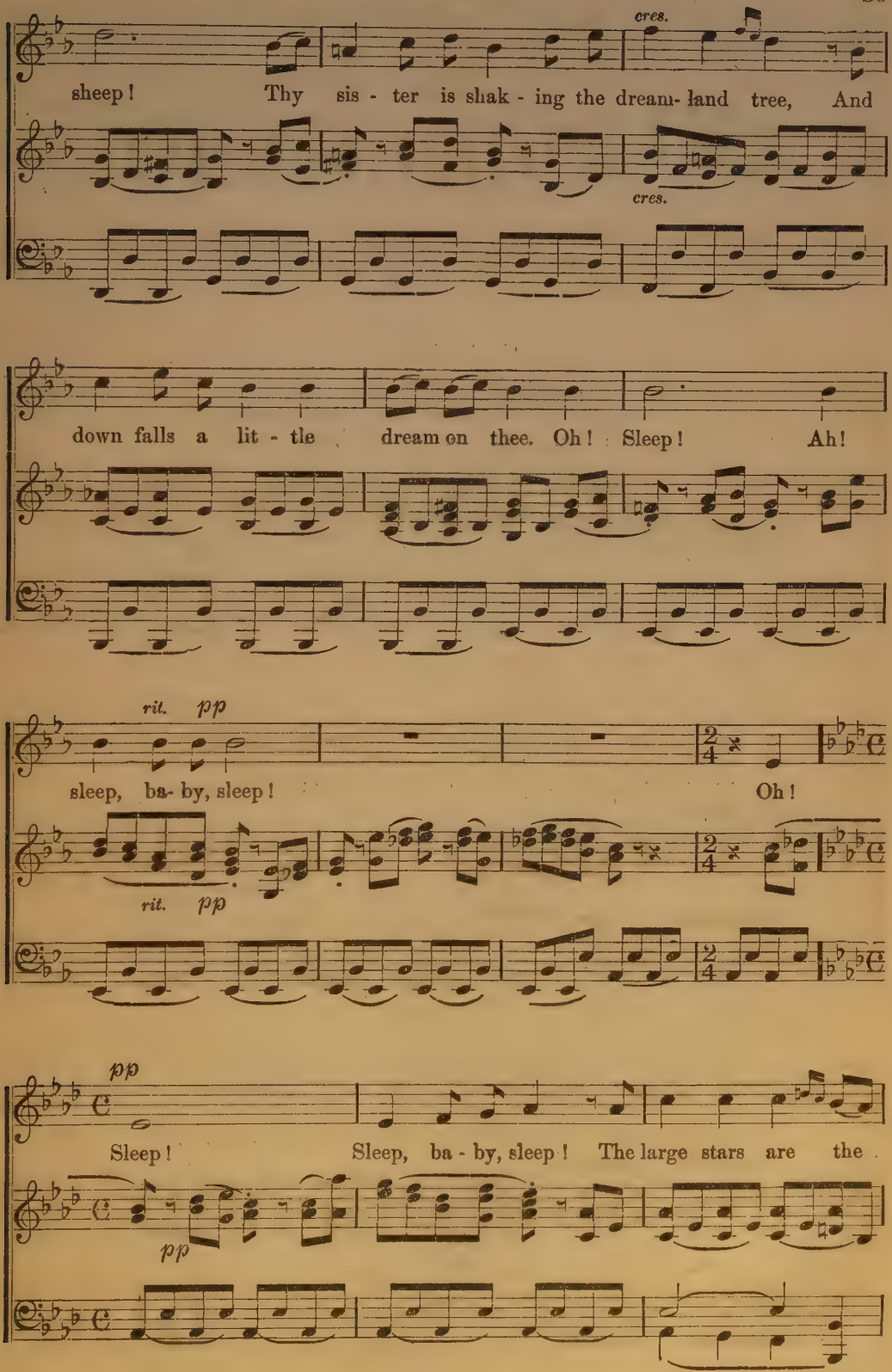
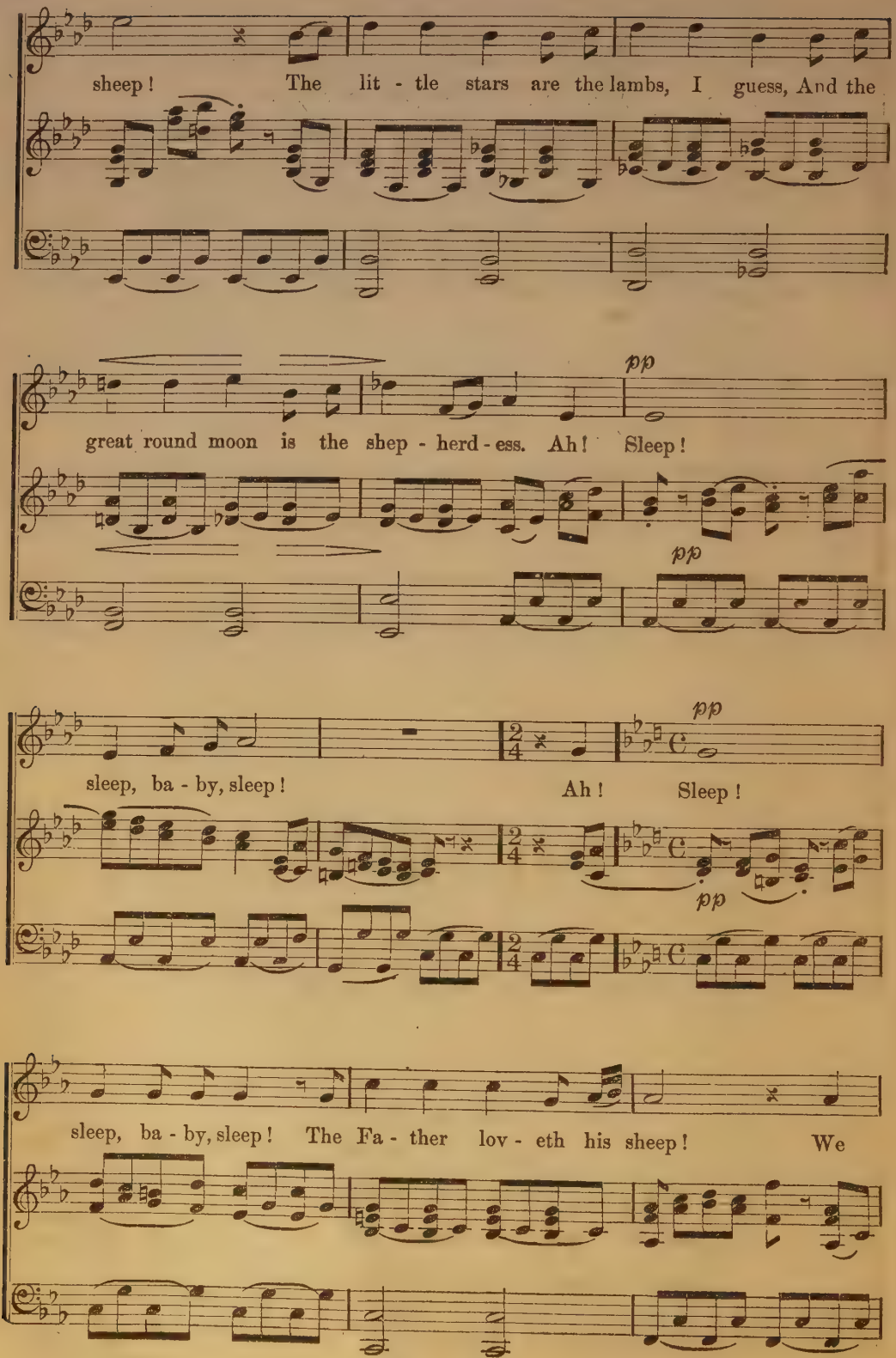
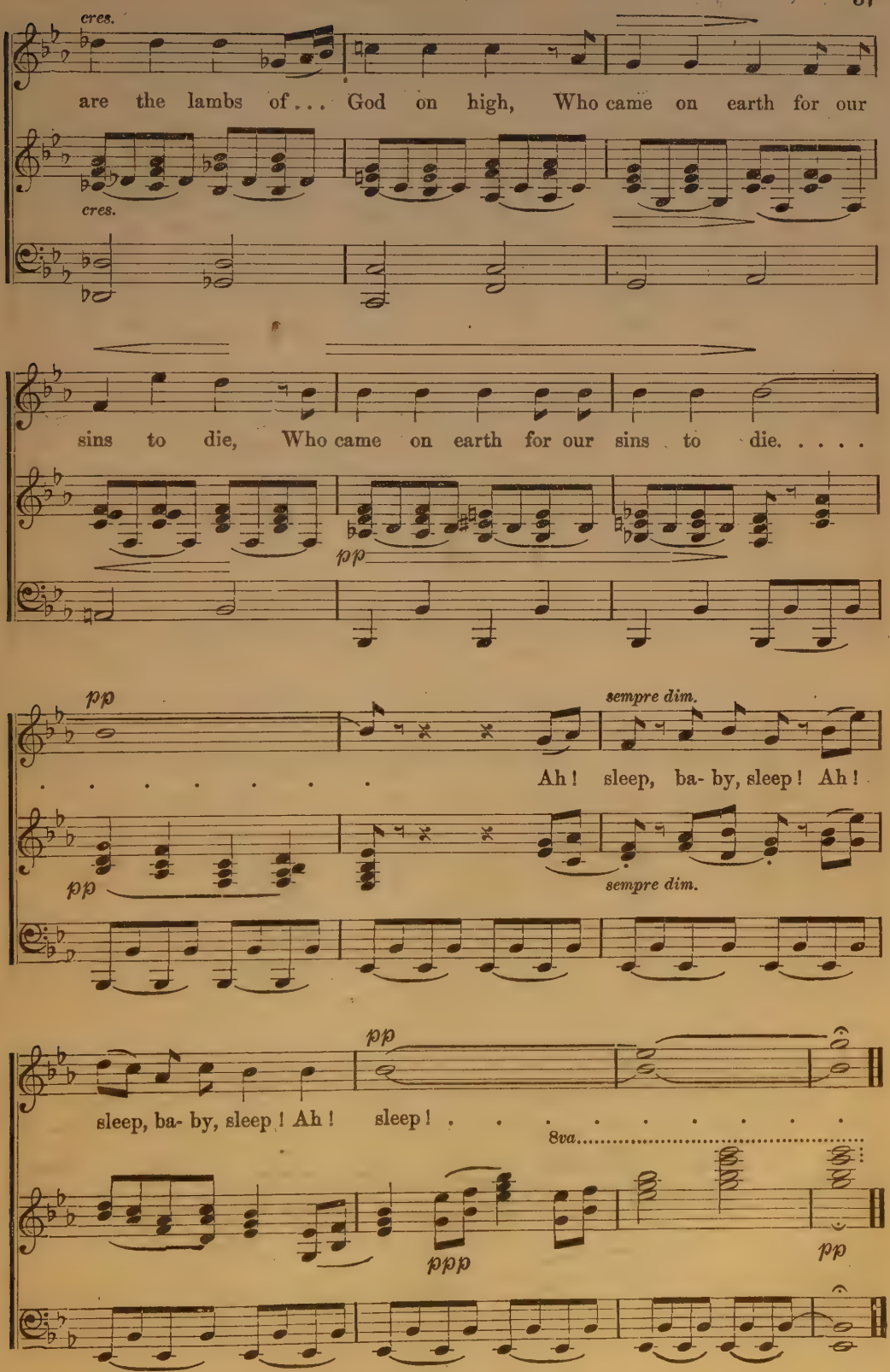
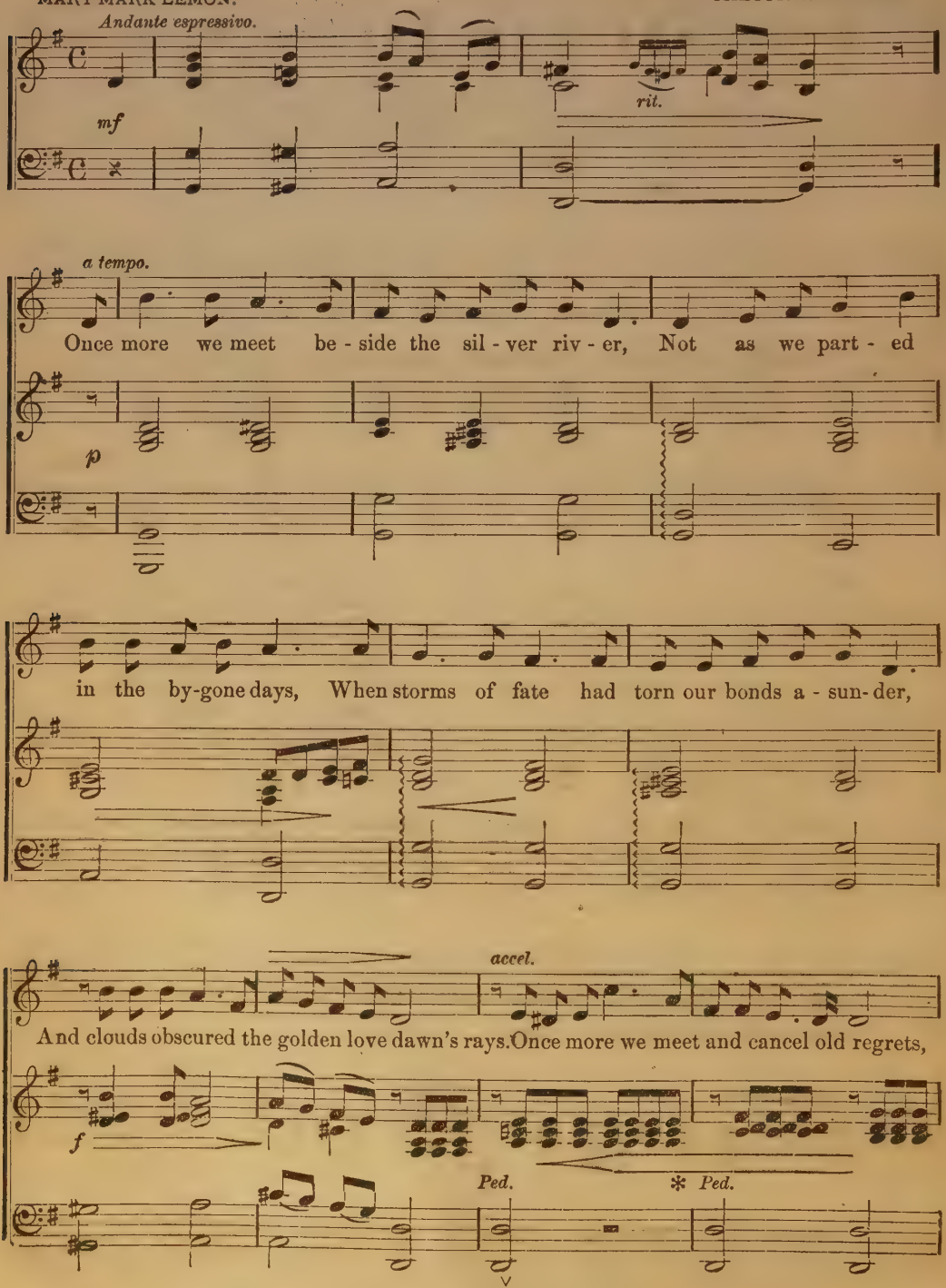

cres.
sheep! Thy sis - ter is shak - ing the dream-land tree, And
cres.
down falls a lit - tle dream on thee. Oh! Sleep! Ah!
rit. pp
sleep, ba- by, sleep! Oh!
rit. pp
pp
Sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the
pp


sheep! The lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, And the
pp
great round moon is the shep - herd - ess. Ah! Sleep!
pp
pp
sleep, ba - by, sleep! Ah! Sleep!
pp
sleep, ba - by, sleep! The Fa - ther lov - eth his sheep! We


cres.
are the lambs of . . . God on high, Who came on earth for our
cres.
sins to die, Who came on earth for our sins to die. . . . .
pp
pp
sempre dim.
. . . . . Ah! sleep, ba- by, sleep! Ah!
pp
sempre dim.
pp
sleep, ba- by, sleep! Ah! sleep! . . . . . .
8va
ppp
pp

ONCE MORE WE MEET.

MARY MARK LEMON. MILTON WELLINGS.


Andante espressivo.
mf
rit.
a tempo.
Once more we meet be - side the sil - ver riv - er, Not as we part - ed
p
in the by-gone days, When storms of fate had torn our bonds a - sun - der,
accel.
And clouds obscured the golden love dawn's rays. Once more we meet and cancel old regrets,
f
Ped.
Ped.

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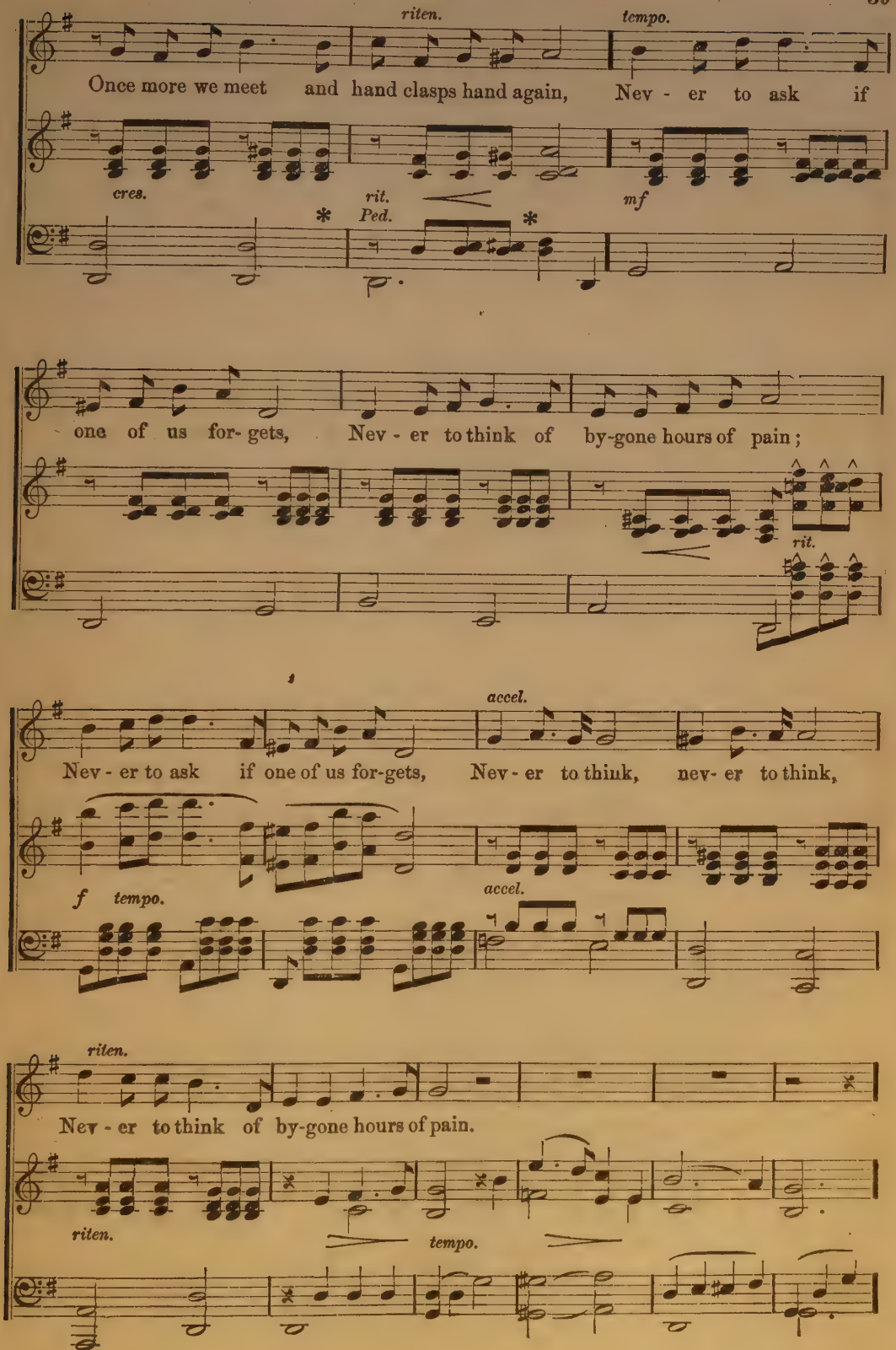
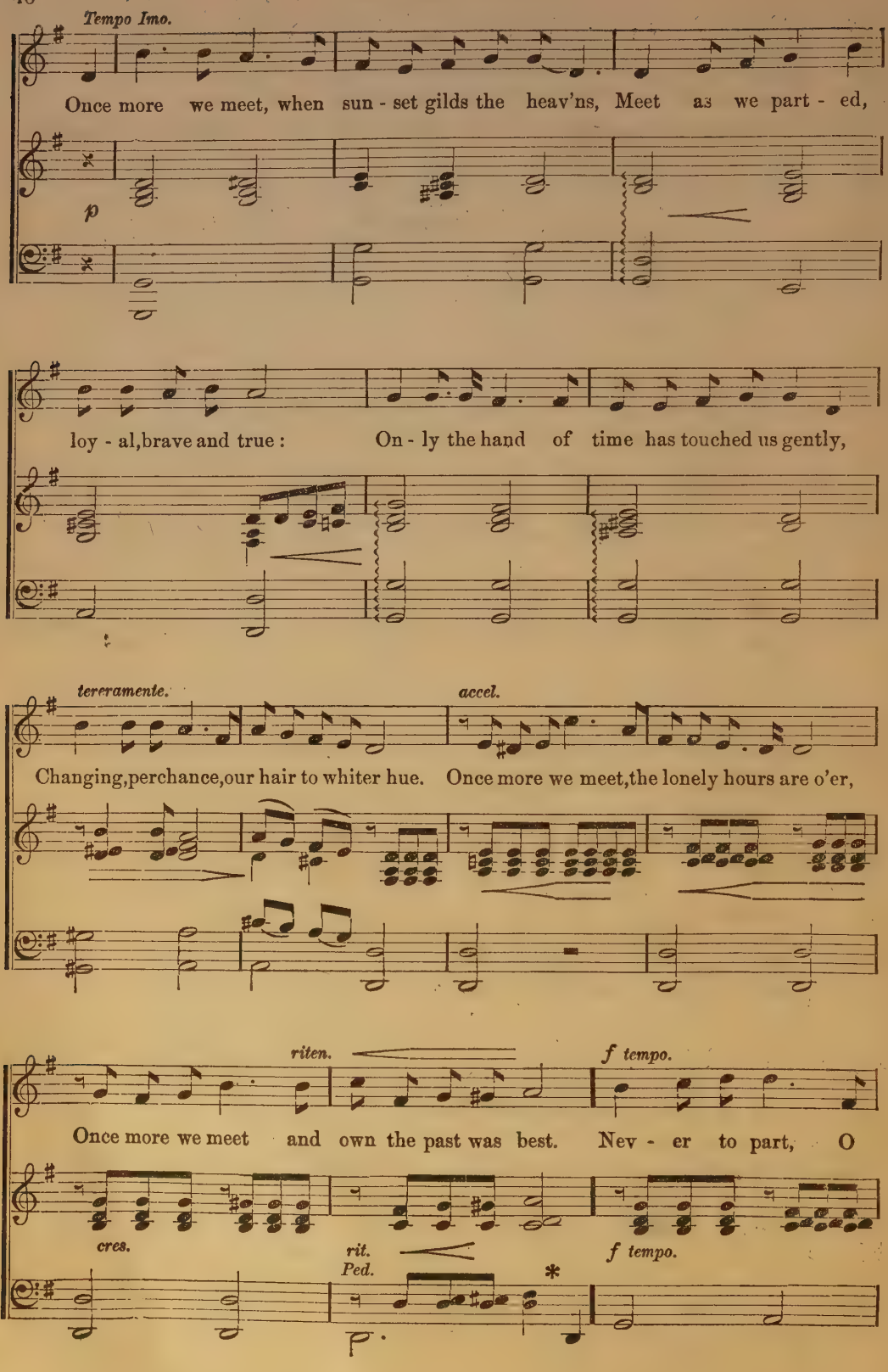
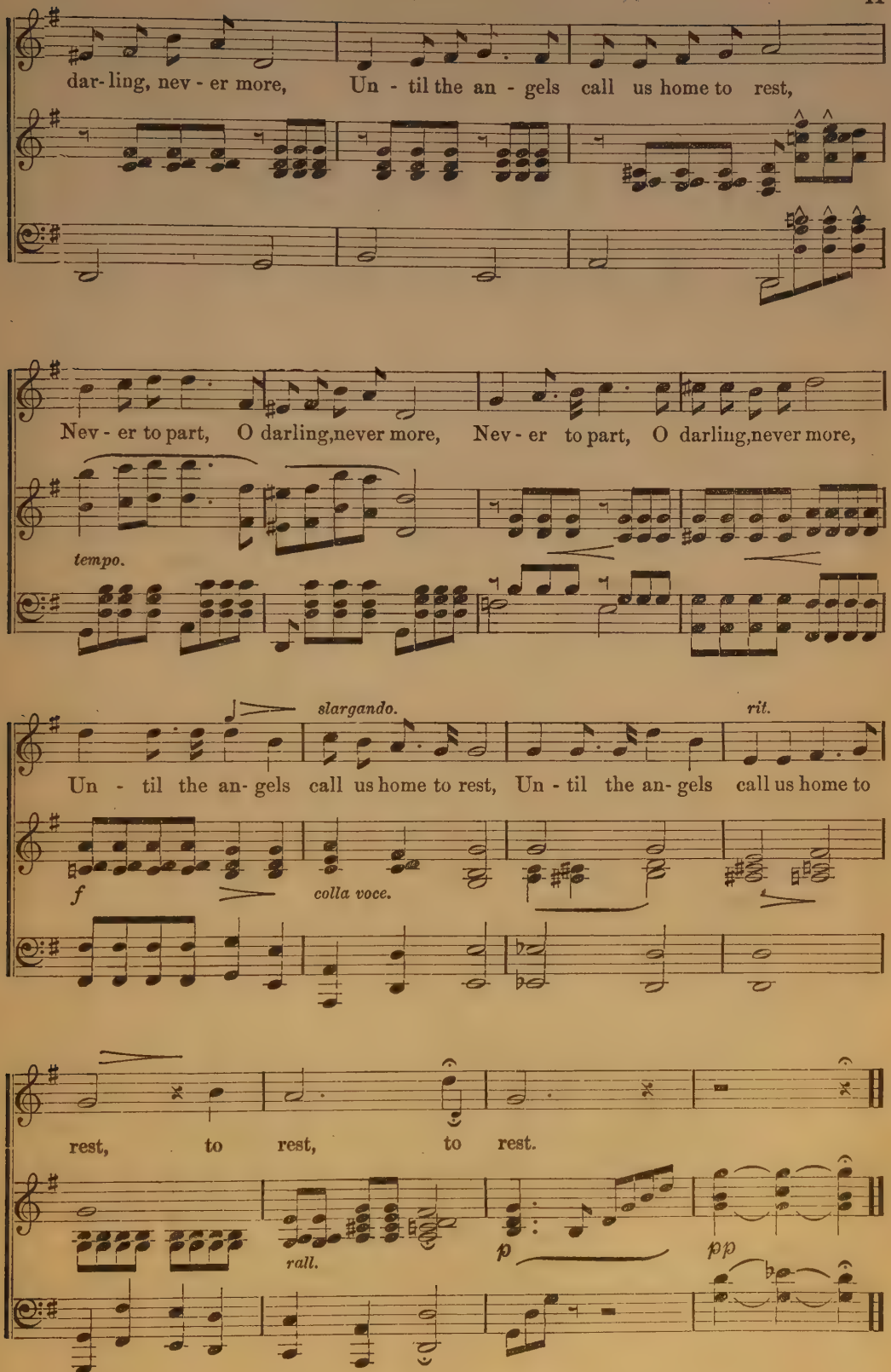

riten.
tempo.
Once more we meet and hand clasps hand again, Nev - er to ask if
cres.
rit.
Ped.
mf
one of us for- gets, Nev - er to think of by-gone hours of pain;
rit.
accel.
Nev - er to ask if one of us for-gets, Nev - er to think, nev- er to think,
f tempo.
accel.
riten.
Nev - er to think of by-gone hours of pain.
riten.
tempo.

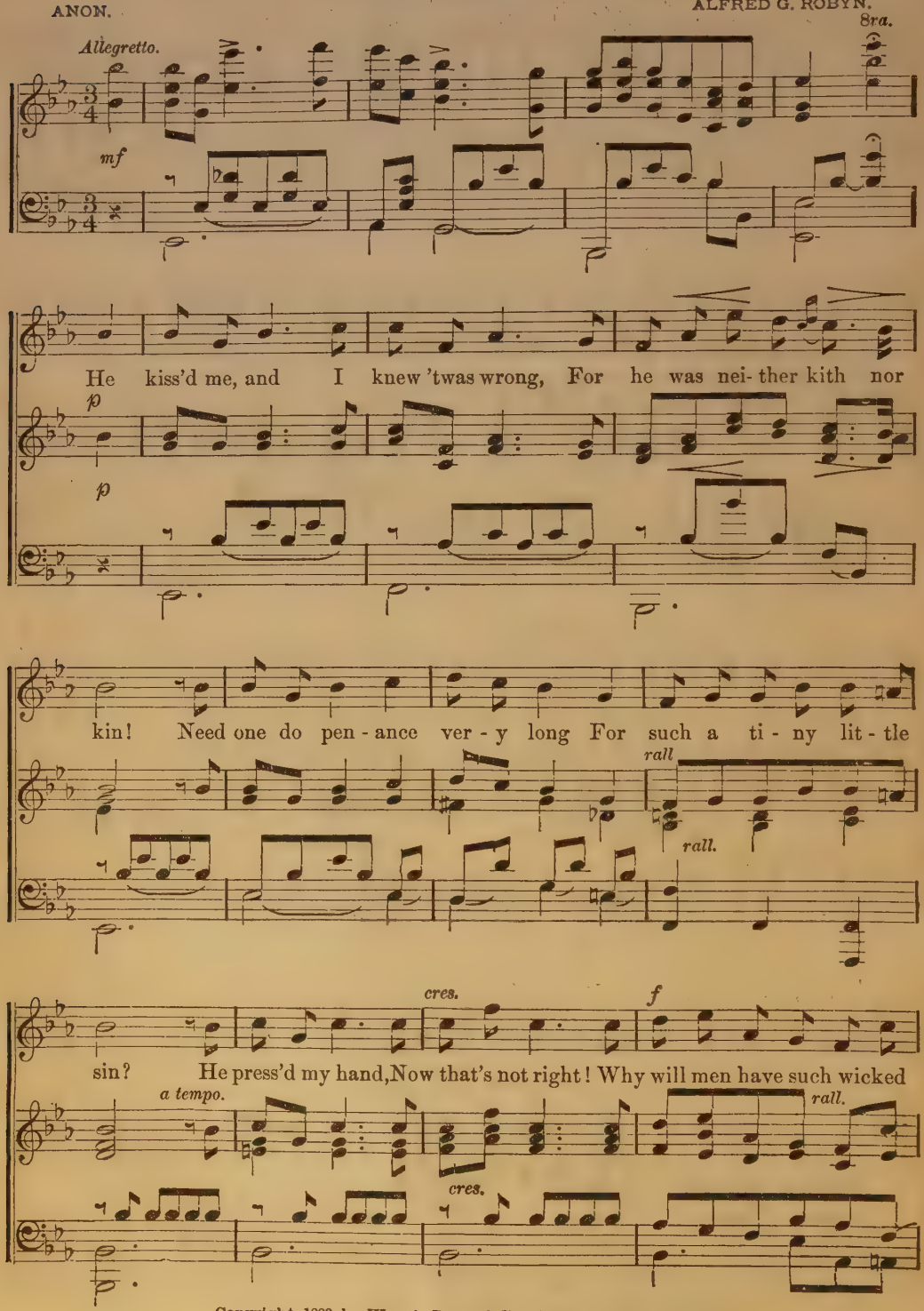

Tempo Imo.
Once more we meet, when sun - set gilds the heav'ns, Meet as we part - ed,
p
loy - al, brave and true: On - ly the hand of time has touched us gently,
tenerramente.
accel.
Changing, perchance, our hair to whiter hue. Once more we meet, the lonely hours are o'er,
riten.
f tempo.
Once more we meet and own the past was best. Nev - er to part, O
cres.
rit.
Ped.
f tempo.


dar- ling, nev - er more, Un - til the an - gels call us home to rest,
Nev - er to part, O darling,never more, Nev - er to part, O darling,never more,
tempo.
slargando.
rit.
Un - til the an- gels call us home to rest, Un - til the an- gels call us home to
f
colla voce.
rest, to rest, to rest.
rall.
p
pp

HE KISSED ME, AND I KNEW 'TWAS WRONG.

"REPENTANCE."

ANON. ALFRED G. ROBYN.


8va.
Allegretto.
mf
He kiss'd me, and I knew 'twas wrong, For he was nei- ther kith nor
p
p
kin! Need one do pen - ance ver - y long For such a ti - ny lit - tle
rall
rall.
cres.
f
sin? He press'd my hand, Now that's not right! Why will men have such wicked
a tempo.
rall.
cres.

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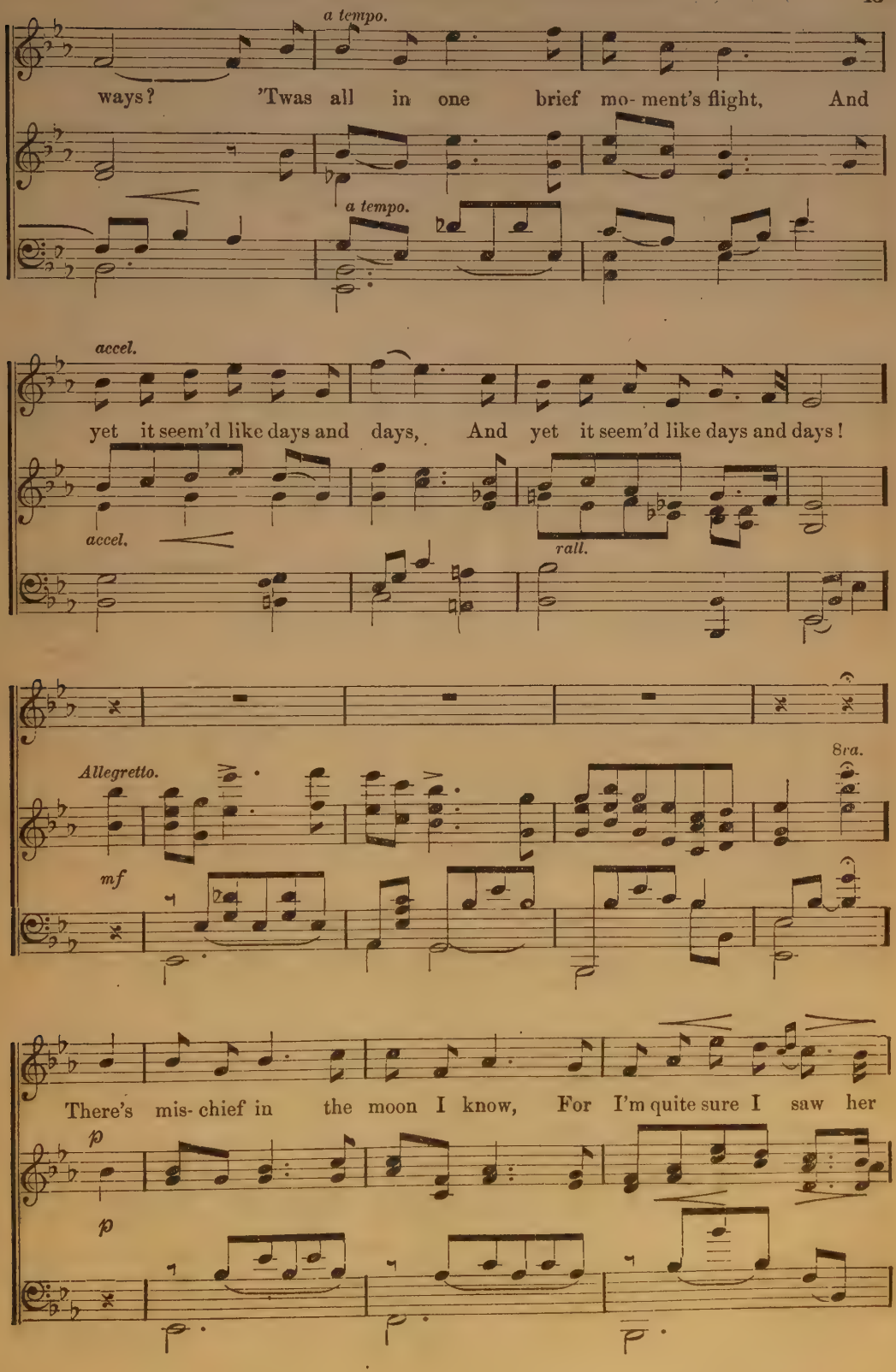
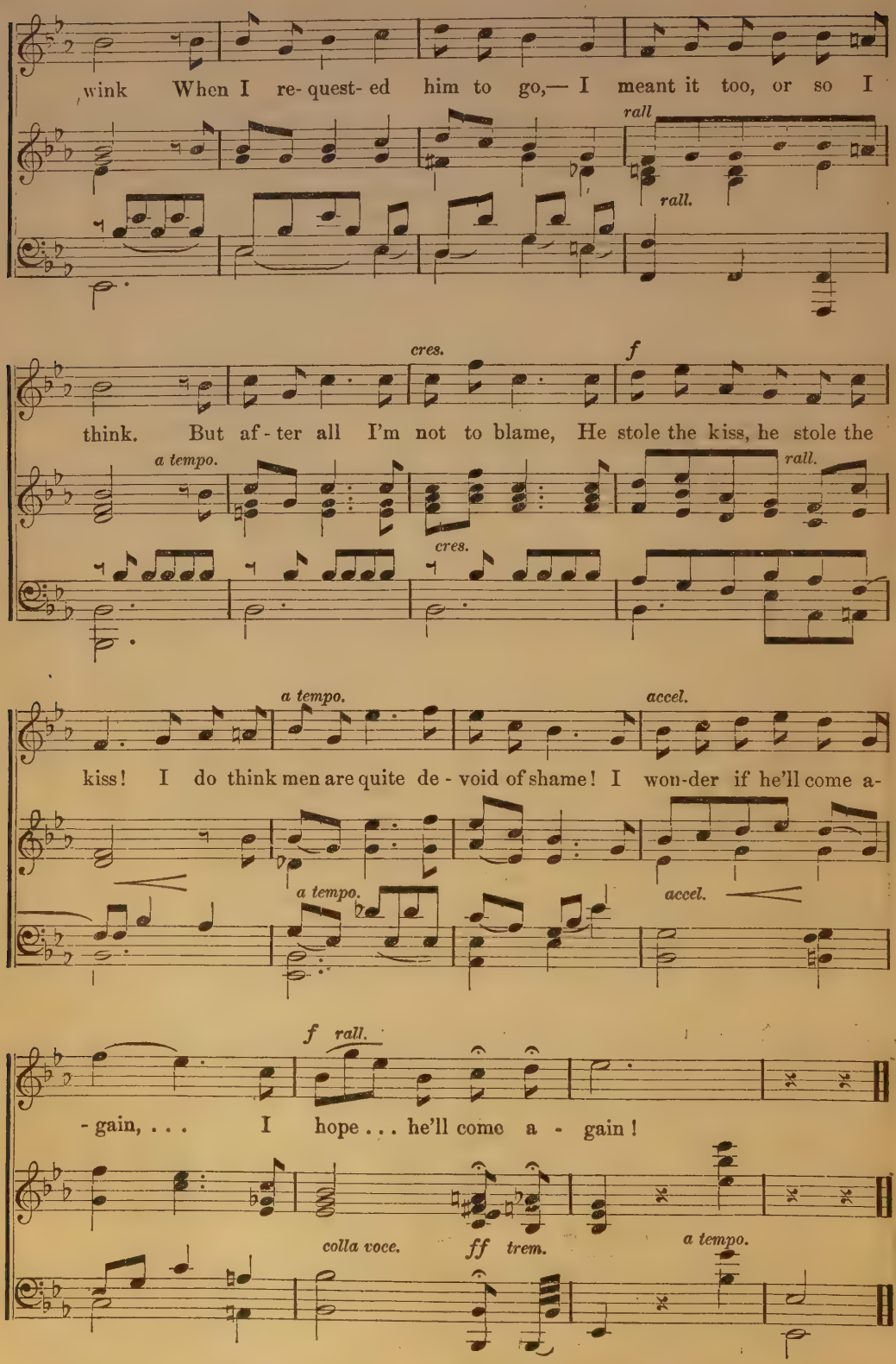

a tempo.
ways? 'Twas all in one brief mo- ment's flight, And
a tempo.
accel.
yet it seem'd like days and days, And yet it seem'd like days and days!
accel.
rall.
Allegretto.
8va.
mf
There's mis- chief in the moon I know, For I'm quite sure I saw her
p
p

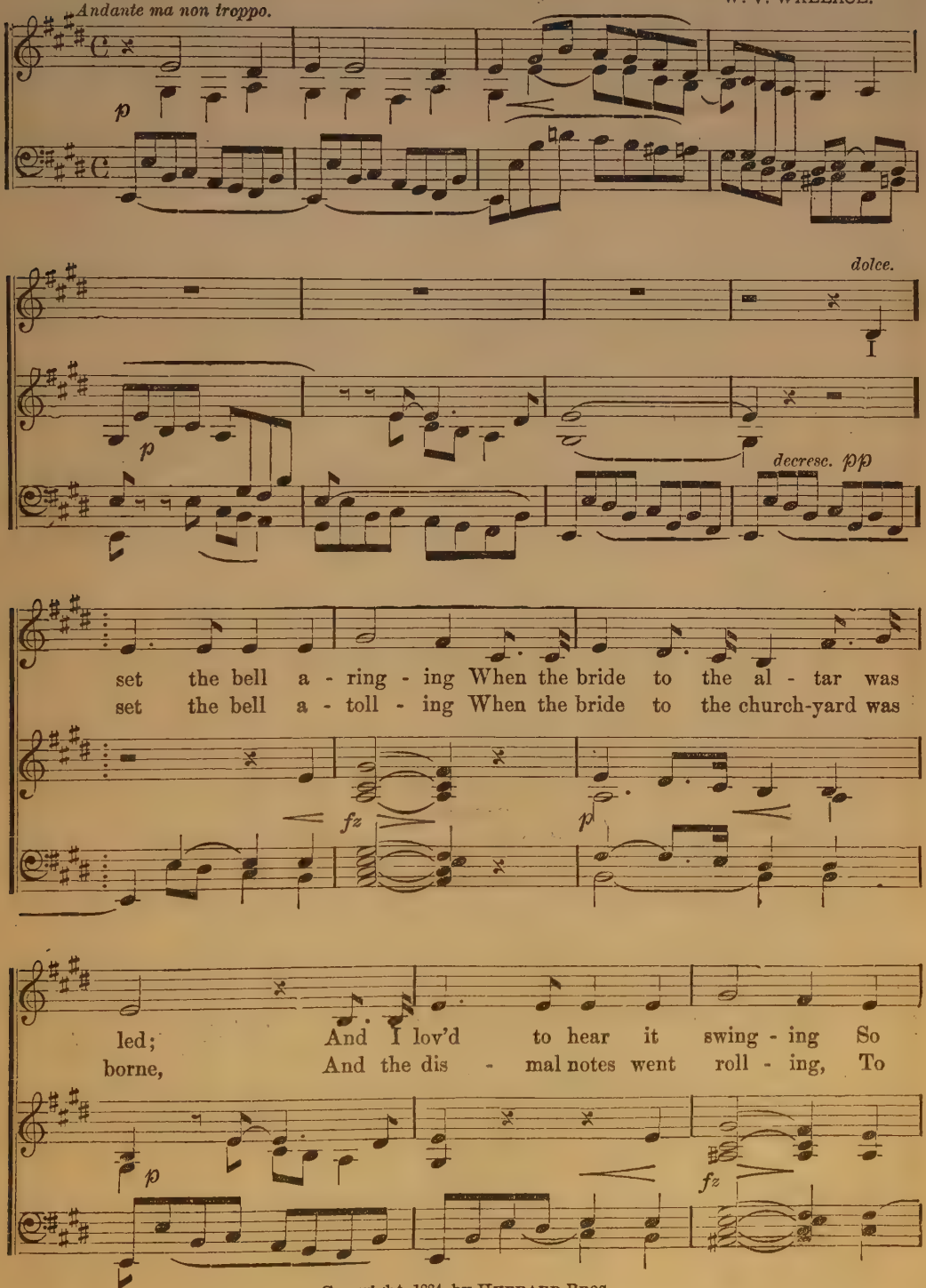

wink When I re- quest- ed him to go,— I meant it too, or so I
rall
rall.
think. But af - ter all I'm not to blame, He stole the kiss, he stole the
cres.
f
a tempo.
rall.
cres.
kiss! I do think men are quite de - void of shame! I won-der if he'll come a-
a tempo.
accel.
a tempo.
accel.
- gain, . . . I hope . . . he'll come a - gain!
f rall.
colla voce.
ff trem.
a tempo.

THE BELL-RINGER.

BALLAD.

J. OXENFORD. W. V. WALLACE.

Andante ma non troppo.


p
dolce.
p
decresc. pp
set the bell a - ring - ing When the bride to the al - tar was
set the bell a - toll - ing When the bride to the church-yard was
fz
p
led; And I lov'd to hear it swing - ing So
borne, And the dis - mal notes went roll - ing, To
p
fz

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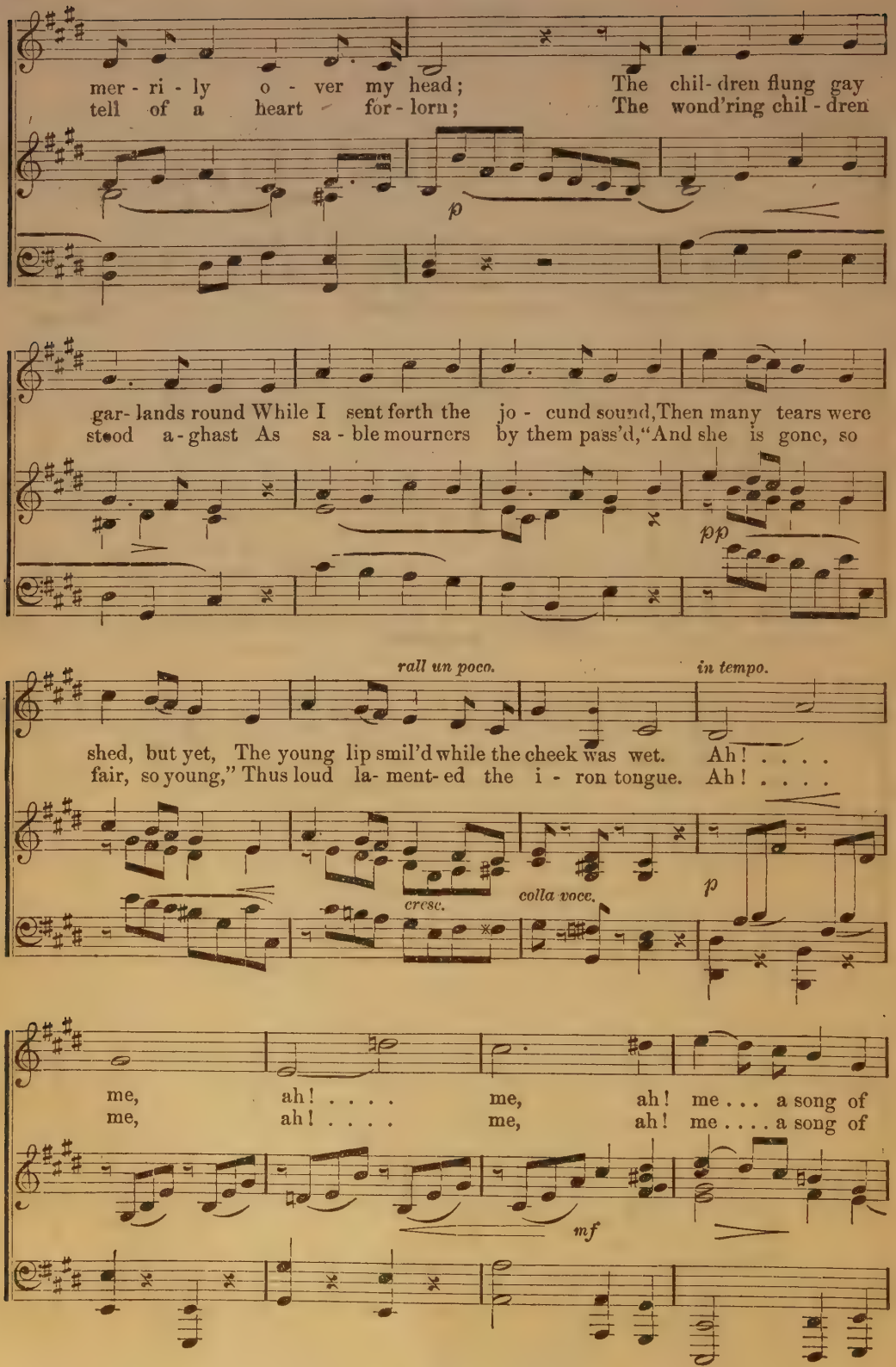
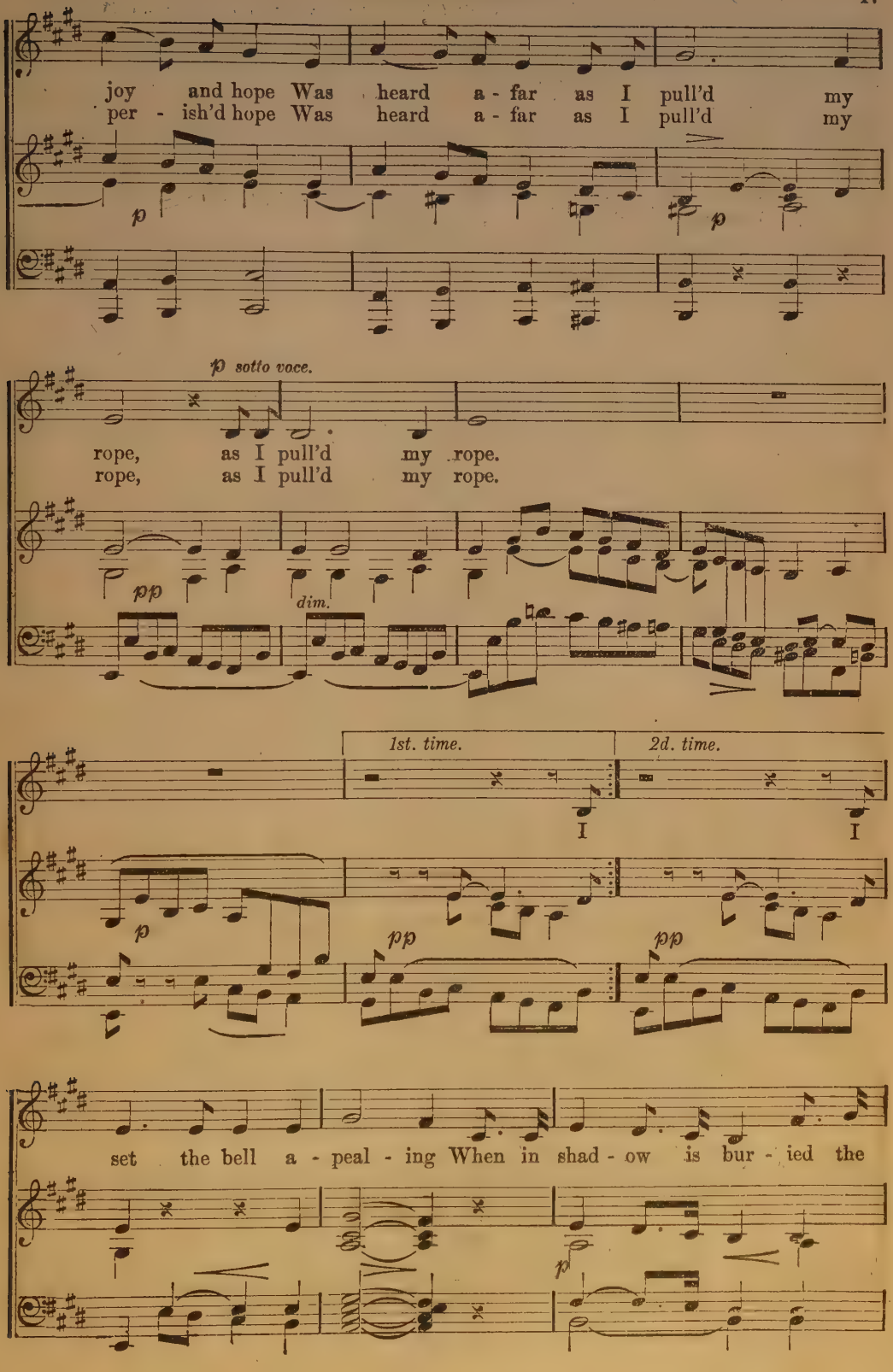
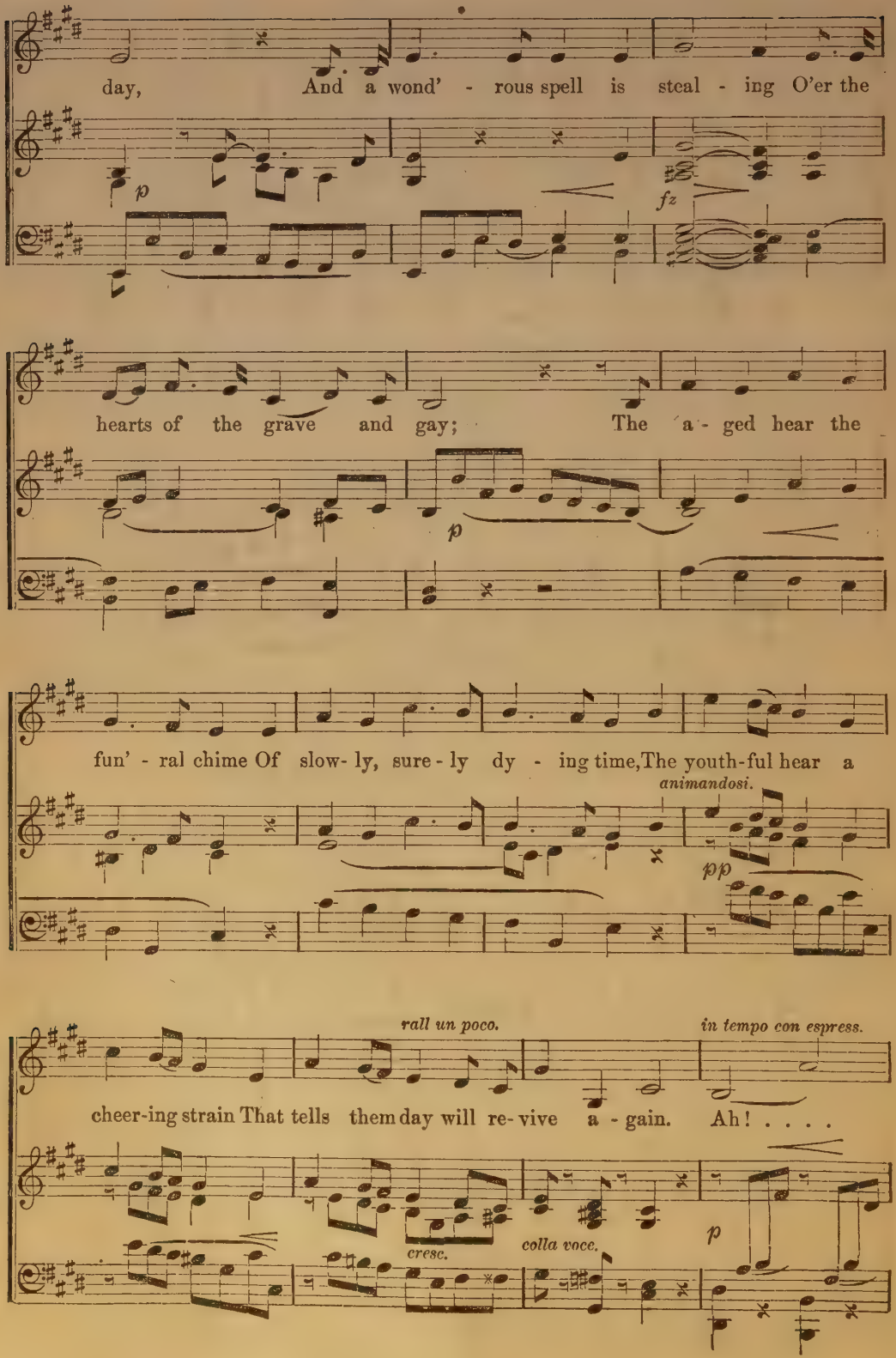
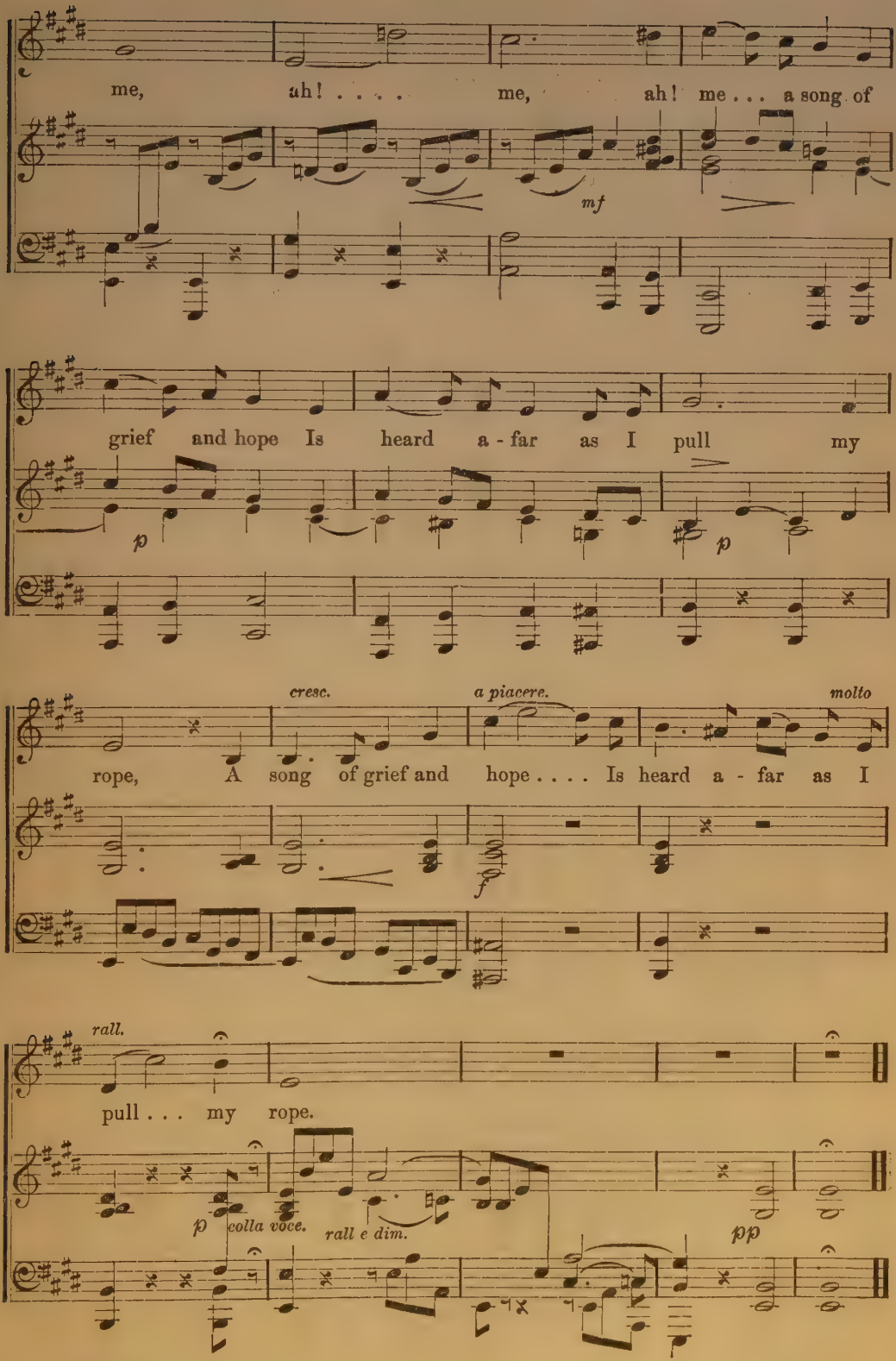

mer - ri - ly o - ver my head; The chil - dren flung gay
tell of a heart for - lorn; The wond'ring chil - dren
p
gar - lands round While I sent forth the jo - cund sound, Then many tears were
stood a - ghast As sa - ble mourners by them pass'd, "And she is gone, so
pp
rall un poco.
in tempo.
shed, but yet, The young lip smil'd while the cheek was wet. Ah! . . . .
fair, so young," Thus loud la - ment - ed the i - ron tongue. Ah! . . . .
cresc.
colla voce.
p
me, ah! . . . . me, ah! me . . . a song of
me, ah! . . . . me, ah! me . . . . a song of
mf


joy and hope Was heard a - far as I pull'd my
per - ish'd hope Was heard a - far as I pull'd my
p
p
p sotto voce.
rope, as I pull'd my rope.
rope, as I pull'd my rope.
pp
dim.
1st. time.
2d. time.
I
I
p
pp
pp
set the bell a - peal - ing When in shad - ow is bur - ied the
p


day, And a wond' - rous spell is steal - ing O'er the
p
fz
hearts of the grave and gay; The a - ged hear the
p
fun' - ral chime Of slow- ly, sure - ly dy - ing time, The youth-ful hear a
animandosi.
pp
rall un poco.
in tempo con espress.
cheer-ing strain That tells them day will re- vive a - gain. Ah! . . . .
cresc.
colla voce.
p


me, ah! . . . . me, ah! me . . . a song of
mf
grief and hope Is heard a - far as I pull my
p
p
cresc.
a piacere.
molto
rope, A song of grief and hope . . . . Is heard a - far as I
f
rall.
pull . . . my rope.
p
colla voce.
rall e dim.
pp

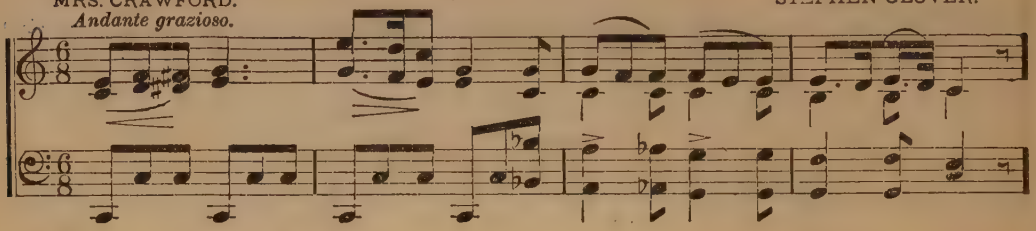
No. 2.—4.

THE MURMURING SEA.

DUET.

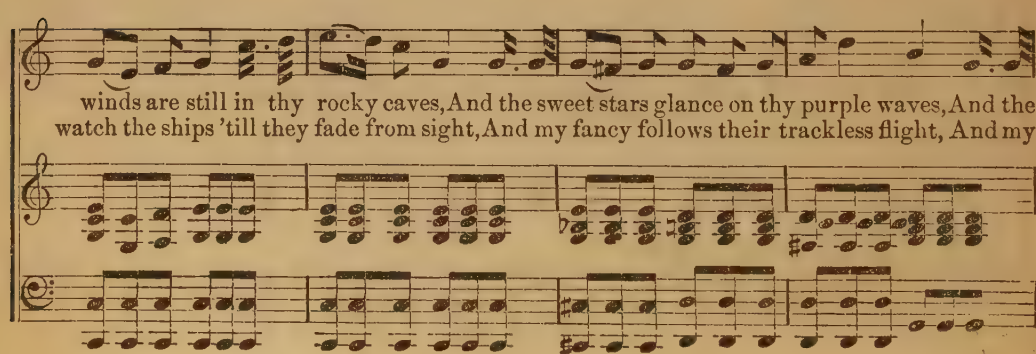
MRS. CRAWFORD. STEPHEN GLOVER.

Andante grazioso.

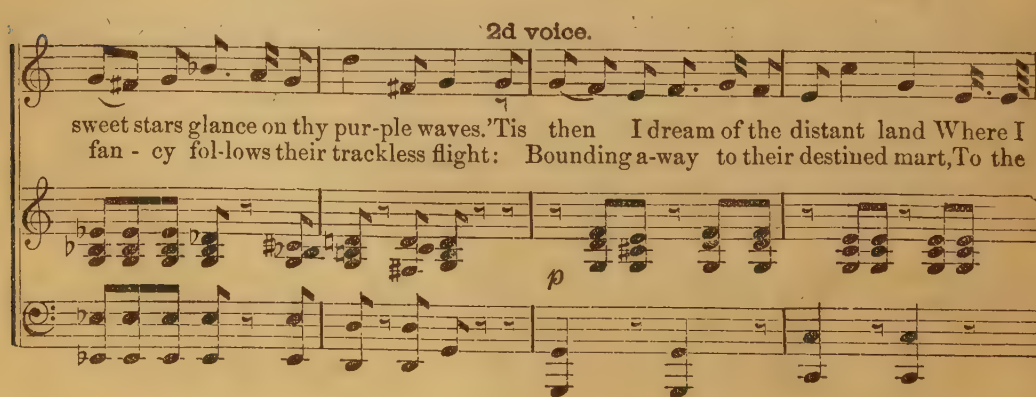


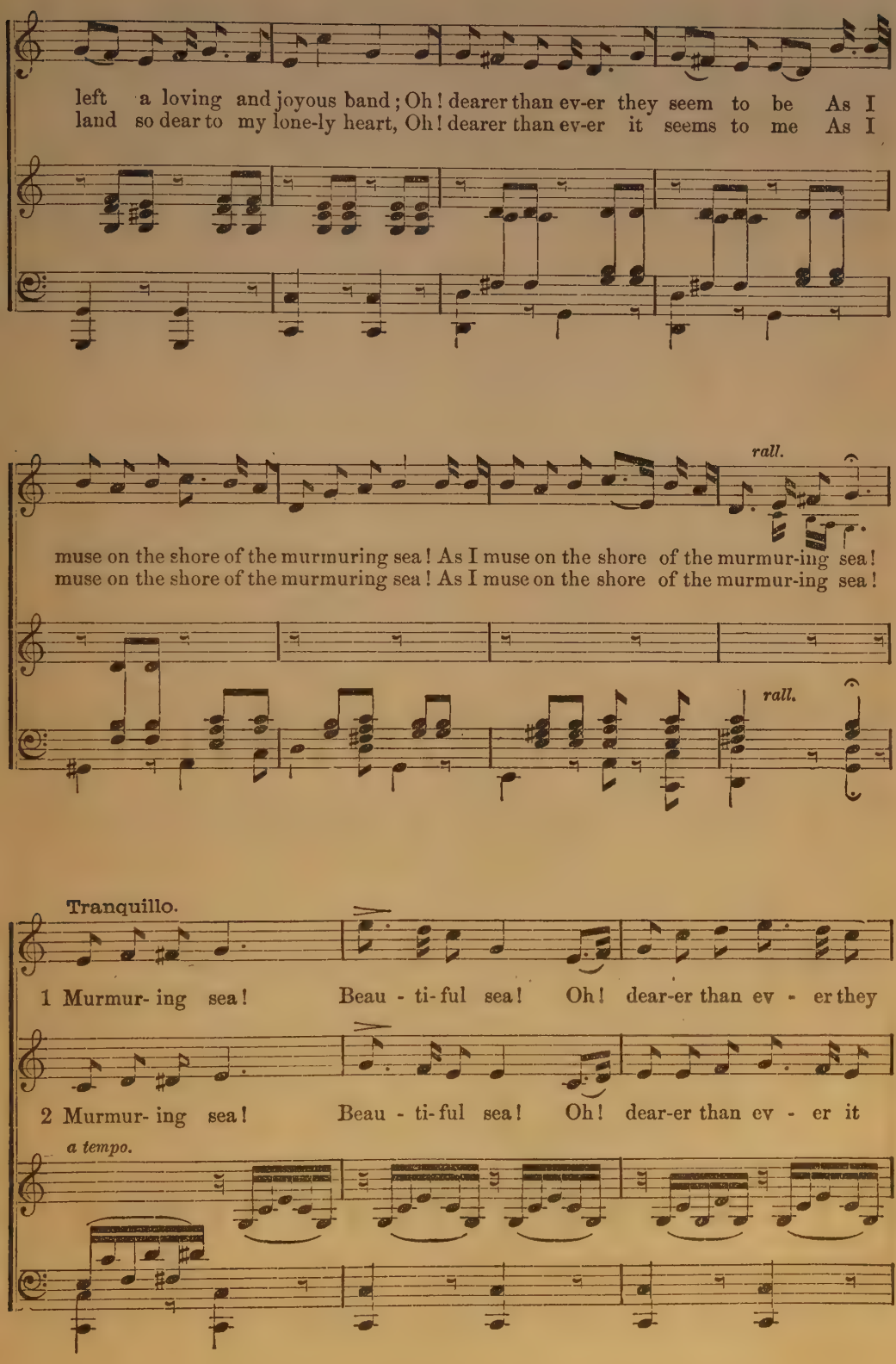
1st voice.

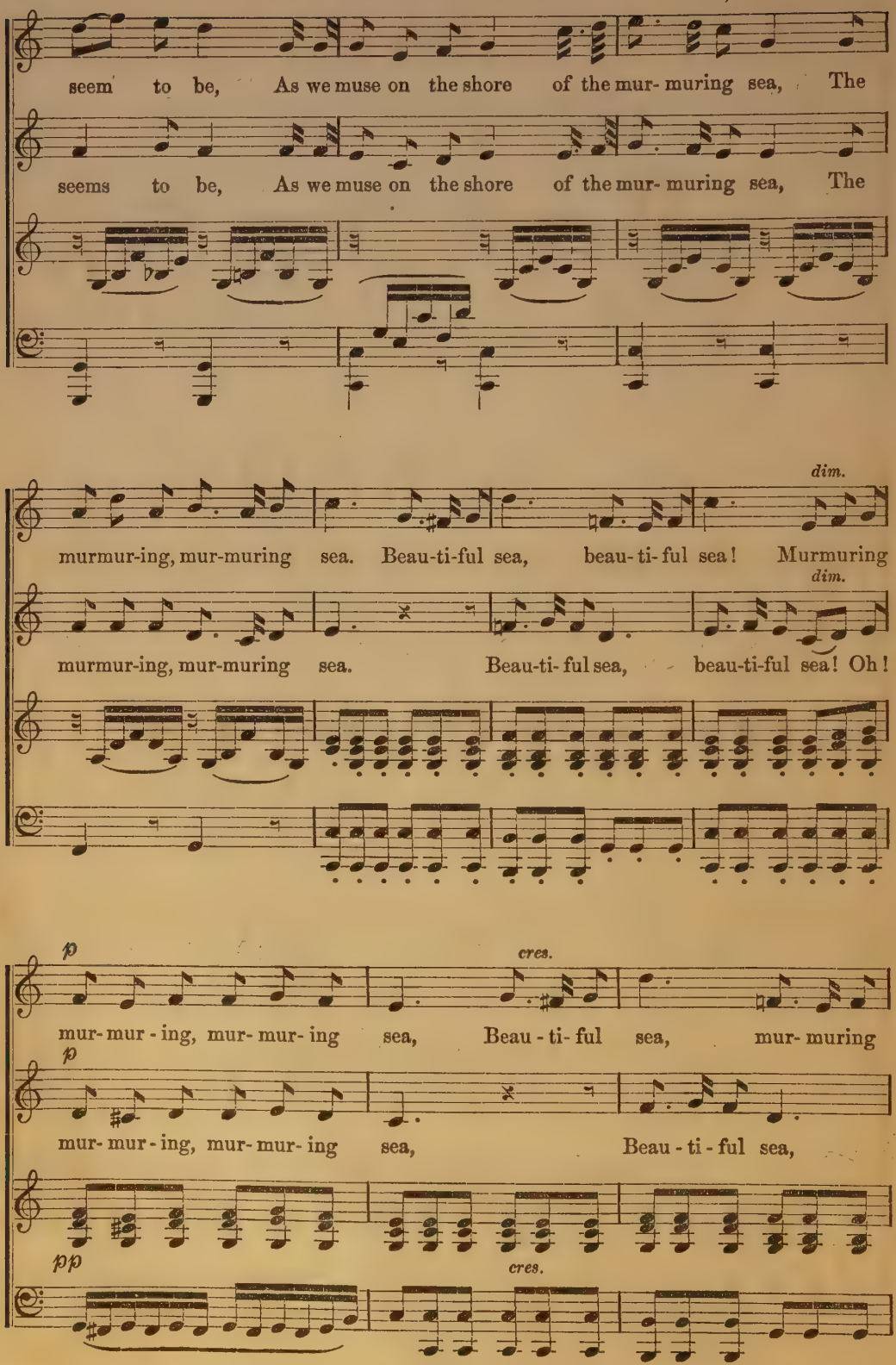
1 Murmuring sea! Beau- ti-ful sea! How I love to list to thy mel - o - dy When the
2 Murmuring sea! Beau- ti-ful sea! I no more shall sail o'er thy wa - ters free; But I
p

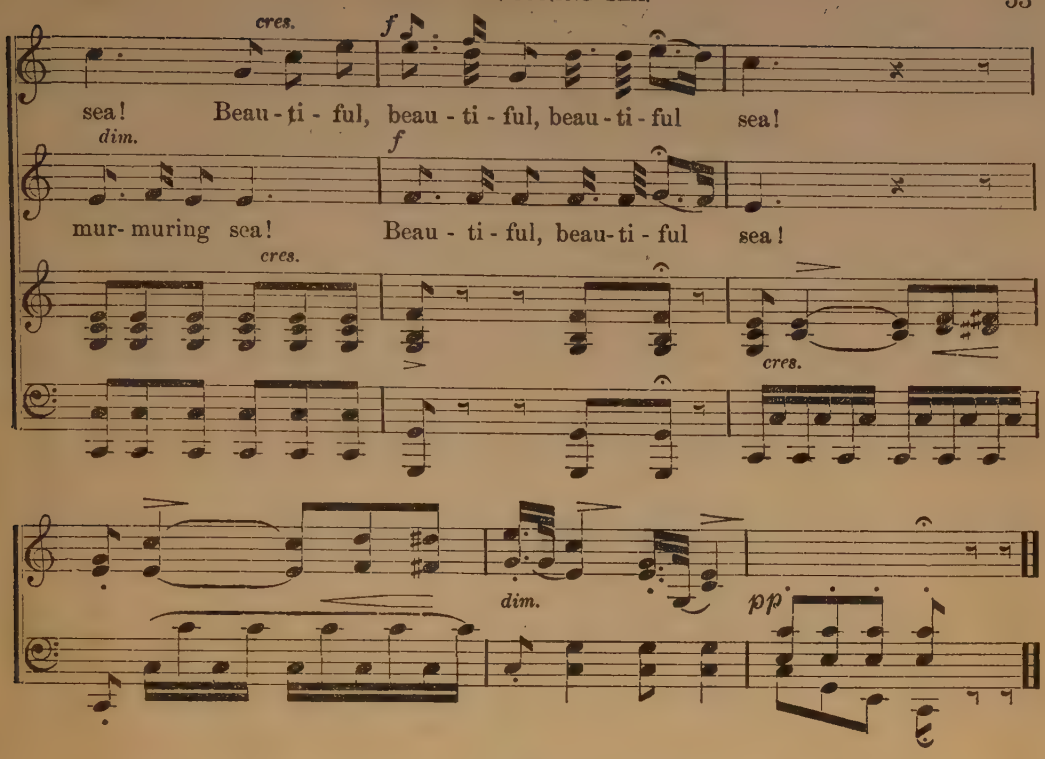

winds are still in thy rocky caves, And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves, And the
watch the ships 'till they fade from sight, And my fancy follows their trackless flight, And my

2d voice.


sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves. 'Tis then I dream of the distant land Where I
fan - cy fol-lows their trackless flight: Bounding a-way to their destined mart, To the
p


left a loving and joyous band; Oh! dearer than ev-er they seem to be As I
land so dear to my lone-ly heart, Oh! dearer than ev-er it seems to me As I
rall.
muse on the shore of the murmuring sea! As I muse on the shore of the murmur-ing sea!
muse on the shore of the murmuring sea! As I muse on the shore of the murmur-ing sea!
rall.
Tranquillo.
1 Murmur- ing sea! Beau - ti-ful sea! Oh! dear-er than ev - er they
2 Murmur- ing sea! Beau - ti-ful sea! Oh! dear-er than ev - er it
a tempo.

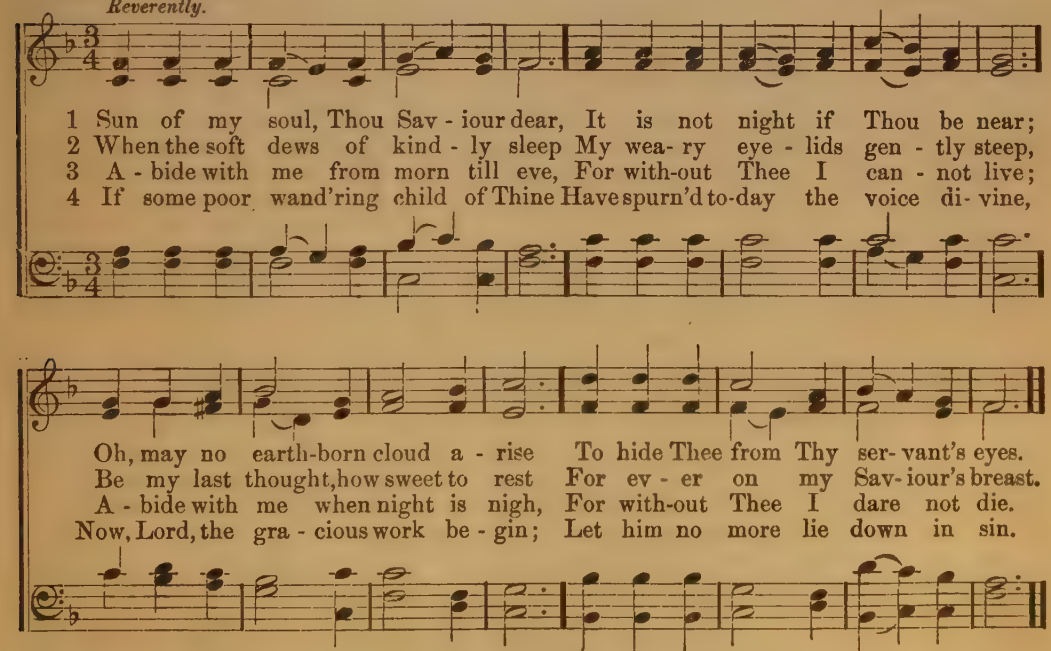

seem to be, As we muse on the shore of the mur- muring sea, The
seems to be, As we muse on the shore of the mur- muring sea, The
dim.
murmur-ing, mur-muring sea. Beau-ti-ful sea, beau- ti- ful sea! Murmuring
dim.
murmur-ing, mur-muring sea. Beau-ti- ful sea, beau-ti-ful sea! Oh!
p
cres.
mur- mur - ing, mur- mur- ing sea, Beau - ti- ful sea, mur- muring
p
mur- mur - ing, mur- mur- ing sea, Beau - ti - ful sea,
pp
cres.



SUN OF MY SOUL.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1827. W. H. MONK.

Reverently.


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3 A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di - vine,
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

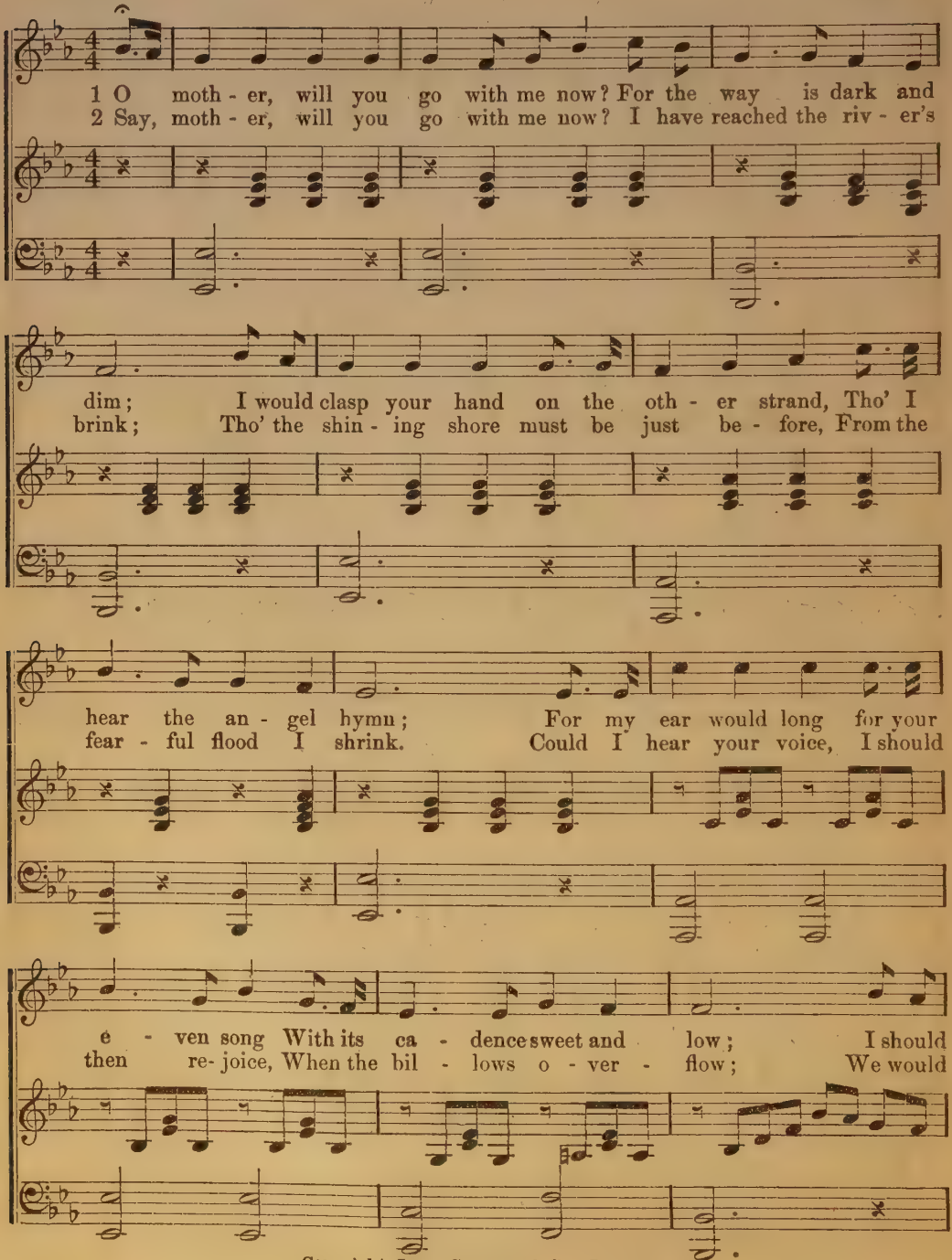
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

FRIEDDIE'S LAST REQUEST.

SONG AND CHORUS.

PAULINA. P. P. BLISS.


1 O moth - er, will you go with me now? For the way is dark and
2 Say, moth - er, will you go with me now? I have reached the riv - er's
dim; I would clasp your hand on the oth - er strand, Tho' I
brink; Tho' the shin - ing shore must be just be - fore, From the
hear the an - gel hymn; For my ear would long for your
fear - ful flood I shrink. Could I hear your voice, I should
é - ven song With its ca - dence sweet and low; I should
then re- joice, When the bil - lows o - ver - flow; We would

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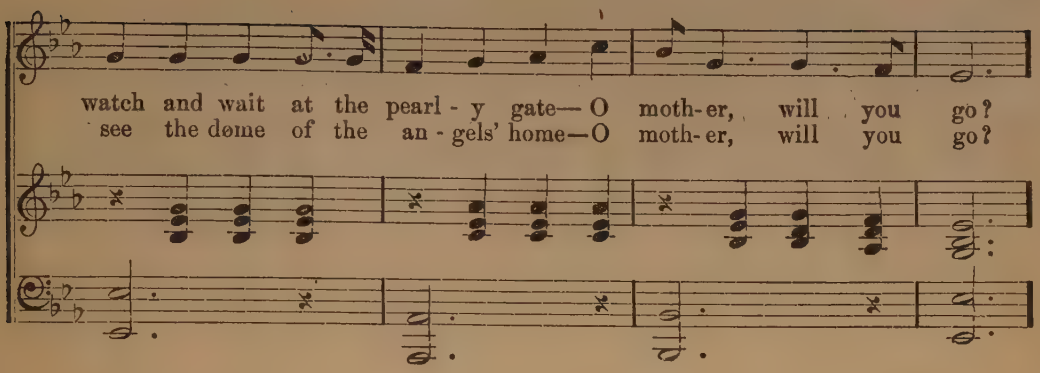
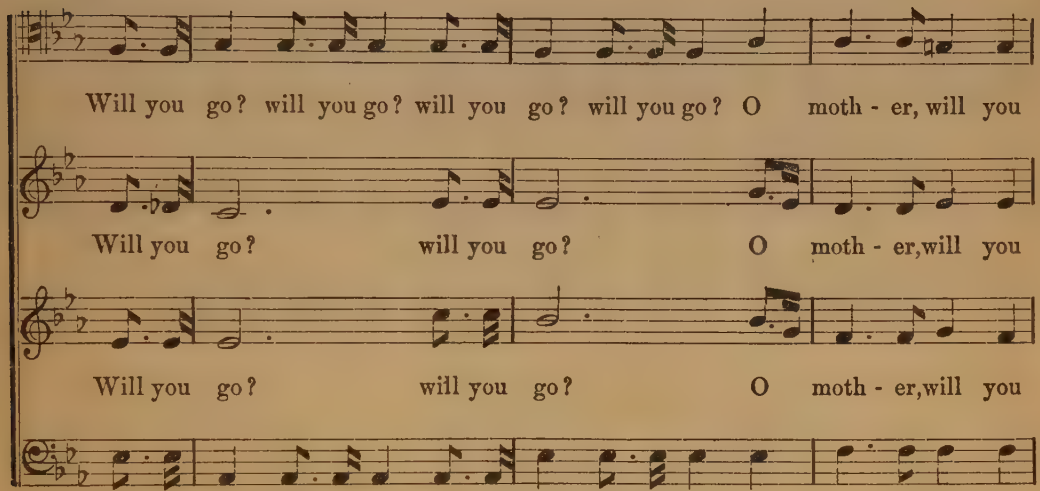
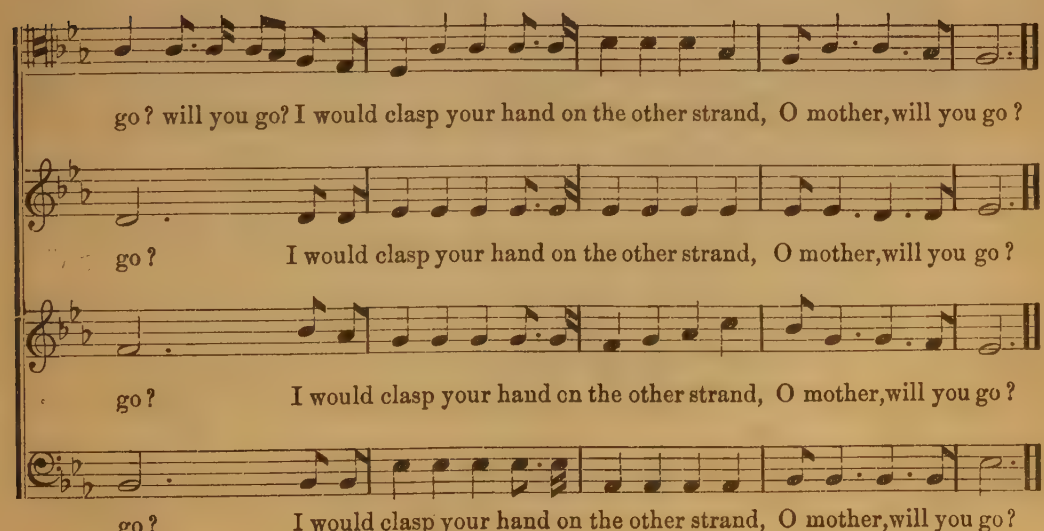

watch and wait at the pearl - y gate— O moth-er, will you go?
see the dome of the an - gels' home—O moth-er, will you go?

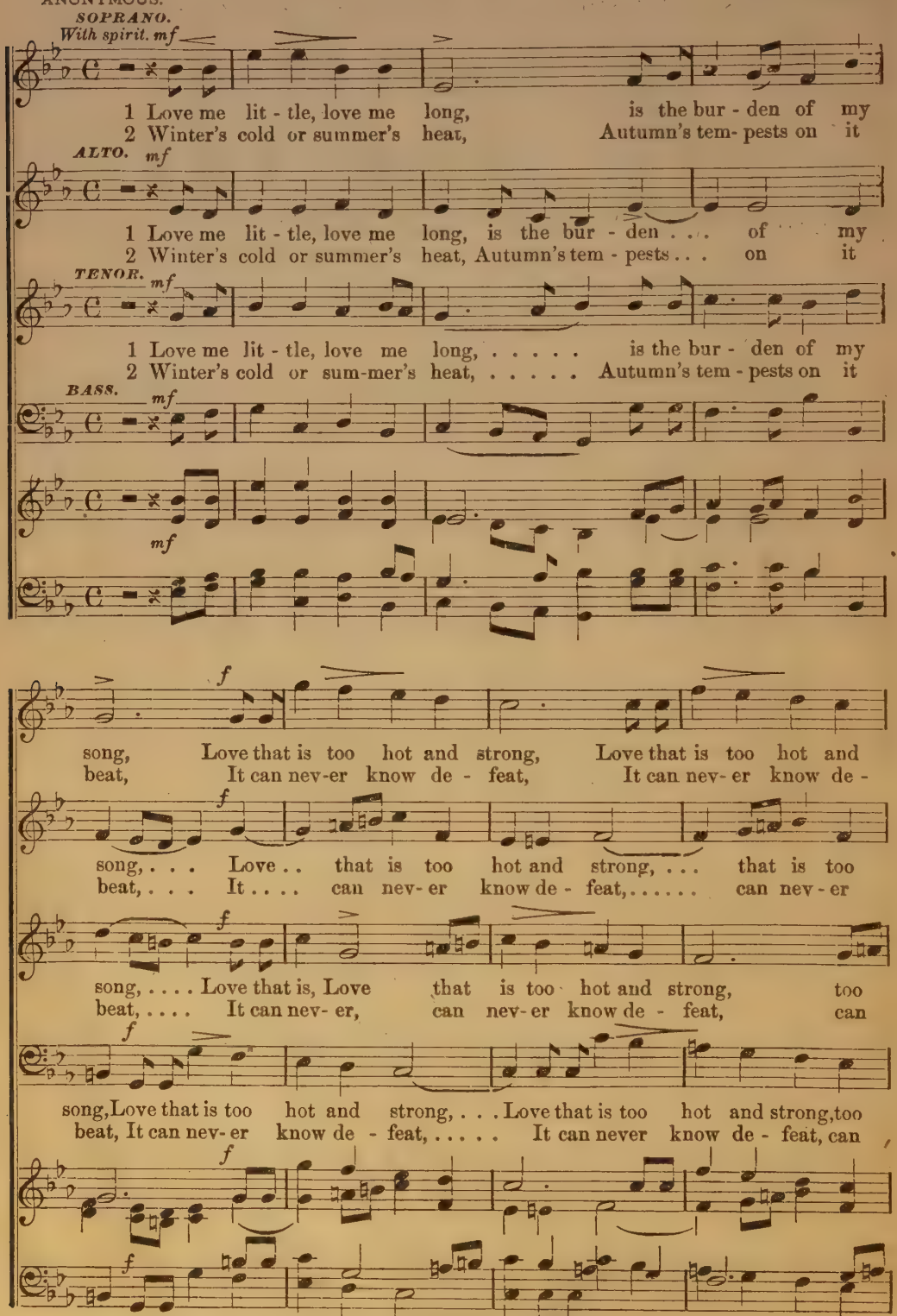
Chorus.


Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go? O moth - er, will you
Will you go? will you go? O moth - er,will you
Will you go? will you go? O moth - er,will you
Will you go? will you go? will you go? will you go? O moth - er, will you


go? will you go? I would clasp your hand on the other strand, O mother,will you go?
go? I would clasp your hand on the other strand, O mother,will you go?
go? I would clasp your hand on the other strand, O mother,will you go?
go? I would clasp your hand on the other strand, O mother,will you go?

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ANONYMOUS. H. LAHEE.


SOPRANO.
With spirit. mf
1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, is the bur - den of my
2 Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tem- pests on it
ALTO. mf
1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, is the bur - den . . . of my
2 Winter's cold or summer's heat, Autumn's tem - pests . . . on it
TENOR. mf
1 Love me lit - tle, love me long, ... is the bur - den of my
2 Winter's cold or sum-mer's heat, ... Autumn's tem - pests on it
BASS. mf
mf
f
song, Love that is too hot and strong, Love that is too hot and
beat, It can nev-er know de - feat, It can nev- er know de -
f
song, . . . Love . . that is too hot and strong, . . . that is too
beat, . . . It . . . . can nev- er know de - feat, ... can nev - er
f
song, ... Love that is, Love that is too hot and strong, too
beat, ... It can nev- er, can nev- er know de - feat, can
f
song, Love that is too hot and strong, . . . Love that is too hot and strong, too
beat, It can nev- er know de - feat, ... It can never know de - feat, can
f
f

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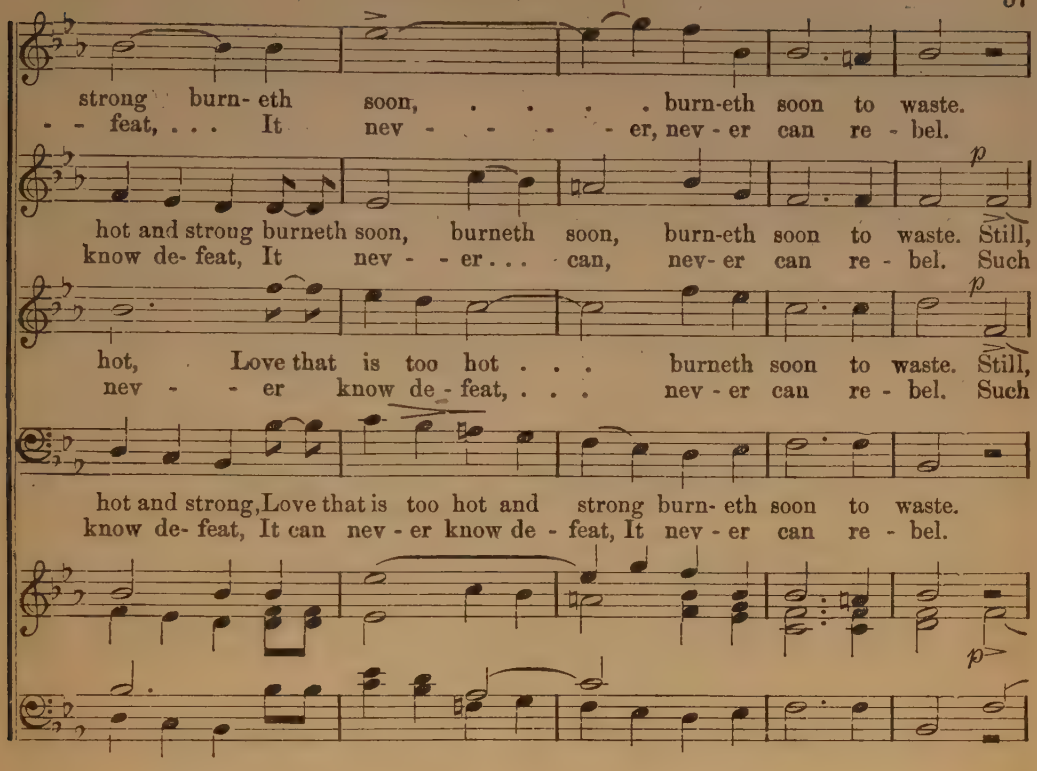
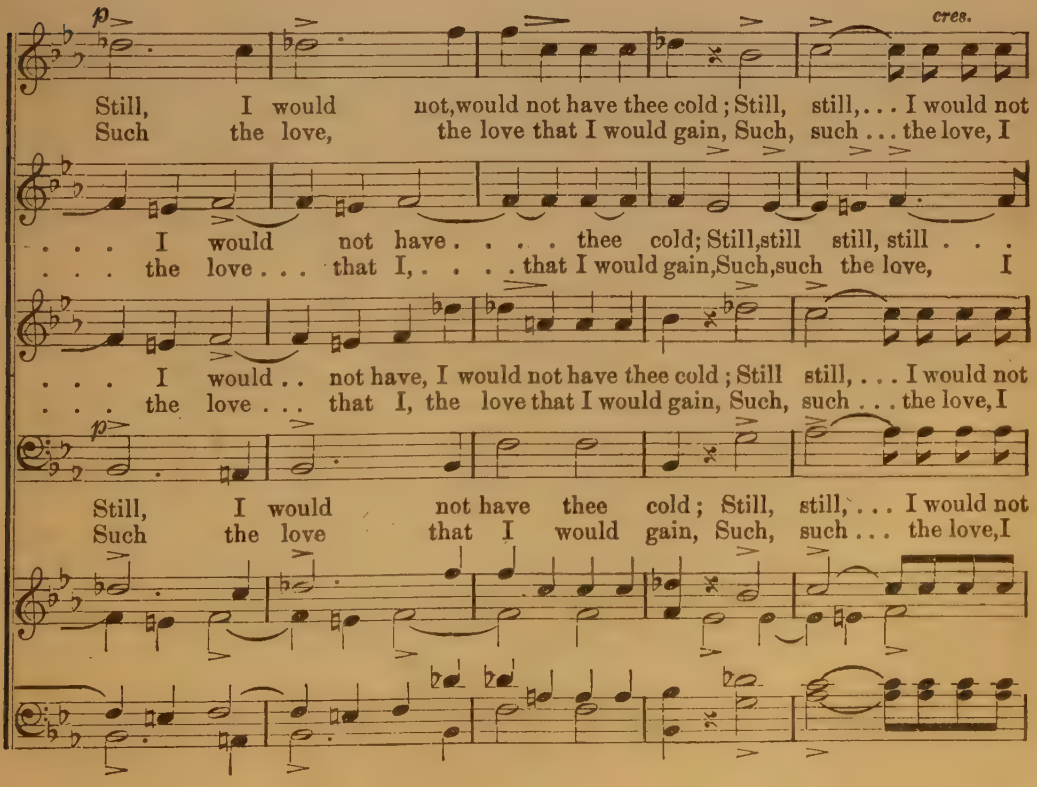
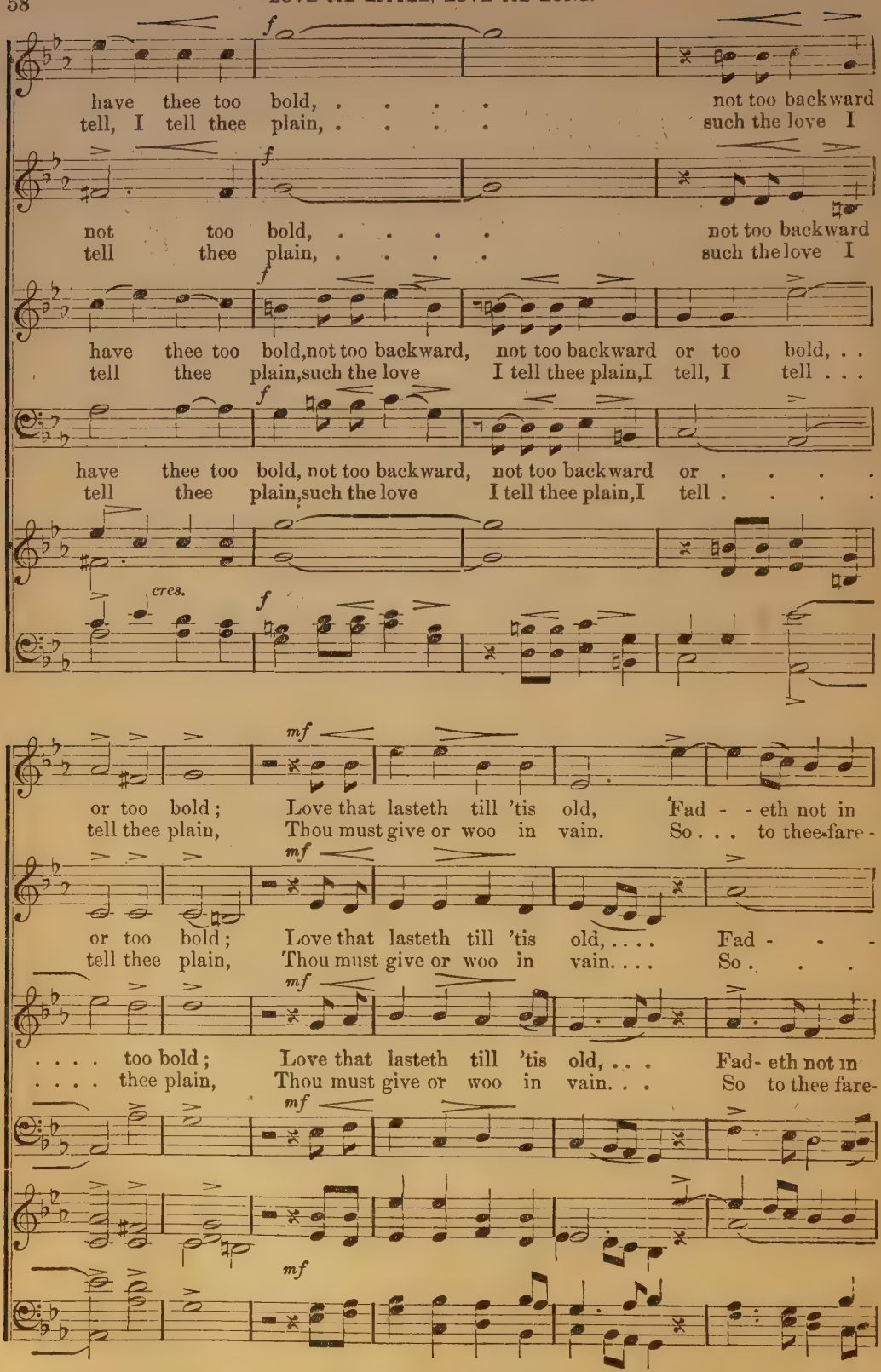
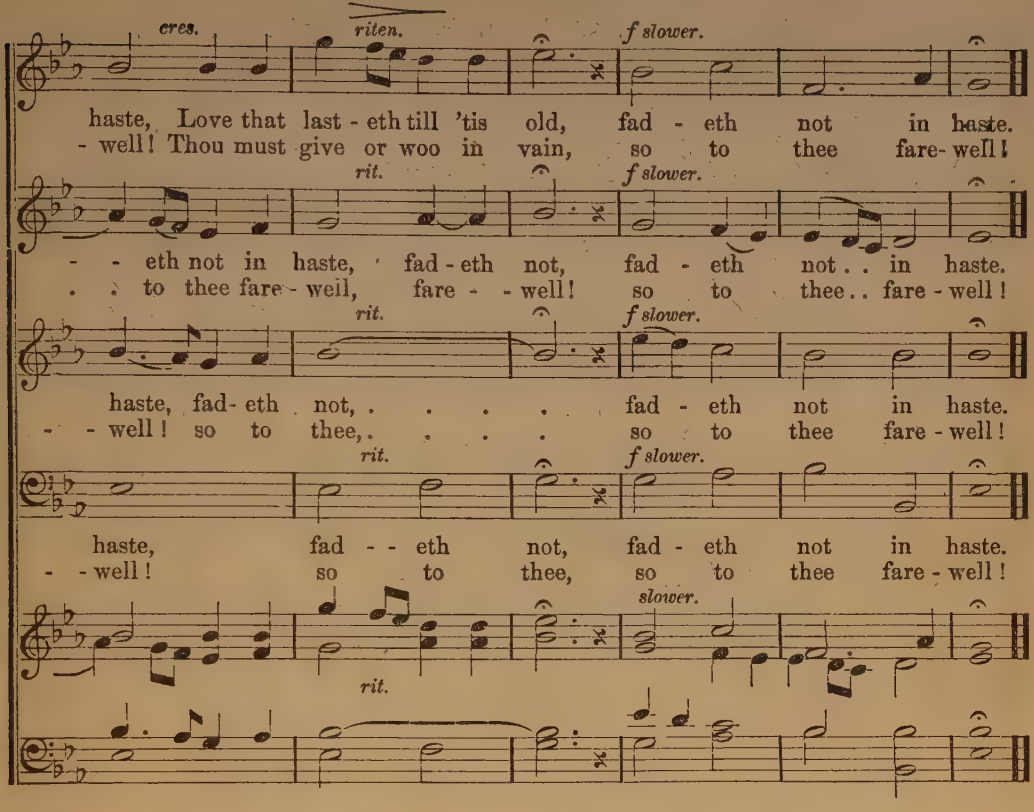

strong burn- eth soon, ... burn-eth soon to waste.
- - feat, . . . It nev - - - - - er, nev - er can re - bel.
hot and strong burneth soon, burneth soon, burn-eth soon to waste. Still,
know de- feat, It nev - - er . . . can, nev- er can re - bel. Such
hot, Love that is too hot . . . burneth soon to waste. Still,
nev - - er know de - feat, . . . nev - er can re - bel. Such
hot and strong, Love that is too hot and strong burn- eth soon to waste.
know de- feat, It can nev - er know de - feat, It nev - er can re - bel.

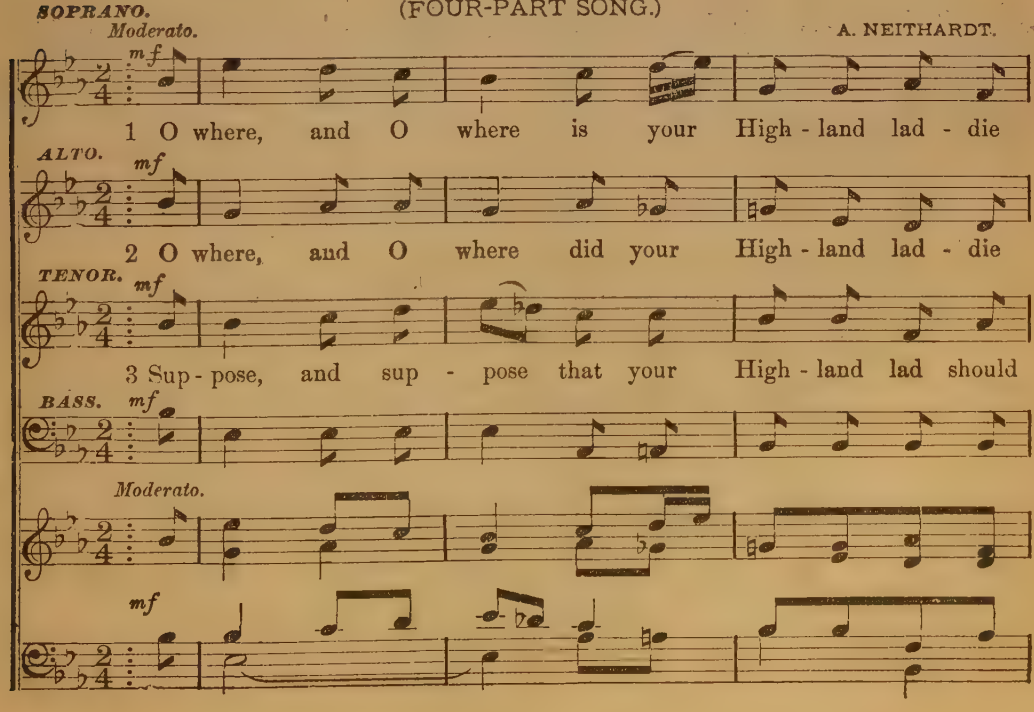

cres.
Still, I would not, would not have thee cold; Still, still, . . . I would not
Such the love, the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I
. . . I would not have . . . . thee cold; Still, still still, still . . .
. . . the love . . . that I, ... that I would gain, Such, such the love, I
. . . I would . . not have, I would not have thee cold; Still still, . . . I would not
. . . the love . . . that I, the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I
Still, I would not have thee cold; Still, still, . . . I would not
Such the love that I would gain, Such, such . . . the love, I

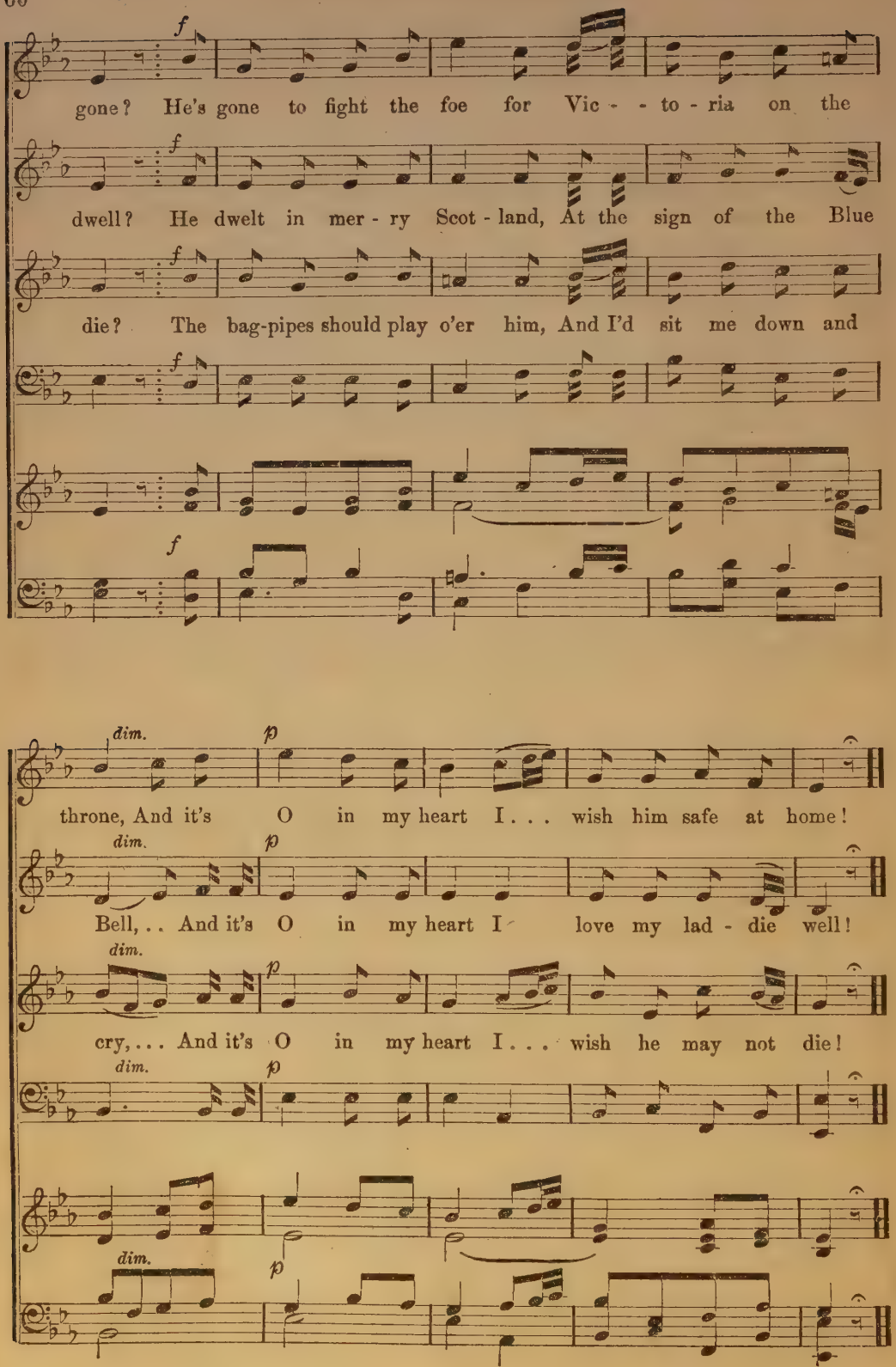

f
have thee too bold, ... not too backward
tell, I tell thee plain, ... such the love I
f
not too bold, ... not too backward
tell thee plain, ... such the love I
f
have thee too bold,not too backward, not too backward or too bold, . .
tell thee plain,such the love I tell thee plain,I tell, I tell . . .
f
have thee too bold, not too backward, not too backward or . . . .
tell thee plain,such the love I tell thee plain,I tell . . . .
cres.
f
mf
or too bold; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, Fad - - eth not in
tell thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. So . . . to thee fare -
mf
or too bold; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, ... Fad - - -
tell thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. . . . So . . .
mf
. . . . too bold; Love that lasteth till 'tis old, . . . Fad- eth not in
. . . . thee plain, Thou must give or woo in vain. . . So to thee fare-
mf
mf


cres.
riten.
f slower.
haste, Love that last - eth till 'tis old, fad - eth not in haste.
- well! Thou must give or woo in vain, so to thee fare-well!
rit.
f slower.
- - eth not in haste, fad - eth not, fad - eth not . . in haste.
. . to thee fare - well, fare - - well! so to thee . . fare - well!
rit.
f slower.
haste, fad - eth not, ... fad - eth not in haste.
- - well! so to thee, ... so to thee fare - well!
rit.
f slower.
haste, fad - - eth not, fad - eth not in haste.
- - well! so to thee, so to thee fare - well!
slower.
rit.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

(FOUR-PART SONG.)

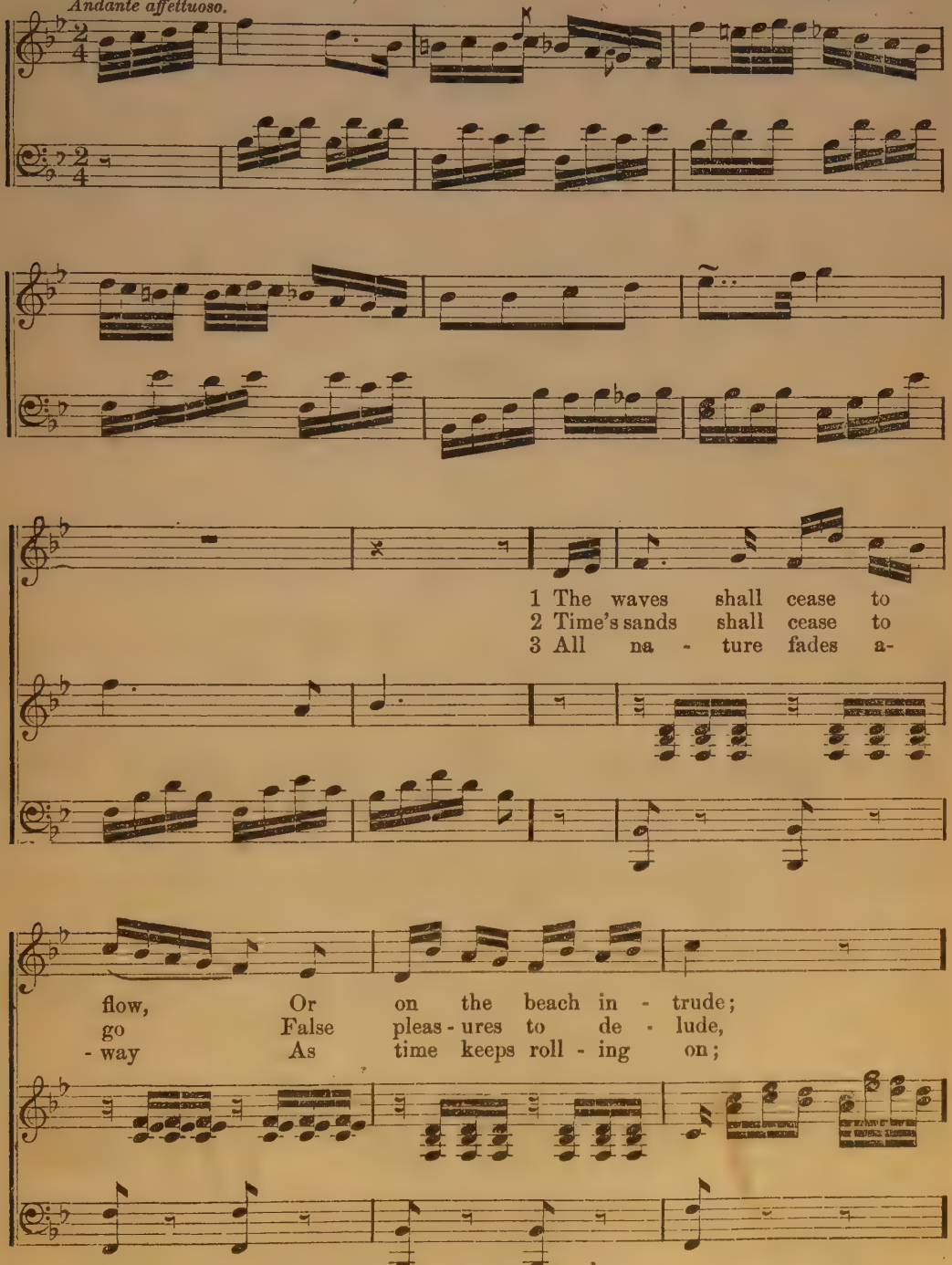



f
gone? He's gone to fight the foe for Vic - - to - ria on the
dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, At the sign of the Blue
die? The bag-pipes should play o'er him, And I'd sit me down and
dim.
p
throne, And it's O in my heart I . . . wish him safe at home!
Bell, . . And it's O in my heart I love my lad - die well!
cry, . . . And it's O in my heart I . . . wish he may not die!

SONG.—GRATITUDE.

CHARLES DICKDON. L. MARSHALL.

Andante affettuoso.


1 The waves shall cease to
2 Time's sands shall cease to
3 All na - ture fades a-
flow, Or on the beach in - trude;
go False pleas - ures to de - lude,
- way As time keeps roll - ing on;

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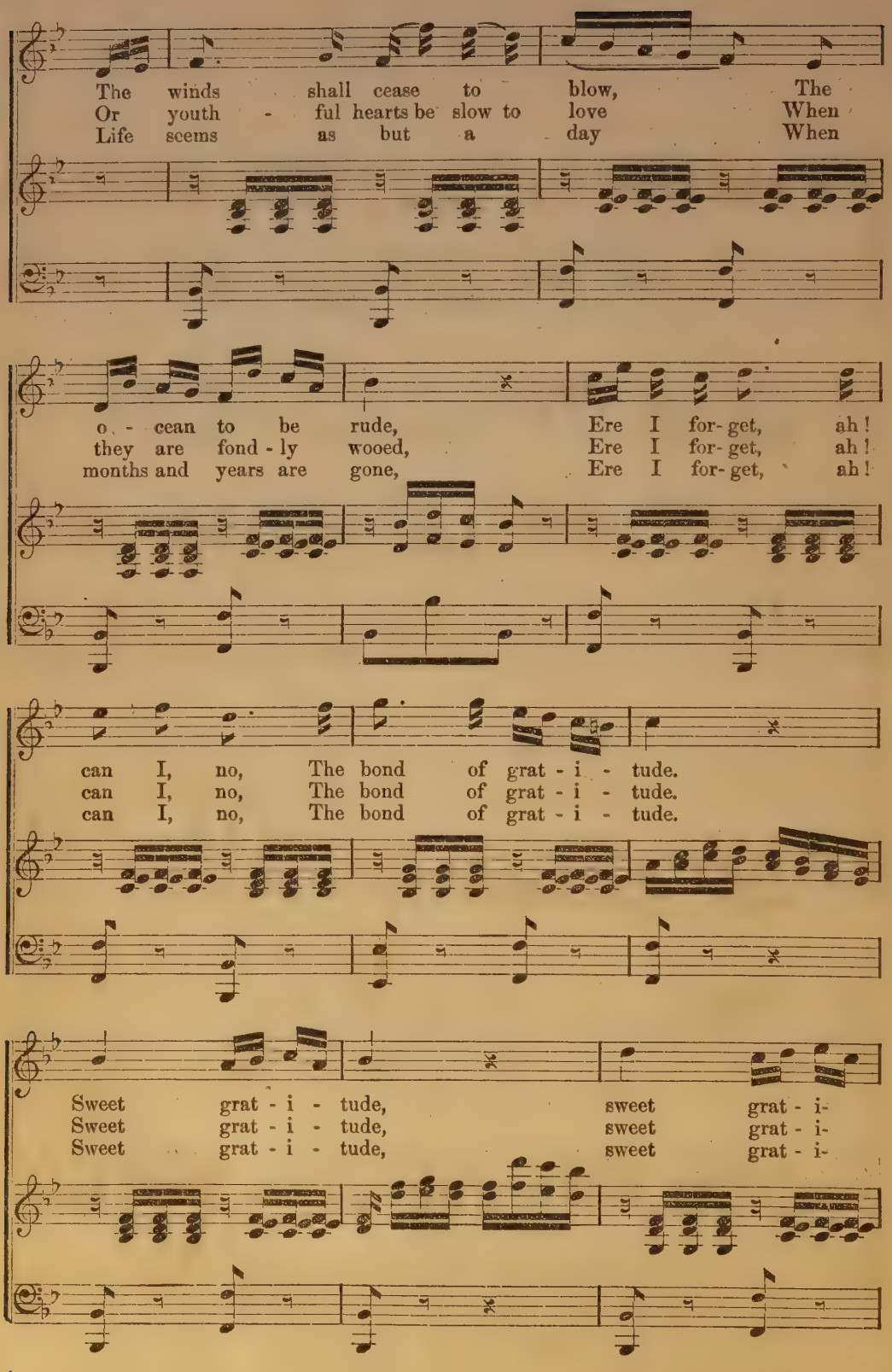
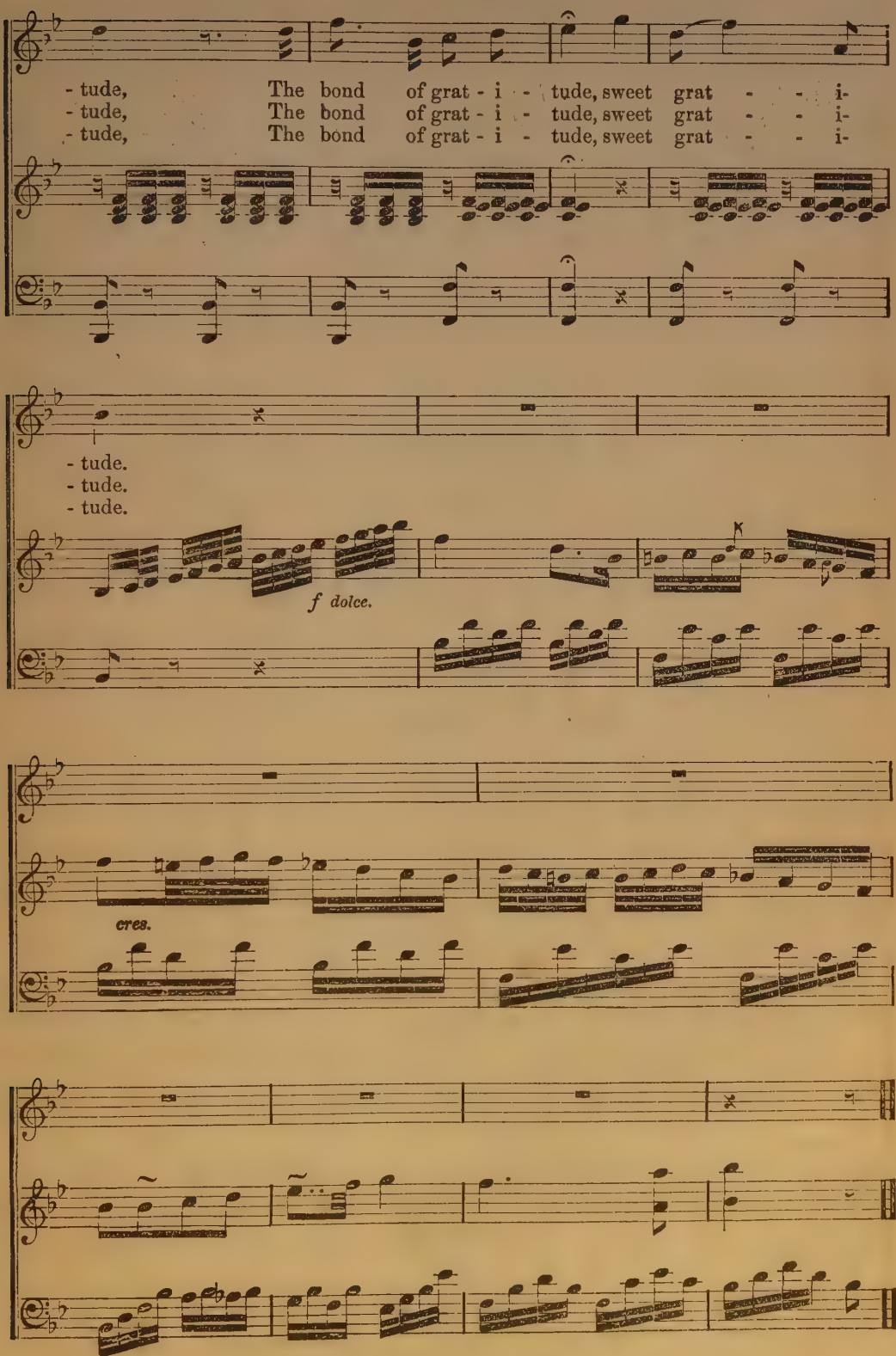
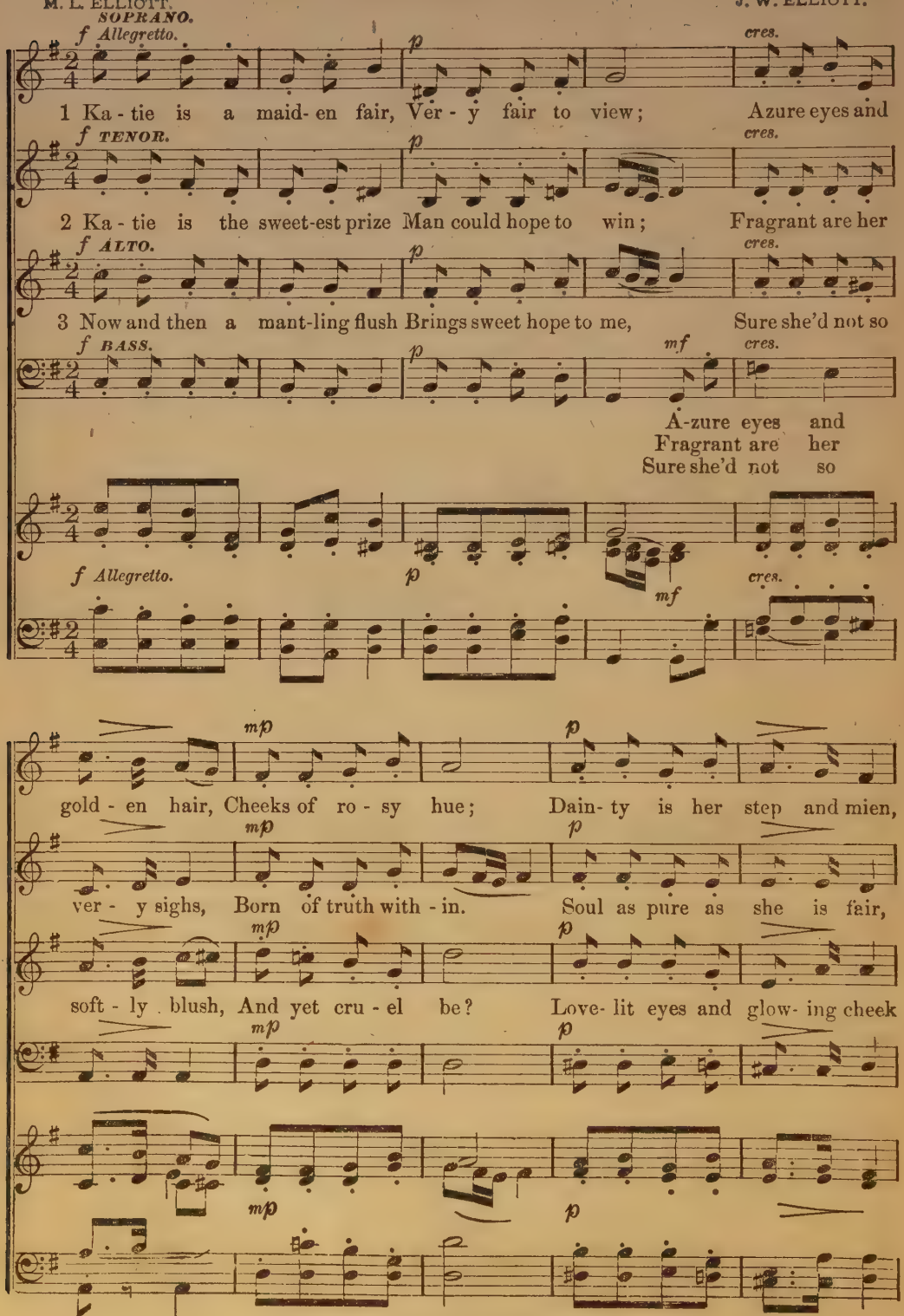

The winds shall cease to blow, The
Or youth - ful hearts be slow to love When
Life seems as but a day When
o - cean to be rude, Ere I for-get, ah!
they are fond - ly wooed, Ere I for-get, ah!
months and years are gone, Ere I for-get, ah!
can I, no, The bond of grat - i - tude.
can I, no, The bond of grat - i - tude.
can I, no, The bond of grat - i - tude.
Sweet grat - i - tude, sweet grat - i-
Sweet grat - i - tude, sweet grat - i-
Sweet grat - i - tude, sweet grat - i-


- tude, The bond of grat - i - tude, sweet grat - - i-
- tude, The bond of grat - i - tude, sweet grat - - i-
- tude, The bond of grat - i - tude, sweet grat - - i-
- tude.
- tude.
- tude.
f dolce.
cres.

FAIR KATIE.

FOUR-PART SONG.

M. L. ELLIOTT. J. W. ELLIOTT.



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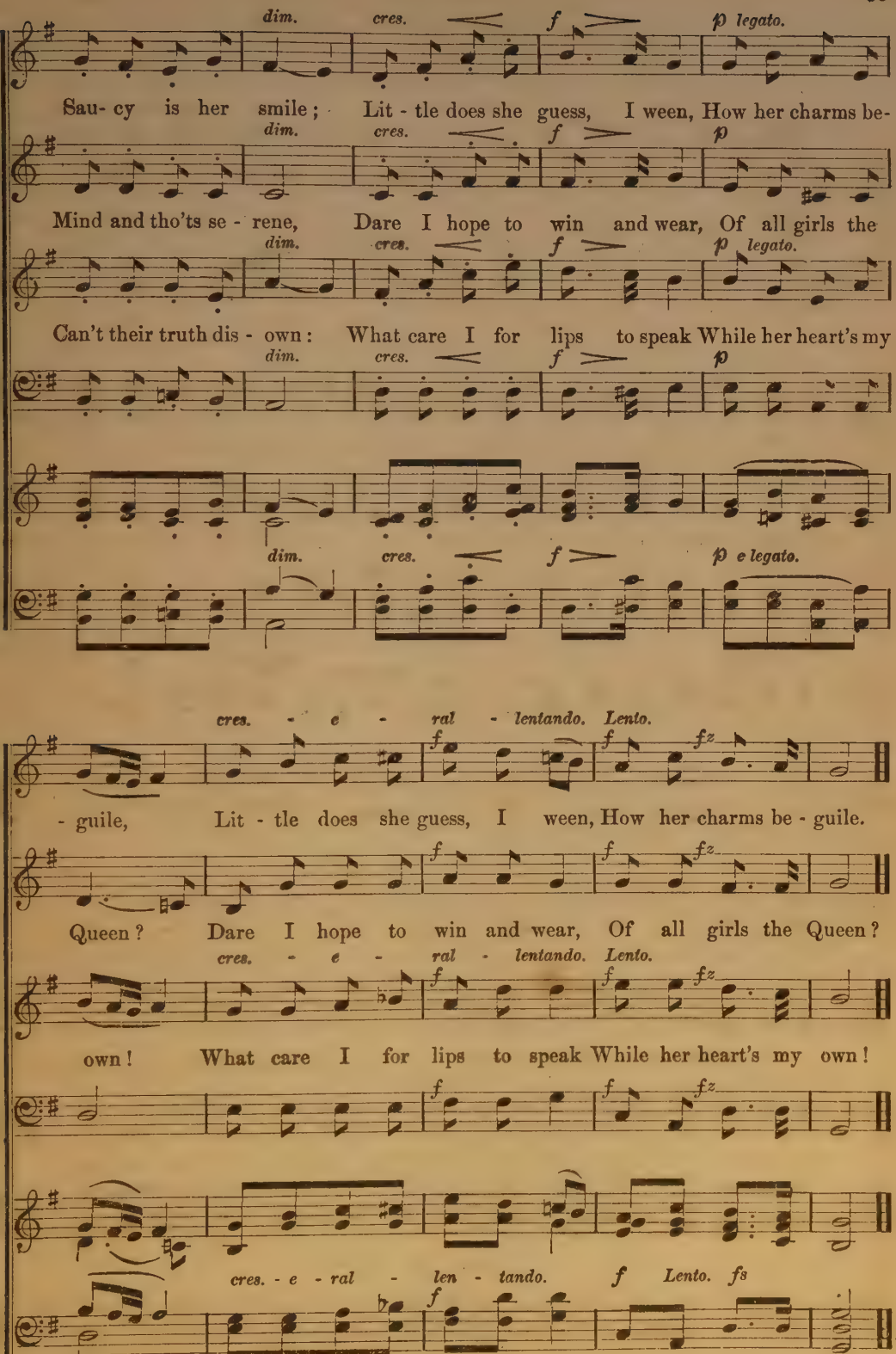
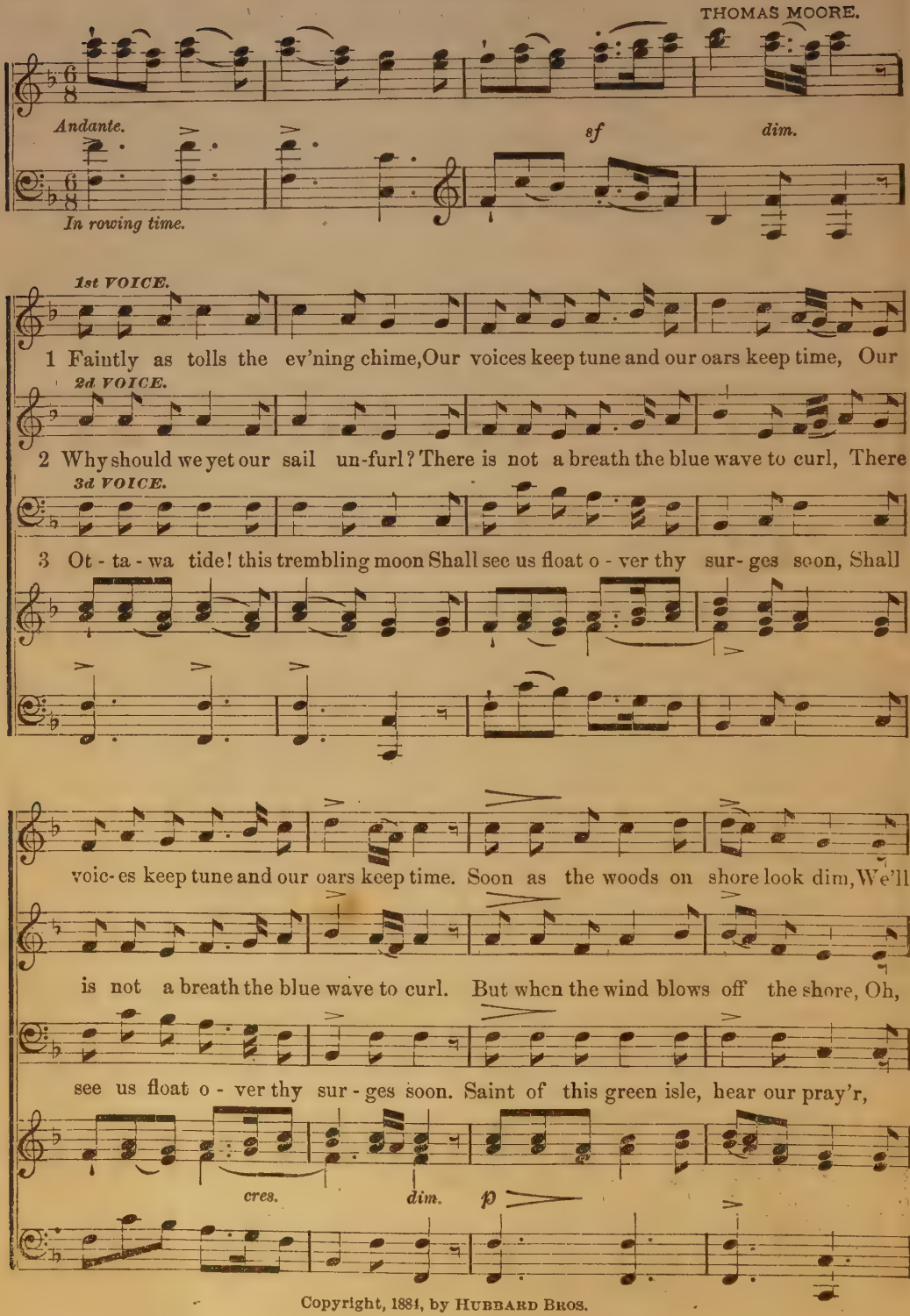

dim. cres. f p legato.
Sau- cy is her smile; Lit - tle does she guess, I ween, How her charms be-
dim. cres. f p
Mind and tho'ts se - rene, Dare I hope to win and wear, Of all girls the
dim. cres. f p legato.
Can't their truth dis - own: What care I for lips to speak While her heart's my
dim. cres. f p
dim. cres. f p e legato.
cres. - e - ral - lentando. Lento.
- guile, Lit - tle does she guess, I ween, How her charms be - guile.
Queen? Dare I hope to win and wear, Of all girls the Queen?
cres. - e - ral - lentando. Lento.
own! What care I for lips to speak While her heart's my own!
cres. - e - ral - len - tando. f Lento. fs

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FOR THREE VOICES.

THOMAS MOORE.


Andante.
sf
dim.
In rowing time.
1st VOICE.
1 Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, Our
2d VOICE.
2 Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
3d VOICE.
3 Ot - ta - wa tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Shall
voic - es keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl. But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,
see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,
cres.
dim.
p

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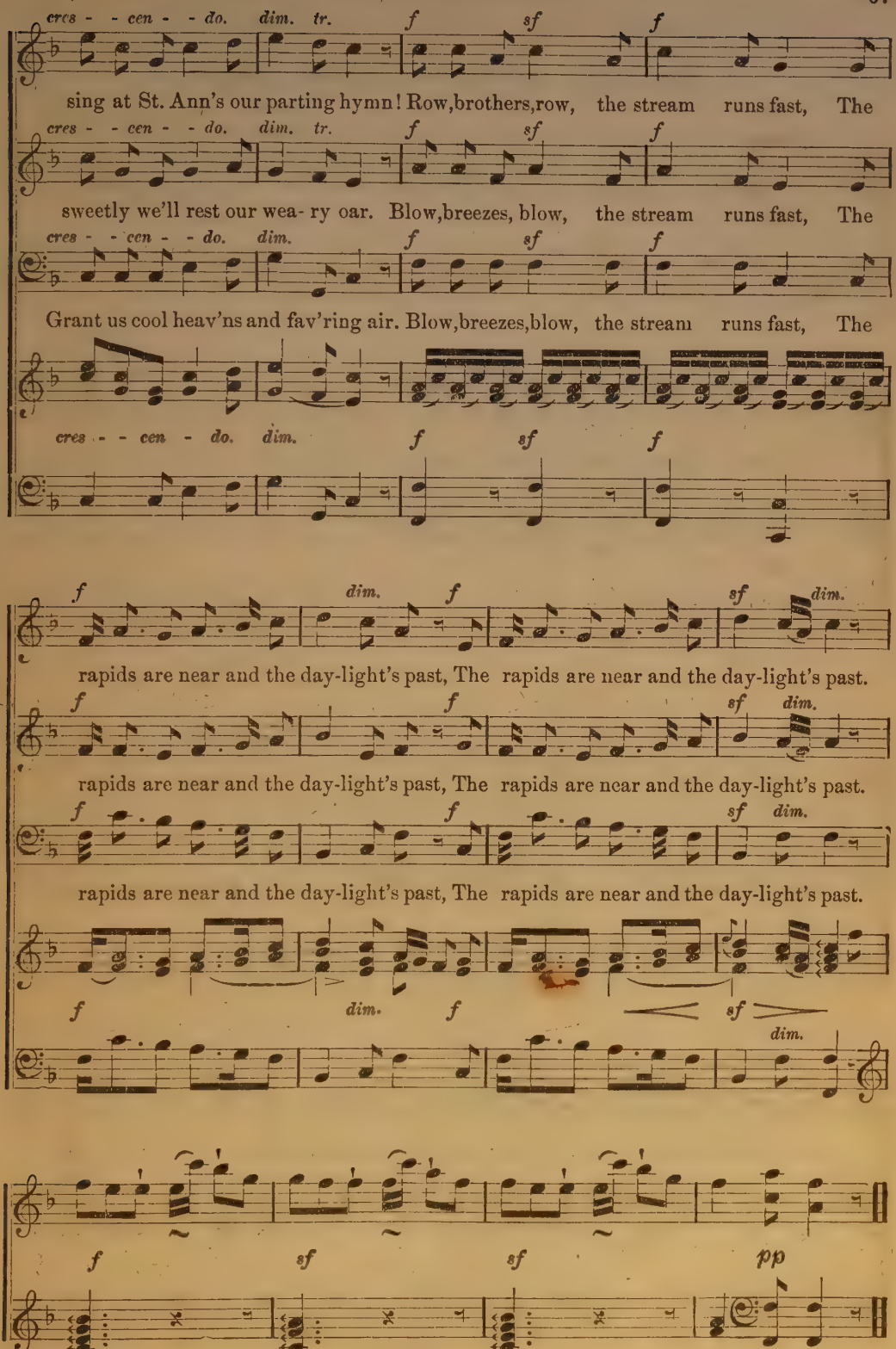
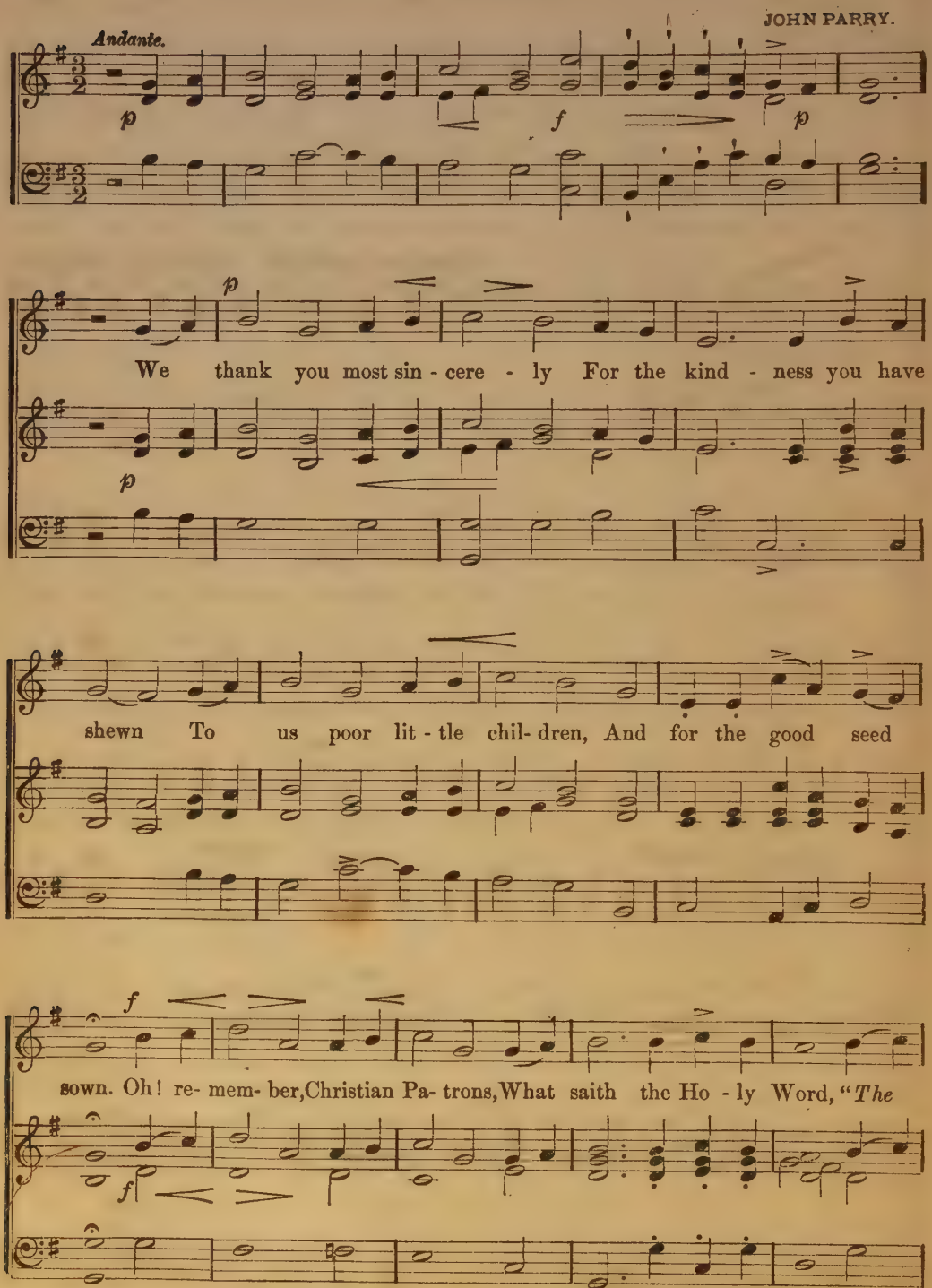

cres - - cen - - do. dim. tr. f sf f
sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn! Row,brothers,row, the stream runs fast, The
cres - - cen - - do. dim. tr. f sf f
sweetly we'll rest our wea- ry oar. Blow,breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
cres - - cen - - do. dim. f sf f
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Blow,breezes,blow, the stream runs fast, The
cres - - cen - do. dim. f sf f
f dim. f sf dim.
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
f f sf dim.
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
f f sf dim.
rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.
f dim. f sf dim.
f sf sf pp

A SONG OF THANKFULNESS.

JOHN PARRY.


Andante.
p
f
p
We thank you most sin - cere - ly For the kind - ness you have
shewn To us poor lit - tle chil- dren, And for the good seed
f
sown. Oh! re- mem- ber,Christian Pa- trons,What saith the Ho - ly Word, "The

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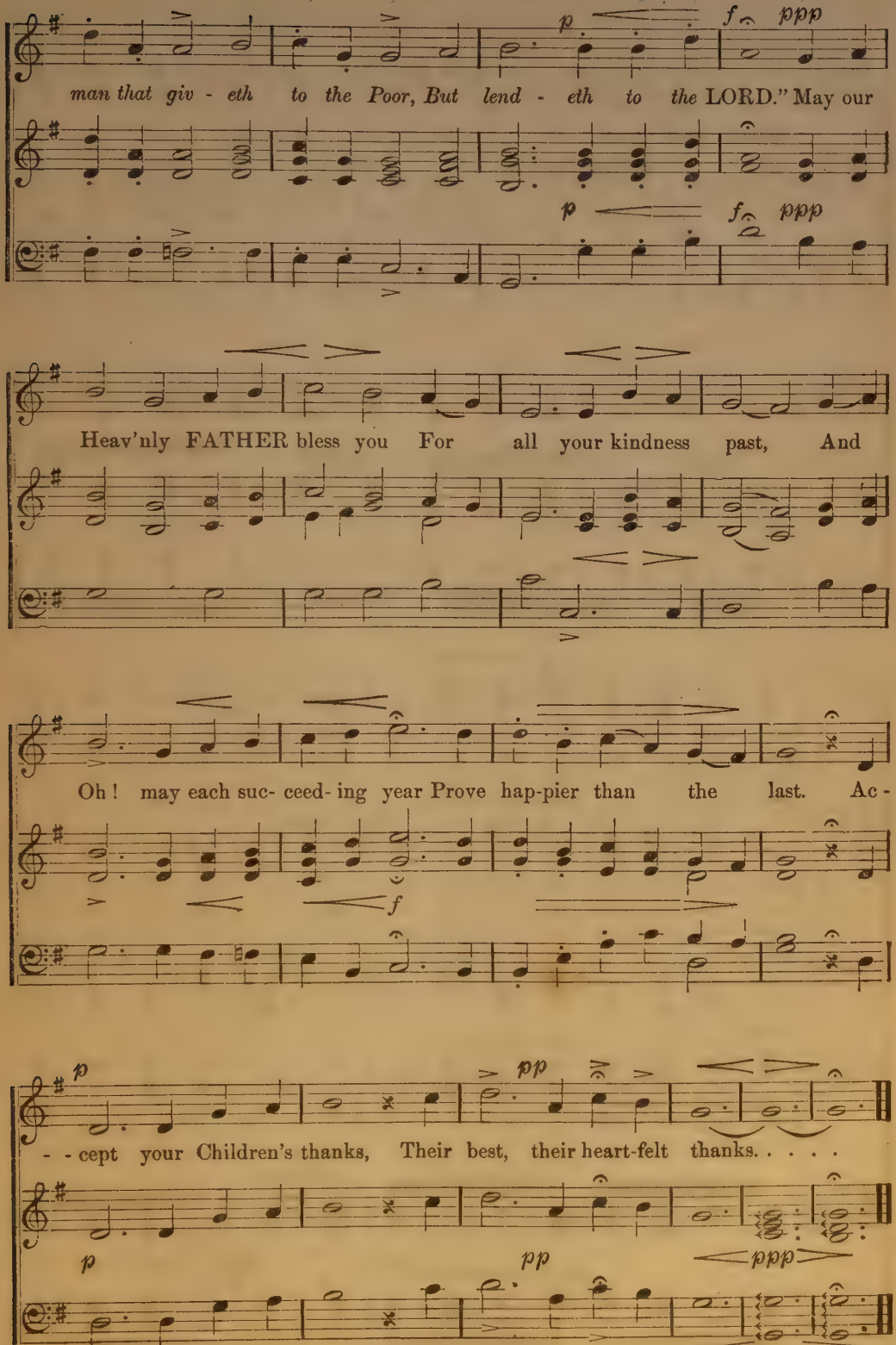
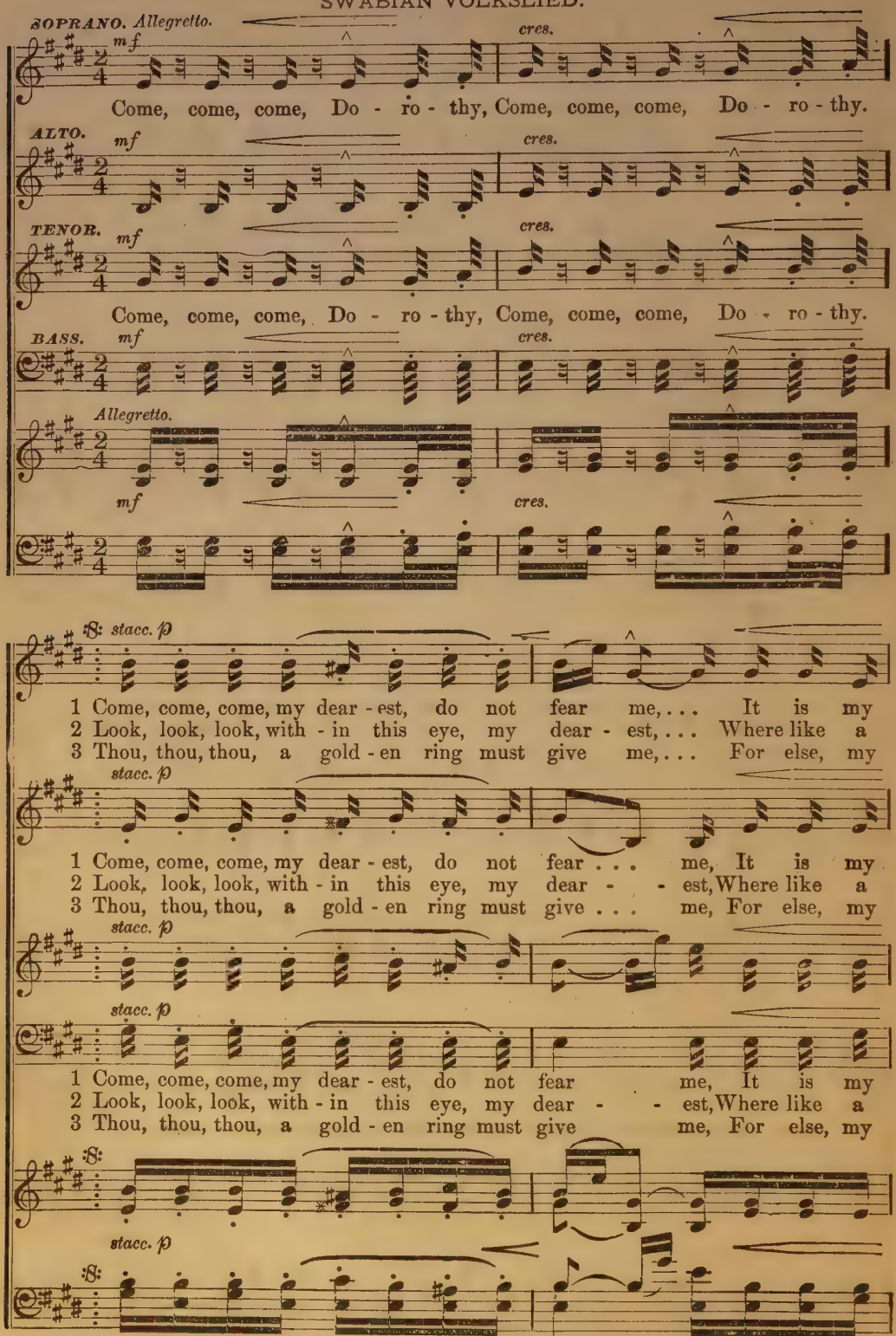

p f ppp
man that giv - eth to the Poor, But lend - eth to the LORD." May our
p f ppp
Heav'nly FATHER bless you For all your kindness past, And
Oh! may each suc- ceed- ing year Prove hap-pier than the last. Ac -
f
p pp
- - cept your Children's thanks, Their best, their heart-felt thanks. . . . .
p pp ppp

COME, DOROTHY, COME.

SWABIAN VOLKSLIED.


SOPRANO. Allegretto.
mf
cres.
Come, come, come, Do - ro - thy, Come, come, come, Do - ro - thy.
ALTO.
mf
cres.
TENOR.
mf
cres.
Come, come, come, Do - ro - thy, Come, come, come, Do - ro - thy.
BASS.
mf
cres.
Allegretto.
mf
cres.
stacc. p
1 Come, come, come, my dear - est, do not fear me, . . . It is my
2 Look, look, look, with - in this eye, my dear - est, . . . Where like a
3 Thou, thou, thou, a gold - en ring must give me, . . . For else, my
stacc. p
1 Come, come, come, my dear - est, do not fear . . . me, It is my
2 Look, look, look, with - in this eye, my dear - - est, Where like a
3 Thou, thou, thou, a gold - en ring must give . . . me, For else, my
stacc. p
stacc. p
1 Come, come, come, my dear - est, do not fear me, It is my
2 Look, look, look, with - in this eye, my dear - - est, Where like a
3 Thou, thou, thou, a gold - en ring must give me, For else, my
stacc. p
stacc. p

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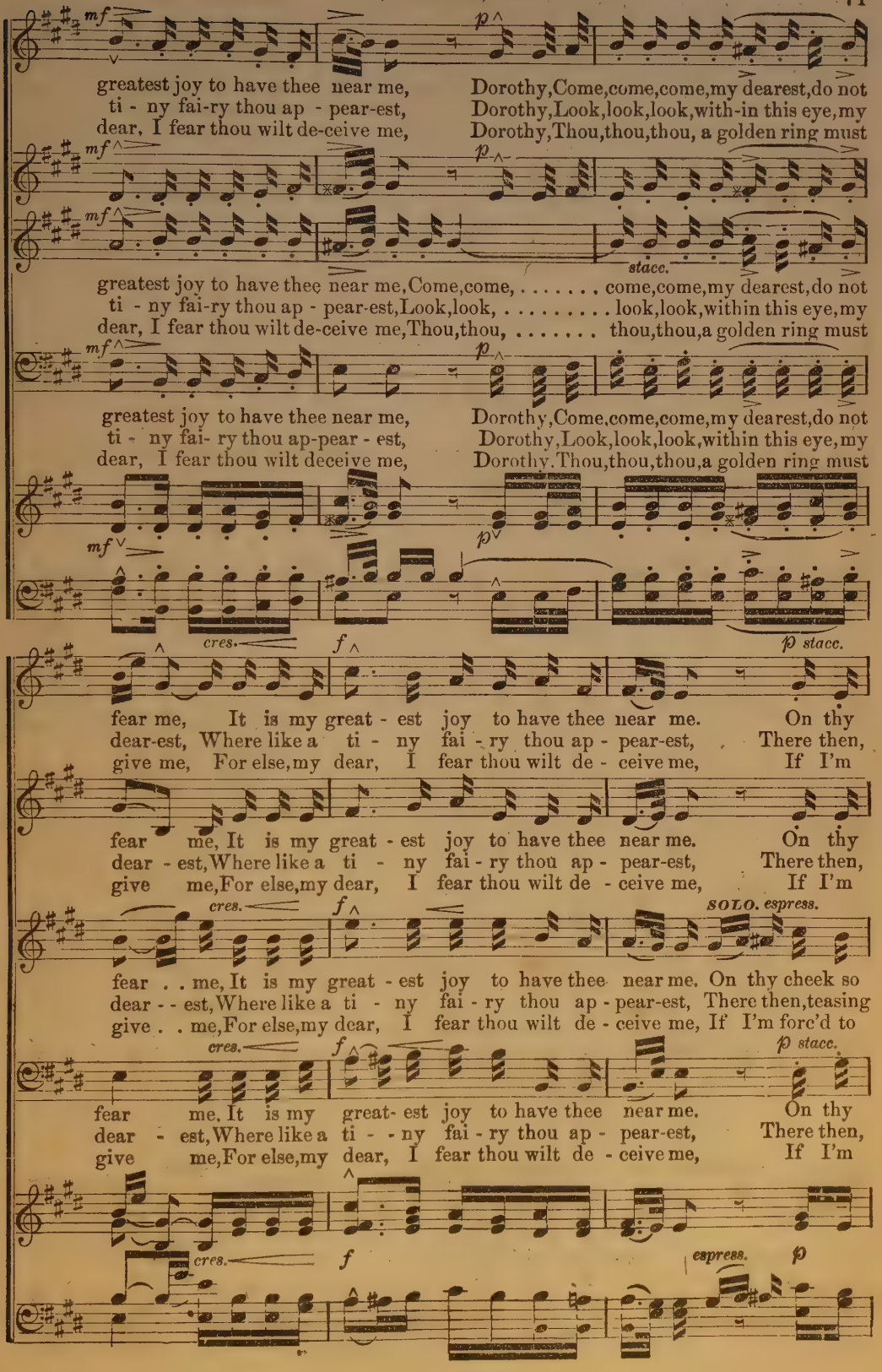
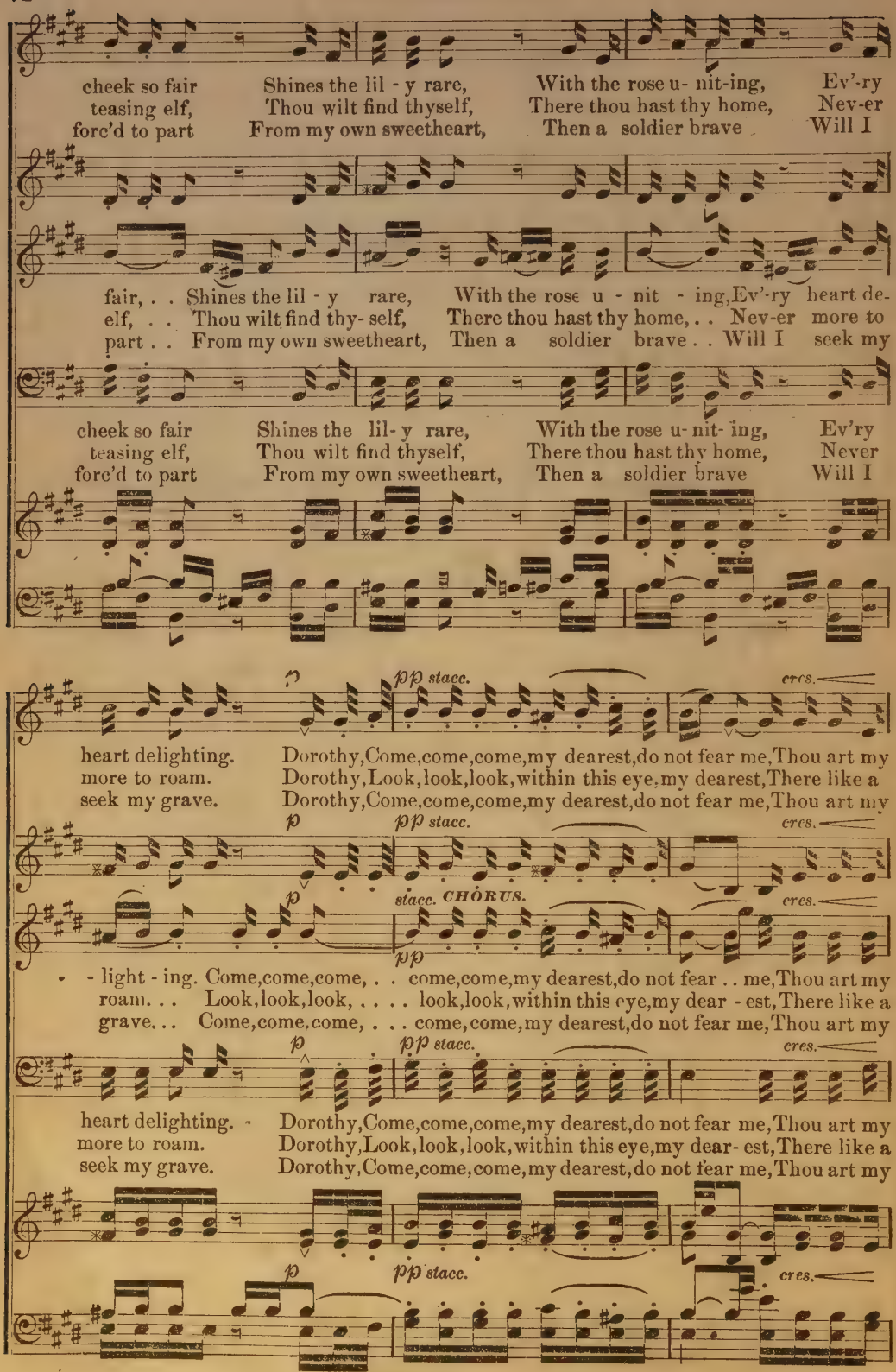
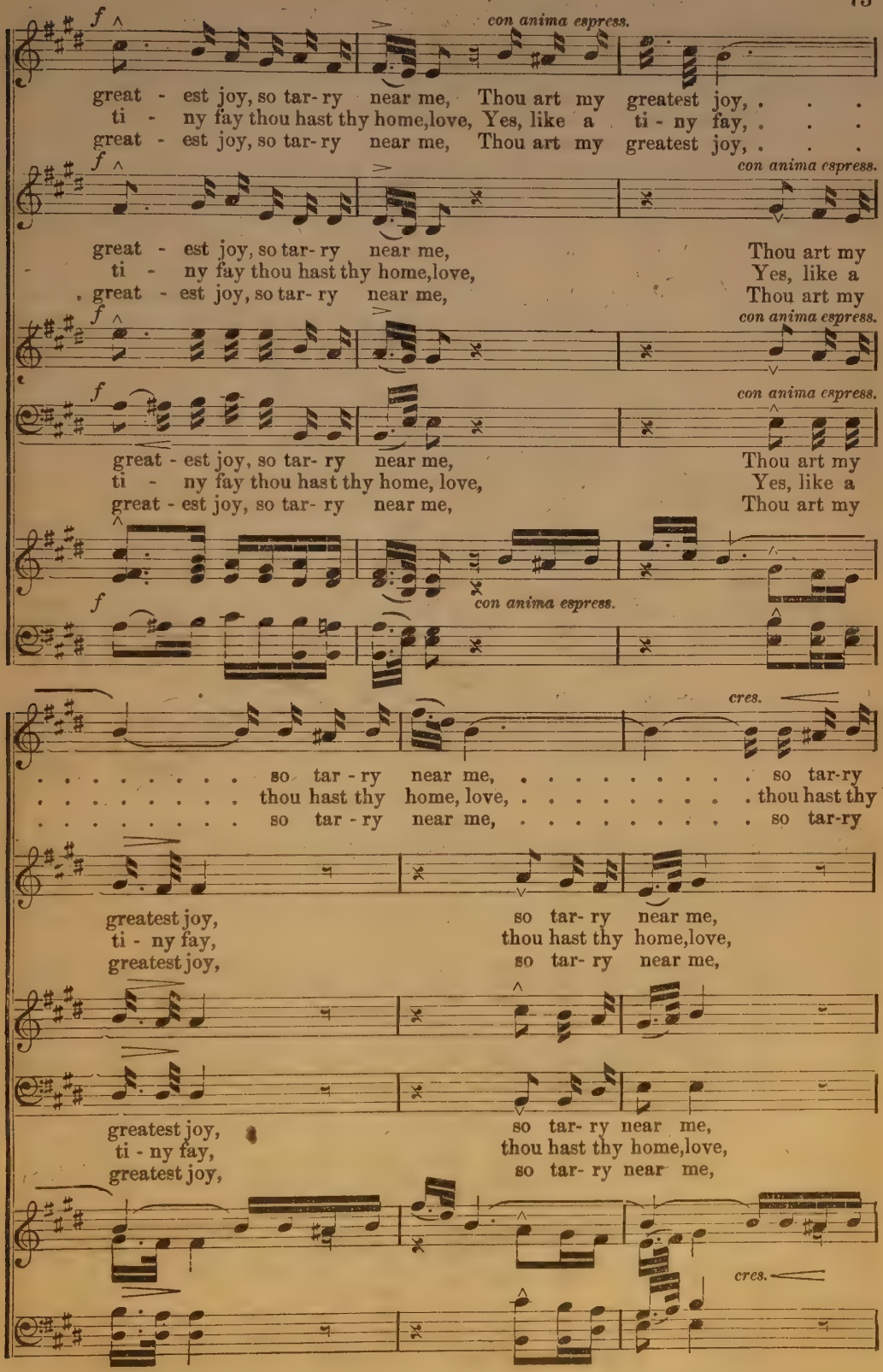
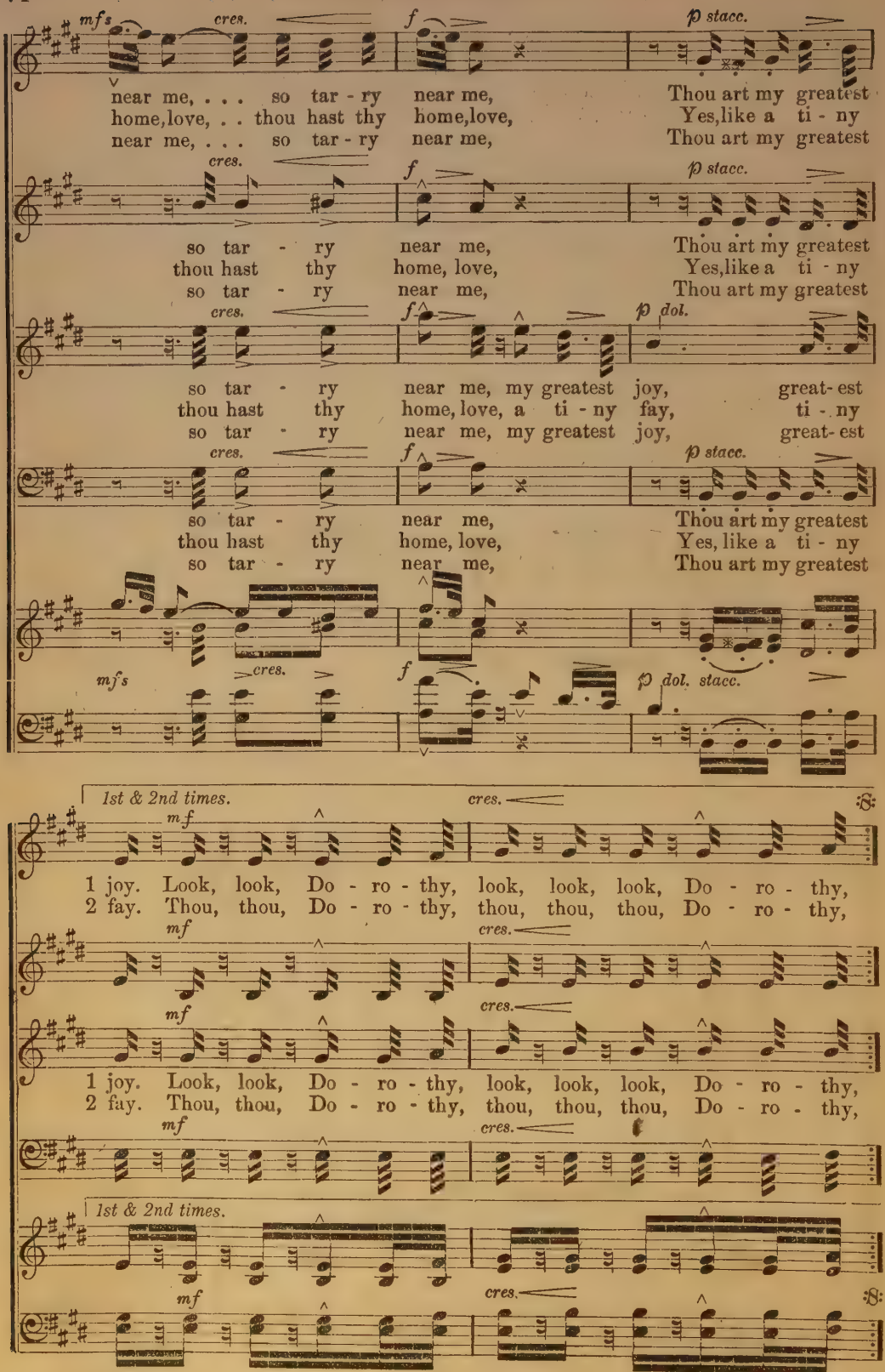
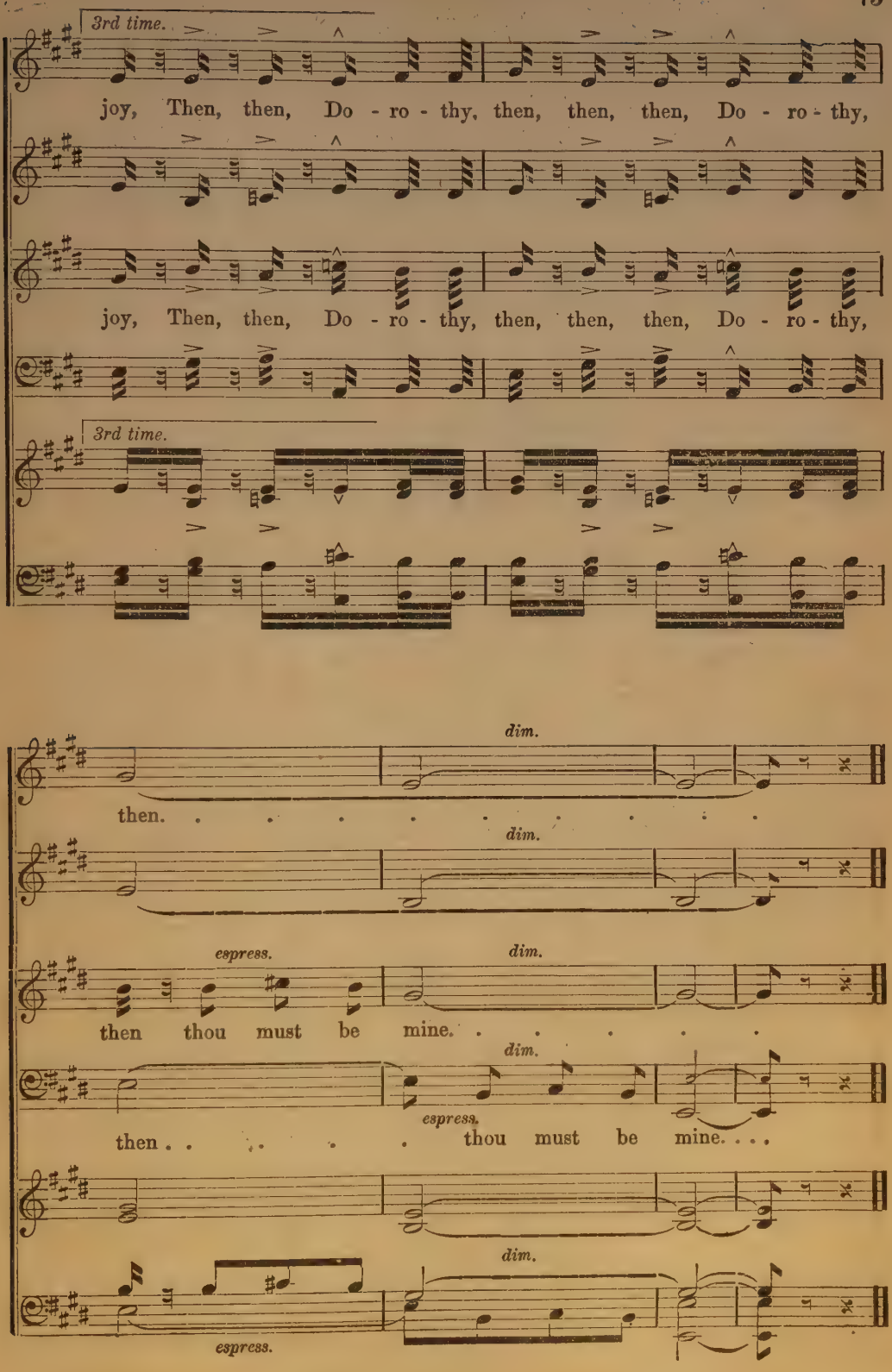

greatest joy to have thee near me, Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not
ti - ny fai-ry thou ap - pear-est, Dorothy, Look, look, look, with-in this eye, my
dear, I fear thou wilt de-ceive me, Dorothy, Thou, thou, thou, a golden ring must
stacc.
greatest joy to have thee near me, Come, come, ... come, come, my dearest, do not
ti - ny fai-ry thou ap - pear-est, Look, look, ... look, look, within this eye, my
dear, I fear thou wilt de-ceive me, Thou, thou, ... thou, thou, a golden ring must
greatest joy to have thee near me, Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not
ti - ny fai- ry thou ap-pear - est, Dorothy, Look, look, look, within this eye, my
dear, I fear thou wilt deceive me, Dorothy, Thou, thou, thou, a golden ring must
cres.
f
p stacc.
fear me, It is my great - est joy to have thee near me. On thy
dear-est, Where like a ti - ny fai - ry thou ap - pear-est, There then,
give me, For else, my dear, I fear thou wilt de - ceive me, If I'm
fear me, It is my great - est joy to have thee near me. On thy
dear - est, Where like a ti - ny fai - ry thou ap - pear-est, There then,
give me, For else, my dear, I fear thou wilt de - ceive me, If I'm
cres.
f
SOLO. espress.
fear . . me, It is my great - est joy to have thee near me. On thy cheek so
dear - - est, Where like a ti - ny fai - ry thou ap - pear-est, There then, teasing
give . . me, For else, my dear, I fear thou wilt de - ceive me, If I'm forc'd to
cres.
f
p stacc.
fear me. It is my great- est joy to have thee near me. On thy
dear - est, Where like a ti - - ny fai - ry thou ap - pear-est, There then,
give me, For else, my dear, I fear thou wilt de - ceive me, If I'm
cres.
f
espress.
p


cheek so fair Shines the lil - y rare, With the rose u- nit-ing, Ev'-ry
teasing elf, Thou wilt find thyself, There thou hast thy home, Nev-er
forc'd to part From my own sweetheart, Then a soldier brave Will I
fair, . . Shines the lil - y rare, With the rose u - nit - ing, Ev'-ry heart de-
elf, . . Thou wilt find thy- self, There thou hast thy home, . . Nev-er more to
part . . From my own sweetheart, Then a soldier brave . . Will I seek my
cheek so fair Shines the lil- y rare, With the rose u- nit- ing, Ev'ry
teasing elf, Thou wilt find thyself, There thou hast thy home, Never
forc'd to part From my own sweetheart, Then a soldier brave Will I
pp stacc.
cres.
heart delighting. Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not fear me, Thou art my
more to roam. Dorothy, Look, look, look, within this eye, my dearest, There like a
seek my grave. Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not fear me, Thou art my
p
pp stacc.
cres.
stacc. CHORUS.
- - light - ing. Come, come, come, . . come, come, my dearest, do not fear . . me, Thou art my
roam. . . Look, look, look, ... look, look, within this eye, my dear - est, There like a
grave. . . Come, come, come, . . . come, come, my dearest, do not fear me, Thou art my
heart delighting. Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not fear me, Thou art my
more to roam. Dorothy, Look, look, look, within this eye, my dear- est, There like a
seek my grave. Dorothy, Come, come, come, my dearest, do not fear me, Thou art my

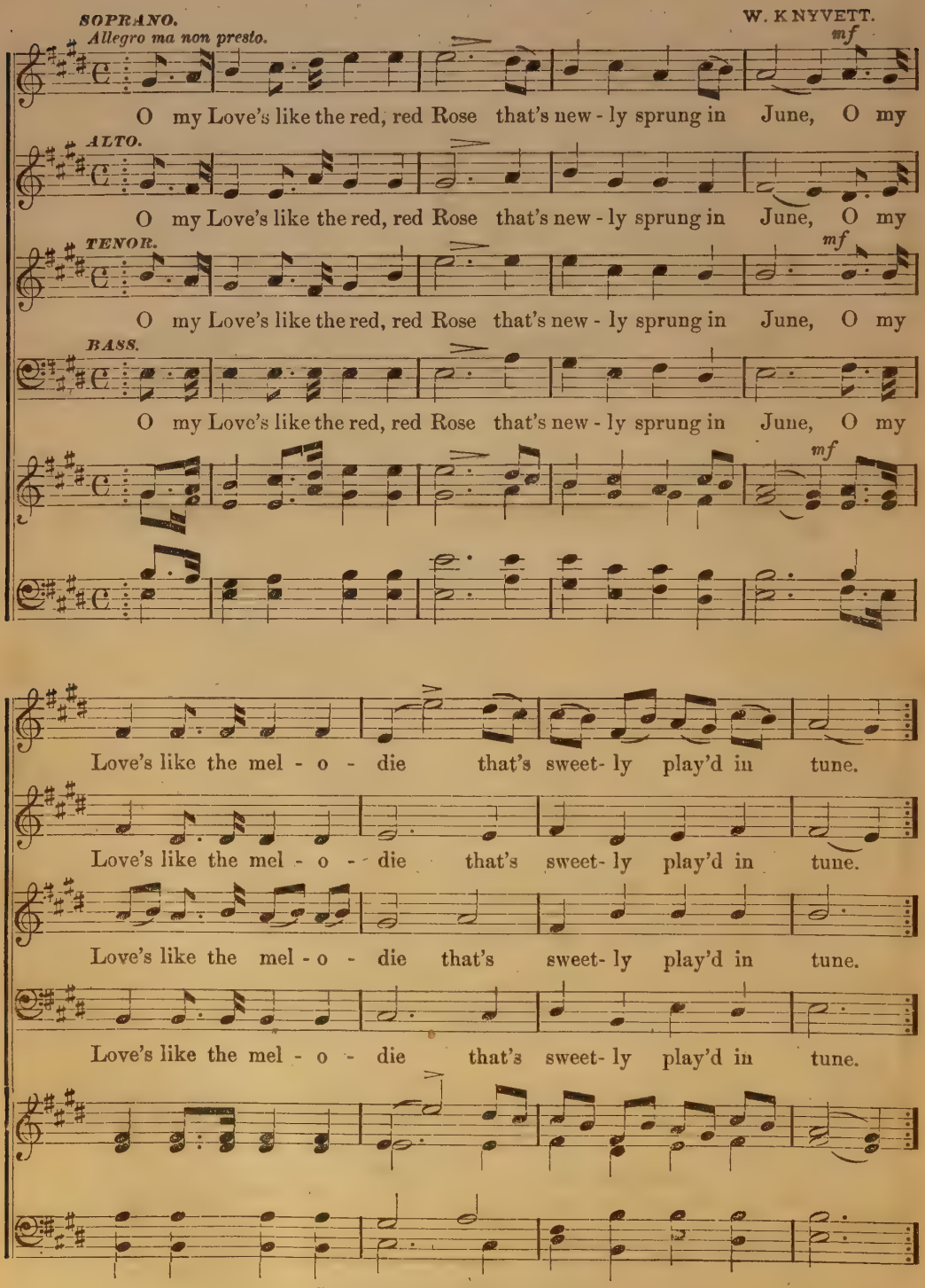

con anima espress.
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my greatest joy, . . .
ti - ny fay thou hast thy home,love, Yes, like a ti - ny fay, . . .
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my greatest joy, . . .
con anima espress.
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my
ti - ny fay thou hast thy home,love, Yes, like a
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my
con anima espress.
con anima espress.
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my
ti - ny fay thou hast thy home, love, Yes, like a
great - est joy, so tar- ry near me, Thou art my
con anima espress.
cres.
so tar - ry near me, so tar-ry
thou hast thy home, love, thou hast thy
so tar - ry near me, so tar-ry
greatest joy, so tar- ry near me,
ti - ny fay, thou hast thy home,love,
greatest joy, so tar- ry near me,
greatest joy, so tar- ry near me,
ti - ny fay, thou hast thy home,love,
greatest joy, so tar- ry near me,
cres.


mfs cres. f p stacc.
near me, . . . so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
home, love, . . thou hast thy home, love, Yes, like a ti - ny
near me, . . . so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
cres. f p stacc.
so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
thou hast thy home, love, Yes, like a ti - ny
so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
cres. f p dol.
so tar - ry near me, my greatest joy, great- est
thou hast thy home, love, a ti - ny fay, ti - ny
so tar - ry near me, my greatest joy, great- est
cres. f p stacc.
so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
thou hast thy home, love, Yes, like a ti - ny
so tar - ry near me, Thou art my greatest
mfs cres. f p dol. stacc.
1st & 2nd times. mf cres.
1 joy. Look, look, Do - ro - thy, look, look, look, Do - ro - thy,
2 fay. Thou, thou, Do - ro - thy, thou, thou, thou, Do - ro - thy,
mf cres.
mf cres.
1 joy. Look, look, Do - ro - thy, look, look, look, Do - ro - thy,
2 fay. Thou, thou, Do - ro - thy, thou, thou, thou, Do - ro - thy,
mf cres.
1st & 2nd times.
mf cres.


3rd time.
joy, Then, then, Do - ro - thy, then, then, then, Do - ro - thy,
joy, Then, then, Do - ro - thy, then, then, then, Do - ro - thy,
3rd time.
dim.
then. . . . . .
dim.
espress.
dim.
then thou must be mine. . . . . .
dim.
espress.
then . . . . . thou must be mine. . . .
dim.
espress.

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.


SOPRANO.
Allegro ma non presto.
W. KNYVETT.
mf
O my Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
ALTO.
O my Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
TENOR.
mf
O my Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
BASS.
O my Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.

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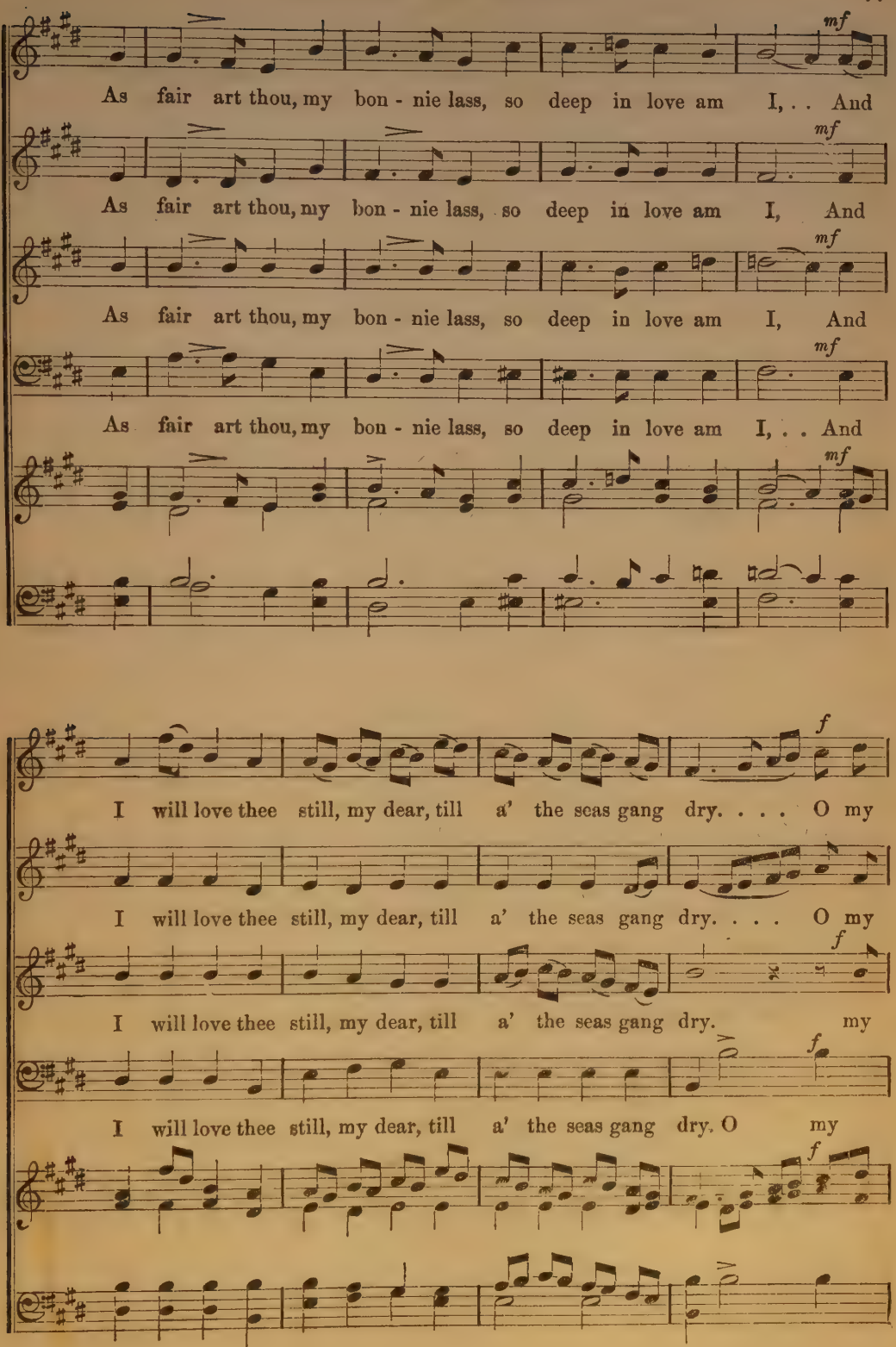
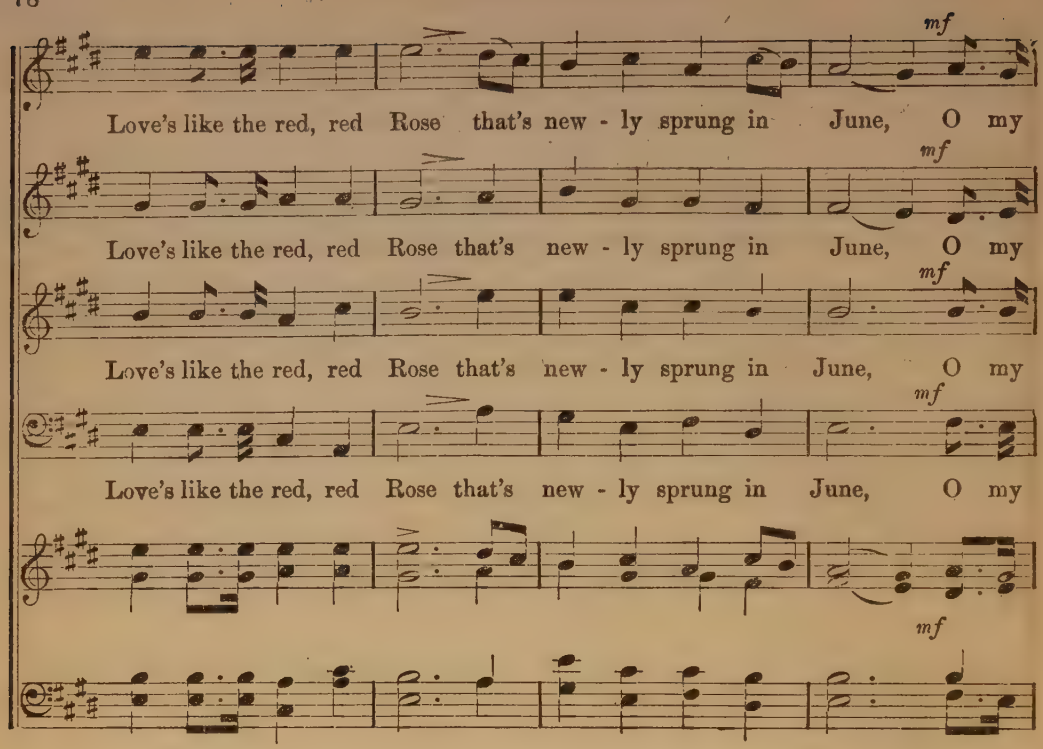
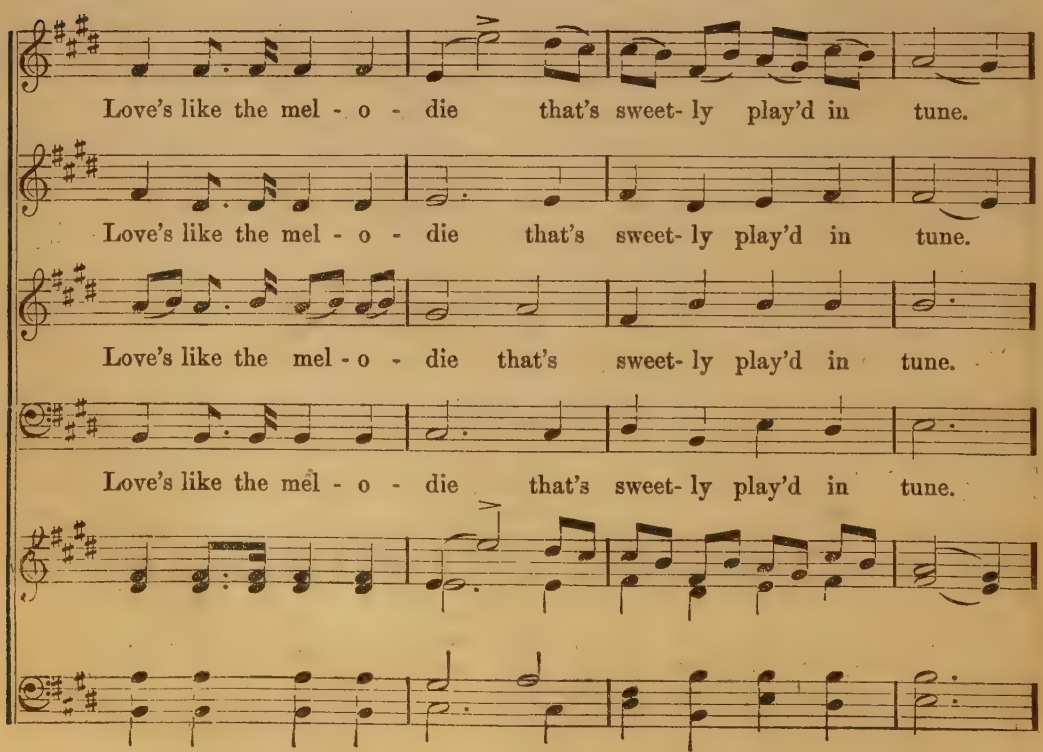
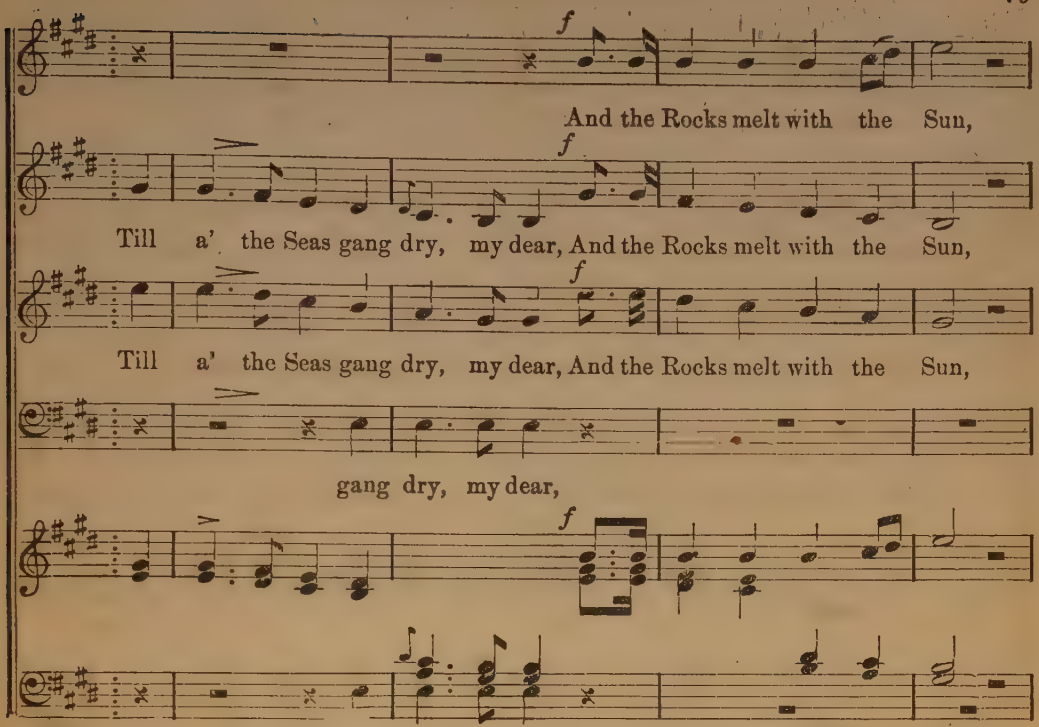
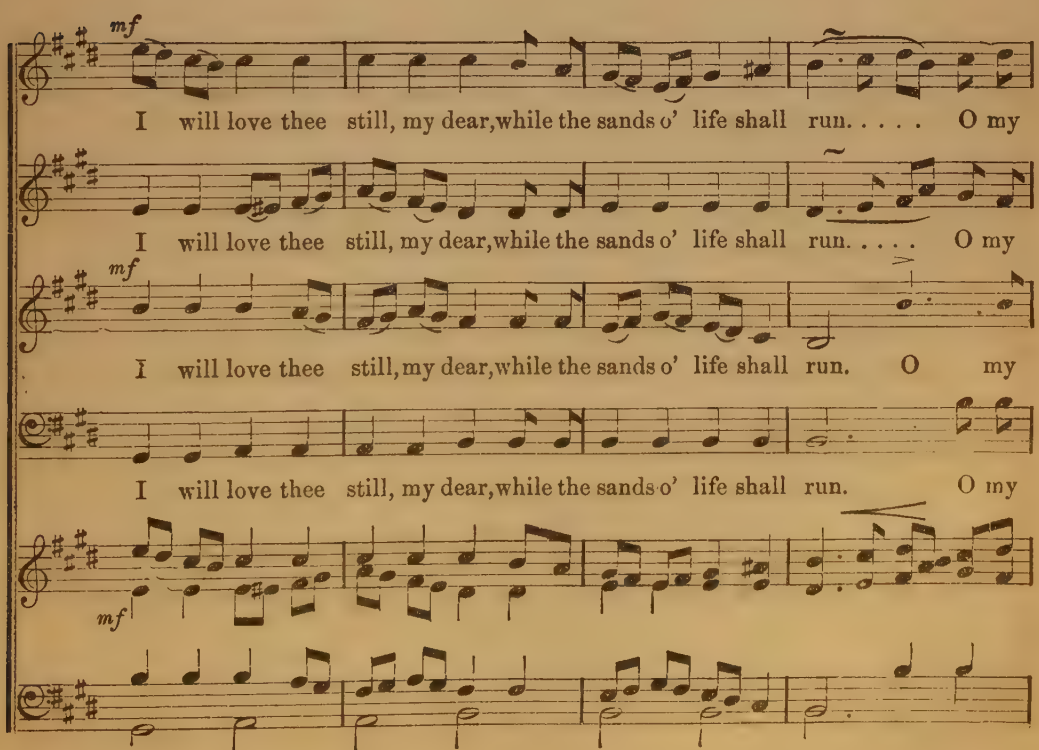
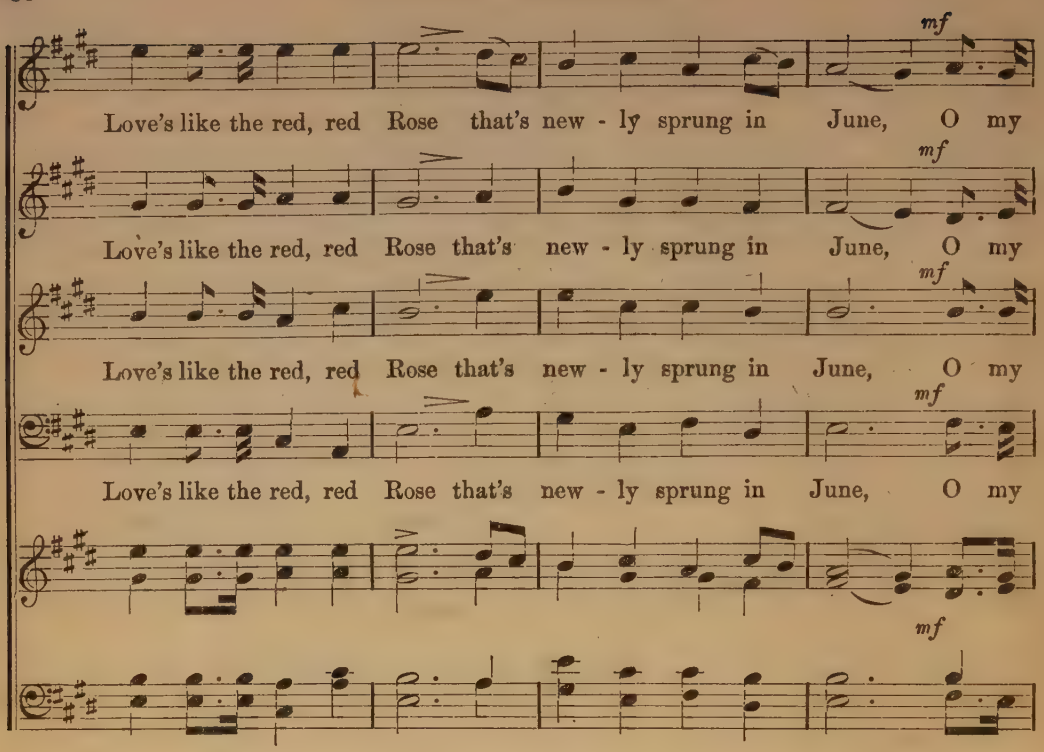

mf
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, . . And
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, And
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, And
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, . . And
f
I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. . . . O my
I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. . . . O my
I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. my
I will love thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. O my

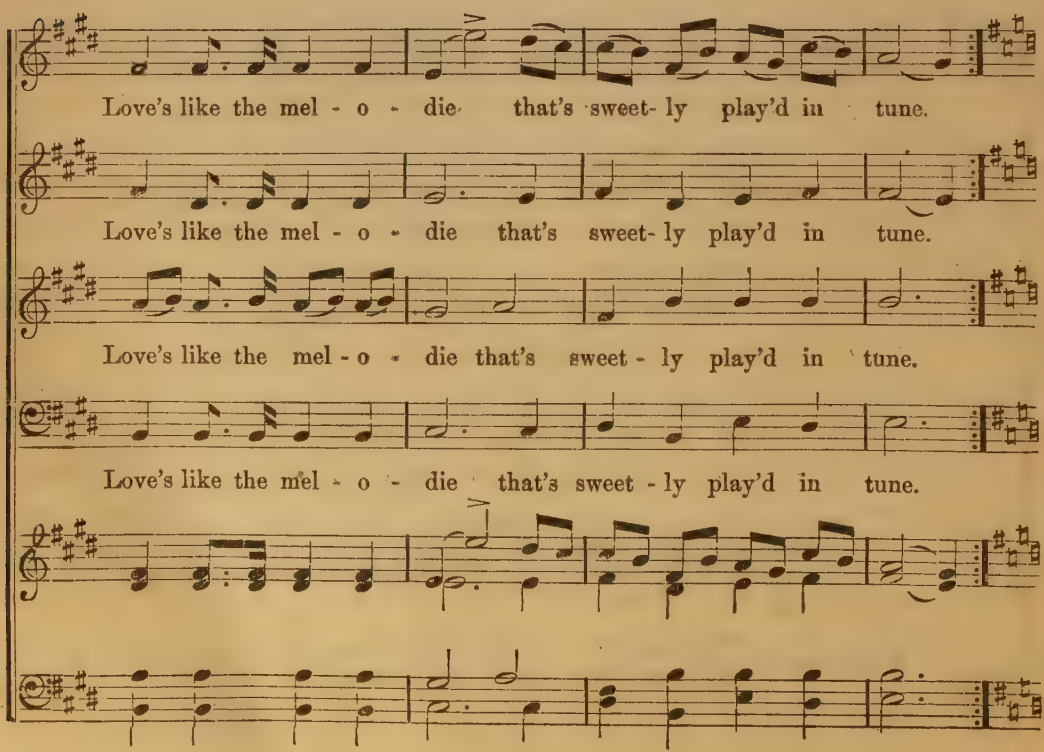

mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf

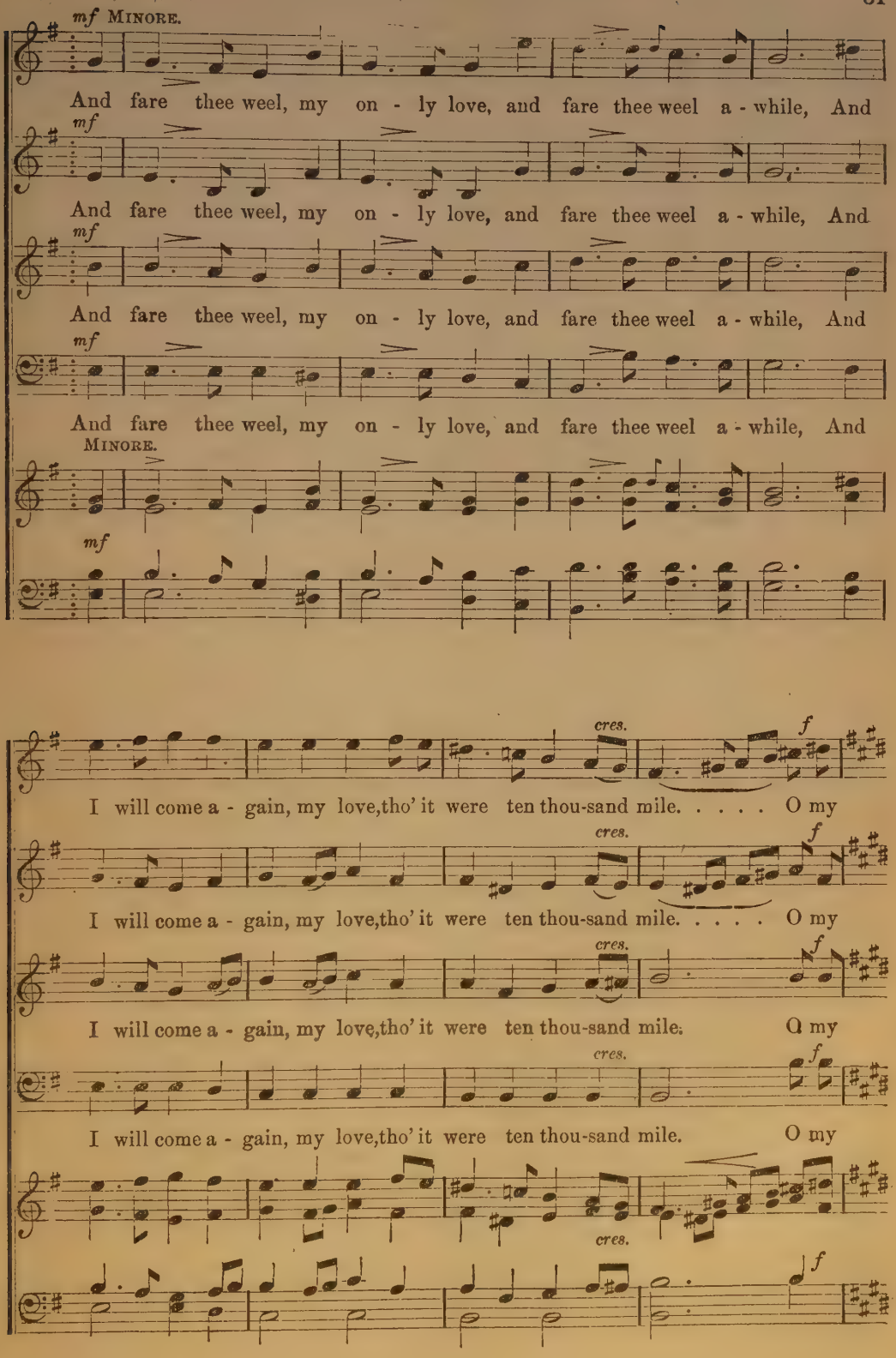

Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.

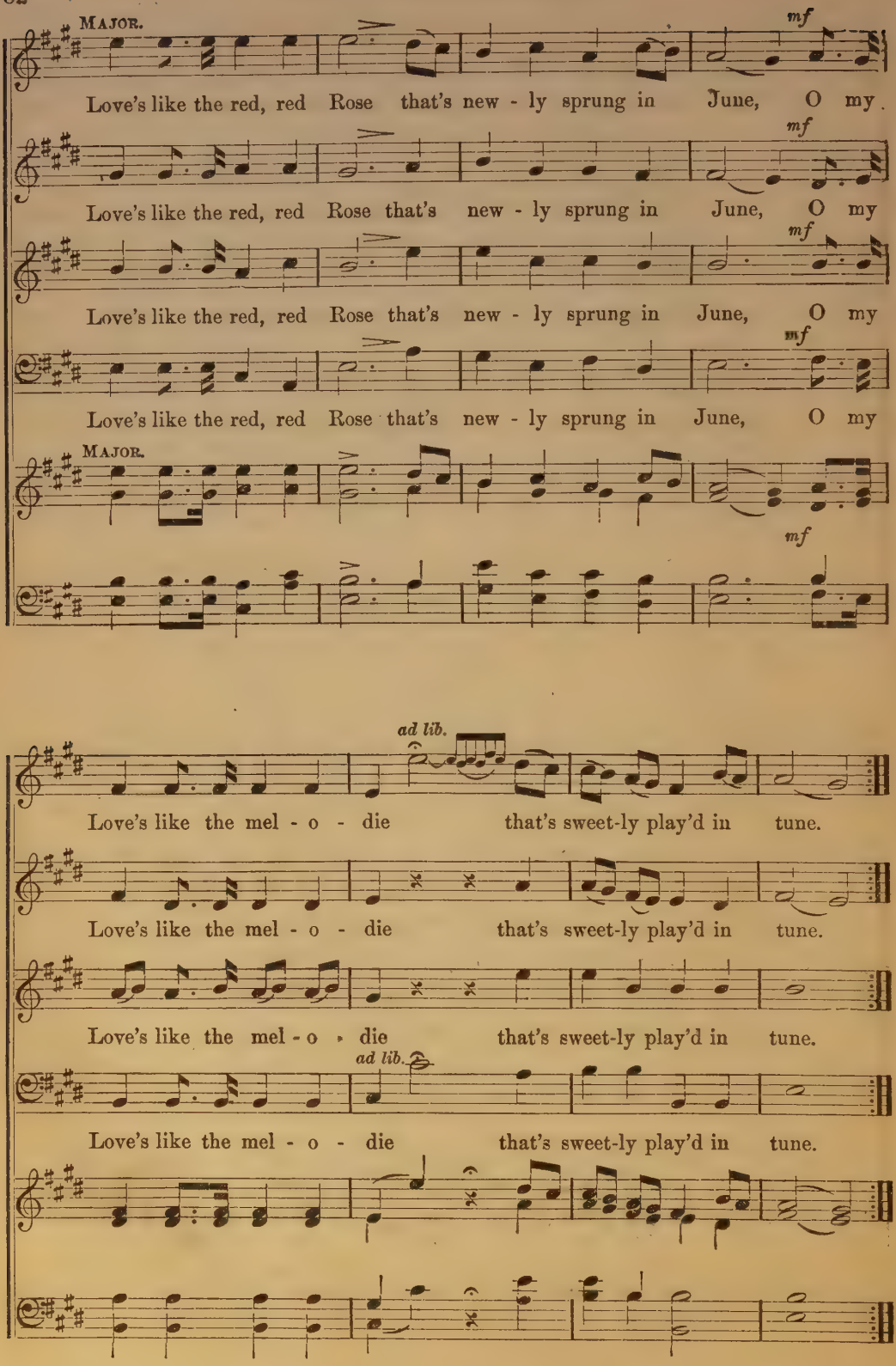

f
And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
f
Till a' the Seas gang dry, my dear, And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
f
Till a' the Seas gang dry, my dear, And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
gang dry, my dear,
f


mf
I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o' life shall run. . . . . O my
I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o' life shall run. . . . . O my
mf
I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o' life shall run. O my
I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands o' life shall run. O my
mf


mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
mf


Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet- ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.


mf MINORE.
And fare thee weel, my on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And
mf
And fare thee weel, my on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And
mf
And fare thee weel, my on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And
mf
And fare thee weel, my on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And
MINORE.
mf
cres.
f
I will come a - gain, my love,tho' it were ten thou-sand mile. . . . . O my
cres.
f
I will come a - gain, my love,tho' it were ten thou-sand mile. . . . . O my
cres.
f
I will come a - gain, my love,tho' it were ten thou-sand mile. O my
cres.
f
I will come a - gain, my love,tho' it were ten thou-sand mile. O my
cres.
f


MAJOR.
mf
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my.
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
Love's like the red, red Rose that's new - ly sprung in June, O my
MAJOR.
ad lib.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet-ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet-ly play'd in tune.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet-ly play'd in tune.
ad lib.
Love's like the mel - o - die that's sweet-ly play'd in tune.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

ELLA WHEELER. *

1 I hear a faint, low singing, Like the sound of distant . . . . . choirs;
2 And now I hear a sobbing, Like a poor soul sitting a - - - - - lone,
3 The merry sound of laughter Next falls upon my . . . . . ear;
4 Oh, hear what the wires are relating, Morning, and noon, and . . . night,

'Tis a message gleefully winging Over the telegraph . . . . . wires:
With a heart that is wearily throbbing, And lips that can only . . moan:
And a burst of victory after, Like the sound of a distant . . . . cheer;
Of the great world's fluctuating, Of the triumph of wrong or . . . right.

And what are the glad wires humming, As they stretch in the sunlight a - way? "I am
Oh, what are the sad wires sighing, As they reach thro' the darkness of night? "He is
And what is the gleeful story That the round wire spreads a - - - far? "*Our*
"Dead,"—"Born,"—"Going,"—"Coming,"—"Deluge, and Drought, and Fires!"

coming, coming, coming, I am . . . . coming home to - - - day."
dying, dying, dying!— . . . . Oh, come on the wings of . . . light."
nine is crowned with glory,—Hip, . . . hip, hip, hip, hur - - - rah!"
Singing, and sobbing, and humming . . . Over the telegraph . . . wires.

JOHNNY AND JENNY.

REV. T. NIELD. H. R. PALMER.

1 John-ny and Jen- nie are un - der the tree, Play- ing to - geth - er with
2 John-ny and Jen- nie are un - der the tree, Whisp'ring as soft - ly as
3 John-ny and Jen- nie are un - der the tree, Now they are thro' with their
4 John-ny and Jen- nie are un - der the tree, Sleep- ing to - geth - er as

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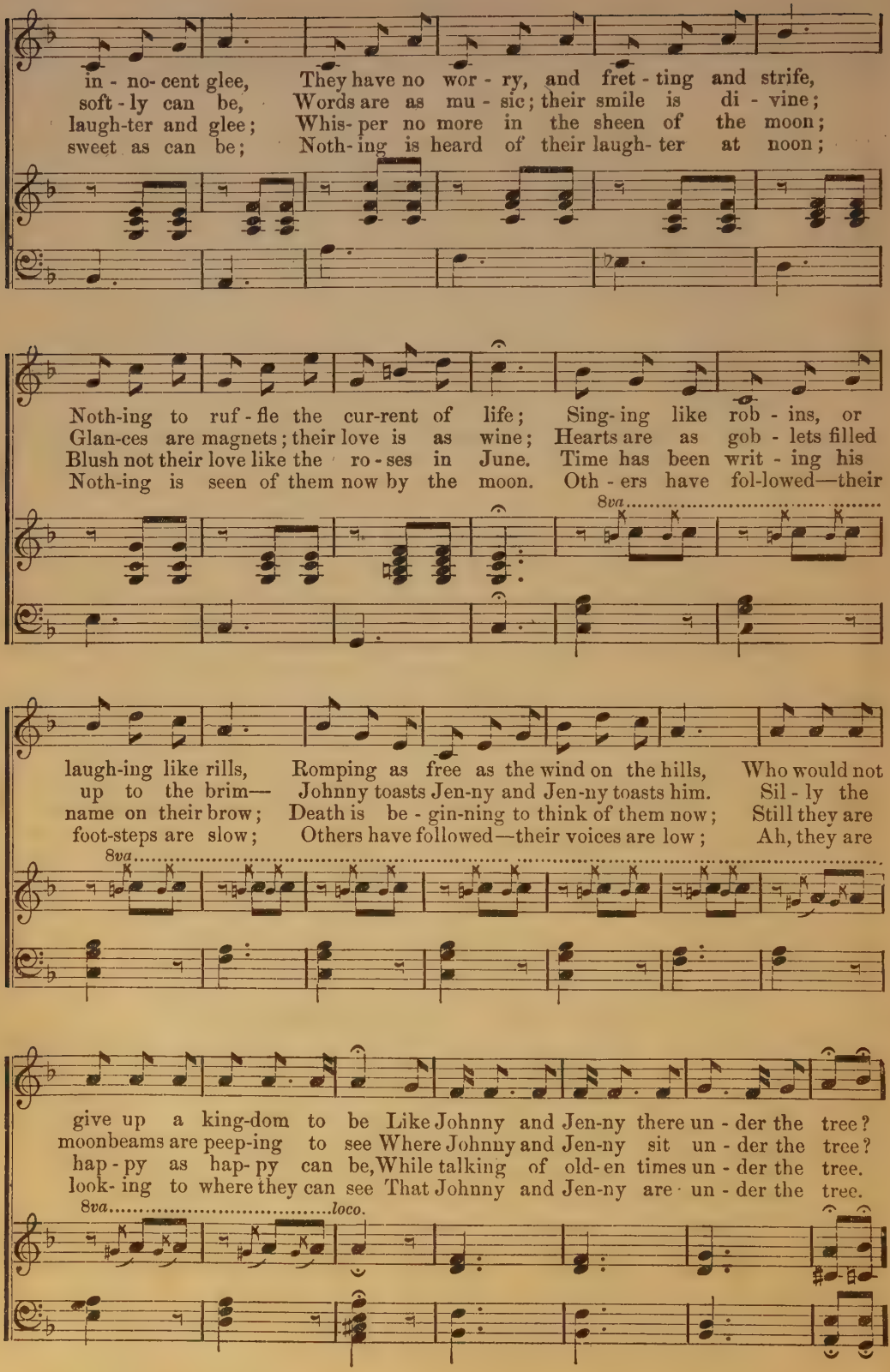
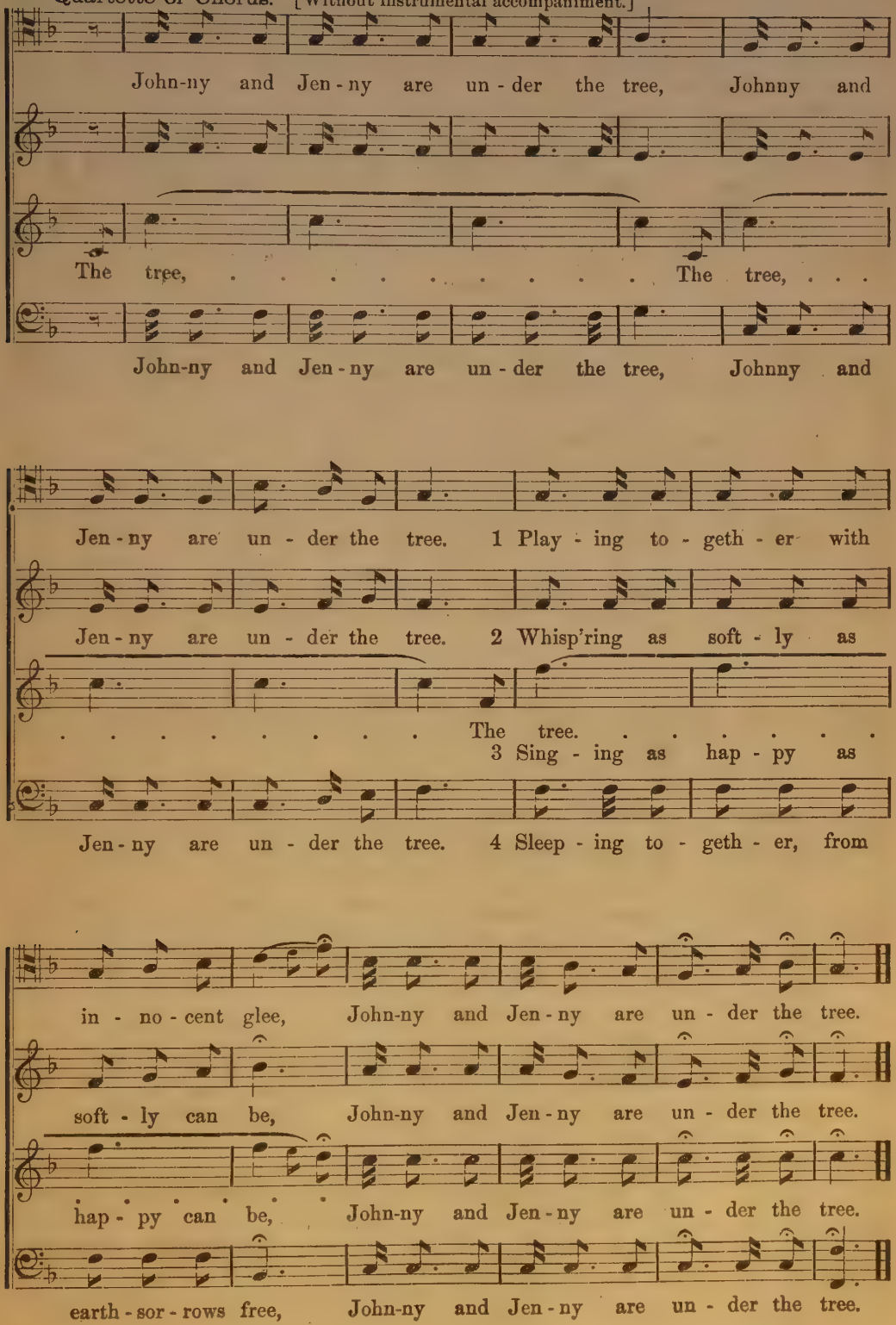

in - no- cent glee, They have no wor - ry, and fret - ting and strife,
soft - ly can be, Words are as mu - sic; their smile is di - vine;
laugh-ter and glee; Whis- per no more in the sheen of the moon;
sweet as can be; Noth- ing is heard of their laugh- ter at noon;
Noth-ing to ruf - fle the cur-rent of life; Sing- ing like rob - ins, or
Glan-ces are magnets; their love is as wine; Hearts are as gob - lets filled
Blush not their love like the ro - ses in June. Time has been writ - ing his
Noth-ing is seen of them now by the moon. Oth - ers have fol-lowed—their
8va
laugh-ing like rills, Romping as free as the wind on the hills, Who would not
up to the brim— Johnny toasts Jen-ny and Jen-ny toasts him. Sil - ly the
name on their brow; Death is be - gin-ning to think of them now; Still they are
foot-steps are slow; Others have followed—their voices are low; Ah, they are
8va
give up a king-dom to be Like Johnny and Jen-ny there un - der the tree?
moonbeams are peep-ing to see Where Johnny and Jen-ny sit un - der the tree?
hap - py as hap- py can be, While talking of old- en times un - der the tree.
look- ing to where they can see That Johnny and Jen-ny are un - der the tree.
8va
loco.

Quartette or Chorus. [Without instrumental accompaniment.]

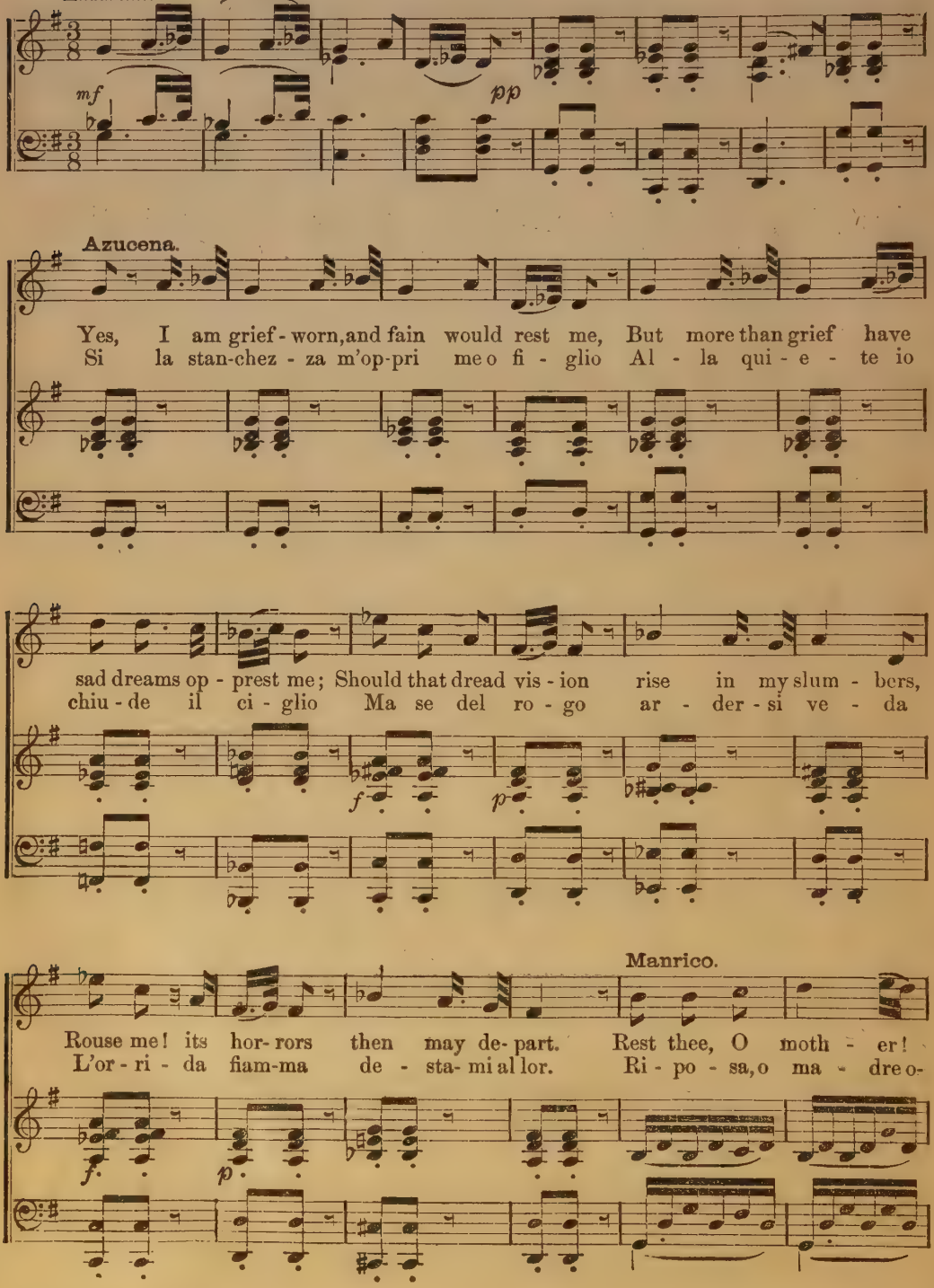

John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree, Johnny and
The tree, ... The tree, . . .
John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree, Johnny and
Jen-ny are un-der the tree. 1 Play-ing to-geth-er with
Jen-ny are un-der the tree. 2 Whisp'ring as soft-ly as
. . . . . The tree. . . . . .
3 Sing-ing as hap-py as
Jen-ny are un-der the tree. 4 Sleep-ing to-geth-er, from
in-no-cent glee, John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree.
soft-ly can be, John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree.
hap-py can be, John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree.
earth-sor-rows free, John-ny and Jen-ny are un-der the tree.

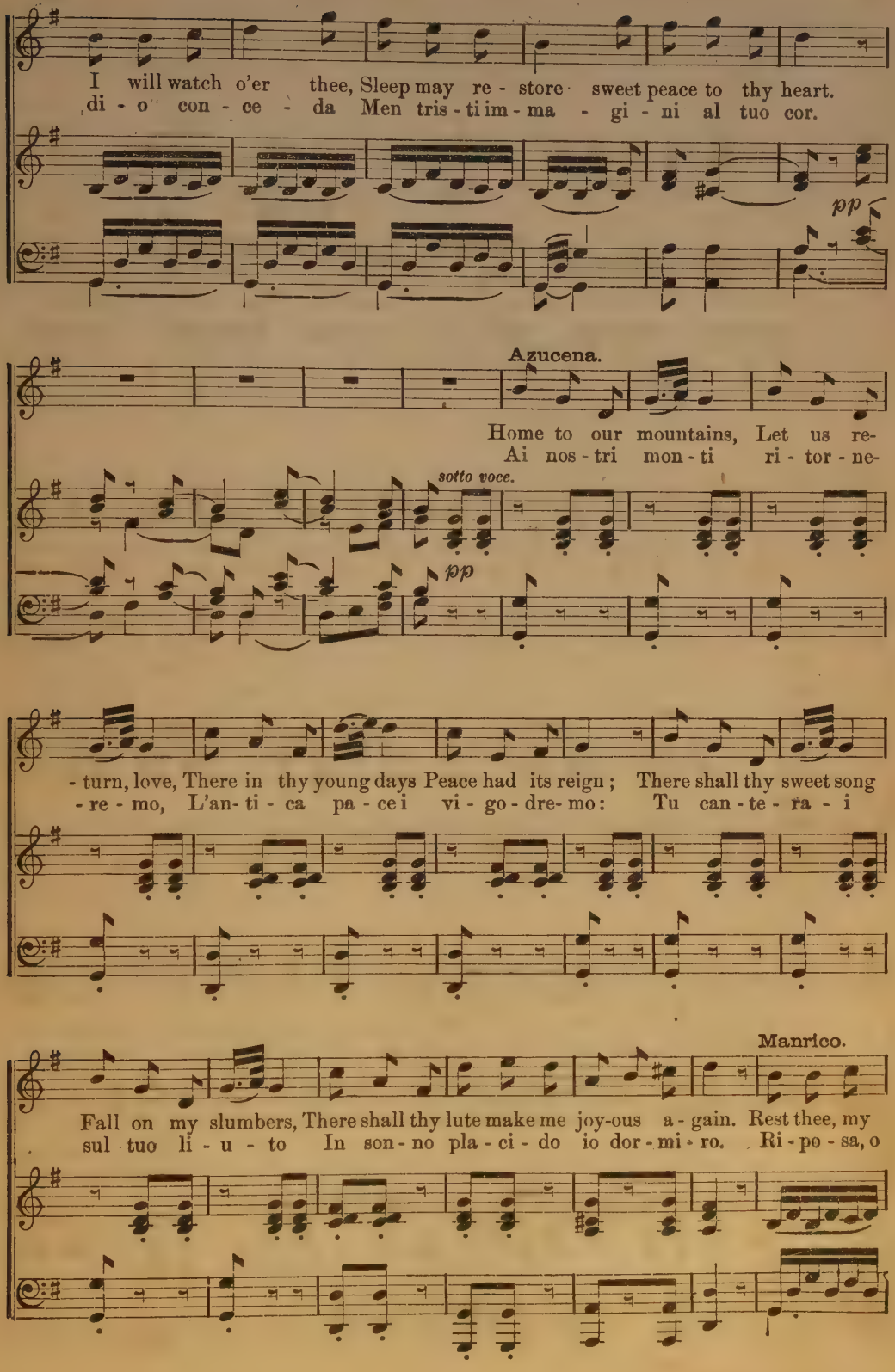
HOME TO THE MOUNTAINS.

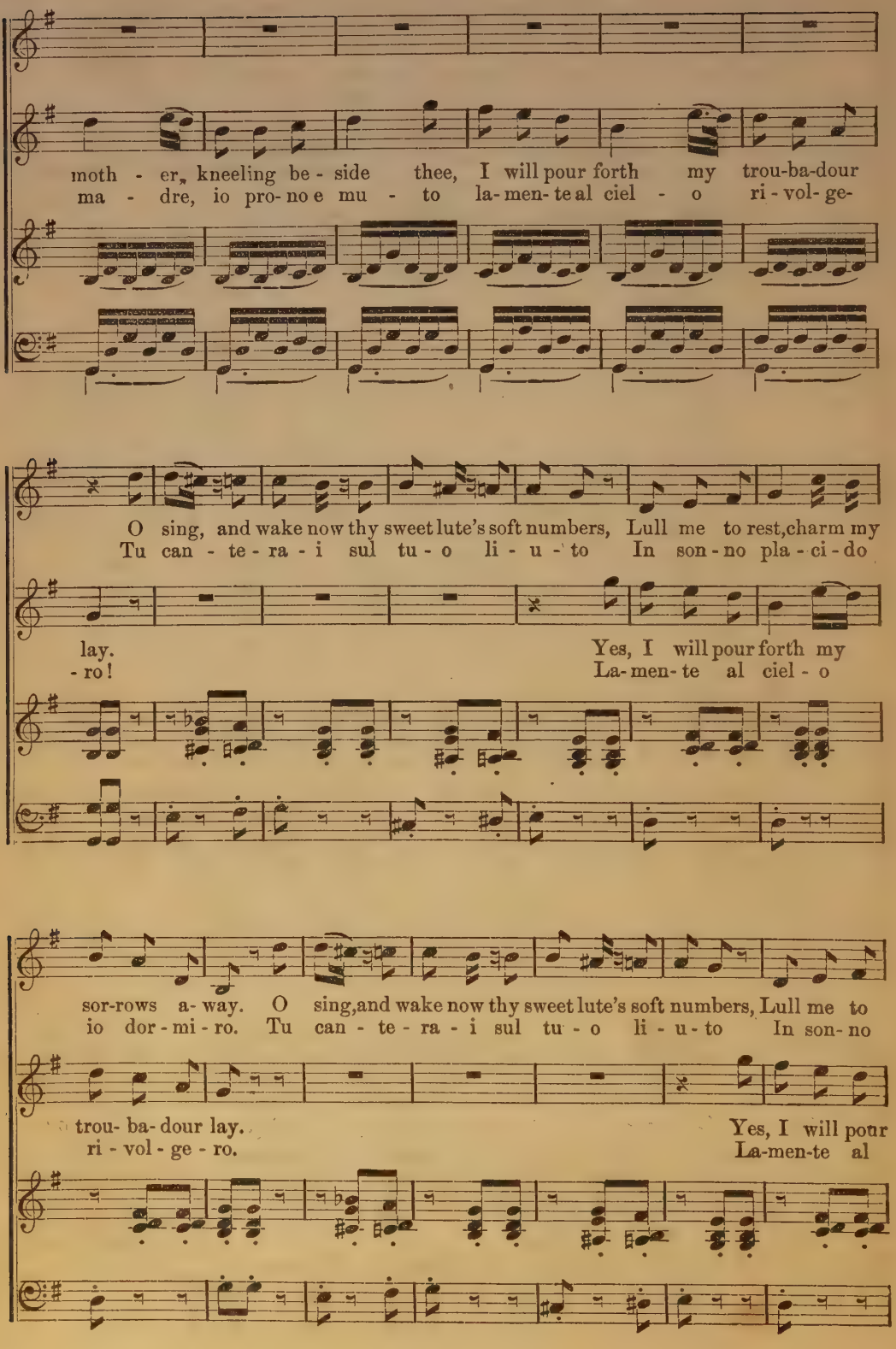
(SI; LA STANCHEZZA MOPPRI ME.)

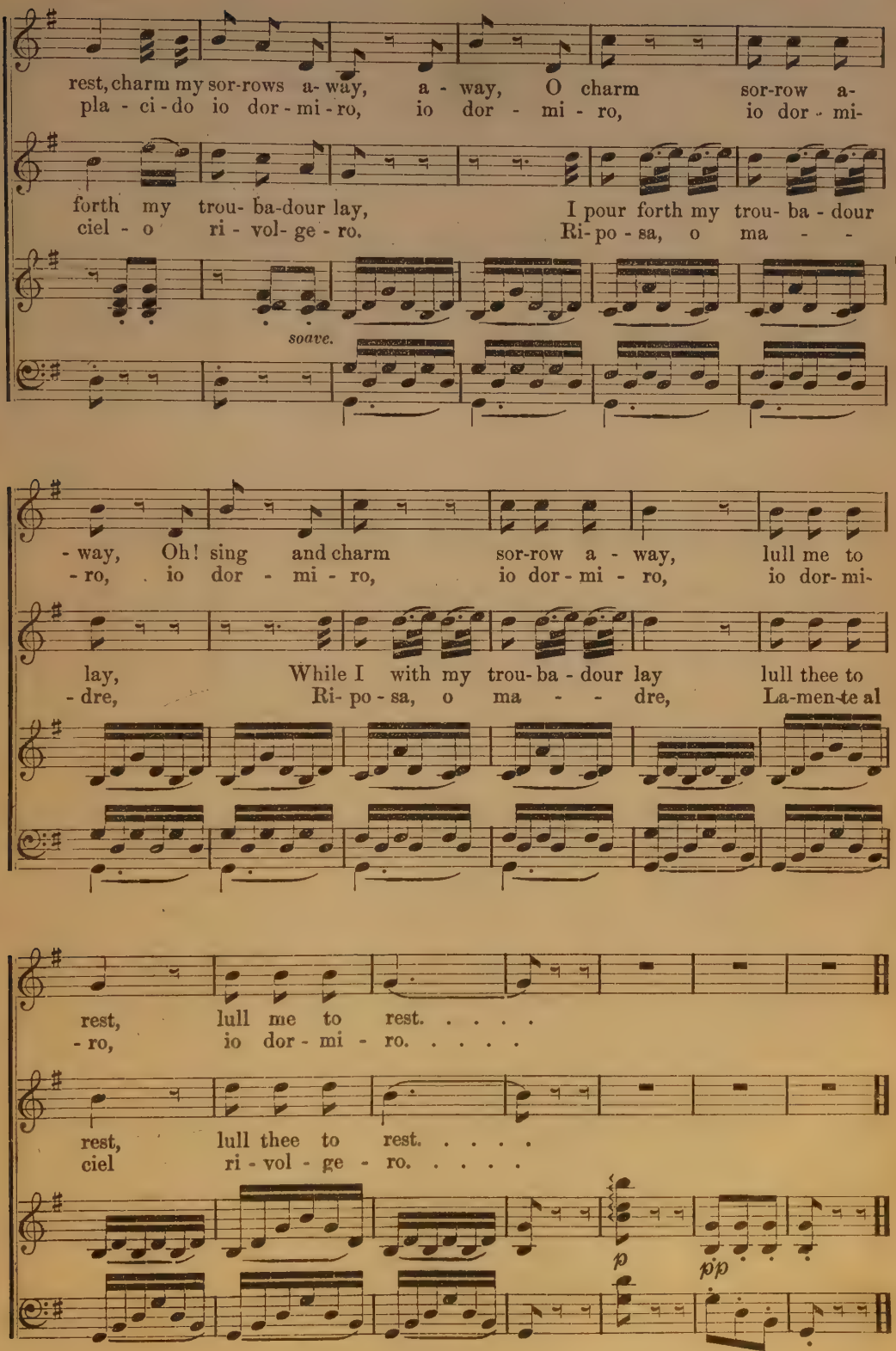
CHARLES JEFFERYS. VERDI.

Andantino.

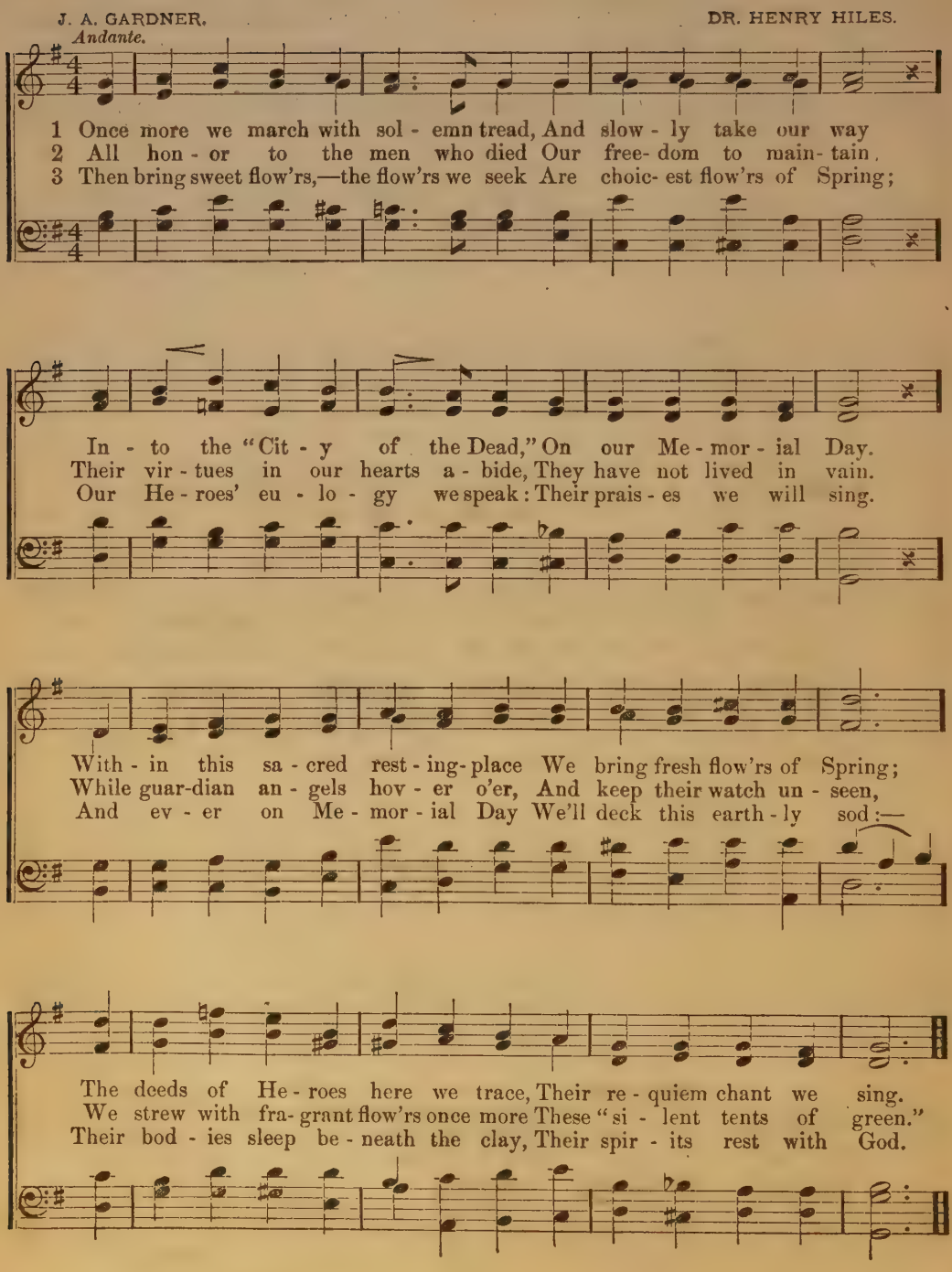

mf
pp
Azucena.
Yes, I am grief-worn, and fain would rest me, But more than grief have
Si la stan-chez-za m'op-pri me o fi-glio Al-la qui-e-te io
sad dreams op-prest me; Should that dread vis-ion rise in my slum-bers,
chiu-de il ci-glio Ma se del ro-go ar-der-si ve-da
f
p
Manrico.
Rouse me! its hor-rors then may de-part. Rest thee, O moth-er!
L'or-ri-da fiam-ma de-sta-mi al lor. Ri-po-sa, o ma-dre o-
f.
p.


I will watch o'er thee, Sleep may re - store sweet peace to thy heart.
di - o con - ce - da Men tris - ti im - ma - gi - ni al tuo cor.
pp
Azucena.
Home to our mountains, Let us re-
Ai nos - tri mon - ti ri - tor - ne-
sotto voce.
pp
- turn, love, There in thy young days Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song
- re - mo, L'an- ti - ca pa - ce i vi - go - dre- mo: Tu can - te - ra - i
Manrico.
Fall on my slumbers, There shall thy lute make me joy-ous a - gain. Rest thee, my
sul tuo li - u - to In son - no pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro. Ri - po - sa, o


moth - er, kneeling be - side thee, I will pour forth my trou-ba-dour
ma - dre, io pro-no e mu - to la-men-te al ciel - o ri - vol-ge-
O sing, and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Lull me to rest, charm my
Tu can - te - ra - i sul tu - o li - u - to In son - no pla - ci - do
lay.
- ro!
Yes, I will pour forth my
La-men-te al ciel - o
sor-rows a- way. O sing, and wake now thy sweet lute's soft numbers, Lull me to
io dor - mi - ro. Tu can - te - ra - i sul tu - o li - u - to In son - no
trou- ba- dour lay.
ri - vol - ge - ro.
Yes, I will pour
La-men-te al


rest, charm my sor-rows a- way, a - way, O charm sor-row a-
pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi-
forth my trou- ba-dour lay, I pour forth my trou- ba - dour
ciel - o ri - vol- ge - ro. Ri- po - sa, o ma - -
soave.
- way, Oh! sing and charm sor-row a - way, lull me to
- ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor- mi-
lay, While I with my trou- ba - dour lay lull thee to
- dre, Ri- po - sa, o ma - - dre, La-men-te al
rest, lull me to rest. . . . .
- ro, io dor - mi - ro. . . . .
rest, lull thee to rest. . . . .
ciel ri - vol - ge - ro. . . . .
p
pp

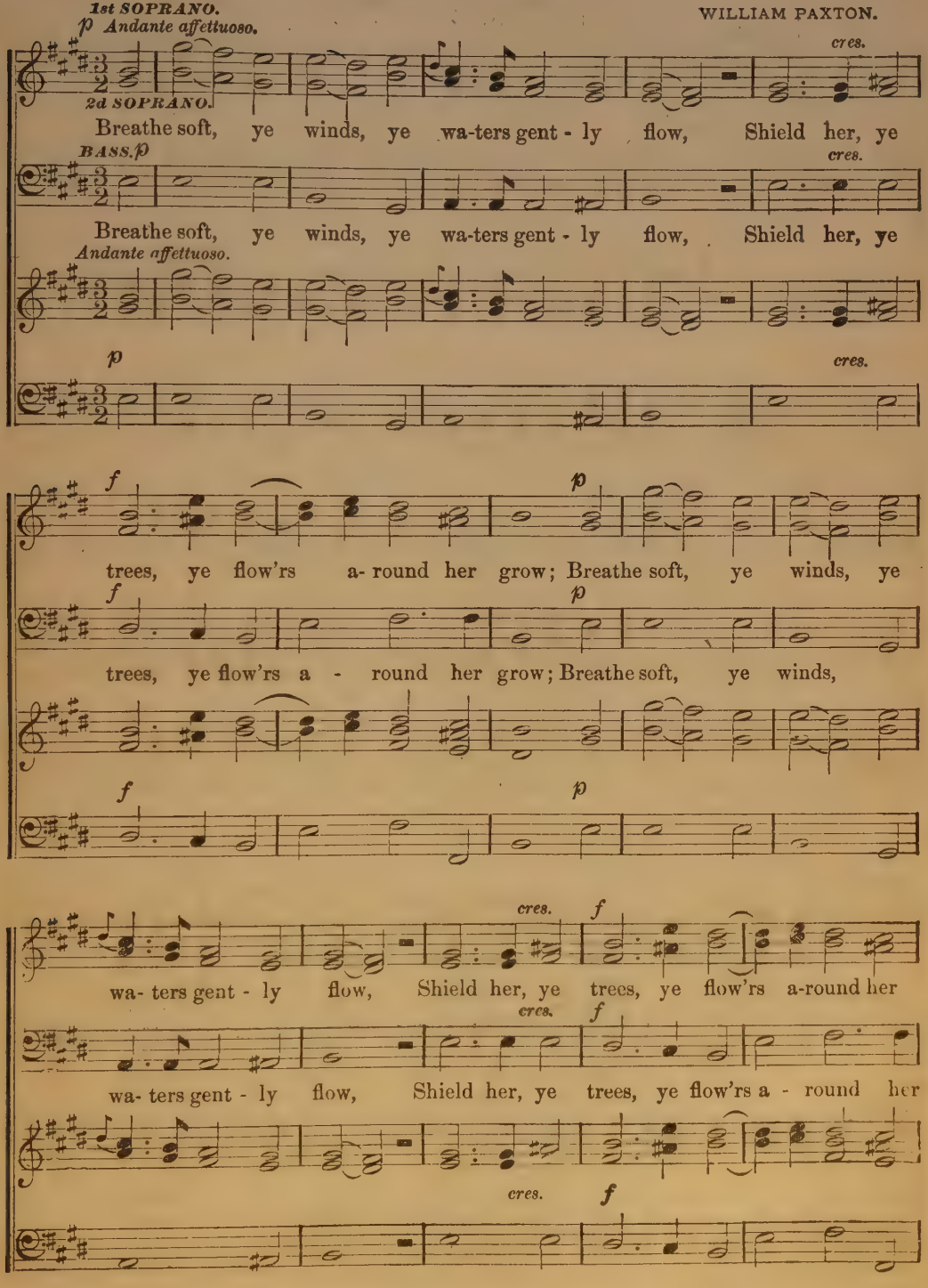
MEMORIAL HYMN.


J. A. GARDNER.
DR. HENRY HILES.
Andante.
1 Once more we march with sol - emn tread, And slow - ly take our way
2 All hon - or to the men who died Our free- dom to main- tain,
3 Then bring sweet flow'rs,—the flow'rs we seek Are choic- est flow'rs of Spring;
In - to the "Cit - y of the Dead," On our Me - mor - ial Day.
Their vir - tues in our hearts a - bide, They have not lived in vain.
Our He - roes' eu - lo - gy we speak: Their prais - es we will sing.
With - in this sa - cred rest - ing- place We bring fresh flow'rs of Spring;
While guar-dian an - gels hov - er o'er, And keep their watch un - seen,
And ev - er on Me - mor - ial Day We'll deck this earth - ly sod:—
The deeds of He - roes here we trace, Their re - quiem chant we sing.
We strew with fra- grant flow'rs once more These "si - lent tents of green."
Their bod - ies sleep be - neath the clay, Their spir - its rest with God.

BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

WILLIAM PAXTON.


1st SOPRANO.
p Andante affettuoso.
cres.
2d SOPRANO.
Breathe soft, ye winds, ye wa-ters gent - ly flow, Shield her, ye
BASS. p
cres.
Breathe soft, ye winds, ye wa-ters gent - ly flow, Shield her, ye
Andante affettuoso.
p
cres.
f
p
trees, ye flow'rs a- round her grow; Breathe soft, ye winds, ye
f
p
trees, ye flow'rs a - round her grow; Breathe soft, ye winds,
f
p
cres.
f
wa- ters gent - ly flow, Shield her, ye trees, ye flow'rs a-round her
cres.
f
wa- ters gent - ly flow, Shield her, ye trees, ye flow'rs a - round her
cres.
f

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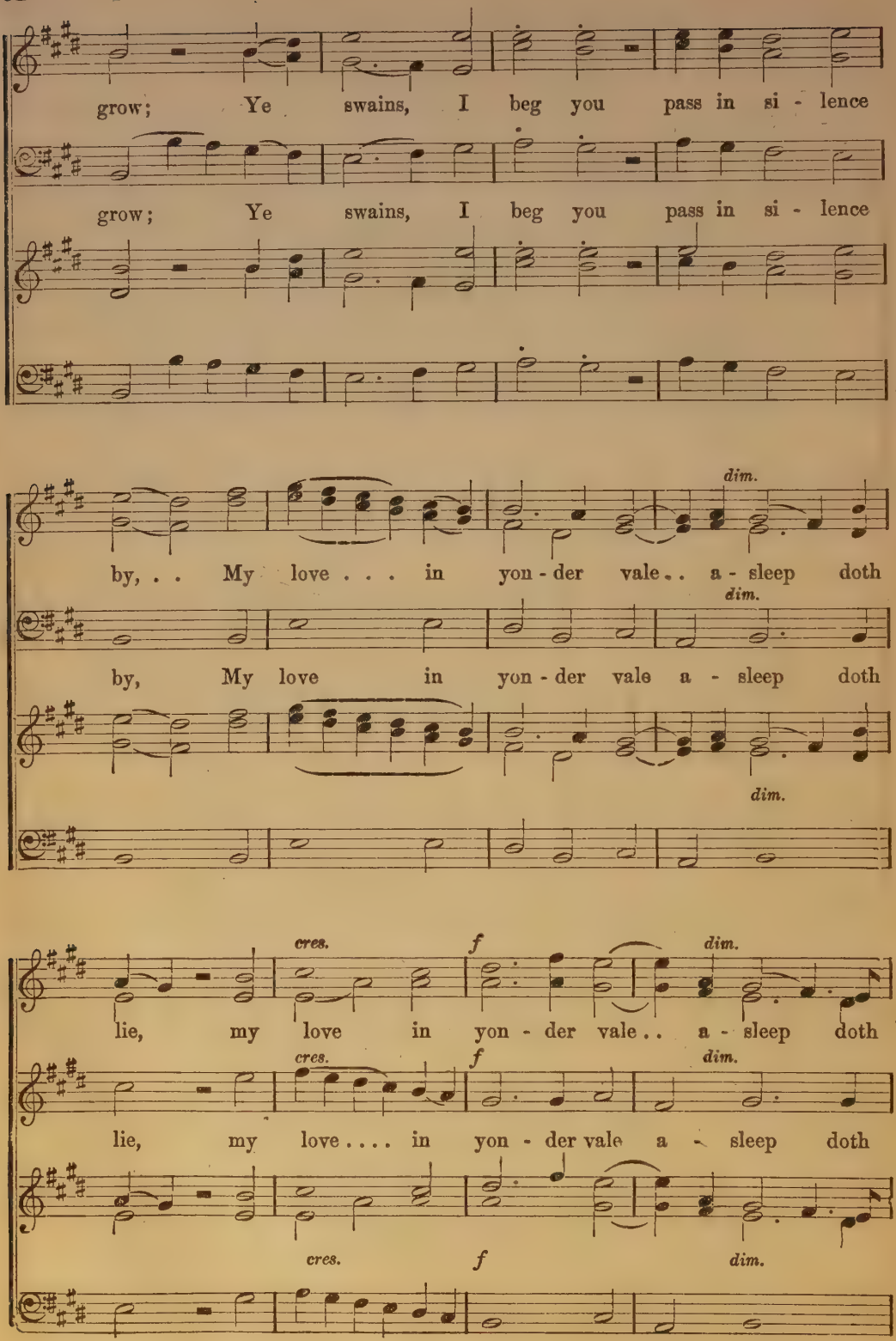
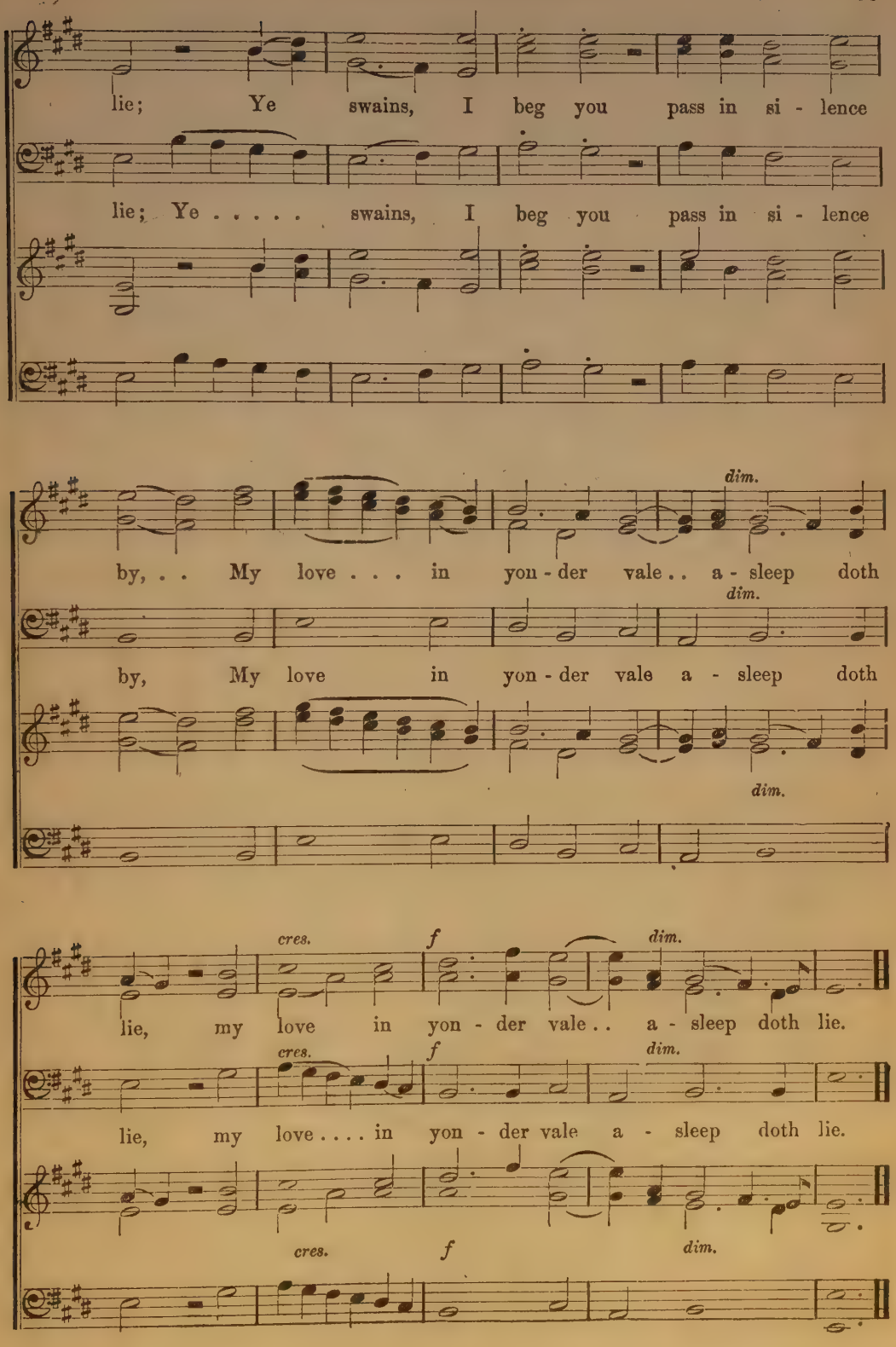
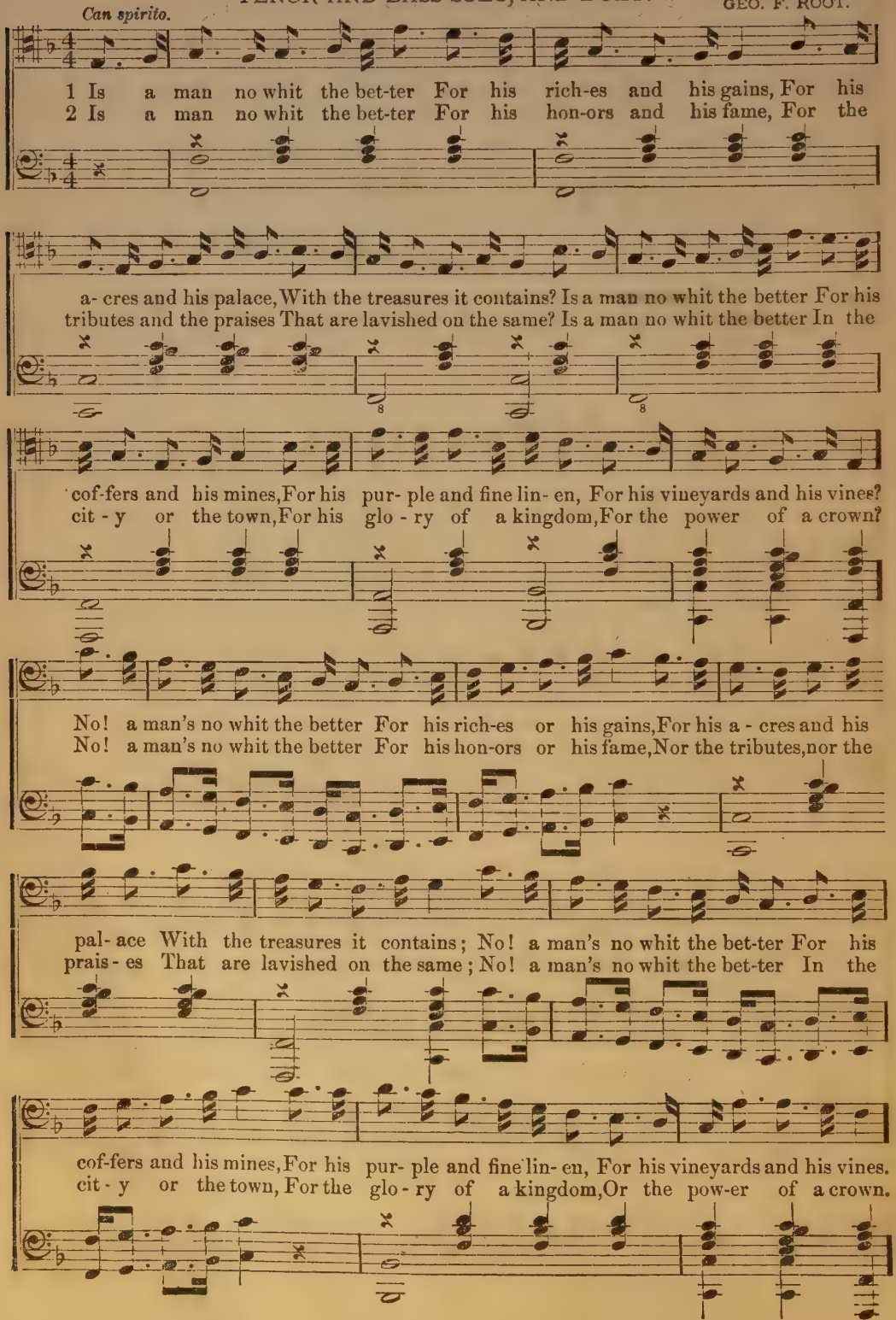

grow; Ye swains, I beg you pass in si - lence
grow; Ye swains, I beg you pass in si - lence
dim.
by, . . My love . . . in yon - der vale . . a - sleep doth
dim.
by, My love in yon - der vale a - sleep doth
dim.
cres.
f
dim.
lie, my love in yon - der vale . . a - sleep doth
cres.
f
dim.
lie, my love . . . . in yon - der vale a - sleep doth
cres.
f
dim.

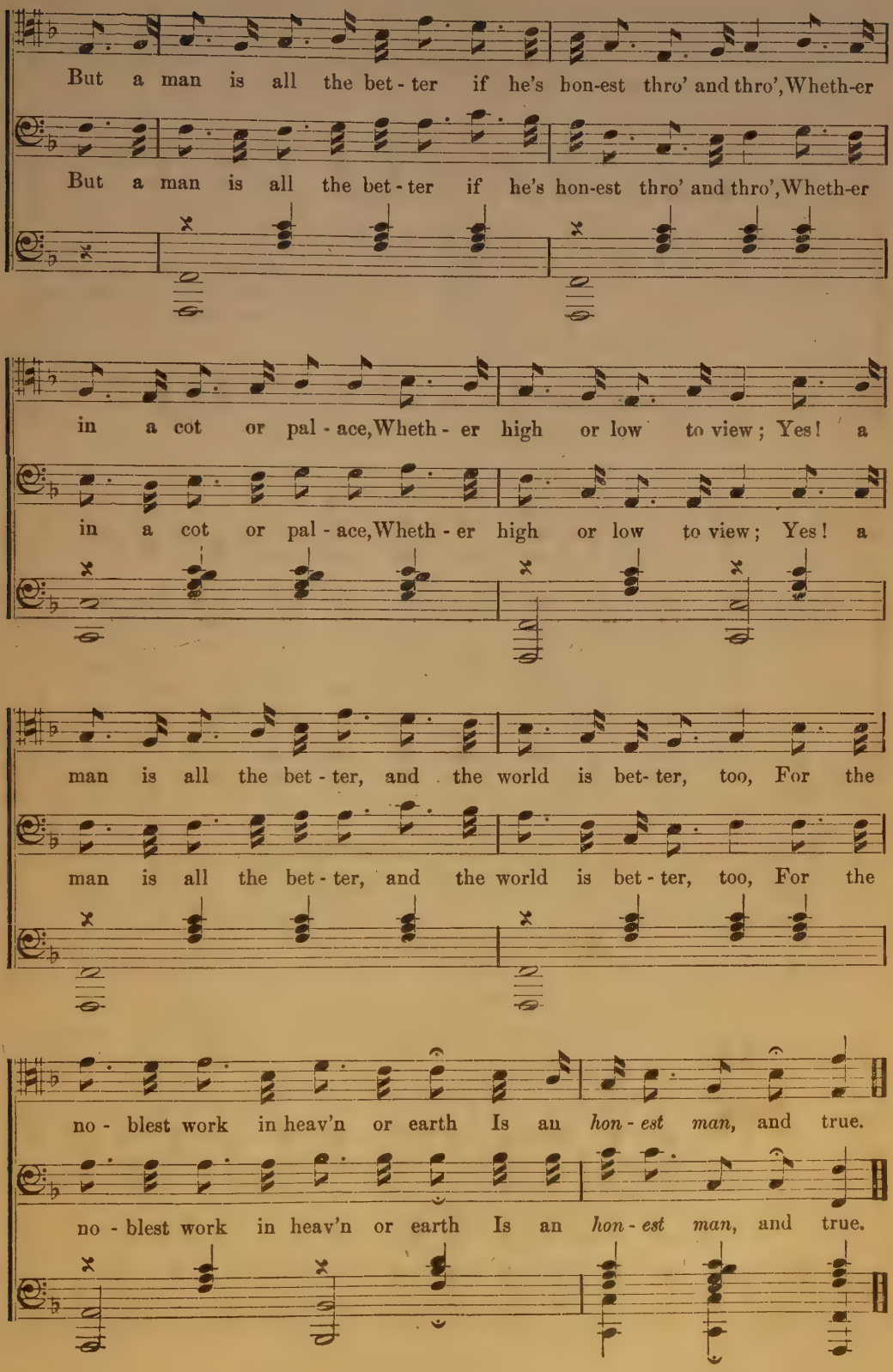

lie; Ye swains, I beg you pass in si - lence
lie; Ye . . . . . swains, I beg you pass in si - lence
dim.
by, . . My love . . . in yon - der vale . . a - sleep doth
dim.
by, My love in yon - der vale a - sleep doth
dim.
cres.
f
dim.
lie, my love in yon - der vale . . a - sleep doth lie.
cres.
f
dim.
lie, my love . . . . in yon - der vale a - sleep doth lie.
cres.
f
dim.

IS A MAN NO WHIT THE BETTER?

TENOR AND BASS SOLO, AND DUET.

GEO. F. ROOT.

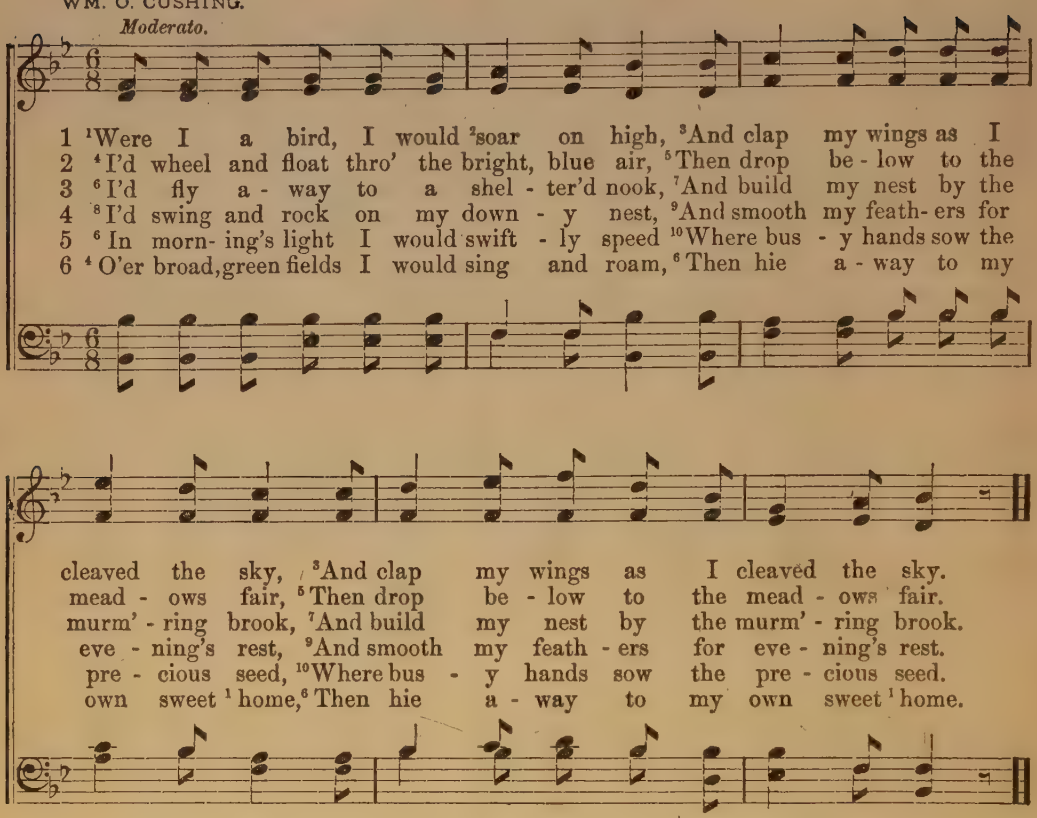

Can spirito.
1 Is a man no whit the bet-ter For his rich-es and his gains, For his
2 Is a man no whit the bet-ter For his hon-ors and his fame, For the
a- cres and his palace, With the treasures it contains? Is a man no whit the better For his
tributes and the praises That are lavished on the same? Is a man no whit the better In the
cof-fers and his mines, For his pur- ple and fine lin- en, For his vineyards and his vines?
cit - y or the town, For his glo - ry of a kingdom, For the power of a crown?
No! a man's no whit the better For his rich-es or his gains, For his a - cres and his
No! a man's no whit the better For his hon-ors or his fame, Nor the tributes, nor the
pal- ace With the treasures it contains; No! a man's no whit the bet-ter For his
prais - es That are lavished on the same; No! a man's no whit the bet-ter In the
cof-fers and his mines, For his pur- ple and fine lin- en, For his vineyards and his vines.
cit - y or the town, For the glo - ry of a kingdom, Or the pow-er of a crown.


But a man is all the bet - ter if he's hon-est thro' and thro', Wheth-er
But a man is all the bet - ter if he's hon-est thro' and thro', Wheth-er
in a cot or pal - ace, Wheth - er high or low to view; Yes! a
in a cot or pal - ace, Wheth - er high or low to view; Yes! a
man is all the bet - ter, and the world is bet- ter, too, For the
man is all the bet - ter, and the world is bet - ter, too, For the
no - blest work in heav'n or earth Is an *hon - est man,* and true.
no - blest work in heav'n or earth Is an *hon - est man,* and true.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

WM. O. CUSHING.

Moderato.


1 [1]Were I a bird, I would [2]soar on high, [3]And clap my wings as I
2 [4]I'd wheel and float thro' the bright, blue air, [5]Then drop be - low to the
3 [6]I'd fly a - way to a shel - ter'd nook, [7]And build my nest by the
4 [8]I'd swing and rock on my down - y nest, [9]And smooth my feath- ers for
5 [6]In morn- ing's light I would swift - ly speed [10]Where bus - y hands sow the
6 [4]O'er broad, green fields I would sing and roam, [6]Then hie a - way to my
cleaved the sky, [3]And clap my wings as I cleaved the sky.
mead - ows fair, [5]Then drop be - low to the mead - ows fair.
murm' - ring brook, [7]And build my nest by the murm' - ring brook.
eve - ning's rest, [9]And smooth my feath - ers for eve - ning's rest.
pre - cious seed, [10]Where bus - y hands sow the pre - cious seed.
own sweet [1]home, [6]Then hie a - way to my own sweet [1]home.

1 Arms folded.
2 Raise both arms, pointing upward.
3 Arms fall heavily.
4 Describe circles above the head.
5 Imitate bird plunging down.
6 Wave arms as if flying.
7 Tapping on seat with fingers.
8 Swing the arms.
9 Pass hands from head downward.
10 Imitate sowing grain.

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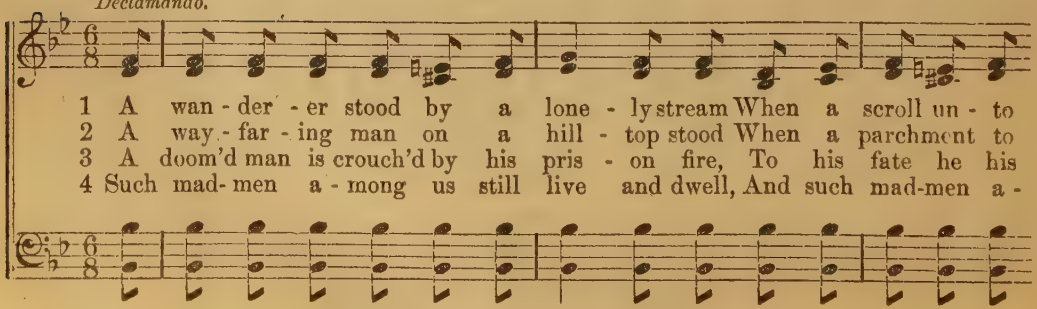
MADNESS.

E. C. CHAPIN. GEO. F. ROOT.

Declamando.


1 A wan - der - er stood by a lone - ly stream When a scroll un - to
2 A way - far - ing man on a hill - top stood When a parchment to
3 A doom'd man is crouch'd by his pris - on fire, To his fate he his
4 Such mad- men a - mong us still live and dwell, And such mad-men a -

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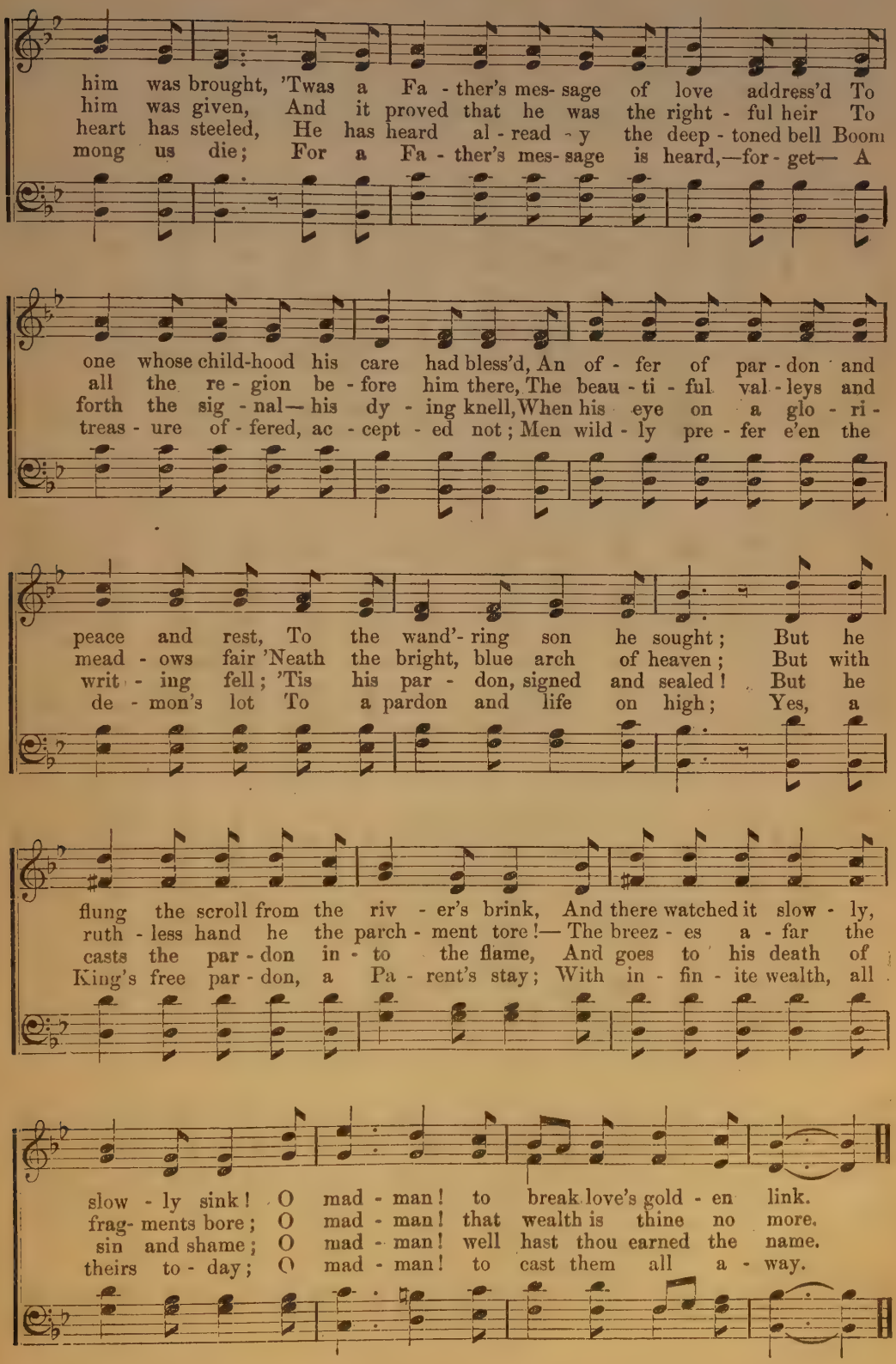
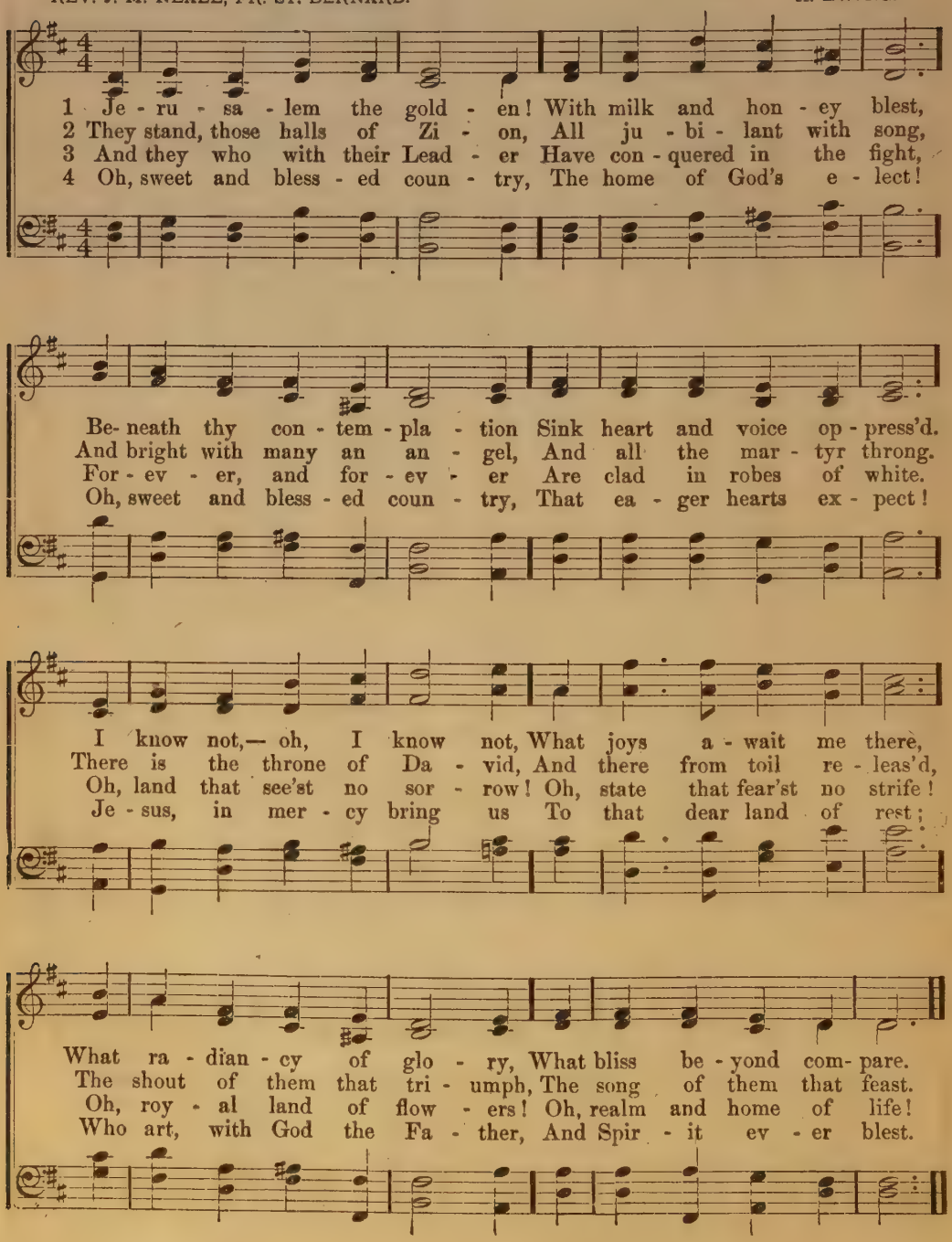

him was brought, 'Twas a Fa - ther's mes- sage of love address'd To
him was given, And it proved that he was the right - ful heir To
heart has steeled, He has heard al - read - y the deep - toned bell Boom
mong us die; For a Fa - ther's mes- sage is heard,—for - get— A
one whose child-hood his care had bless'd, An of - fer of par - don and
all the re - gion be - fore him there, The beau - ti - ful val - leys and
forth the sig - nal— his dy - ing knell, When his eye on a glo - ri -
treas - ure of - fered, ac - cept - ed not; Men wild - ly pre - fer e'en the
peace and rest, To the wand'- ring son he sought; But he
mead - ows fair 'Neath the bright, blue arch of heaven; But with
writ - ing fell; 'Tis his par - don, signed and sealed! But he
de - mon's lot To a pardon and life on high; Yes, a
flung the scroll from the riv - er's brink, And there watched it slow - ly,
ruth - less hand he the parch - ment tore!— The breez - es a - far the
casts the par - don in - to the flame, And goes to his death of
King's free par - don, a Pa - rent's stay; With in - fin - ite wealth, all
slow - ly sink! O mad - man! to break love's gold - en link.
frag- ments bore; O mad - man! that wealth is thine no more.
sin and shame; O mad - man! well hast thou earned the name.
theirs to - day; O mad - man! to cast them all a - way.

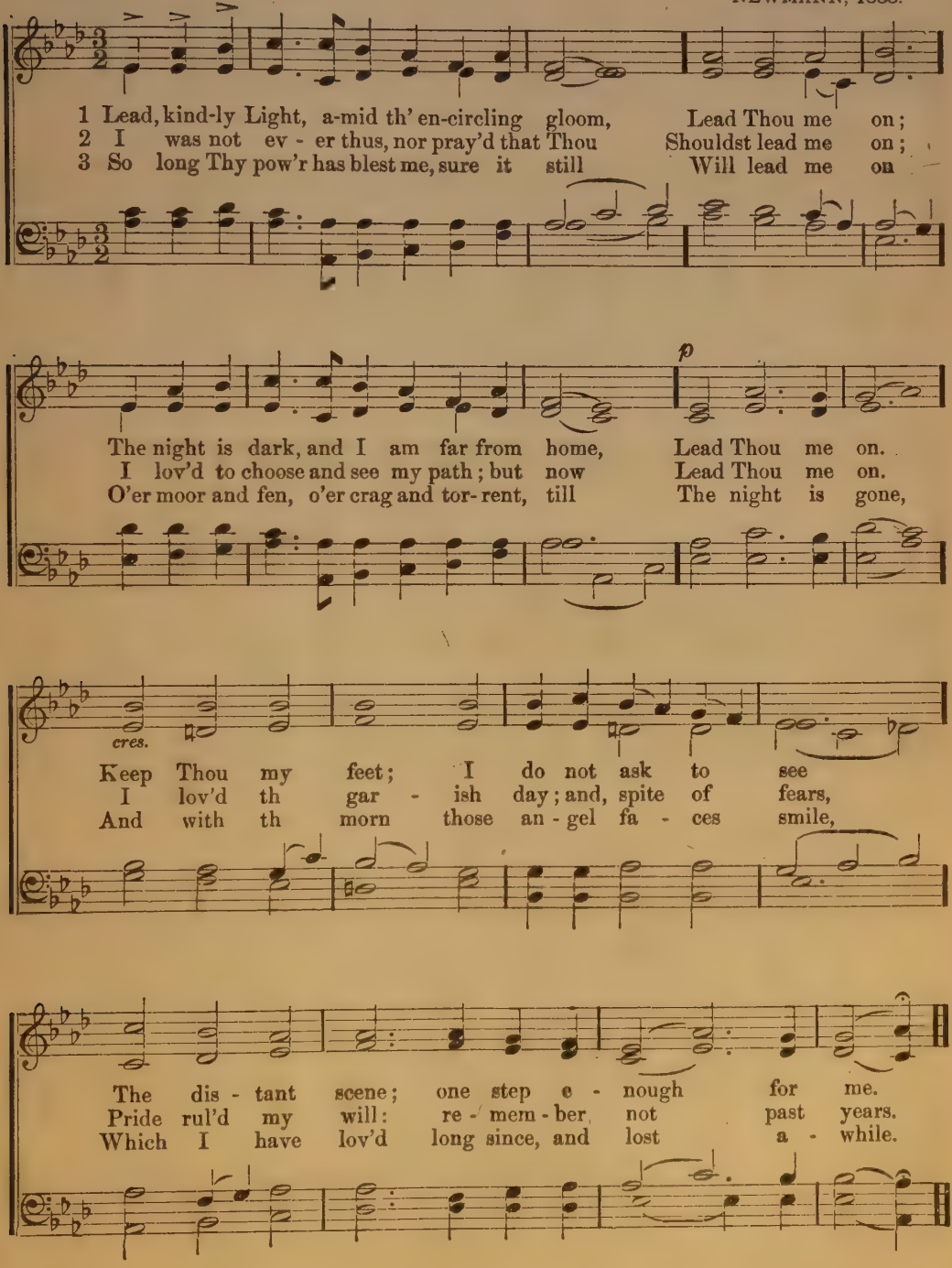
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

REV. J. M. NEALE, FR. ST. BERNARD. A. EWING.


1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
4 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be- neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
For - ev - er, and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not,— oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,
Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com- pare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

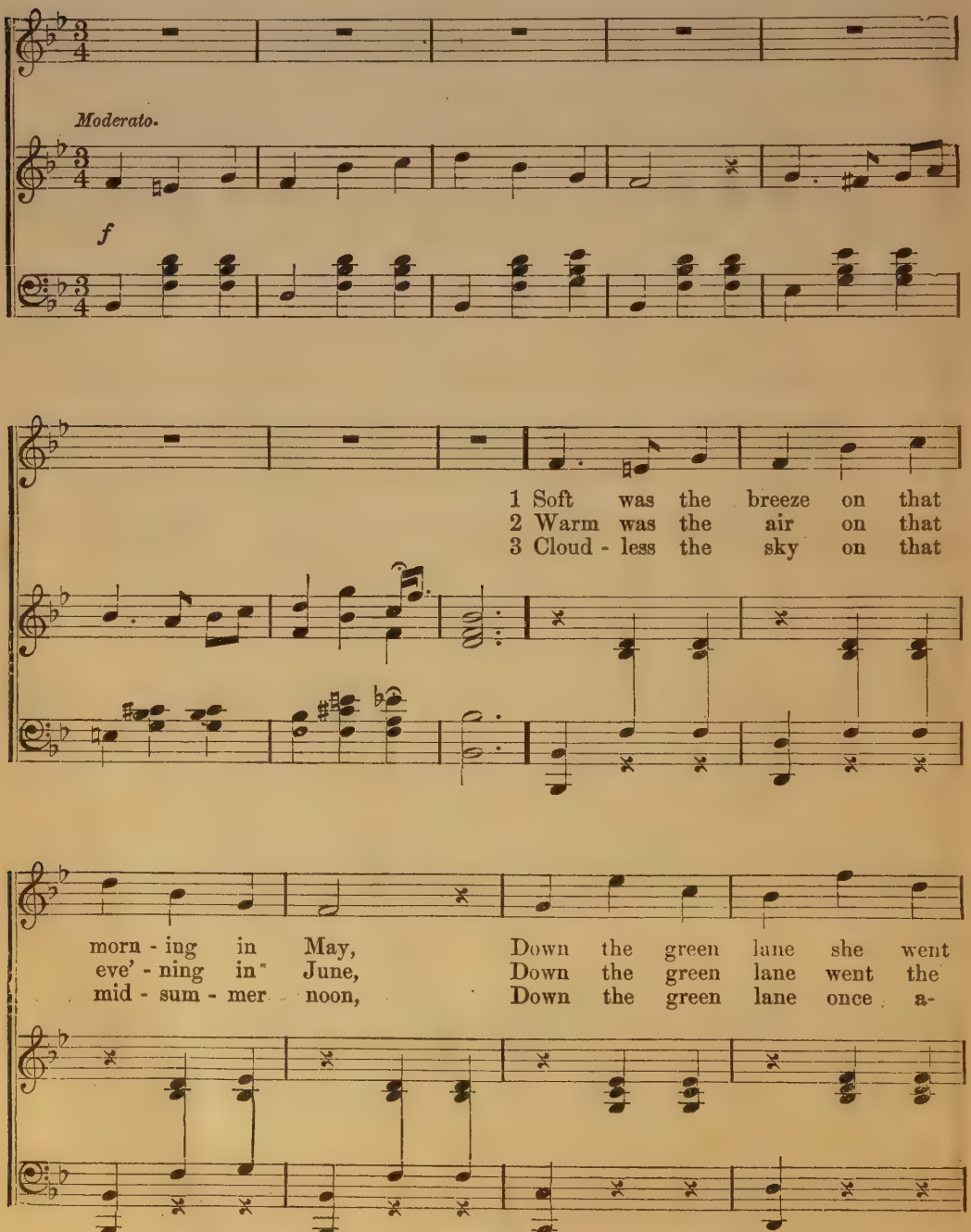
DYKES. NEWMANN, 1833.


1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till The night is gone,
p
cres.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I lov'd th gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with th morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

DOWN THE GREEN LANE.

BALLAD.

J. H. MAC CULLOCH. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.


Moderato.
f
1 Soft was the breeze on that
2 Warm was the air on that
3 Cloud - less the sky on that
morn - ing in May, Down the green lane she went
eve' - ning in June, Down the green lane went the
mid - sum - mer noon, Down the green lane once a-

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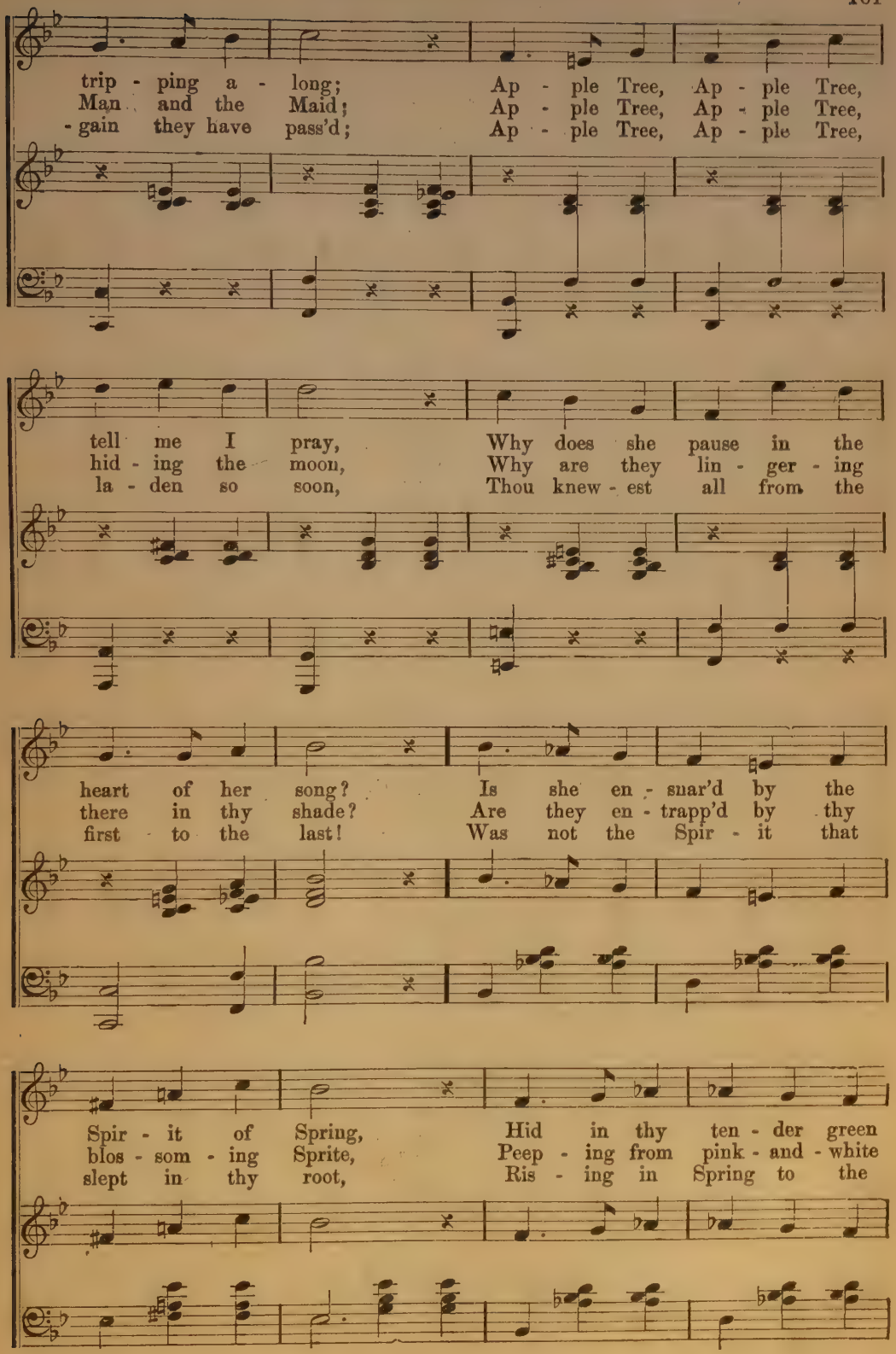
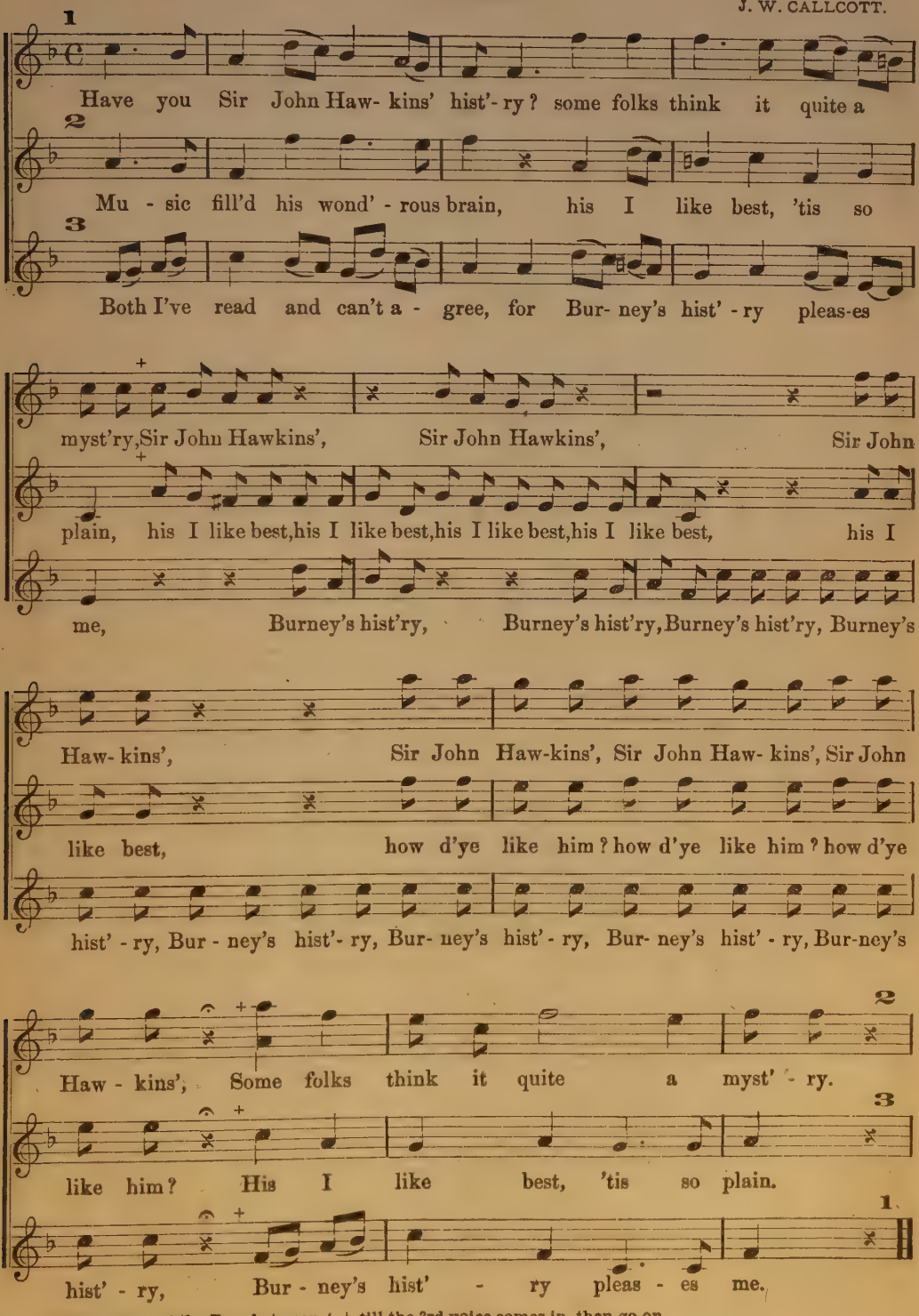

trip - ping a - long; Ap - ple Tree, Ap - ple Tree,
Man and the Maid; Ap - ple Tree, Ap - ple Tree,
- gain they have pass'd; Ap - ple Tree, Ap - ple Tree,
tell me I pray, Why does she pause in the
hid - ing the moon, Why are they lin - ger - ing
la - den so soon, Thou knew - est all from the
heart of her song? Is she en - snar'd by the
there in thy shade? Are they en - trapp'd by thy
first to the last! Was not the Spir - it that
Spir - it of Spring, Hid in thy ten - der green
blos - som - ing Sprite, Peep - ing from pink - and - white
slept in thy root, Ris - ing in Spring to the

buds up a - bove? buds up a - bove,
boughs up a - bove? boughs up a - bove,
branch-es a - bove, branch-es a - bove,
rit.
ad lib.
buds up a - bove? Dark danc - ing eyes like a
boughs up a - bove? Half sto - len kiss - es and
branch-es a - bove, Bud - ding and bloom-ing and
a tempo.
bird on the wing, Pass - ing have greet-ed with sig - nal of
words of de - light Hast - en the buds in - to blos - soms of
now bear - ing fruit, Spir - it of Na - ture and Spir - it of
rit.
love, Pass - ing have greet-ed with sig - nal of love.
love, Hast - en the buds in - to blos - soms of love.
Love? Spir - it of Na - ture and Spir - it of Love?

HAVE YOU SIR JOHN HAWKINS' HIST'RY?

(ROUND.)

J. W. CALLCOTT.

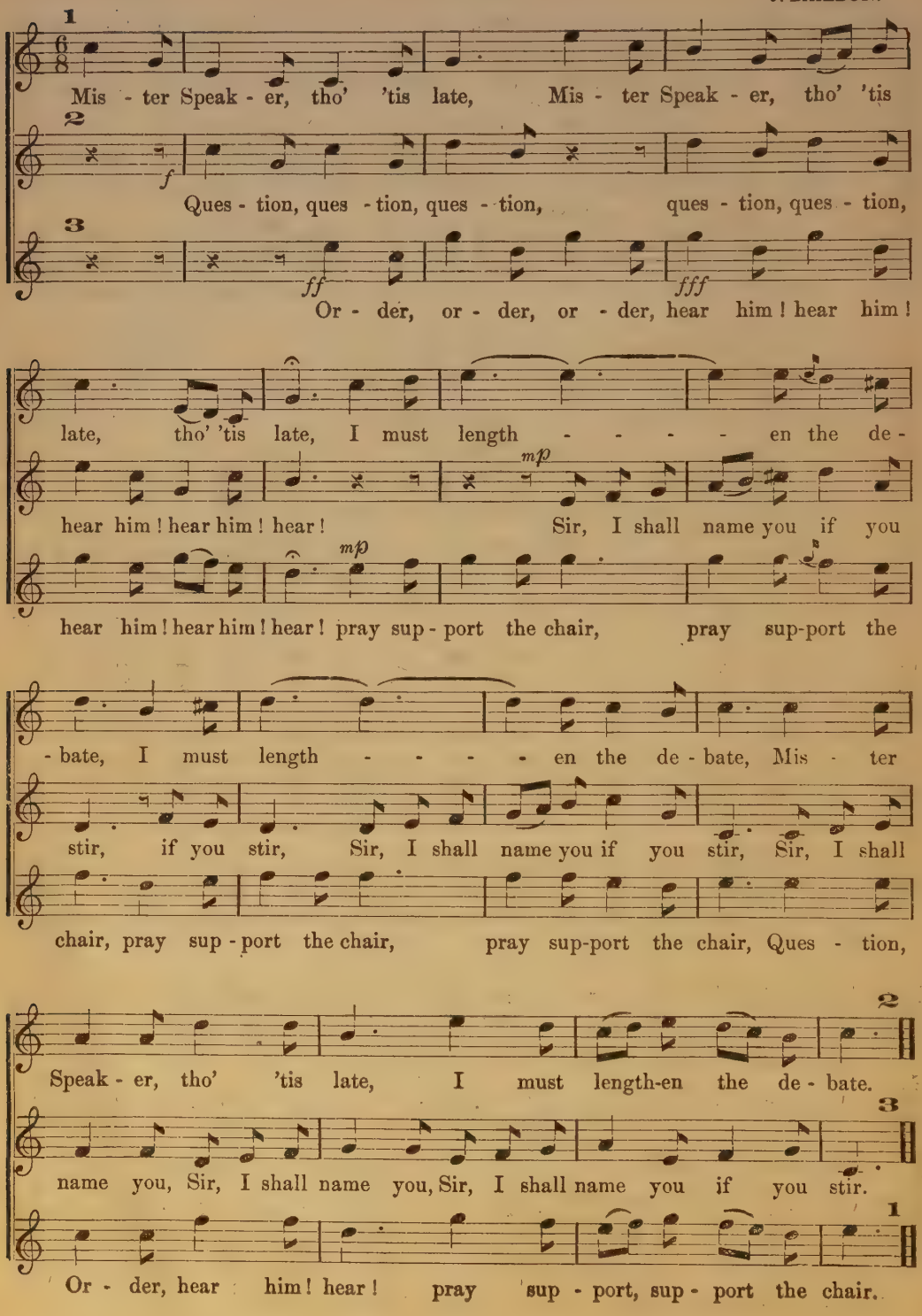

1
Have you Sir John Haw- kins' hist'- ry? some folks think it quite a
2
Mu - sic fill'd his wond' - rous brain, his I like best, 'tis so
3
Both I've read and can't a - gree, for Bur- ney's hist' - ry pleas-es
myst'ry, Sir John Hawkins', Sir John Hawkins', Sir John
plain, his I like best, his I like best, his I like best, his I like best, his I
me, Burney's hist'ry, Burney's hist'ry, Burney's hist'ry, Burney's
Haw- kins', Sir John Haw-kins', Sir John Haw- kins', Sir John
like best, how d'ye like him? how d'ye like him? how d'ye
hist' - ry, Bur - ney's hist'- ry, Bur- ney's hist' - ry, Bur- ney's hist' - ry, Bur-ney's
2
Haw - kins', Some folks think it quite a myst' - ry.
3
like him? His I like best, 'tis so plain.
1
hist' - ry, Bur - ney's hist' - ry pleas - es me.

N. B.—Leave out the Bars between + + till the 3rd voice comes in, then go on.

MISTER SPEAKER, THO' 'TIS LATE.

(ROUND.)

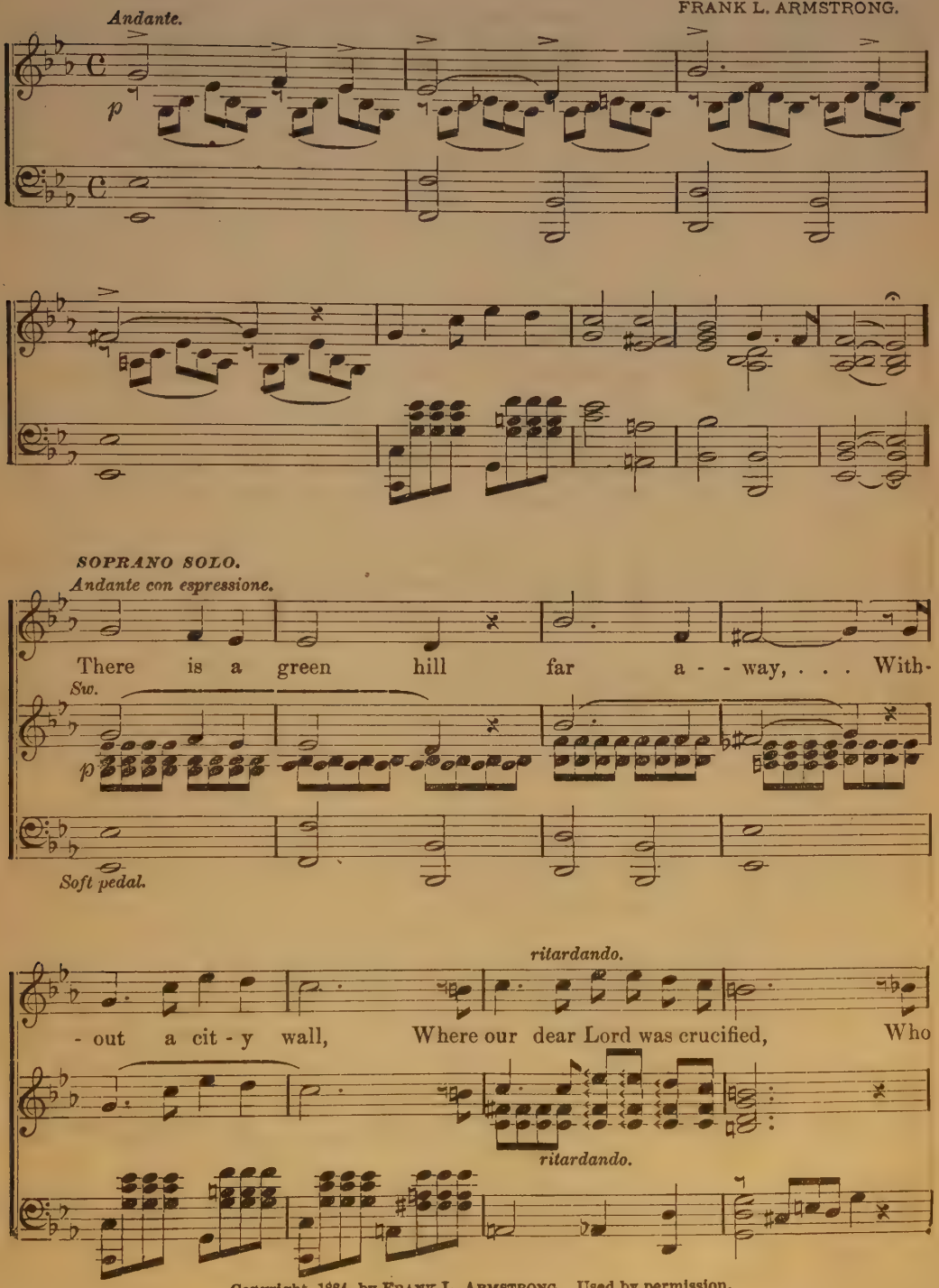
J. BAILDON.


1
Mis - ter Speak - er, tho' 'tis late, Mis - ter Speak - er, tho' 'tis
2
f
Ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion,
3
ff
fff
Or - der, or - der, or - der, hear him! hear him!
late, tho' 'tis late, I must length - - - - en the de -
mp
hear him! hear him! hear! Sir, I shall name you if you
mp
hear him! hear him! hear! pray sup - port the chair, pray sup-port the
- bate, I must length - - - - en the de - bate, Mis - ter
stir, if you stir, Sir, I shall name you if you stir, Sir, I shall
chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup-port the chair, Ques - tion,
2
Speak - er, tho' 'tis late, I must length-en the de - bate.
3
name you, Sir, I shall name you, Sir, I shall name you if you stir.
1
Or - der, hear him! hear! pray sup - port, sup - port the chair.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

SACRED DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



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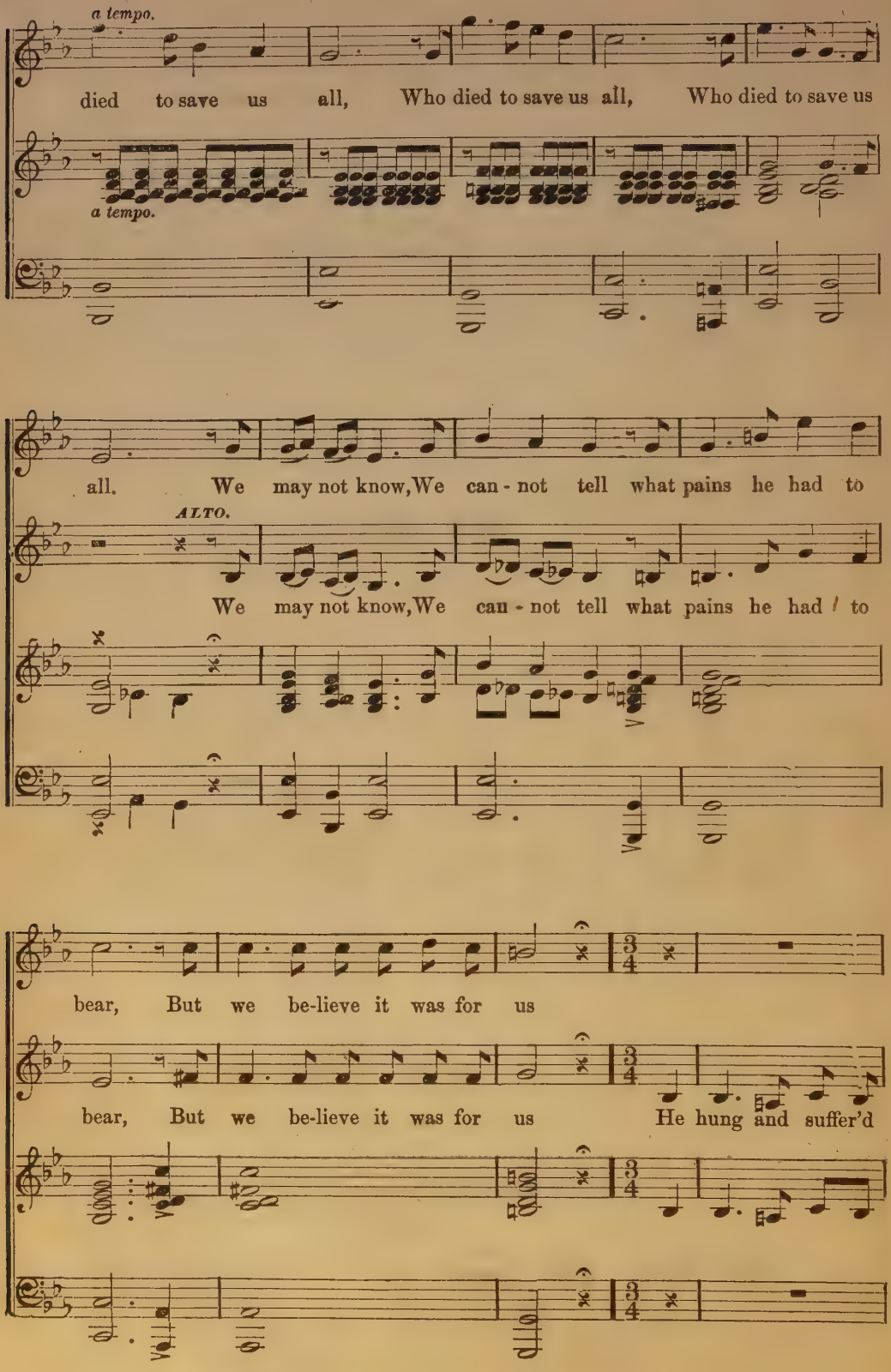
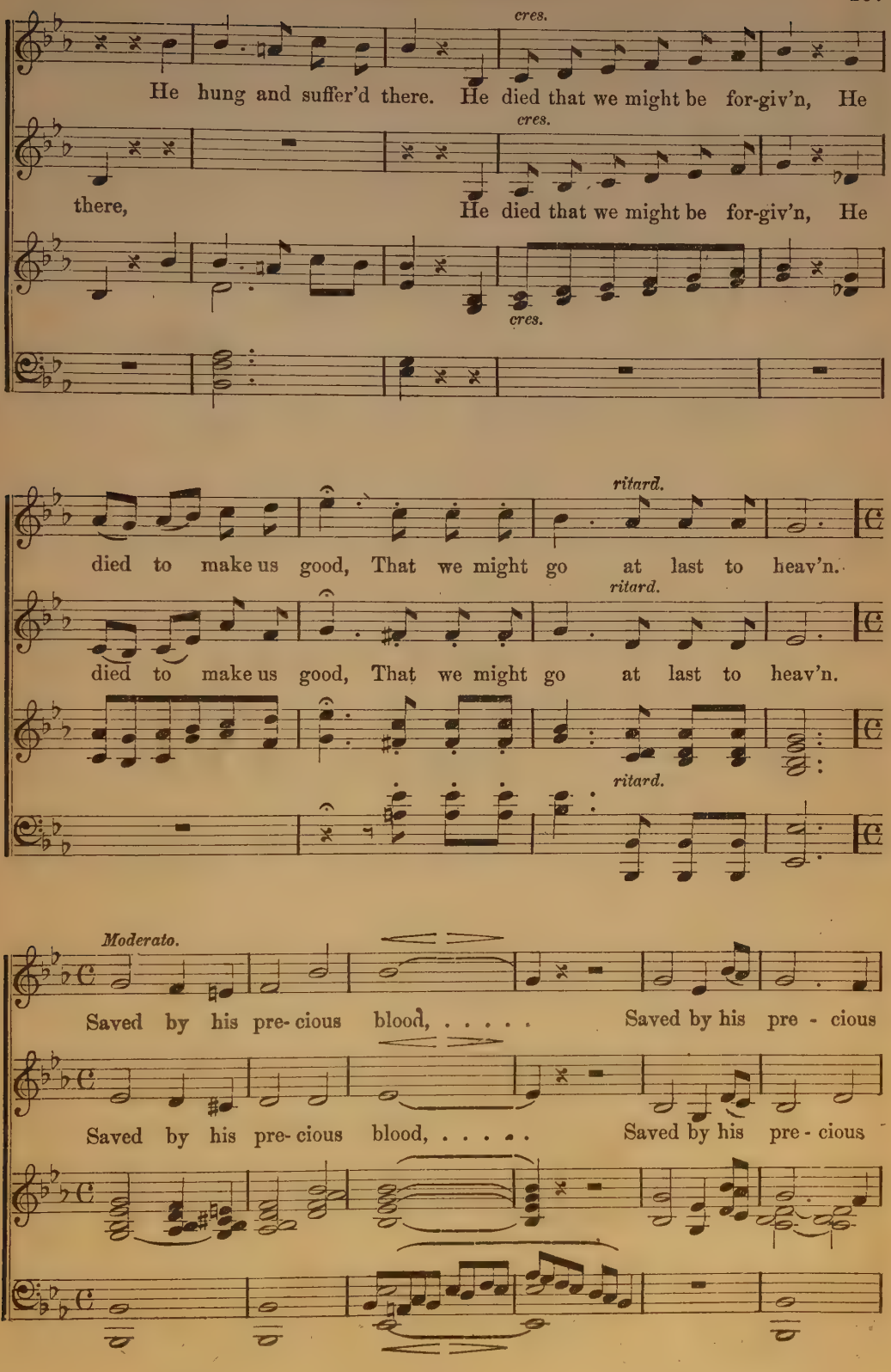
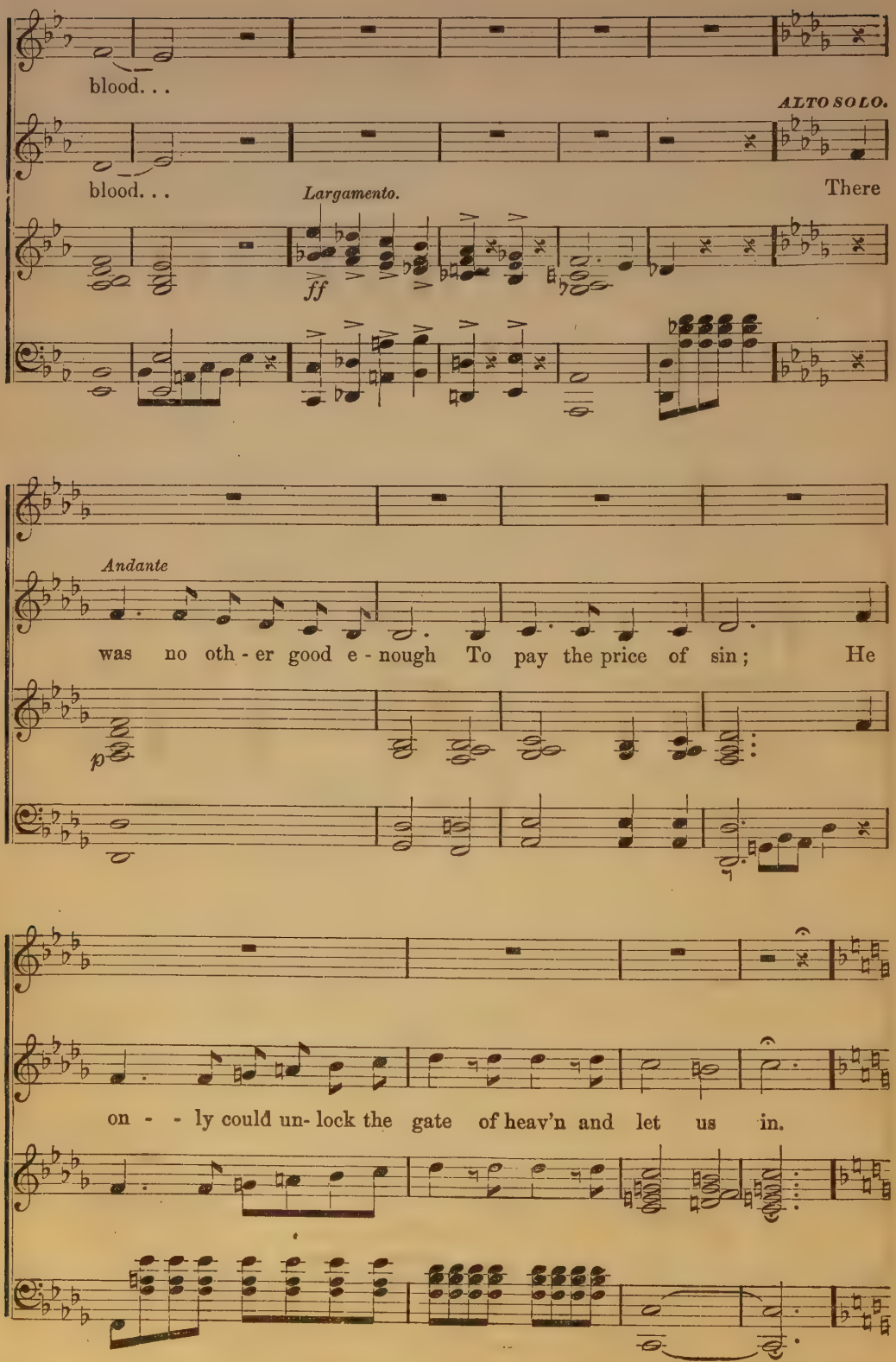
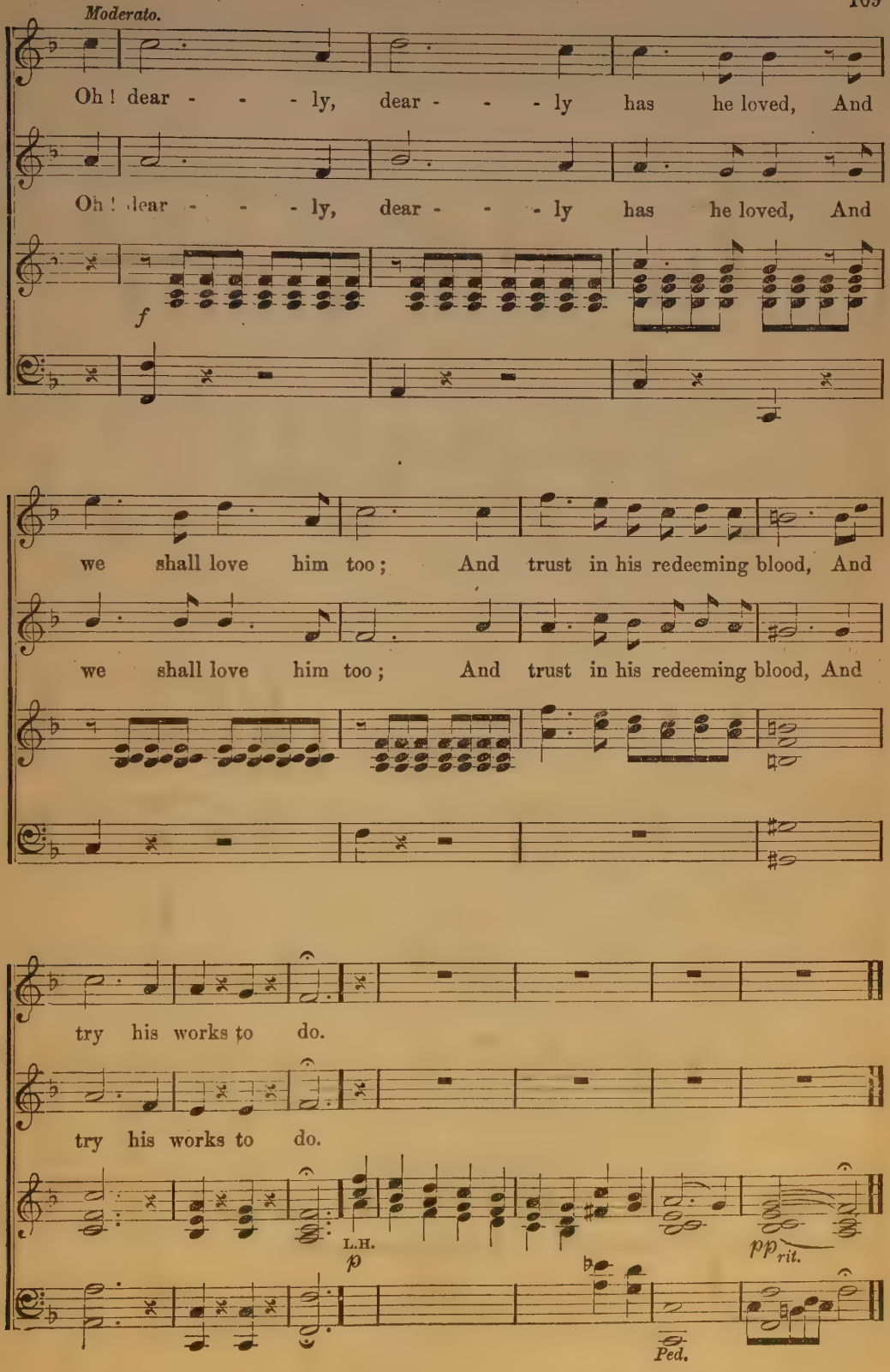

a tempo.
died to save us all, Who died to save us all, Who died to save us
a tempo.
all. We may not know, We can - not tell what pains he had to
ALTO.
We may not know, We can - not tell what pains he had to
bear, But we be-lieve it was for us
bear, But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffer'd


cres.
He hung and suffer'd there. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He
cres.
there, He died that we might be for-giv'n, He
cres.
ritard.
died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n.
ritard.
died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n.
ritard.
Moderato.
Saved by his pre- cious blood, ... Saved by his pre - cious
Saved by his pre- cious blood, ... Saved by his pre - cious

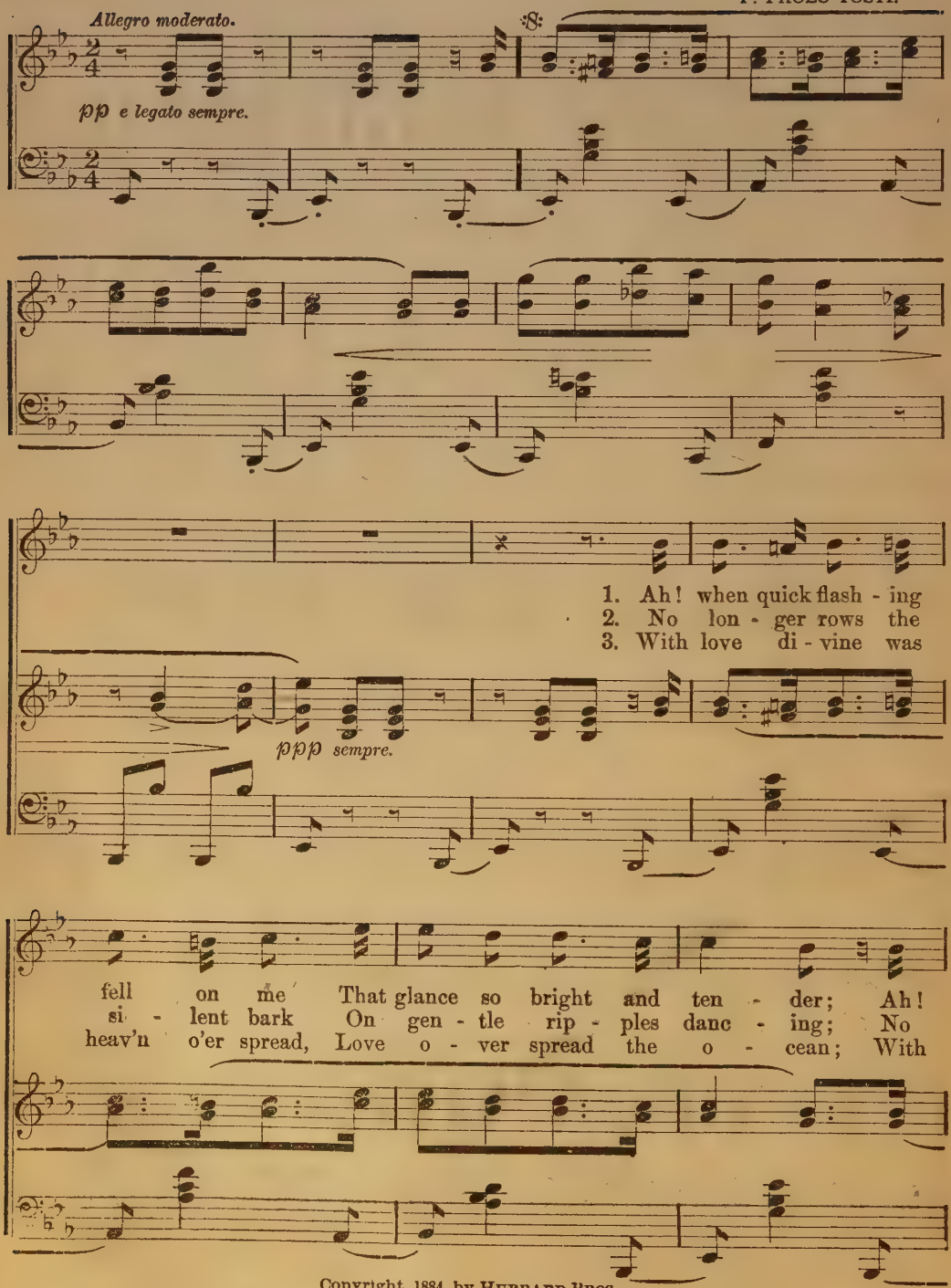

blood. . .
ALTO SOLO.
blood. . .
Largamento.
There
ff
Andante
was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin; He
p
on - - ly could un- lock the gate of heav'n and let us in.


Moderato.
Oh! dear - - - ly, dear - - - ly has he loved, And
Oh! dear - - - ly, dear - - - ly has he loved, And
f
we shall love him too; And trust in his redeeming blood, And
we shall love him too; And trust in his redeeming blood, And
try his works to do.
try his works to do.
L.H.
p
pp rit.
Ped.

OHÈ! MAMMÀ.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.


Allegro moderato.
pp e legato sempre.
1. Ah! when quick flash - ing
2. No lon - ger rows the
3. With love di - vine was
ppp sempre.
fell on me That glance so bright and ten - der; Ah!
si - lent bark On gen - tle rip - ples danc - ing; No
heav'n o'er spread, Love o - ver spread the o - cean; With

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when quick flash - ing fell on me That glance so bright and
lon - ger rows the si - lent bark On gen - tle rip - ples
love di - vine was heav'n o'er spread, Love o - ver spread the
ten - der, My heart would fain sur - ren - der; Oh-
danc - ing, O vis - ion soul en - tranc - ing! Oh-
o - cean, To him be life's de - vo - tion! Oh-
- è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà! My heart would fain sur-
- è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà! O vis - ion soul en-
- è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà! To him be life's de-
- ren - der; Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà. And
- tranc - ing! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà. Be-
- vo - tion! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà. Oh,

ere with tremb - ling ea - ger - ness His faith - ful love was
- neath a bank of sil - ver cloud The ra - diant moon re-
what e - the - real ec - sta - sy! Dream as if heav'n - ward
prof - fer'd Had mine un told been of - fer'd. Oh-
- ceed - ed, While drift's the boat un - heed - ed. Oh-
ta - ken! And now, a - las! to wa - ken! Oh-
p
1st & 2d time.
pp Last time. dim - in - - - u -
- è! mam - mà, oh - è!
- è! mam - mà, oh - è!
- è! mam - mà, oh - è!
- è! Oh - è! mam-
D.S. pp col canto.
- en - - - do. sempre. ppp
- mà, oh - è! mam - mà! . . . . . .
ppp

SLUMBER, O SENTINEL.

FALKA AND ARTHUR.

H. B. FARNIE.

F. CHASSAIGNE.

Tempo di Valse.

pp

FALKA.

pp

Slum - ber, O Sen- ti - nel, Slumber and dream se - cure - - ly,

pp

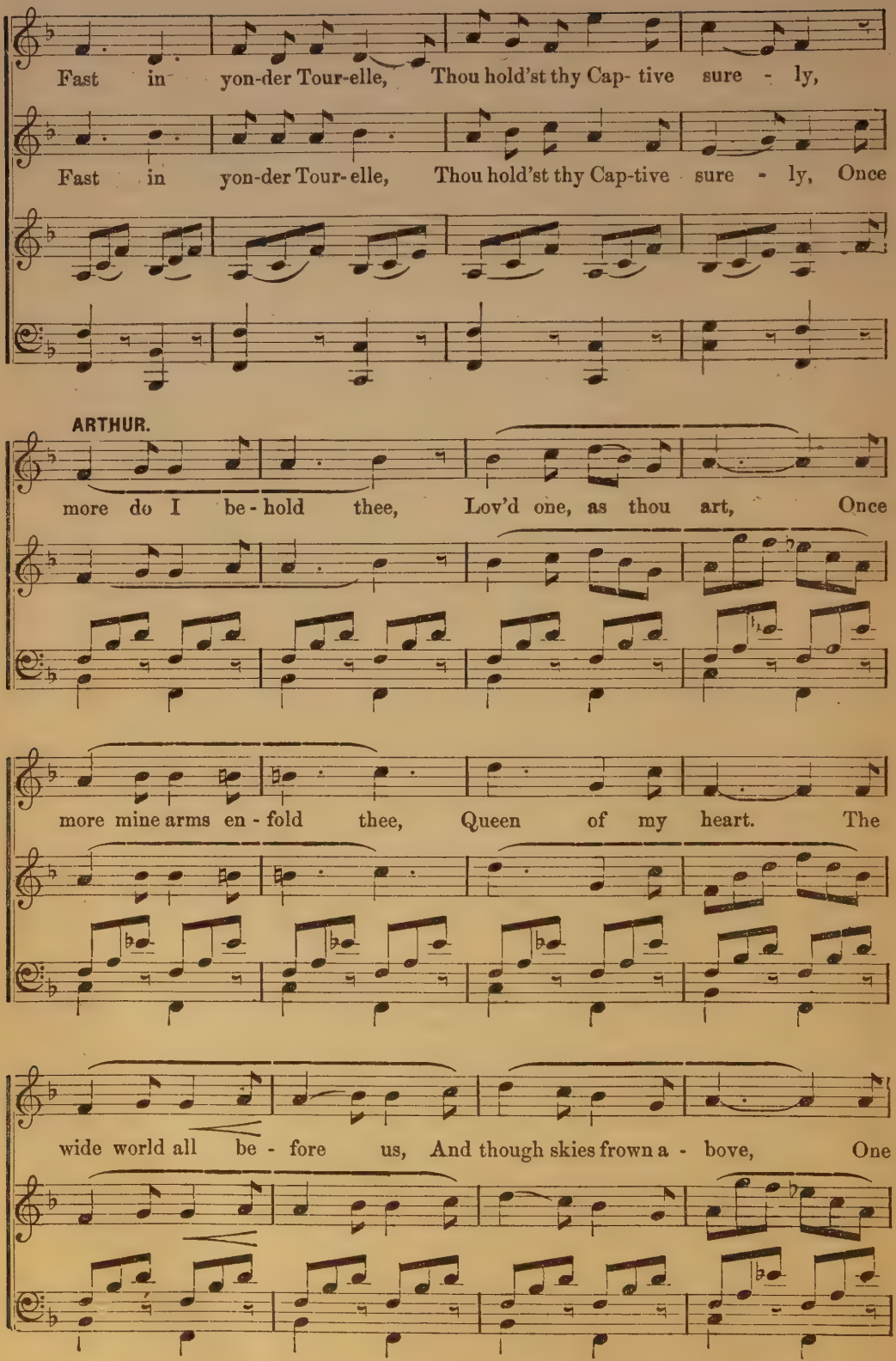
Fast in yon-der Tour-elle, Thou hold'st thy Cap- tive sure - ly.

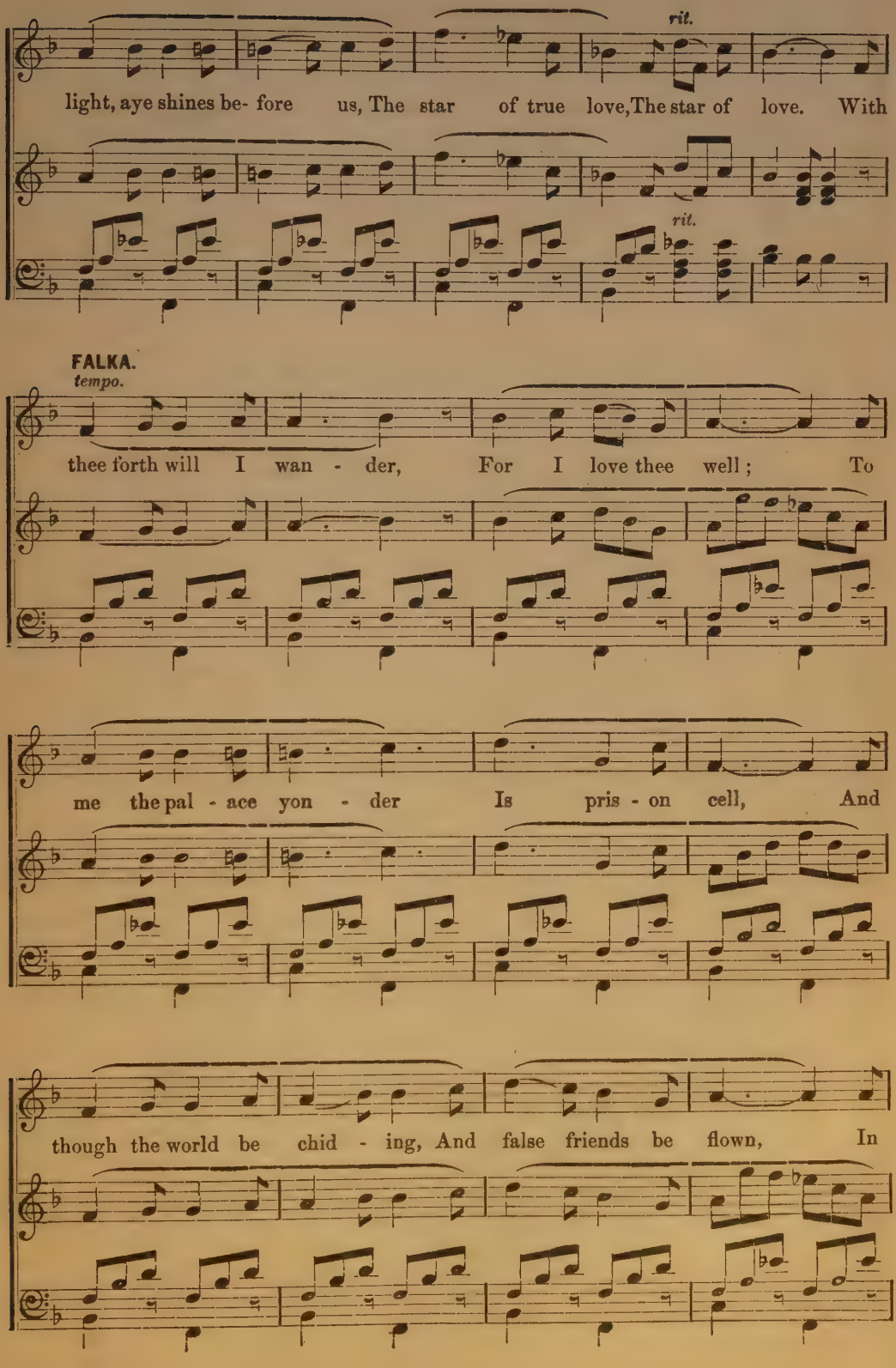
FALKA.

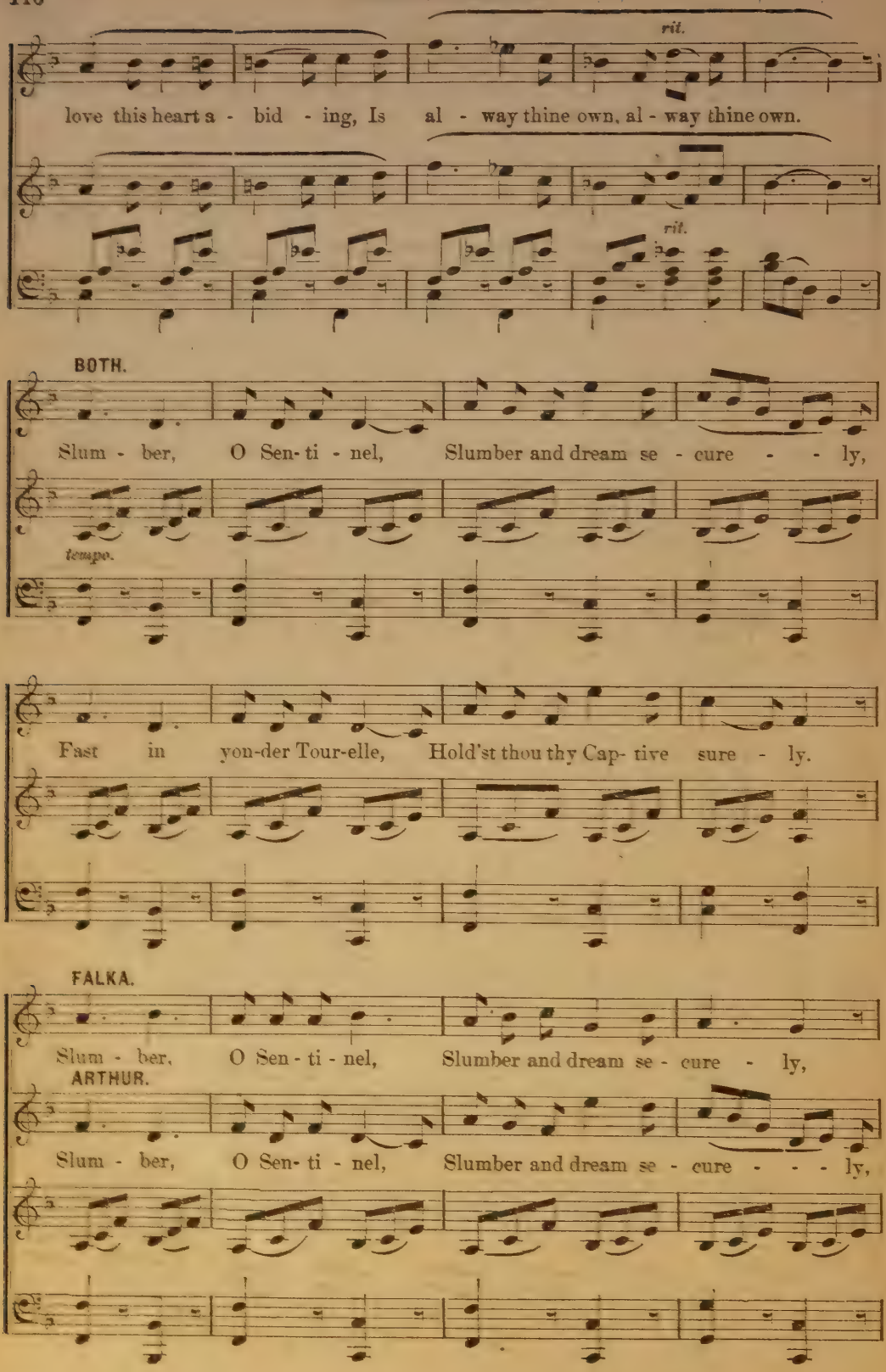
Slum - ber, O Sen- ti - nel, Slum- ber and dream se - cure - - - ly,

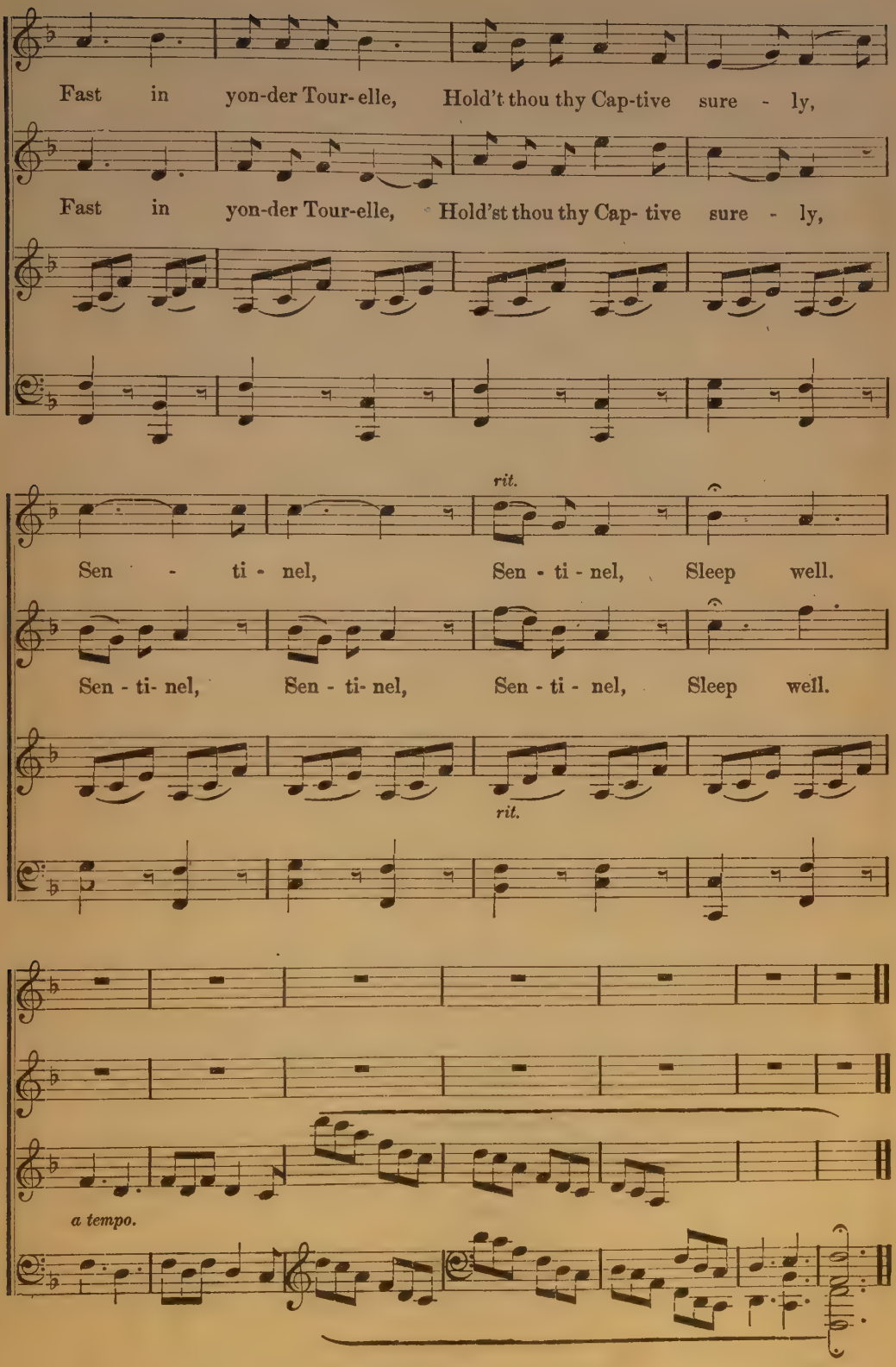
ARTHUR.

Slum - ber, O Sen - ti - nel, Slumber and dream se - cure - ly,


Fast in yon-der Tour-elle, Thou hold'st thy Cap- tive sure - ly,
Fast in yon-der Tour- elle, Thou hold'st thy Cap-tive sure - ly, Once
ARTHUR.
more do I be - hold thee, Lov'd one, as thou art, Once
more mine arms en - fold thee, Queen of my heart. The
wide world all be - fore us, And though skies frown a - bove, One

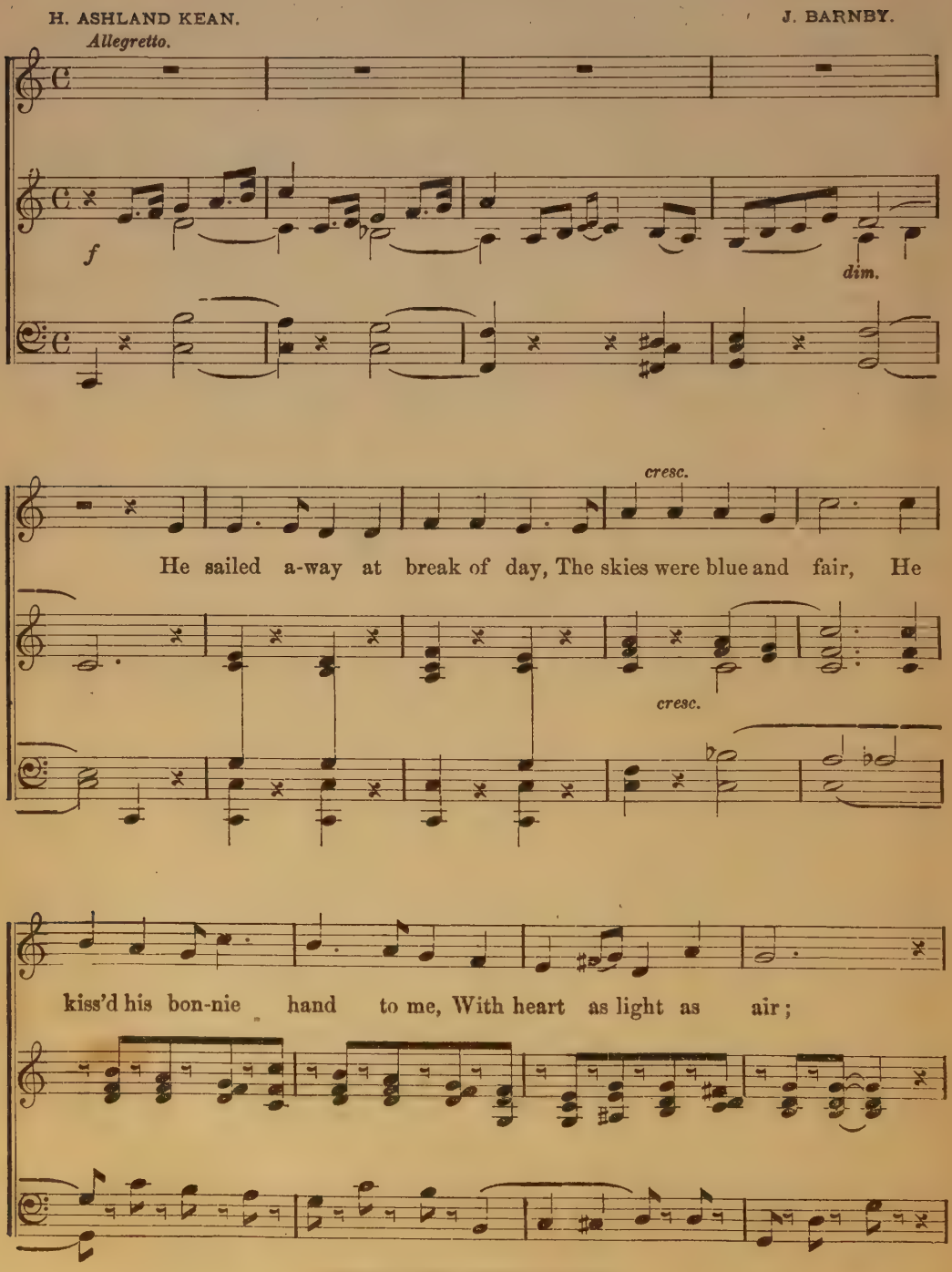

rit.
light, aye shines be- fore us, The star of true love, The star of love. With
rit.
FALKA.
tempo.
thee forth will I wan - der, For I love thee well; To
me the pal - ace yon - der Is pris - on cell, And
though the world be chid - ing, And false friends be flown, In


rit.
love this heart a - bid - ing, Is al - way thine own, al - way thine own.
rit.
BOTH.
Slum - ber, O Sen- ti - nel, Slumber and dream se - cure - - ly,
tempo.
Fast in yon-der Tour-elle, Hold'st thou thy Cap- tive sure - ly.
FALKA.
Slum - ber, O Sen - ti - nel, Slumber and dream se - cure - ly,
ARTHUR.
Slum - ber, O Sen- ti - nel, Slumber and dream se - cure - - - ly,


Fast in yon-der Tour-elle, Hold't thou thy Cap-tive sure - ly,
Fast in yon-der Tour-elle, Hold'st thou thy Cap- tive sure - ly,
rit.
Sen - ti - nel, Sen - ti - nel, Sleep well.
Sen - ti- nel, Sen - ti- nel, Sen - ti - nel, Sleep well.
rit.
a tempo.

"WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN."

H. ASHLAND KEAN. J. BARNBY.


Allegretto.
f
dim.
cresc.
He sailed a-way at break of day, The skies were blue and fair, He
cresc.
kiss'd his bon-nie hand to me, With heart as light as air;

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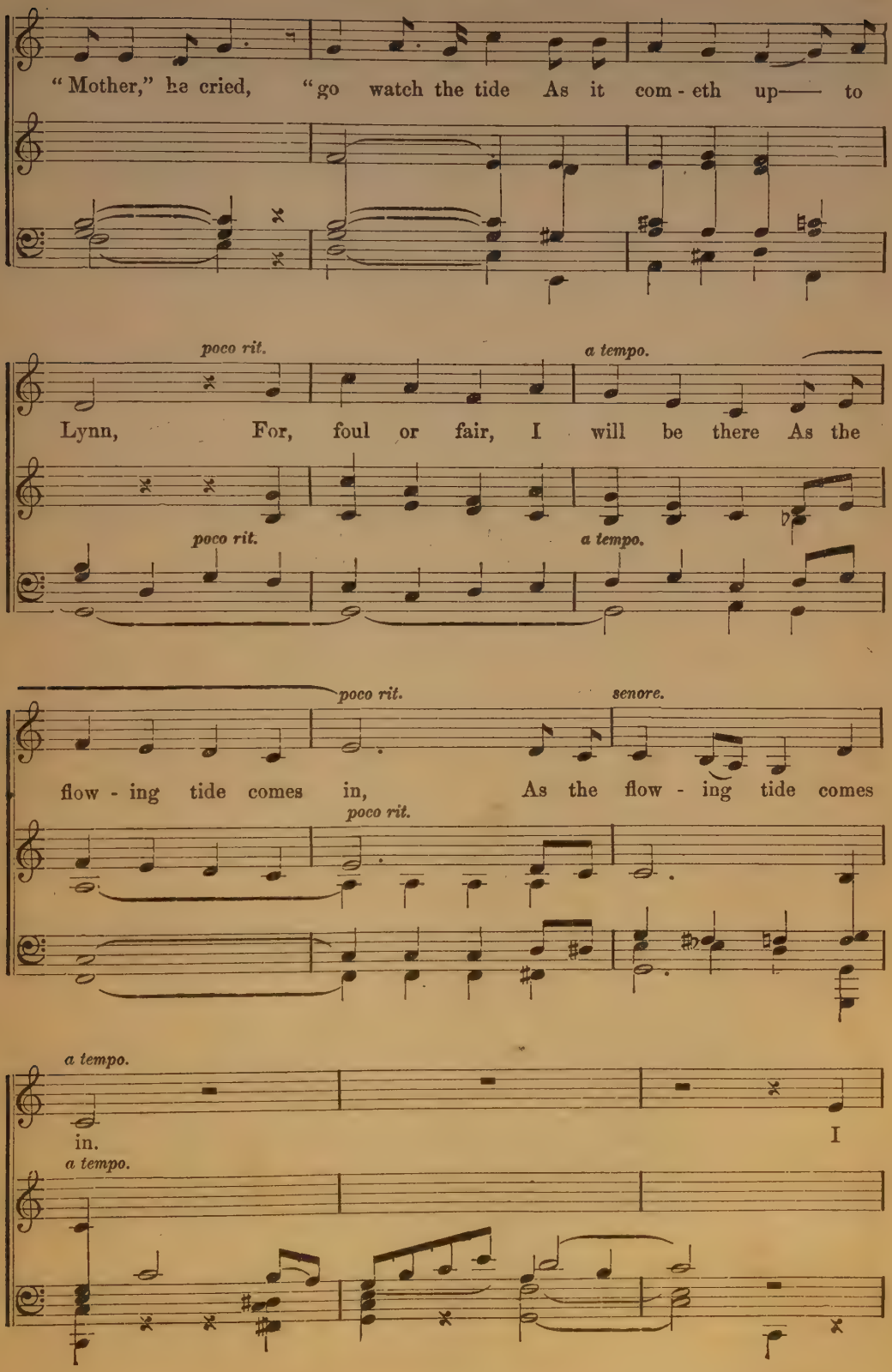
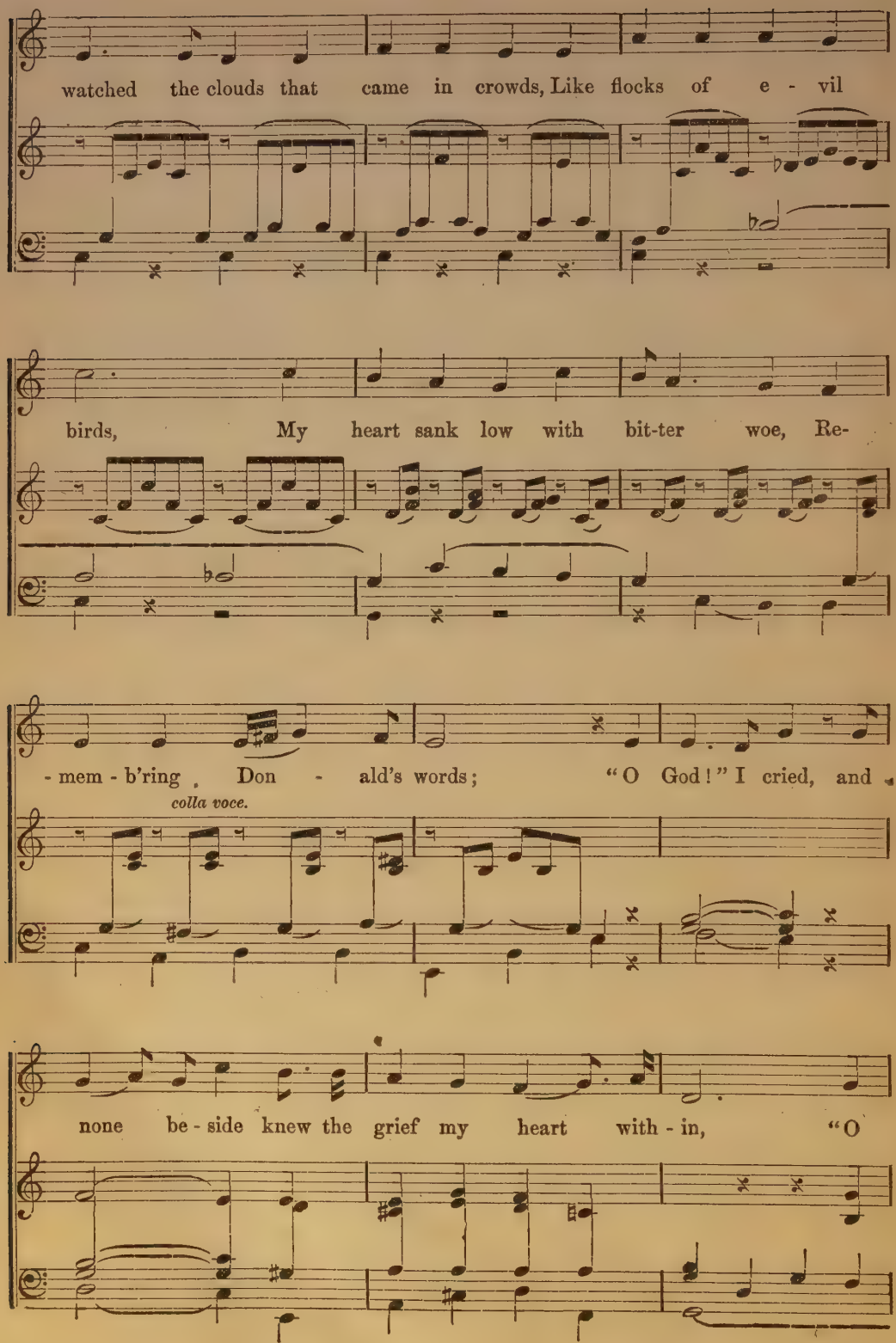
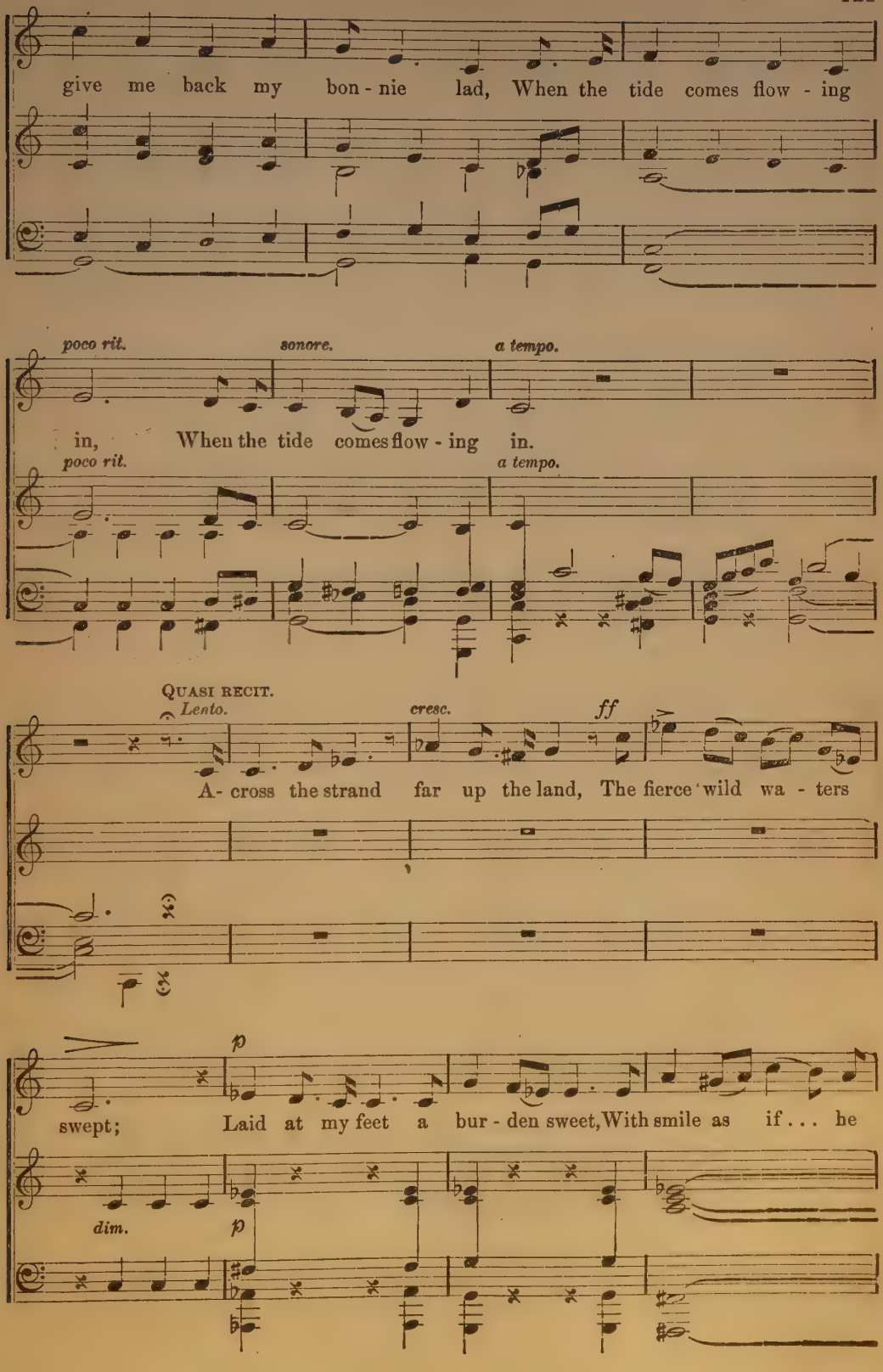
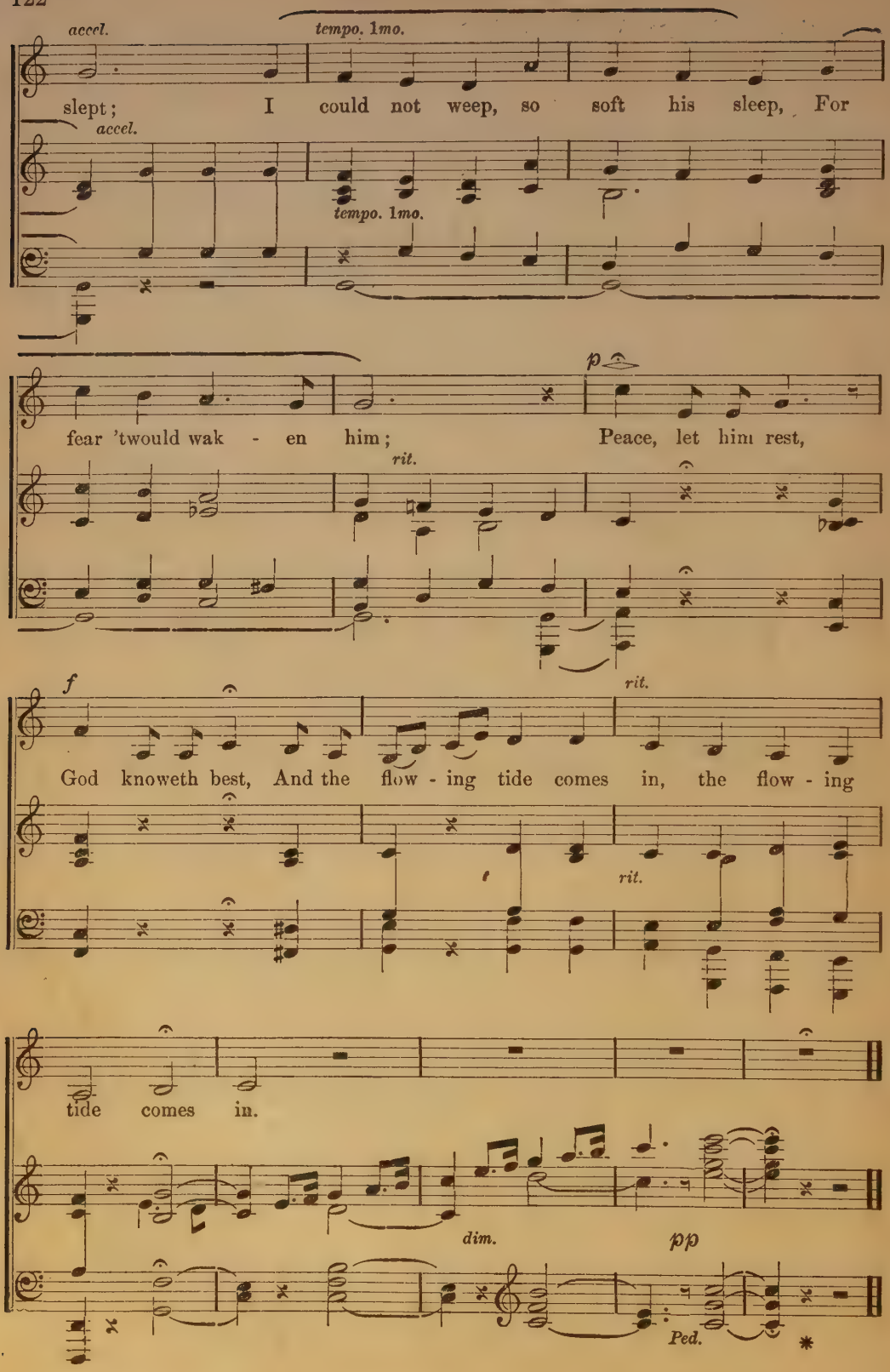

"Mother," he cried, "go watch the tide As it com - eth up—— to
poco rit.
a tempo.
Lynn, For, foul or fair, I will be there As the
poco rit.
a tempo.
poco rit.
senore.
flow - ing tide comes in, As the flow - ing tide comes
poco rit.
a tempo.
in. I
a tempo.

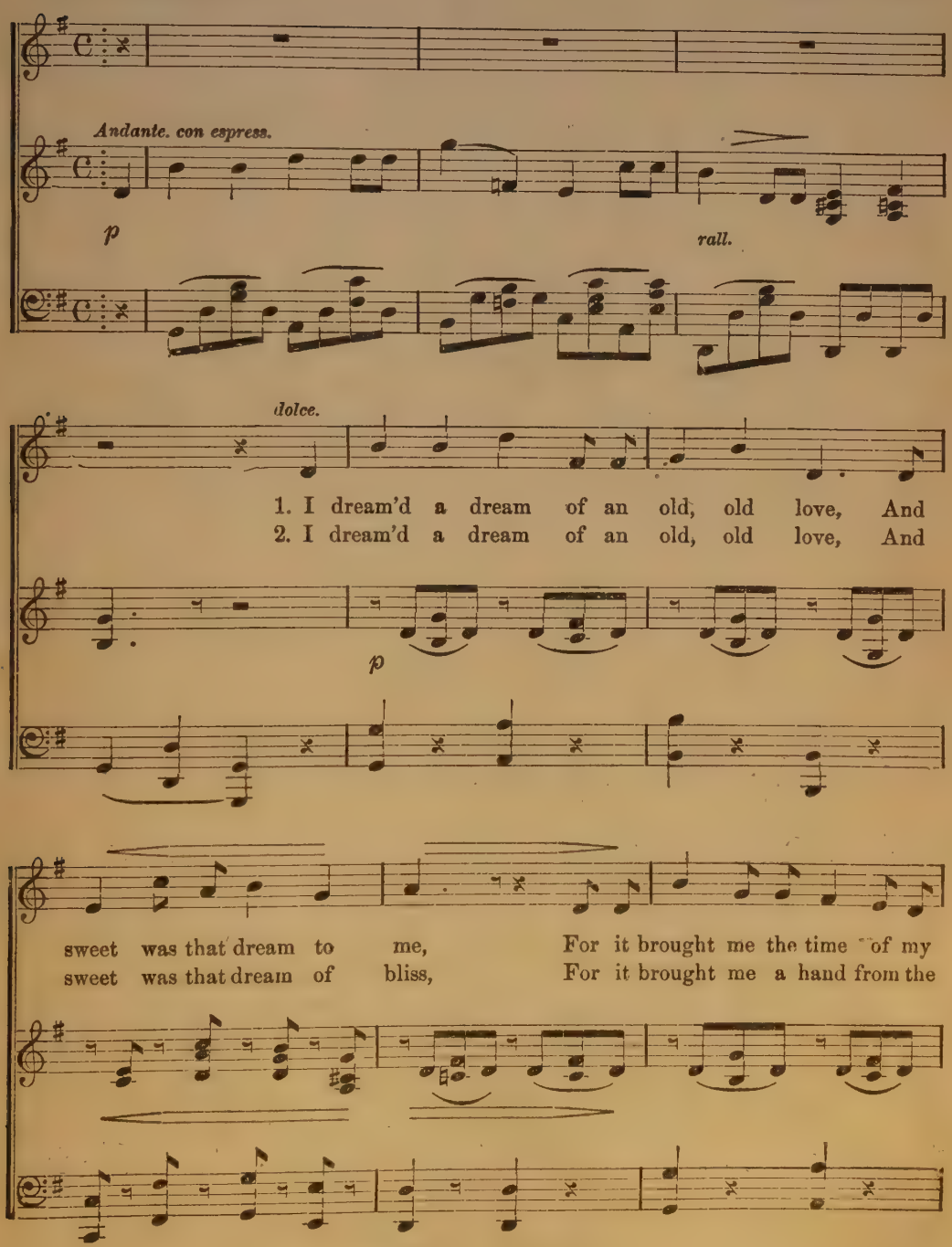

watched the clouds that came in crowds, Like flocks of e - vil
birds, My heart sank low with bit-ter woe, Re-
- mem - b'ring Don - ald's words; "O God!" I cried, and
colla voce.
none be - side knew the grief my heart with - in, "O


give me back my bon - nie lad, When the tide comes flow - ing
poco rit.
sonore.
a tempo.
in, When the tide comes flow - ing in.
poco rit.
a tempo.
QUASI RECIT.
Lento.
cresc.
ff
A- cross the strand far up the land, The fierce wild wa - ters
p
swept; Laid at my feet a bur - den sweet, With smile as if . . . he
dim.
p


accel.
tempo. 1mo.
slept; I could not weep, so soft his sleep, For
accel.
tempo. 1mo.
p
fear 'twould wak - en him; Peace, let him rest,
rit.
f
rit.
God knoweth best, And the flow - ing tide comes in, the flow - ing
rit.
tide comes in.
dim.
pp
Ped.
*

I DREAM'D A DREAM.

W. WILSEY MARTIN. EDITH COOKE.


Andante. con espress.
p
rall.
dolce.
1. I dream'd a dream of an old, old love, And
2. I dream'd a dream of an old, old love, And
p
sweet was that dream to me, For it brought me the time of my
sweet was that dream of bliss, For it brought me a hand from the

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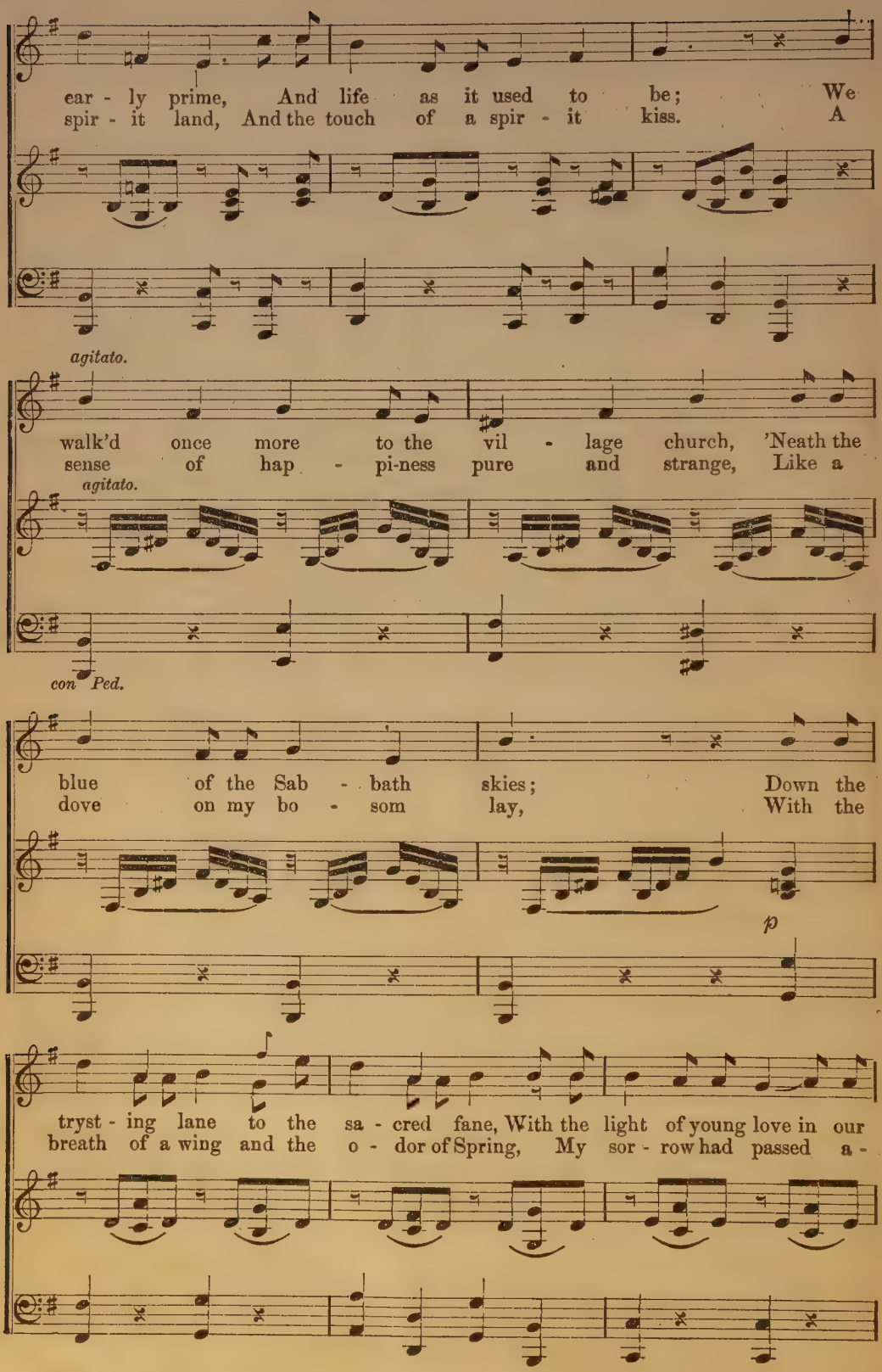
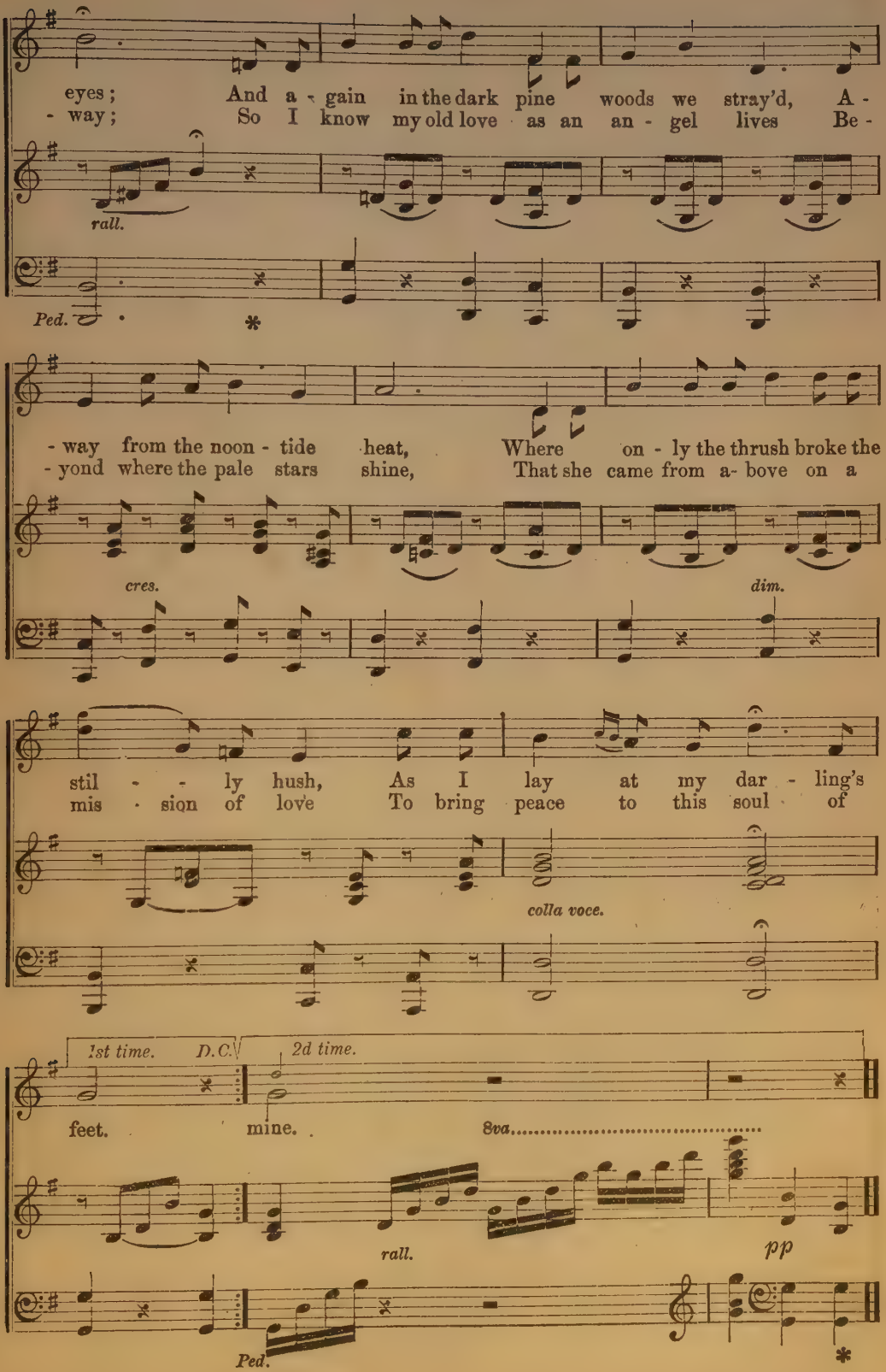

ear - ly prime, And life as it used to be; We
spir - it land, And the touch of a spir - it kiss. A
agitato.
walk'd once more to the vil - lage church, 'Neath the
sense of hap - pi-ness pure and strange, Like a
agitato.
con Ped.
blue of the Sab - bath skies; Down the
dove on my bo - som lay, With the
p
tryst - ing lane to the sa - cred fane, With the light of young love in our
breath of a wing and the o - dor of Spring, My sor - row had passed a -

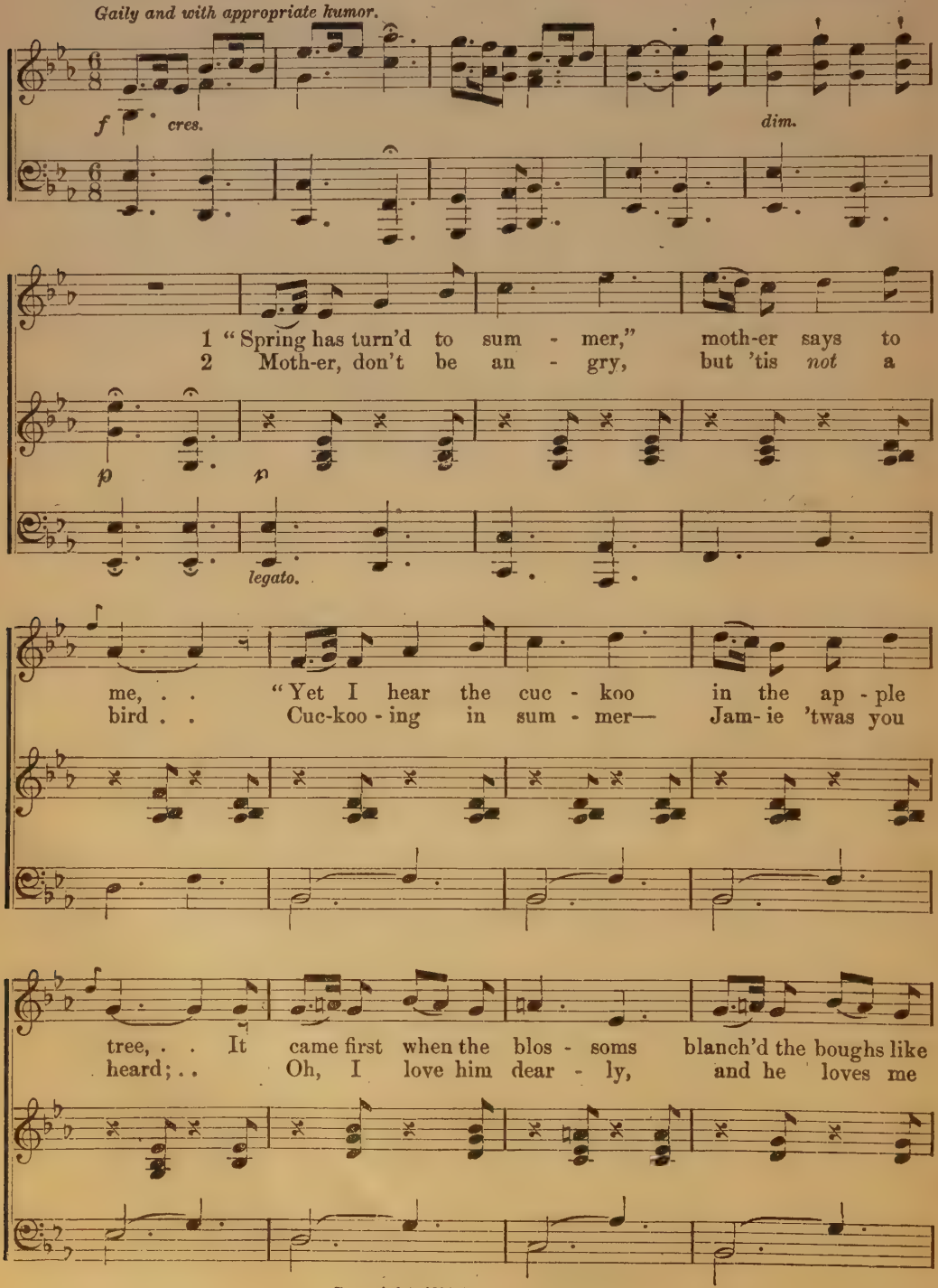

eyes; And a - gain in the dark pine woods we stray'd, A -
- way; So I know my old love as an an - gel lives Be -
rall.
Ped.
- way from the noon - tide heat, Where on - ly the thrush broke the
- yond where the pale stars shine, That she came from a- bove on a
cres.
dim.
stil - - ly hush, As I lay at my dar - ling's
mis - sion of love To bring peace to this soul of
colla voce.
1st time.
D.C.
2d time.
feet.
mine.
8va
rall.
pp
Ped.

THE CUCKOO IN THE ORCHARD

SONG.

J. JEMMETT BROWNE. MALCOLM LAWSON.

Gaily and with appropriate humor.


f
cres.
dim.
1 "Spring has turn'd to sum - mer," moth-er says to
2 Moth-er, don't be an - gry, but 'tis *not* a
p
p
legato.
me, . . "Yet I hear the cuc - koo in the ap - ple
bird . . Cuc-koo - ing in sum - mer— Jam-ie 'twas you
tree, . . It came first when the blos - soms blanch'd the boughs like
heard; . . Oh, I love him dear - ly, and he loves me

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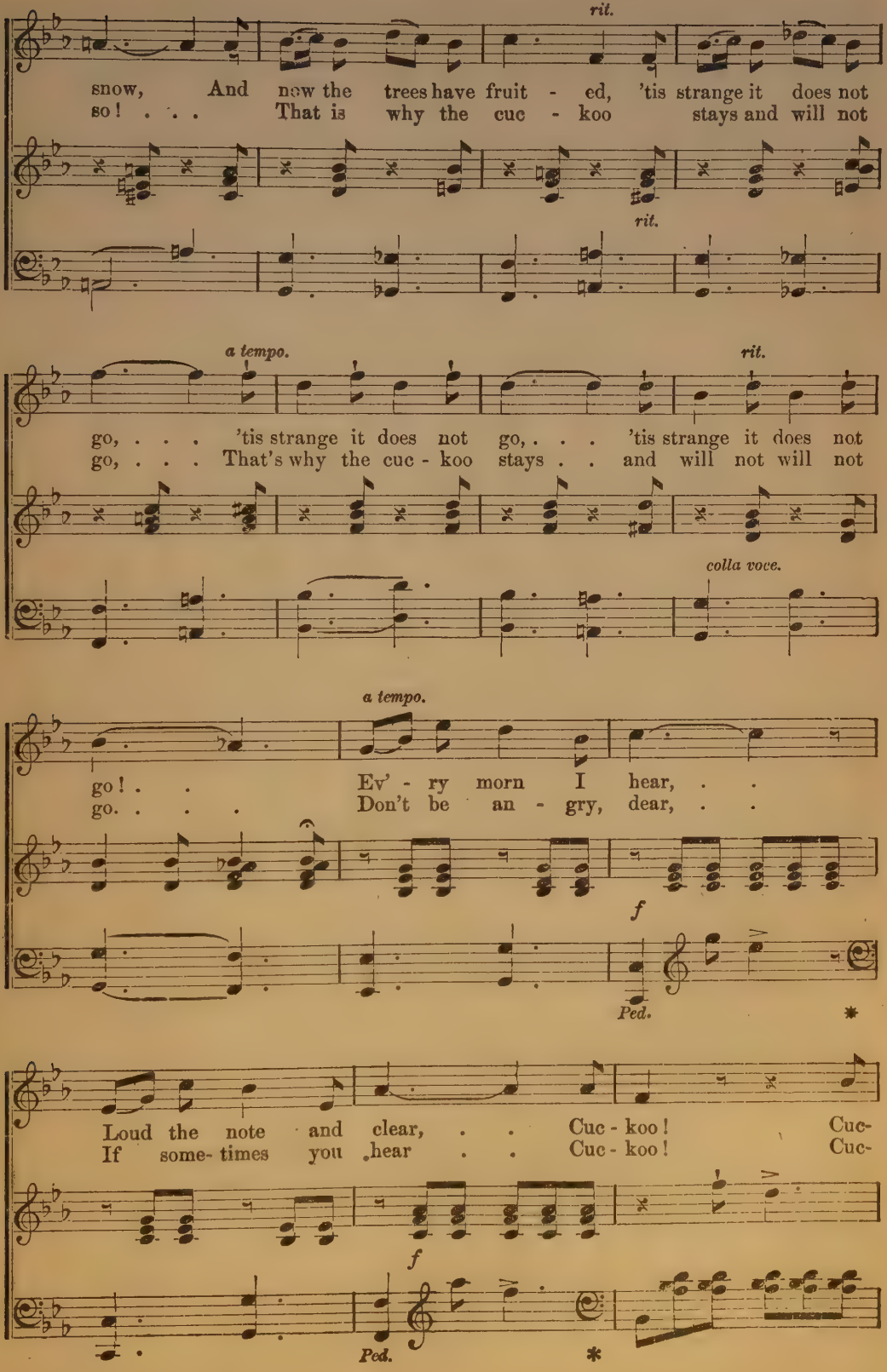
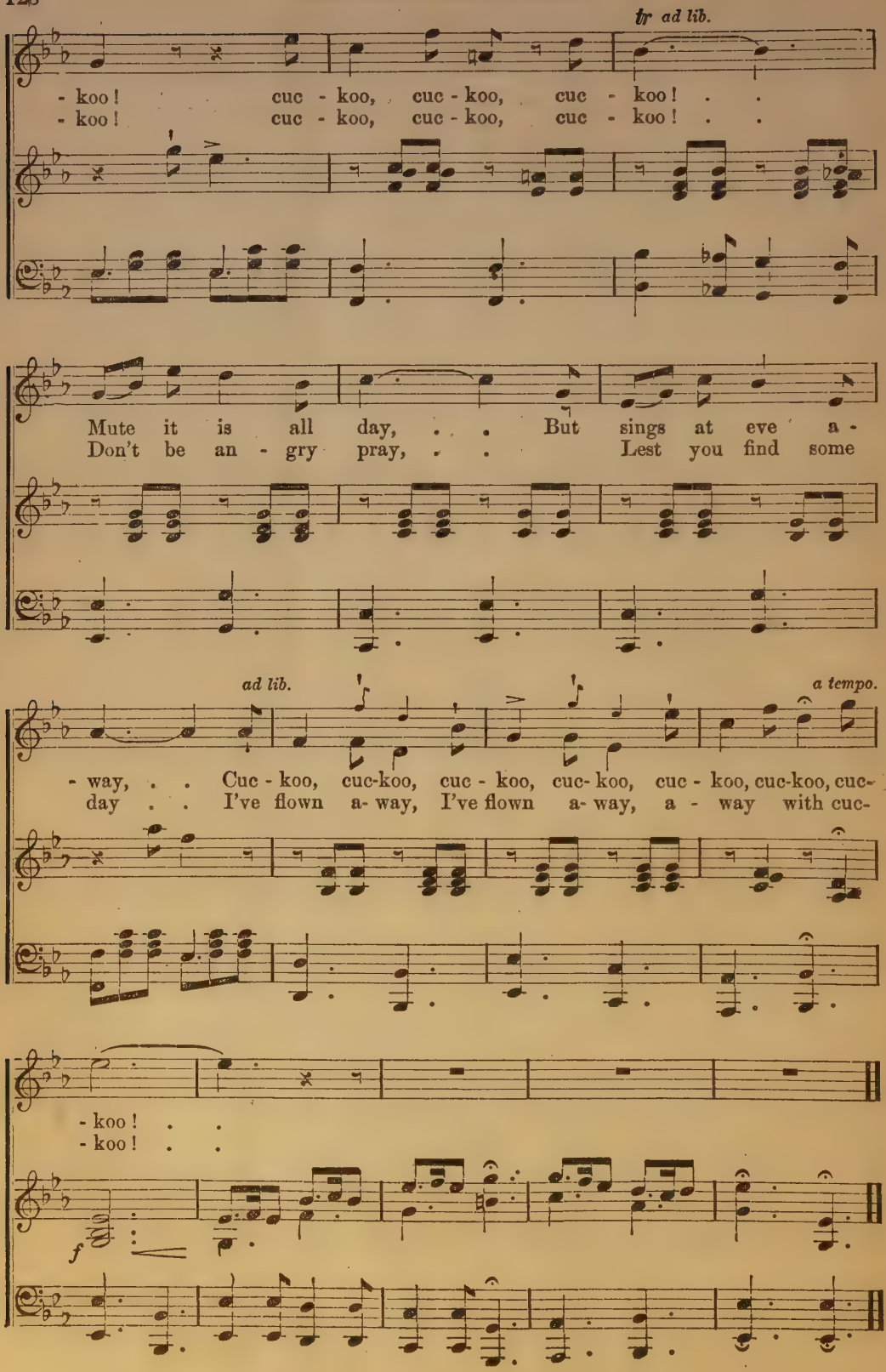
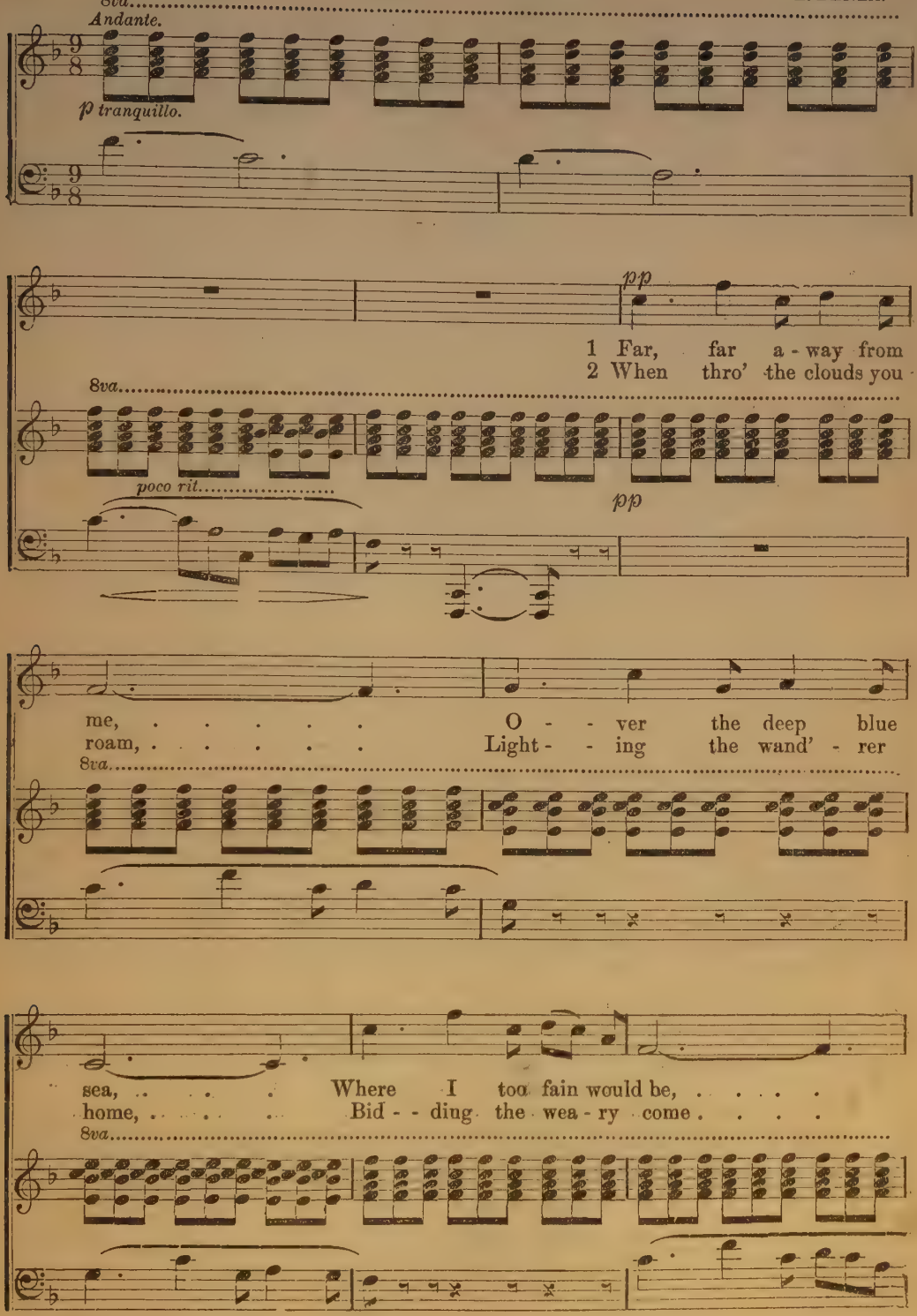

rit.
snow, And now the trees have fruit - ed, 'tis strange it does not
so! . . . That is why the cuc - koo stays and will not
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
go, . . . 'tis strange it does not go, . . . 'tis strange it does not
go, . . . That's why the cuc - koo stays . . and will not will not
colla voce.
a tempo.
go! . . Ev' - ry morn I hear, . .
go. . . . Don't be an - gry, dear, . .
f
Ped.
*
Loud the note and clear, . . Cuc - koo! Cuc-
If some- times you hear . . Cuc - koo! Cuc-
f
Ped.
*

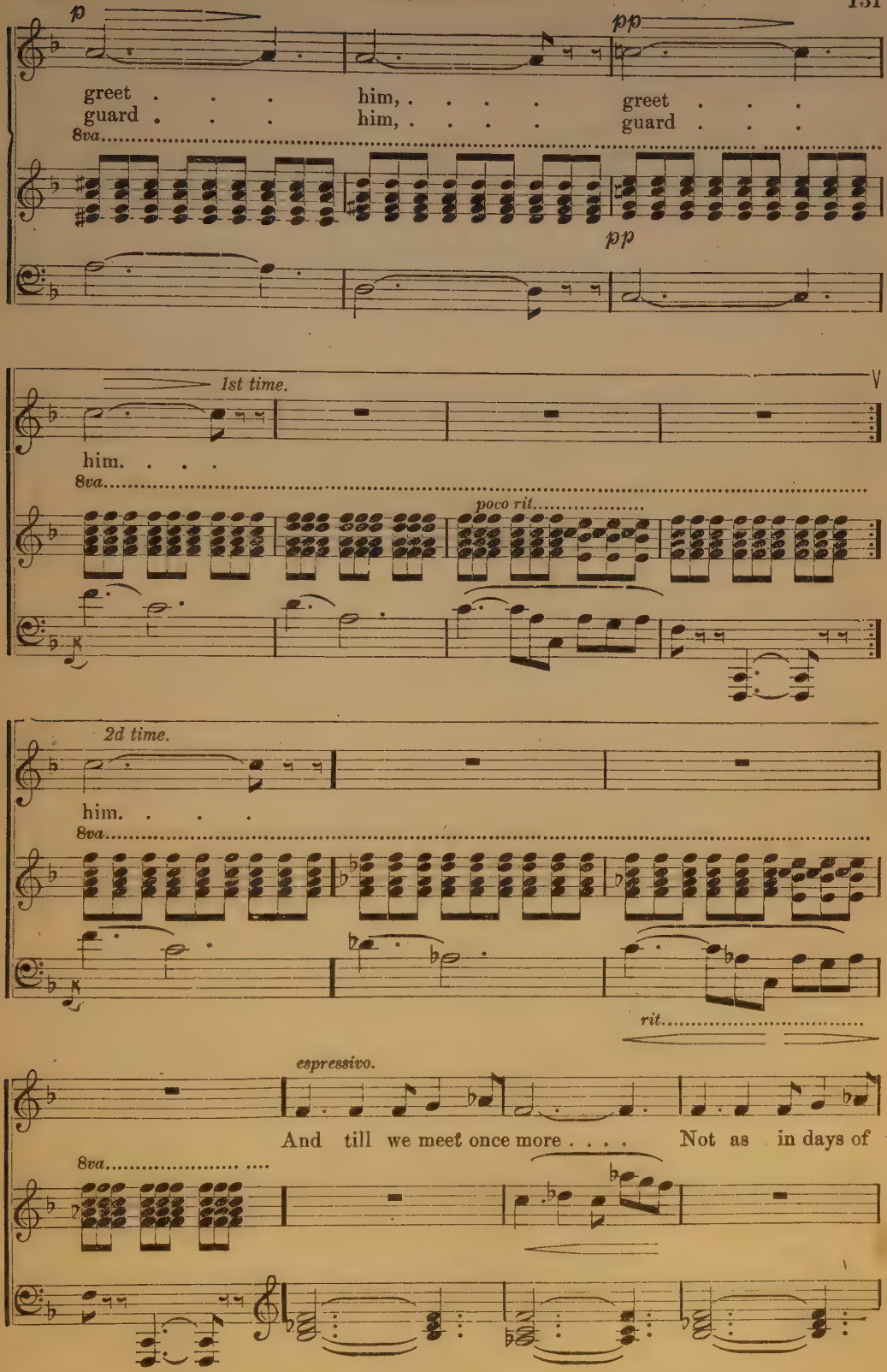

tr ad lib.
- koo! cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo! . .
- koo! cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo! . .
Mute it is all day, . . But sings at eve a -
Don't be an - gry pray, . . Lest you find some
ad lib.
a tempo.
- way, . . Cuc - koo, cuc-koo, cuc - koo, cuc- koo, cuc - koo, cuc-koo, cuc-
day . . I've flown a- way, I've flown a- way, a - way with cuc-
- koo! . .
- koo! . .
f

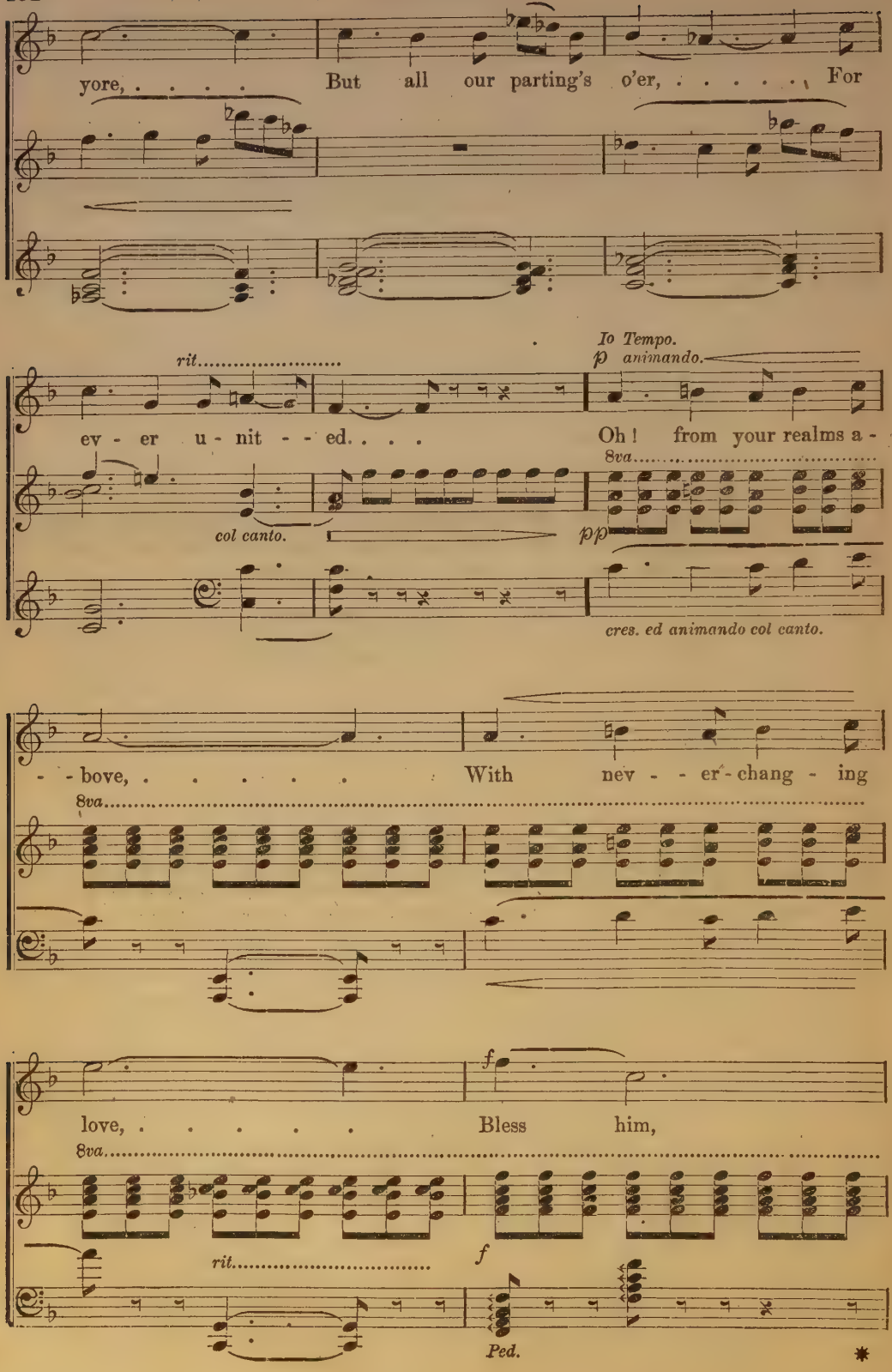
GOLDEN STARS.

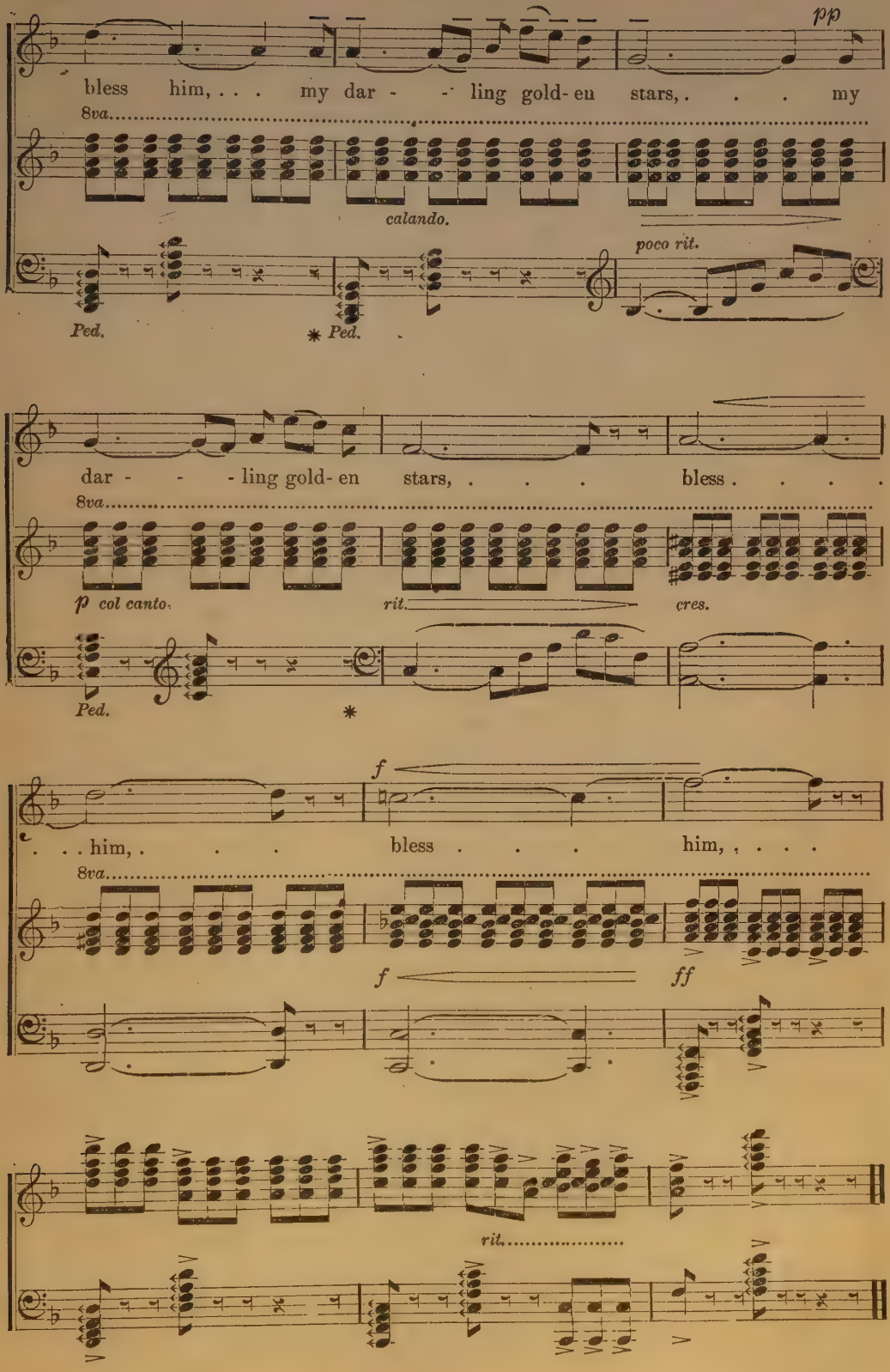
EMMIE LANGTON. L. DENZA.



animando un poco.
Wan - - ders . . . my true love; . . . Oh! from your watch on
To peace - ful slum - - ber, ... Watch o'er my lov'd one's
8va
animando col canto.
high, . . . In the calm eve - ning sky, . . .
rest, ... Be . . . . it with sweet dreams blest, . . .
8va
rit.
rit.
f
Greet him, greet him, . . . my dar - - ling Gold-en
Guard him, guard him, . . . my dar - - ling Gold-en
8va
f
col canto.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
rit.
stars, ... my dar - - ling gold-en stars, . . .
8va
p col canto.
rit.
poco rit.
Ped. *


p
pp
greet . . . him, ... greet . . .
guard . . . him, ... guard . . .
8va
pp
1st time.
him. . . .
8va
poco rit.
2d time.
him. . . .
8va
rit.
espressivo.
And till we meet once more . . . . Not as in days of
8va

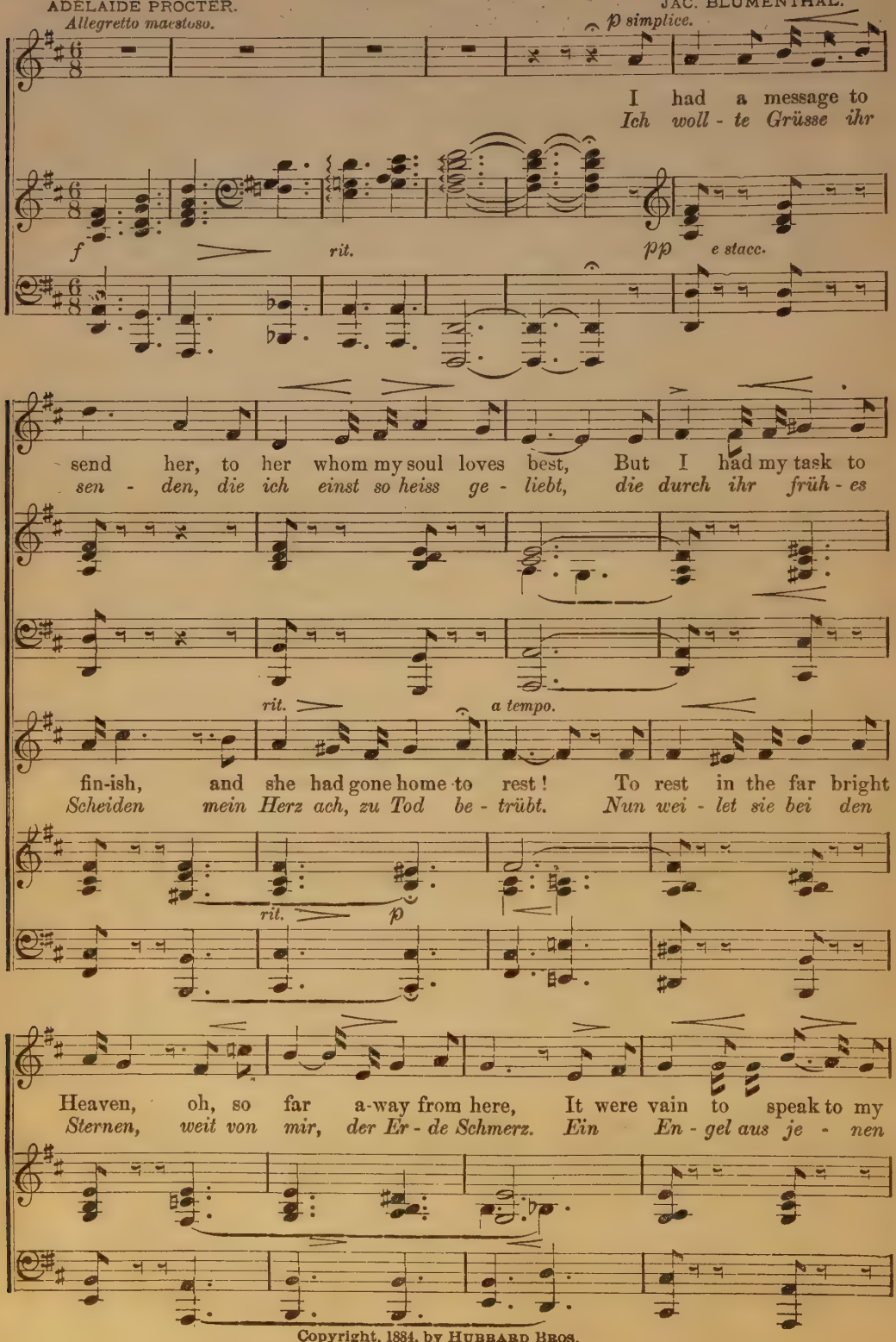

yore, ... But all our parting's o'er, ... For
rit.
ev - er u - nit - - ed. . . .
In Tempo.
p animando.
Oh! from your realms a -
8va
col canto.
pp
cres. ed animando col canto.
- - bove, ... With nev - - er - chang - ing
8va
f
love, ... Bless him,
8va
rit.
f
Ped.
*


pp
bless him, . . . my dar - - ling gold- en stars, . . . my
8va
calando.
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
dar - - - ling gold- en stars, . . . bless . . . .
8va
p col canto.
rit.
cres.
Ped.
f
. . . him, . . . bless . . . him, ...
8va
f
ff
rit.

THE MESSAGE.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

JAC. BLUMENTHAL.


Allegretto maestoso.
p simplice.
I had a message to
Ich woll - te Grüsse ihr
f
rit.
pp
e stacc.
send her, to her whom my soul loves best, But I had my task to
sen - den, die ich einst so heiss ge - liebt, die durch ihr früh - es
rit.
a tempo.
fin-ish, and she had gone home to rest! To rest in the far bright
Scheiden mein Herz ach, zu Tod be - trübt. Nun wei - let sie bei den
rit.
p
Heaven, oh, so far a-way from here, It were vain to speak to my
Sternen, weit von mir, der Er - de Schmerz. Ein En - gel aus je - nen

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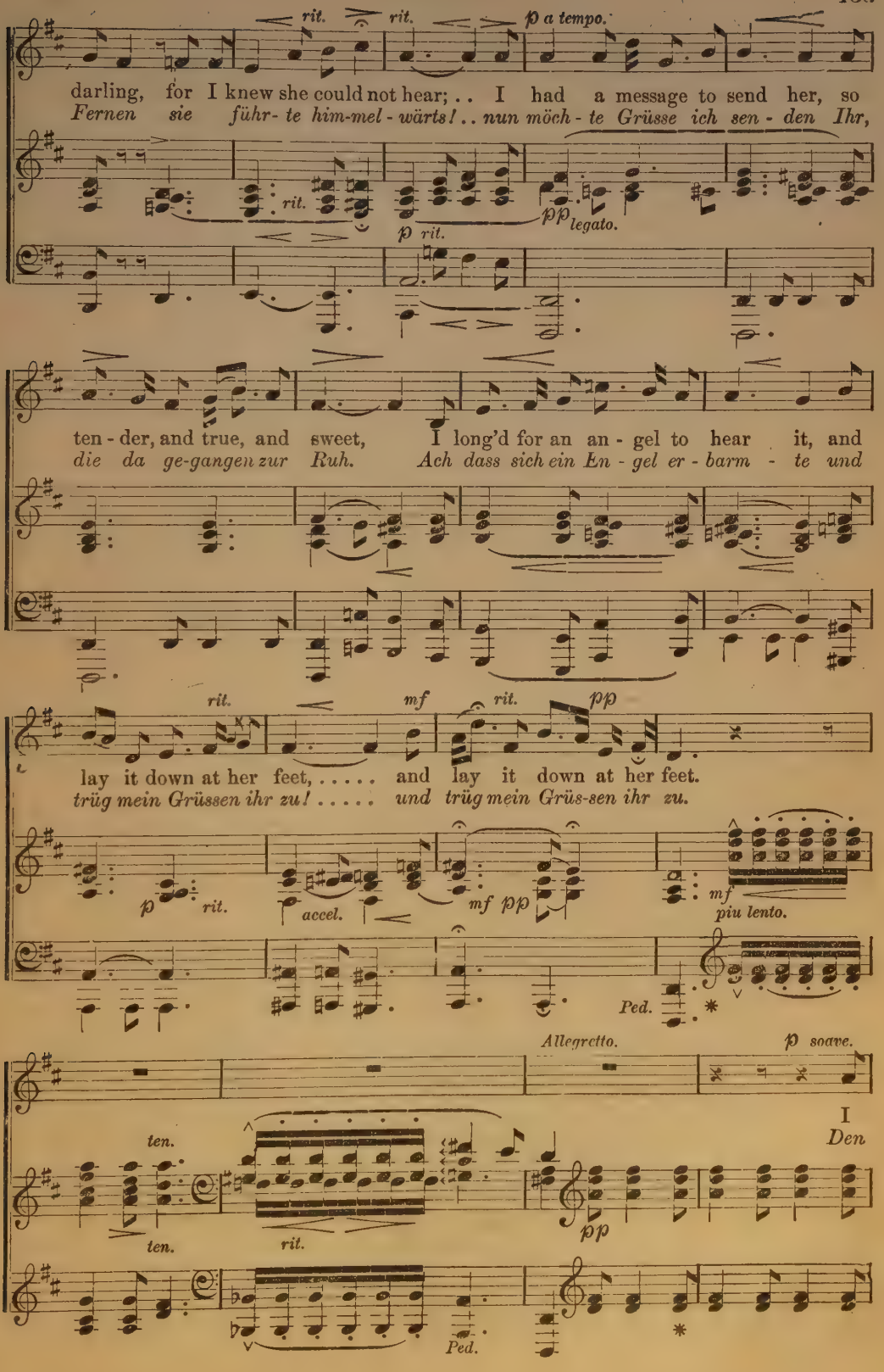
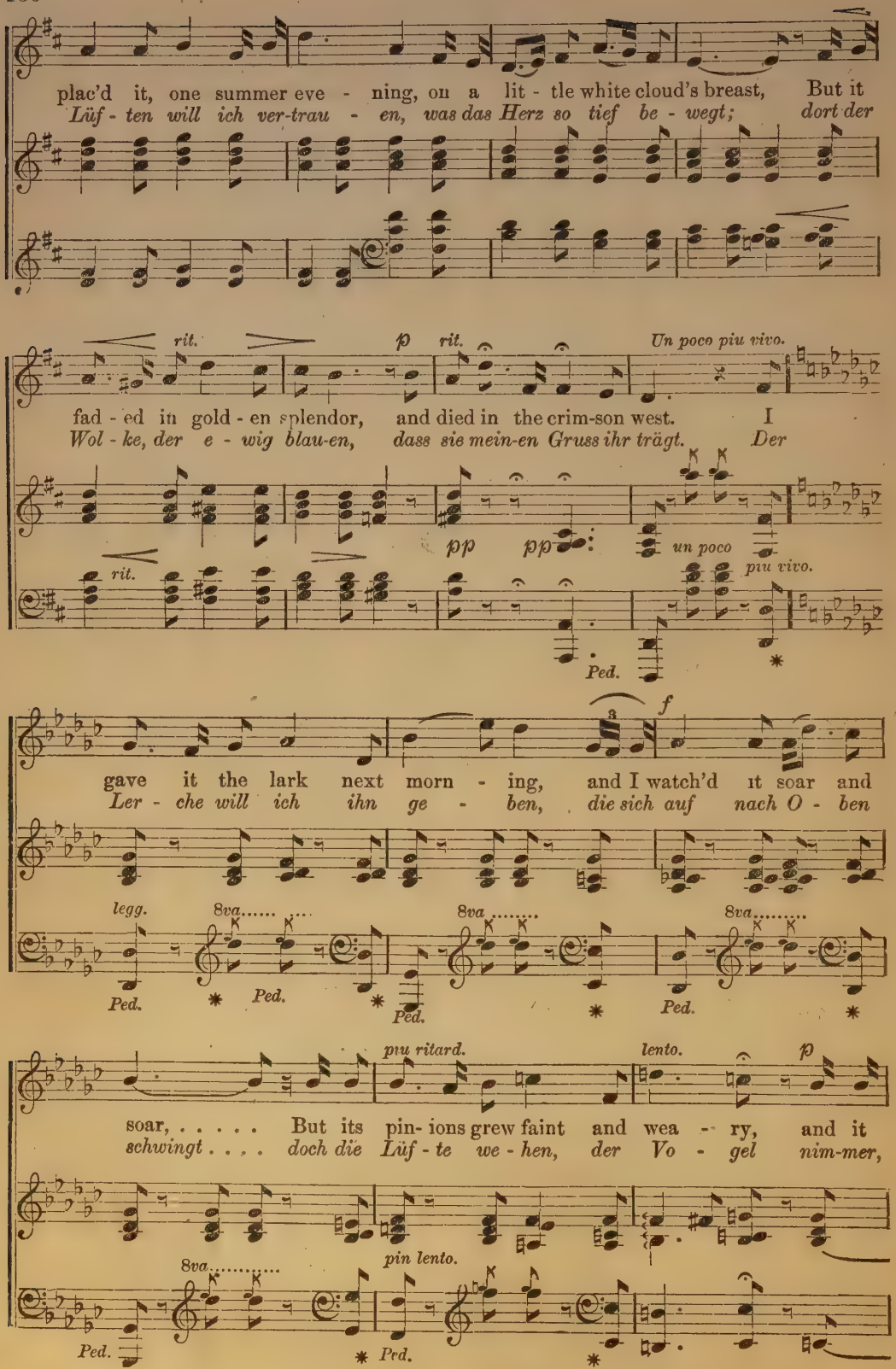
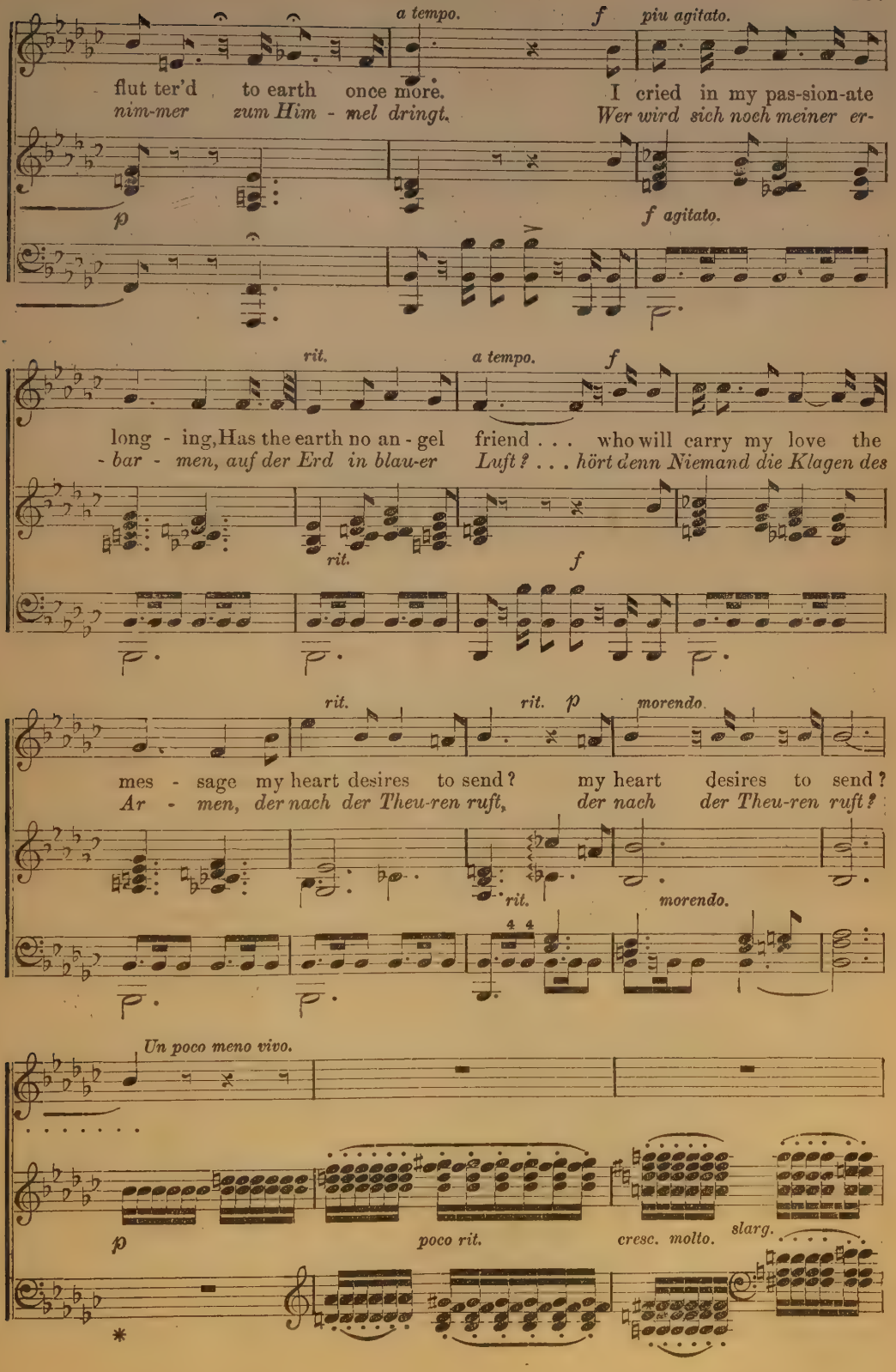
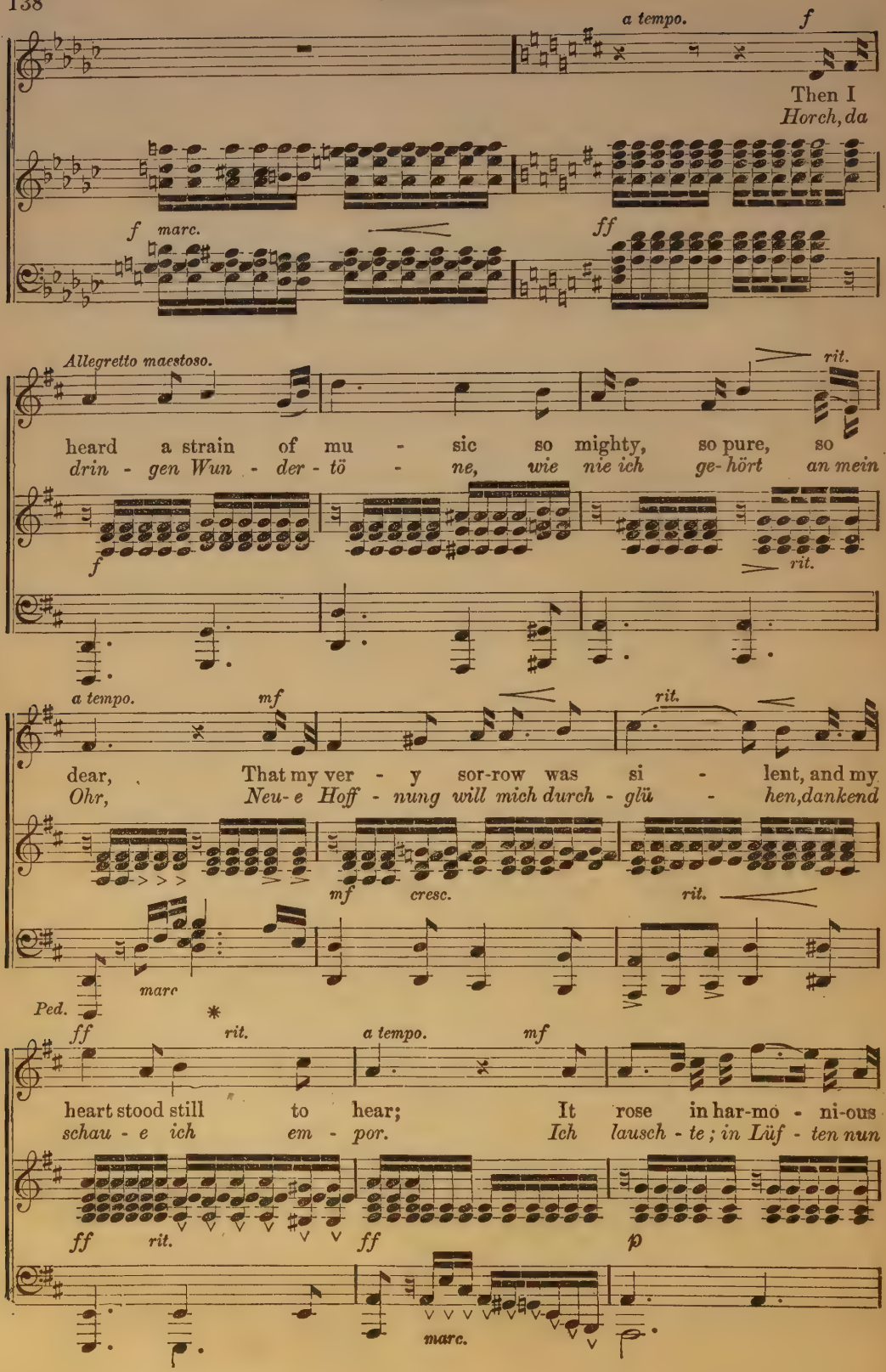
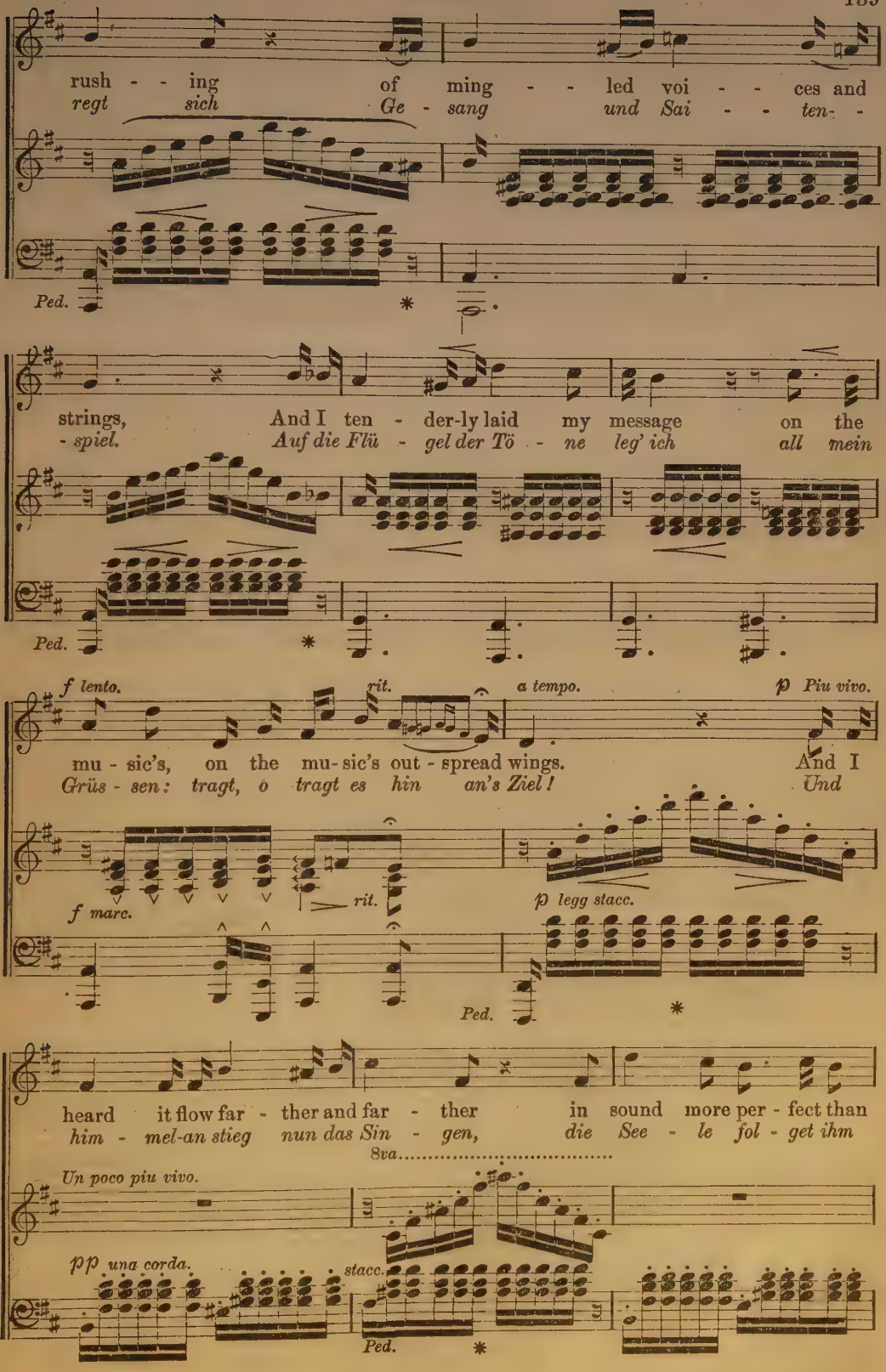

rit. rit. p a tempo.
darling, for I knew she could not hear; .. I had a message to send her, so
Fernen sie führ- te him-mel - wärts! .. nun möch - te Grüsse ich sen - den Ihr,
rit. p rit. pp legato.
ten - der, and true, and sweet, I long'd for an an - gel to hear it, and
die da ge-gangen zur Ruh. Ach dass sich ein En - gel er - barm - te und
rit. mf rit. pp
lay it down at her feet, ... and lay it down at her feet.
trüg mein Grüssen ihr zu! ..... und trüg mein Grüs-sen ihr zu.
p rit. accel. mf pp mf piu lento.
Ped.
Allegretto. p soave.
I
Den
ten. ten. rit. pp
Ped.

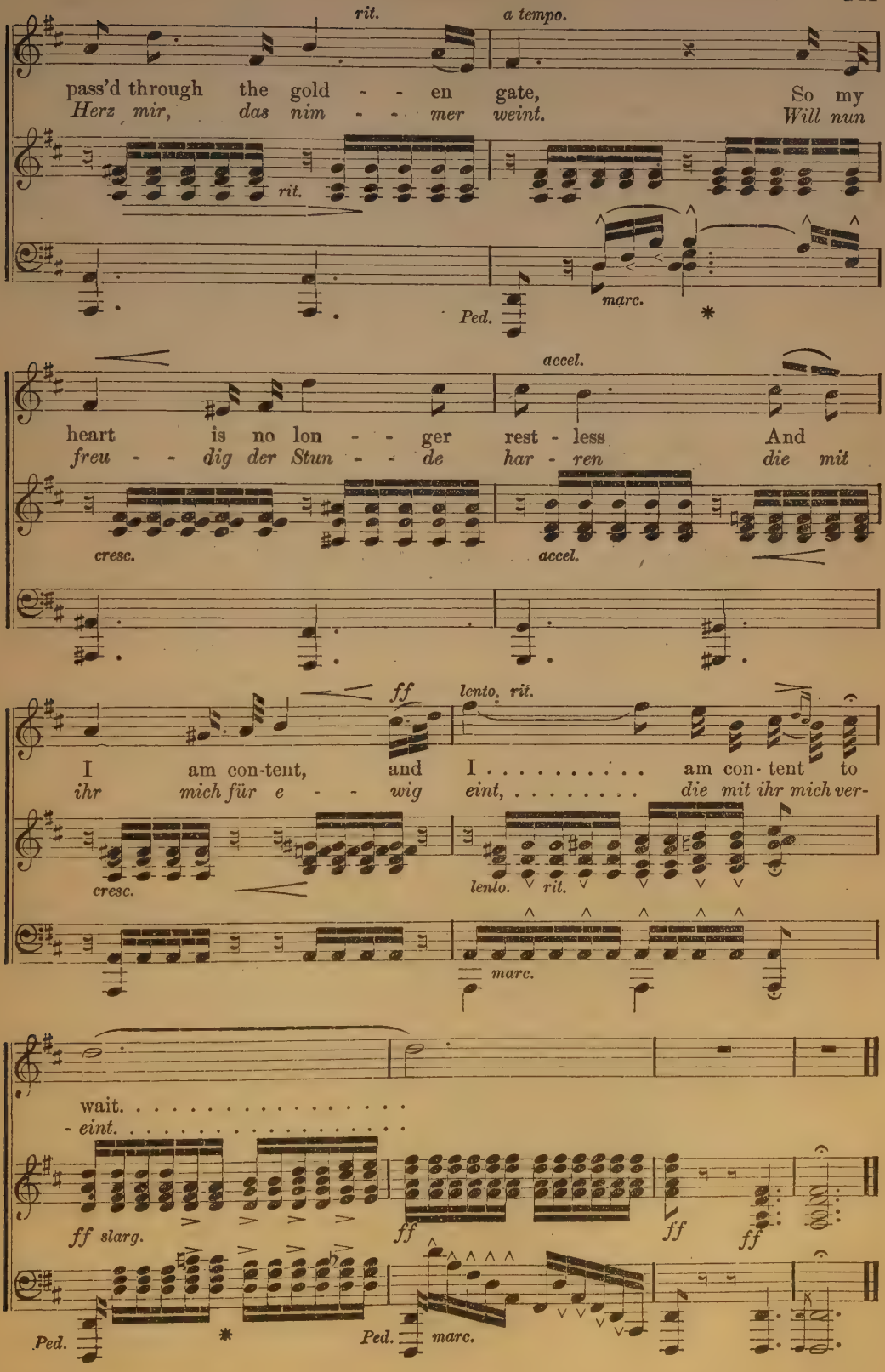

plac'd it, one summer eve - ning, on a lit - tle white cloud's breast, But it
Lüf - ten will ich ver-trau - en, was das Herz so tief be - wegt; dort der
rit. p rit. Un poco piu vivo.
fad - ed in gold - en splendor, and died in the crim-son west. I
Wol - ke, der e - wig blau-en, dass sie mein-en Gruss ihr trägt. Der
pp pp un poco piu vivo.
rit.
Ped.
gave it the lark next morn - ing, and I watch'd it soar and
Ler - che will ich ihn ge - ben, die sich auf nach O - ben
f
legg. 8va 8va 8va
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
soar, ... But its pin- ions grew faint and wea - ry, and it
schwingt . . . . doch die Lüf - te we - hen, der Vo - gel nim-mer,
piu ritard. lento. p
pin lento.
8va
Ped. Ped.


a tempo.
f
piu agitato.
flut ter'd to earth once more.
I cried in my pas-sion-ate
nim-mer zum Him - mel dringt.
Wer wird sich noch meiner er-
p
f agitato.
rit.
a tempo.
f
long - ing, Has the earth no an - gel friend . . . who will carry my love the
- bar - men, auf der Erd in blau-er Luft? . . . hört denn Niemand die Klagen des
rit.
f
rit.
rit.
p
morendo.
mes - sage my heart desires to send? my heart desires to send?
Ar - men, der nach der Theu-ren ruft, der nach der Theu-ren ruft?
rit.
morendo.
Un poco meno vivo.
p
poco rit.
cresc. molto.
slarg.


a tempo.
f
Then I
Horch, da
f marc.
ff
Allegretto maestoso.
rit.
heard a strain of mu - sic so mighty, so pure, so
drin - gen Wun - der - tö - ne, wie nie ich ge- hört an mein
f
rit.
a tempo.
mf
rit.
dear, That my ver - y sor-row was si - lent, and my
Ohr, Neu- e Hoff - nung will mich durch - glü - hen, dankend
mf cresc.
rit.
marc
Ped.
ff
rit.
a tempo.
mf
heart stood still to hear; It rose in har-mo - ni-ous
schau - e ich em - por. Ich lausch - te; in Lüf - ten nun
ff rit.
ff
p
marc.

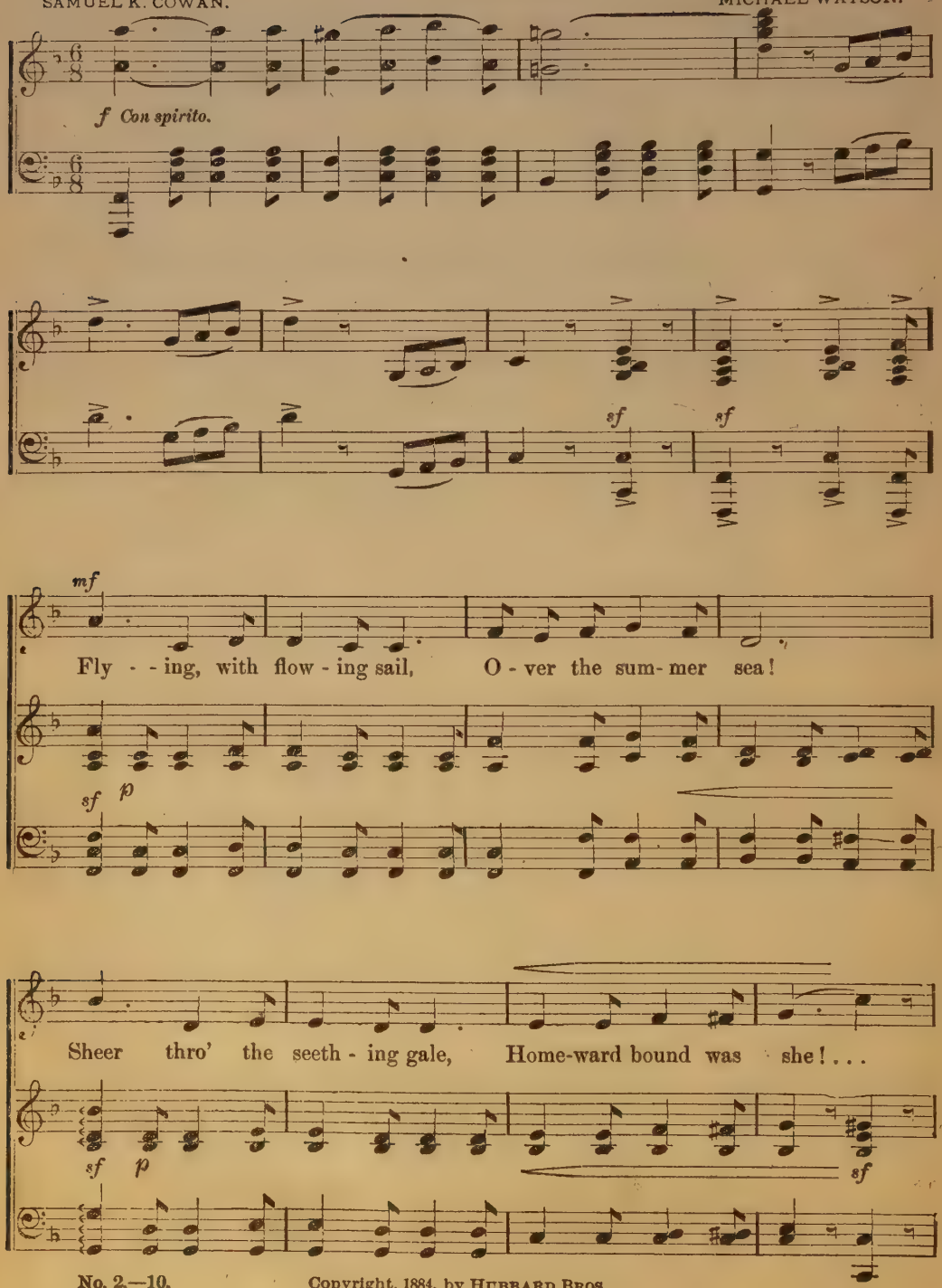

rush - - ing of ming - - led voi - - ces and
regt sich Ge - sang und Sai - - ten- -
Ped.
strings, And I ten - der-ly laid my message on the
- spiel. Auf die Flü - gel der Tö - ne leg' ich all mein
Ped.
f lento. rit. a tempo. p Piu vivo.
mu - sic's, on the mu- sic's out - spread wings. And I
Grüs - sen: tragt, o tragt es hin an's Ziel! Und
f marc. rit. p legg stacc.
Ped.
heard it flow far - ther and far - ther in sound more per - fect than
him - mel-an stieg nun das Sin - gen, die See - le fol - get ihm
8va
Un poco piu vivo.
pp una corda. stacc.
Ped.

p
speech, ... Far - ther than sight . . . . can
kaum; . . . . . mit ihm die Grüs - - se
8va
Ped.
pp sempre dim.
pp rit.
fol - low, Far - ther than soul can
dringen bis in den Him - - mels-
8va
rit.
pp
a tempo.
p
reach, Far - ther, far- - - - - - - - - - -
- raum! wei - ter, wei- - - - - - - - - - -
8va
8va
p
pp sempre stacc.
f grandioso.
- - - ther. And I know that at last my mes - - sage has
- - - ter! Ruh und Frie - den sind ein - ge - zo - - gen in's
pp rit.
a tempo.
ff grandioso.


rit.
a tempo.
pass'd through the gold - - en gate, So my
Herz mir, das nim - - mer weint. Will nun
rit.
marc.
Ped.
accel.
heart is no lon - - ger rest - less And
freu - - dig der Stun - - de har - ren die mit
cresc.
accel.
ff
lento. rit.
I am con-tent, and I . . . . . am con- tent to
ihr mich für e - - wig eint, ... die mit ihr mich ver-
cresc.
lento. rit.
marc.
wait. . . . . .
- eint. . . . . .
ff slarg.
ff
ff
ff
Ped.
Ped.
marc.

ANCHORED.

SAMUEL K. COWAN. MICHAEL WATSON.


f Con spirito.
sf
sf
mf
Fly - - ing, with flow - ing sail, O - ver the sum - mer sea!
sf p
Sheer thro' the seeth - ing gale, Home-ward bound was she! . . .
sf p
sf

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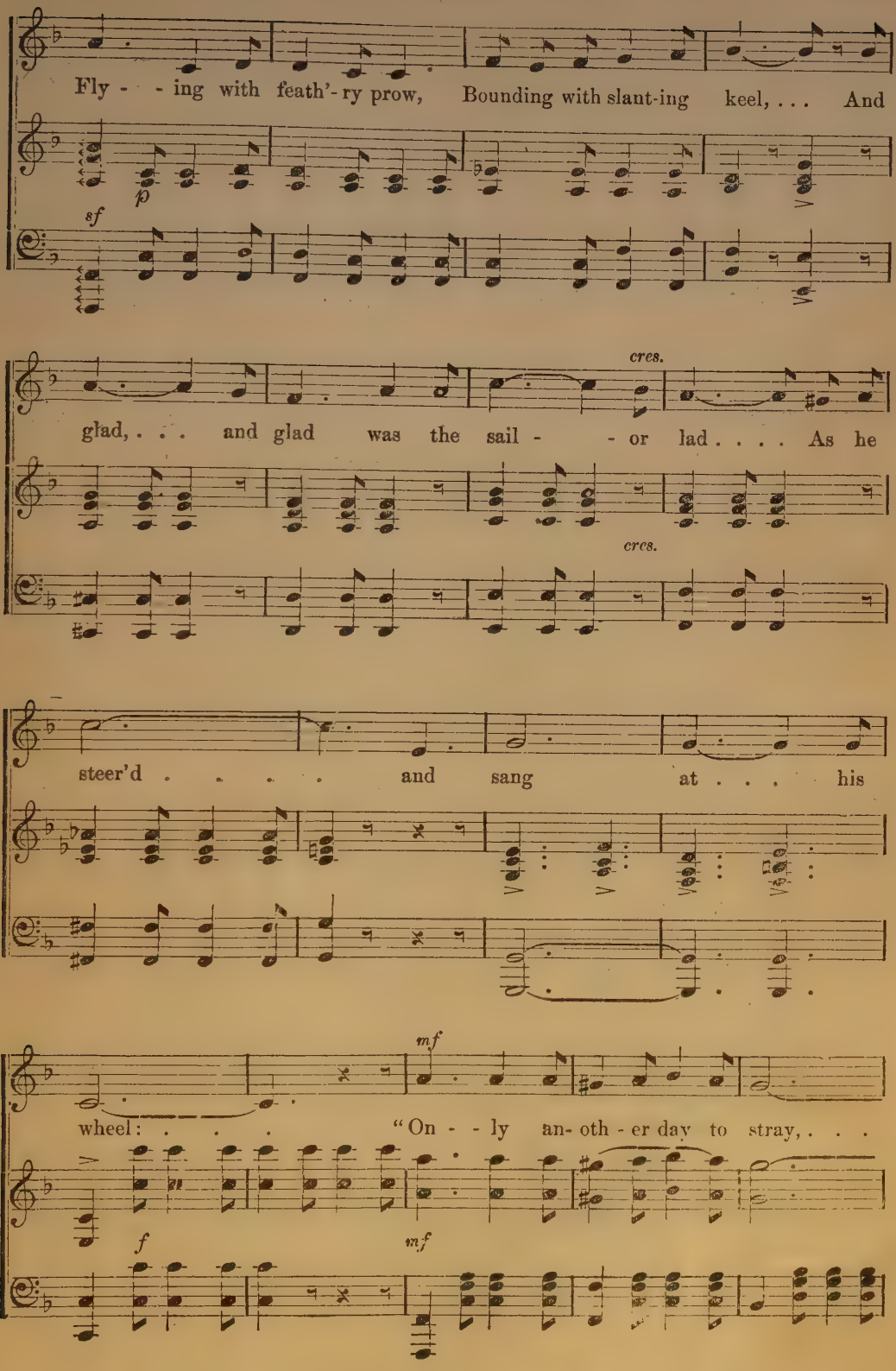
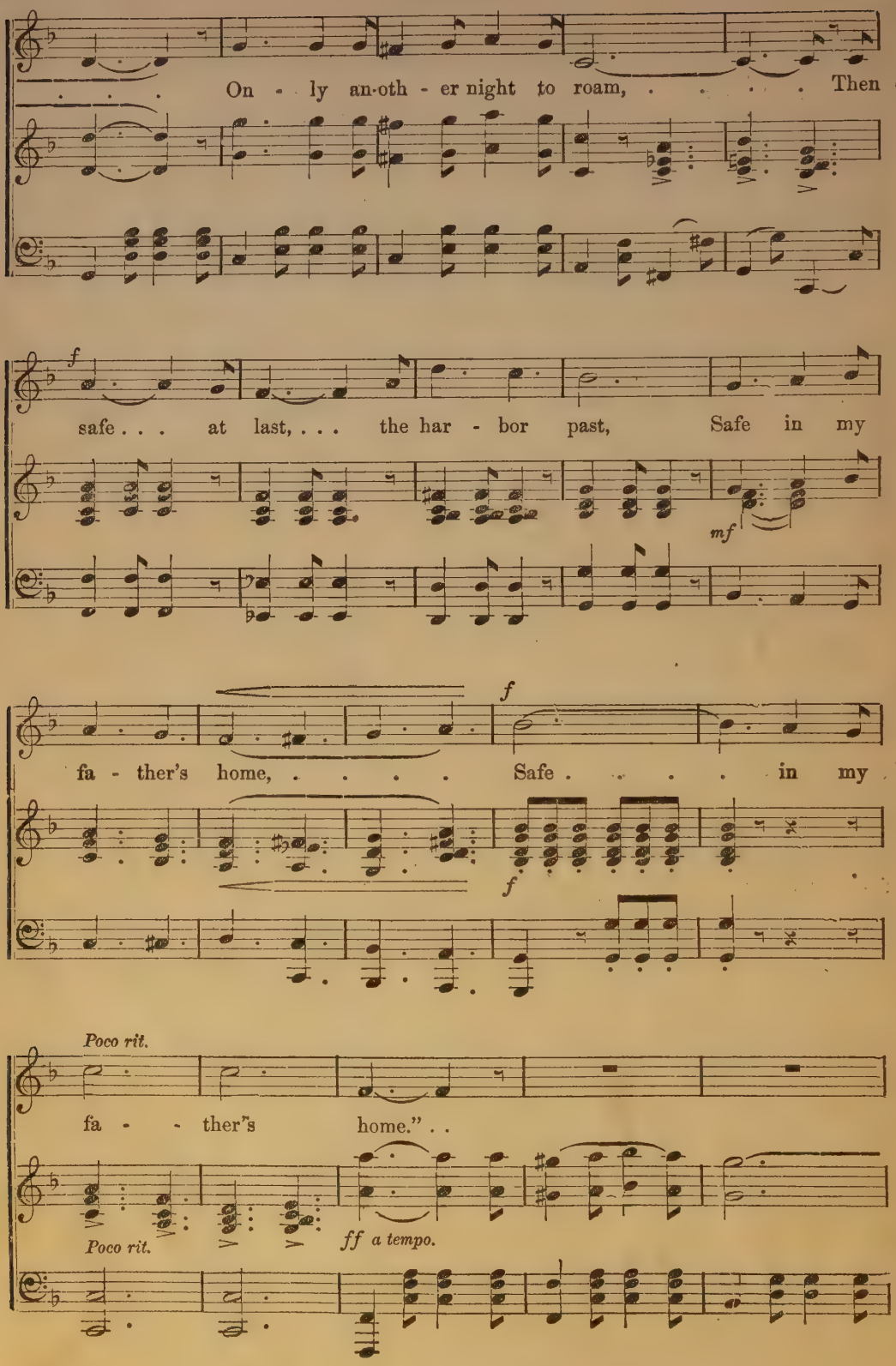
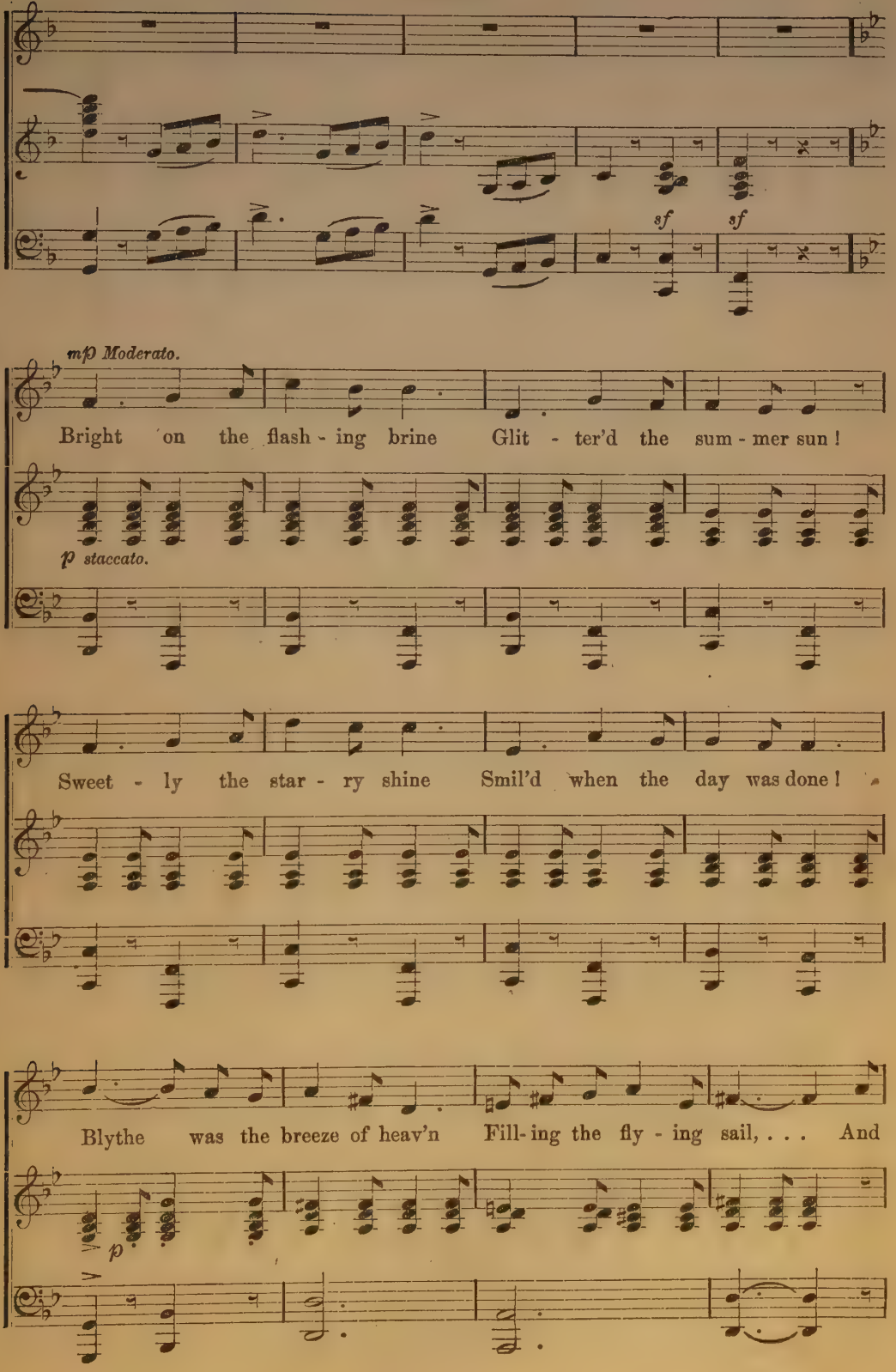
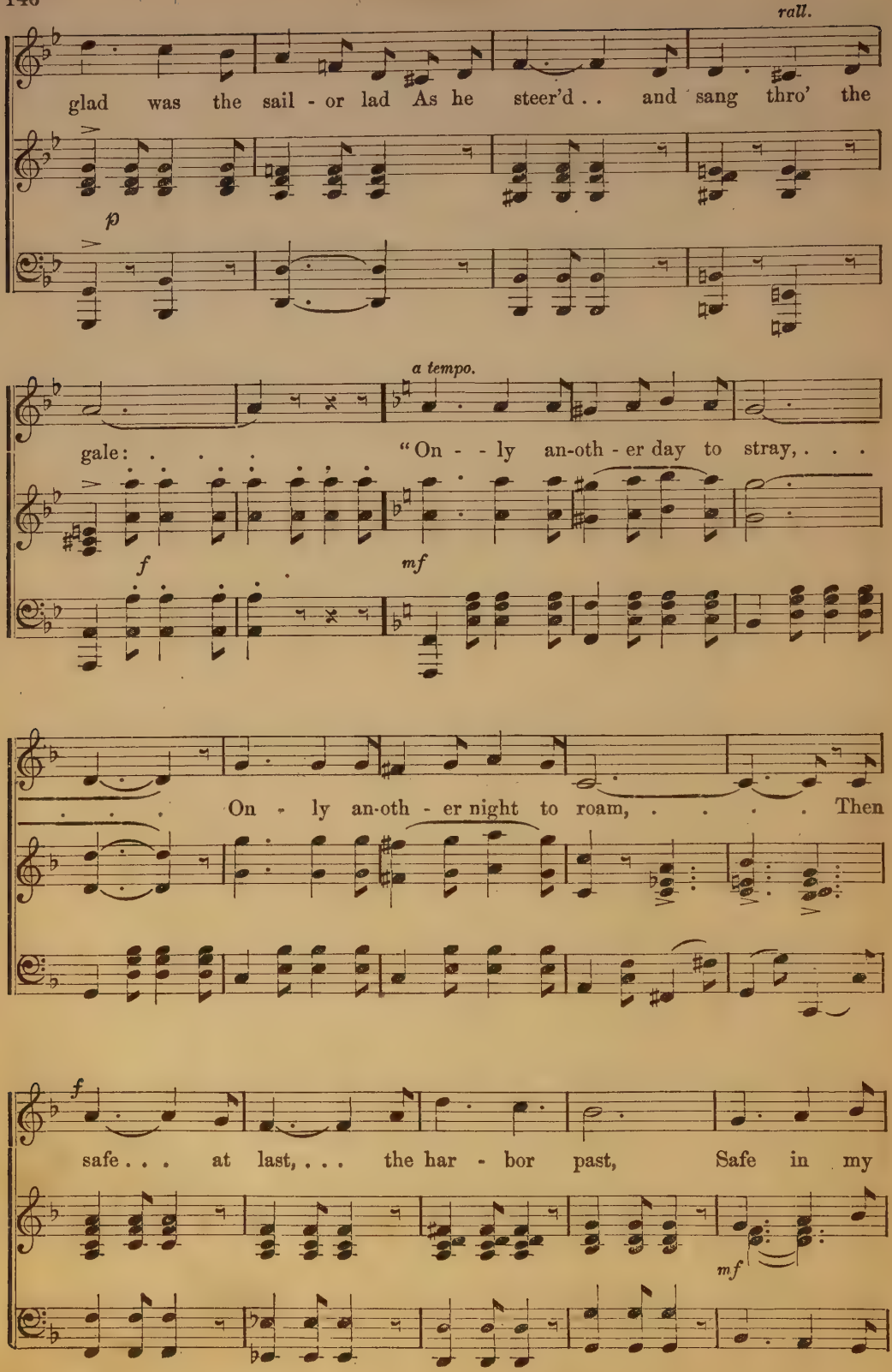
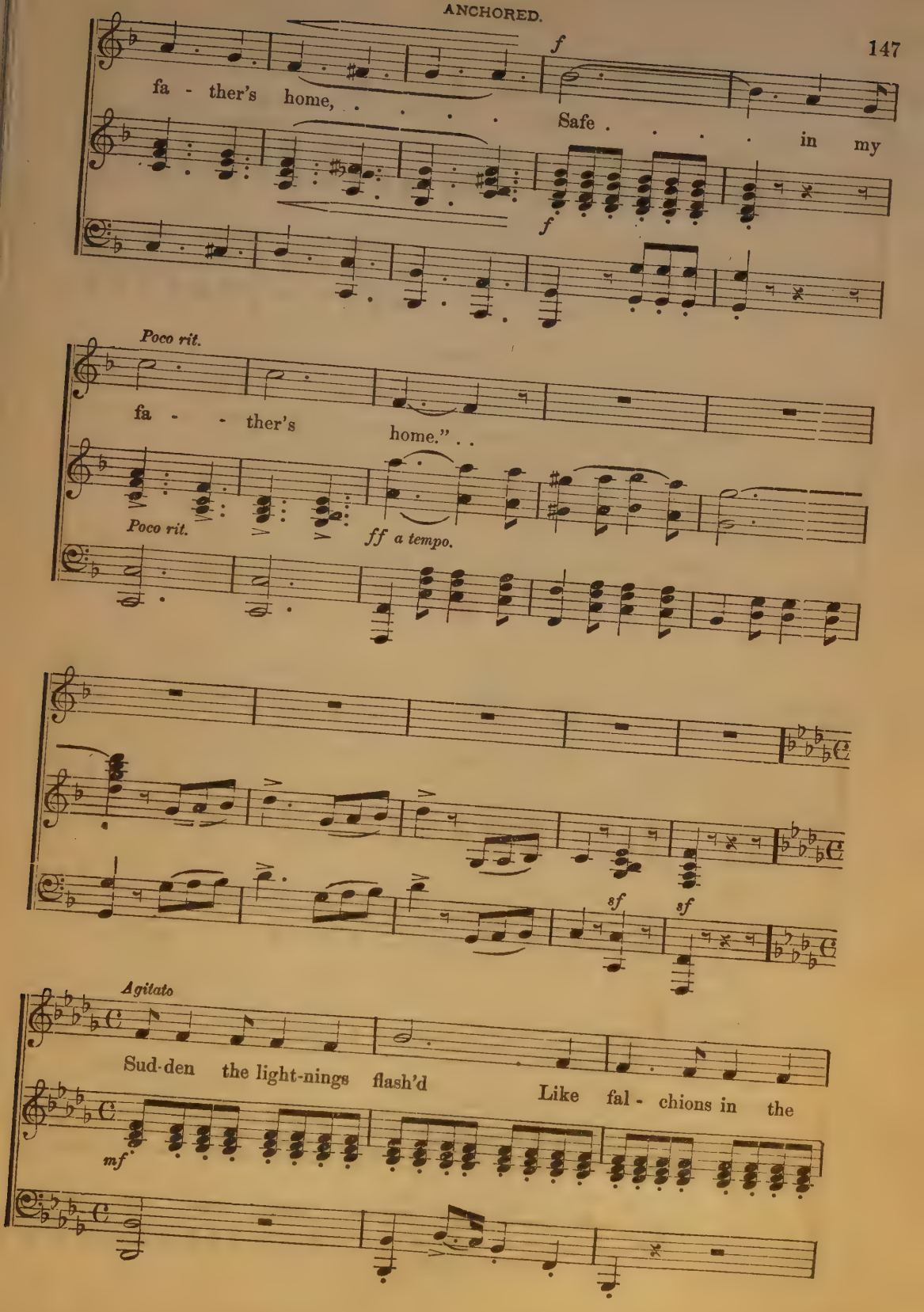
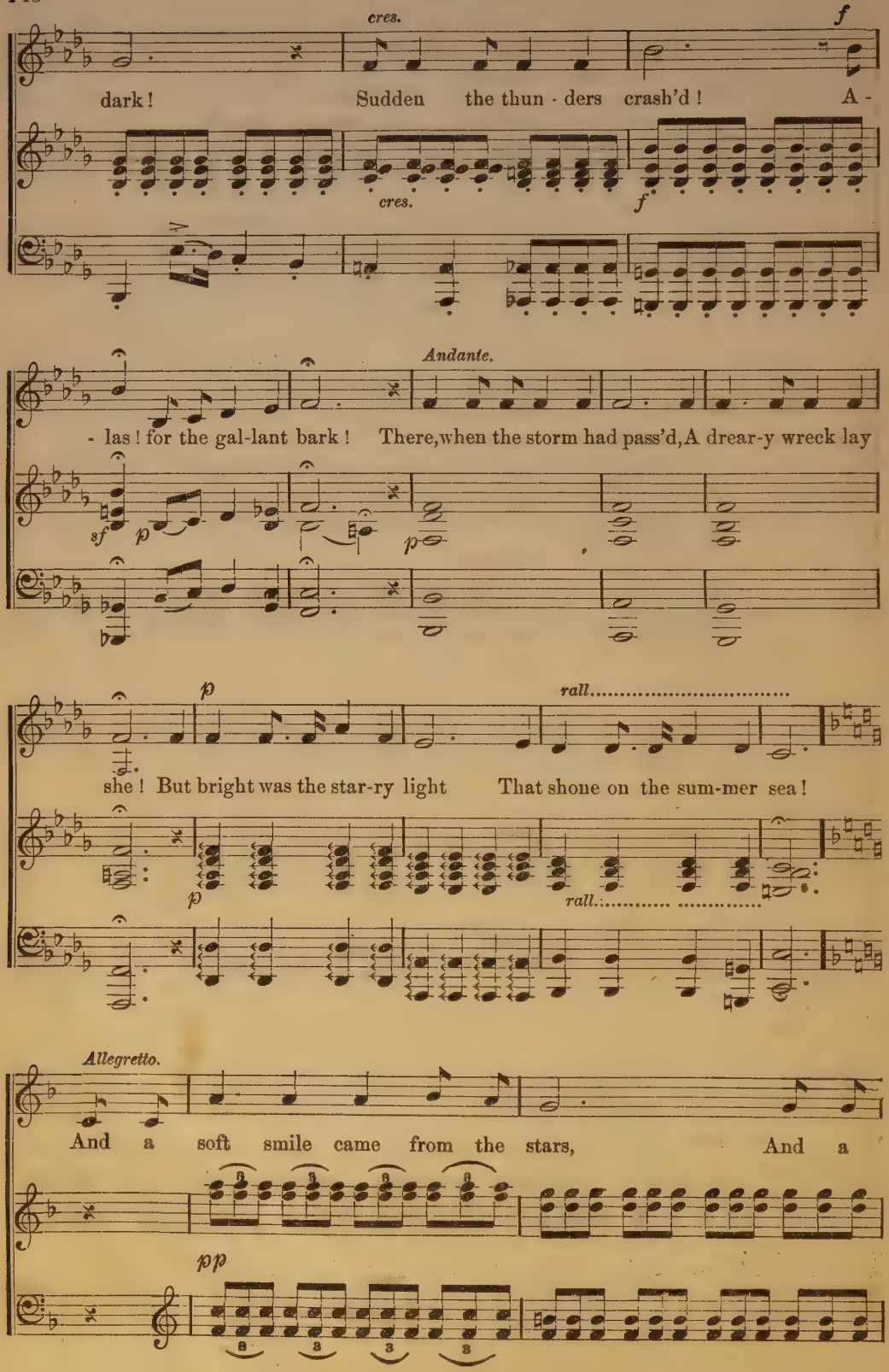

Fly - - ing with feath'-ry prow, Bounding with slant-ing keel, . . . And
p
sf
cres.
glad, . . . and glad was the sail - - or lad . . . . As he
cres.
steer'd . . . . and sang at . . . his
mf
wheel: . . . "On - - ly an- oth - er day to stray, . . .
f
mf

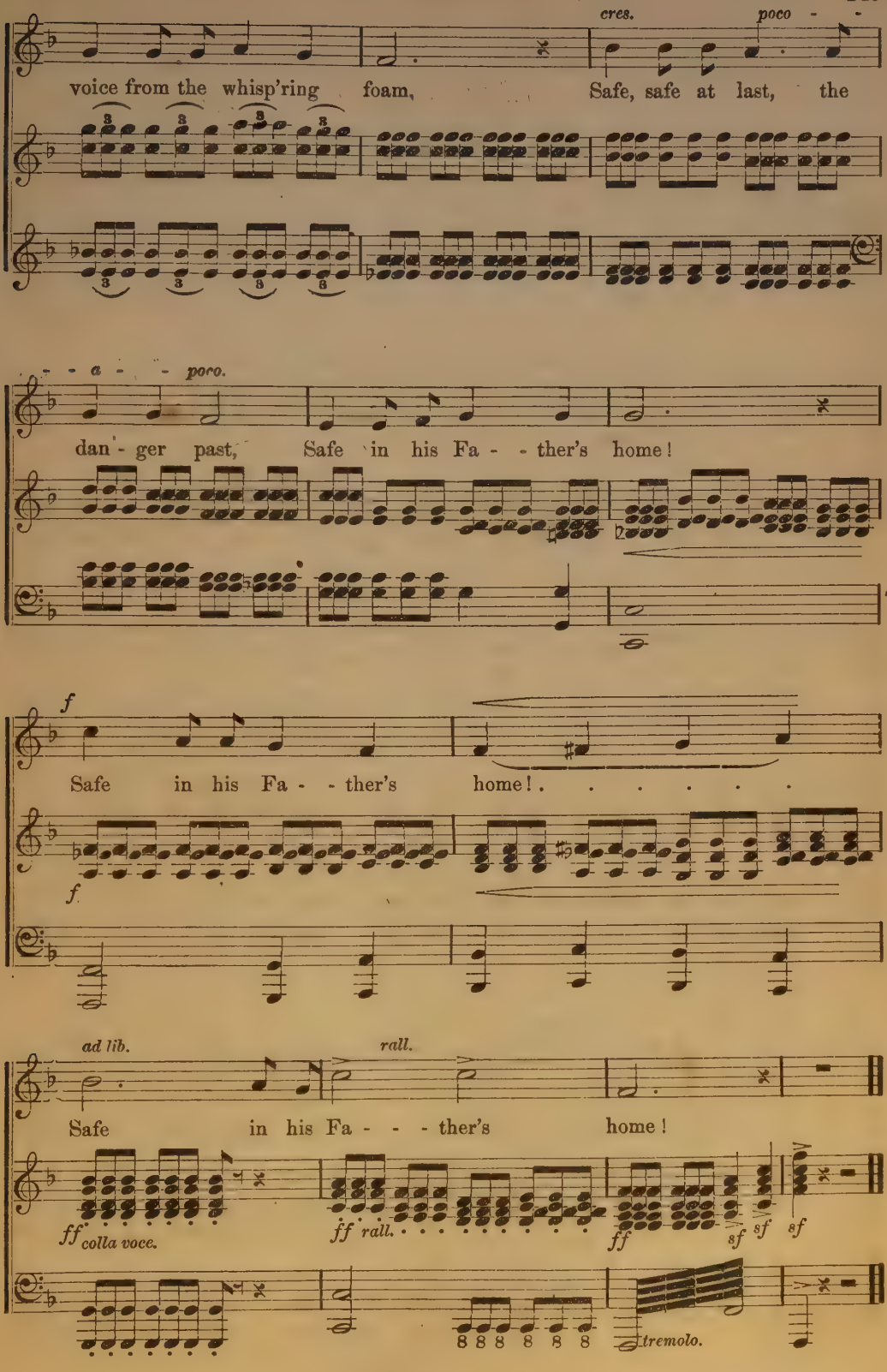

On - ly an-oth - er night to roam, ... Then
f
safe . . . at last, . . . the har - bor past, Safe in my
mf
f
fa - ther's home, ... Safe . . . . in my
f
Poco rit.
fa - - ther's home." . .
Poco rit.
ff a tempo.


sf
sf
mp Moderato.
Bright on the flash - ing brine Glit - ter'd the sum - mer sun!
p staccato.
Sweet - ly the star - ry shine Smil'd when the day was done!
Blythe was the breeze of heav'n Fill - ing the fly - ing sail, . . . And
p


rall.
glad was the sail - or lad As he steer'd . . and sang thro' the
p
a tempo.
gale: . . . "On - - ly an-oth - er day to stray, . . .
f
mf
On - ly an-oth - er night to roam, ... Then
f
safe . . . at last, . . . the har - bor past, Safe in my
mf

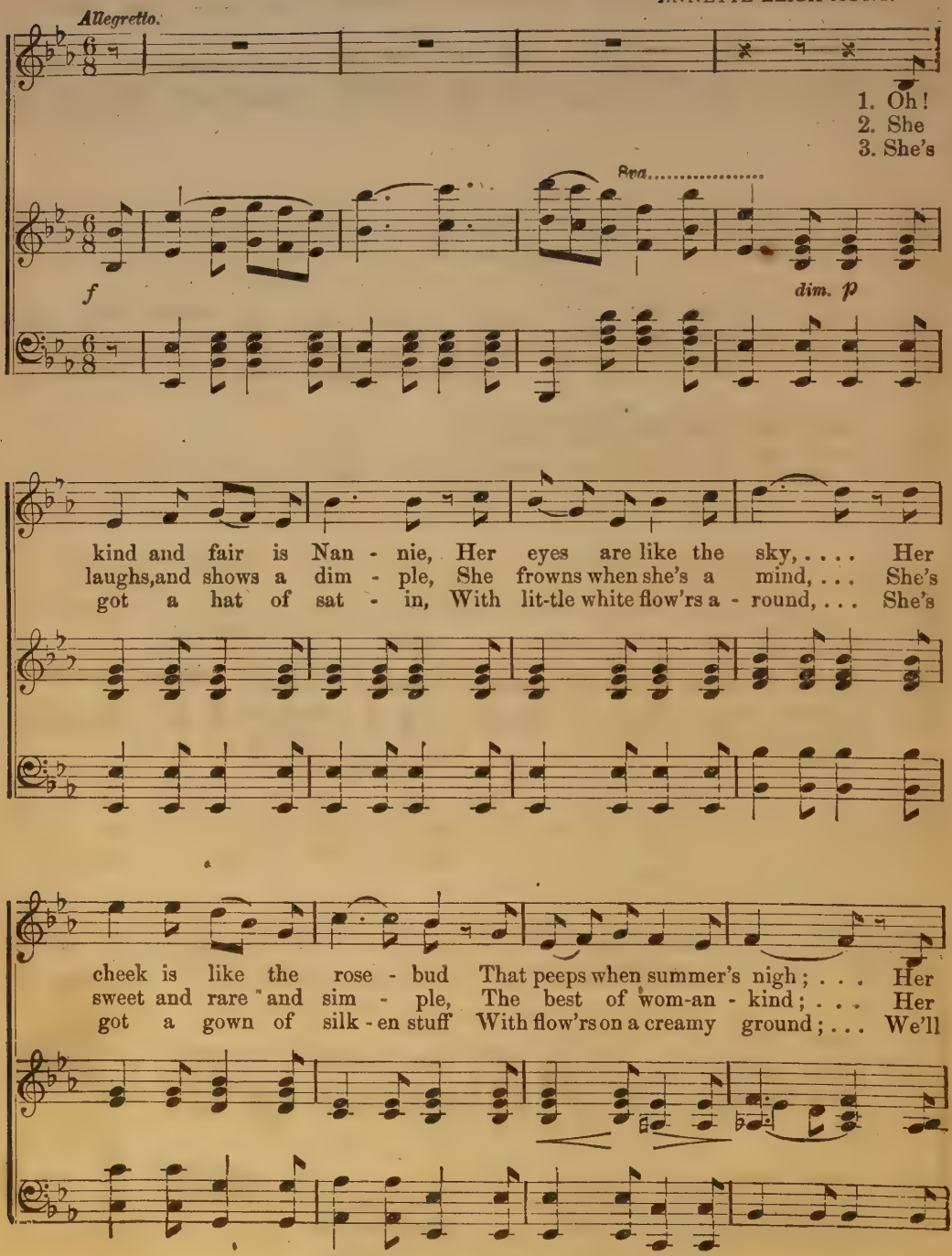

f
fa - ther's home, ... Safe . . . . in my
f
Poco rit.
fa - - ther's home." . .
Poco rit.
ff a tempo.
sf
sf
Agitato
Sud-den the light-nings flash'd Like fal - chions in the
mf


cres.
f
dark! Sudden the thun - ders crash'd! A -
cres.
f
Andante.
- las! for the gal-lant bark! There, when the storm had pass'd, A drear-y wreck lay
sf
p
p
p
rall.
she! But bright was the star-ry light That shone on the sum-mer sea!
p
rall.
Allegretto.
And a soft smile came from the stars, And a
pp


cres.
poco - -
voice from the whisp'ring foam, Safe, safe at last, the
- - a - - poco.
dan - ger past, Safe in his Fa - - ther's home!
f
Safe in his Fa - - ther's home! . . . . . .
f
ad lib.
rall.
Safe in his Fa - - - ther's home!
ff colla voce.
ff rall.
ff
sf
sf
sf
8 8 8 8 8 8
tremolo.

NANNIE.

ANNETTE LEIGH HUNT.


Allegretto.
1. Oh!
2. She
3. She's
8va
f
dim. p
kind and fair is Nan - nie, Her eyes are like the sky, ... Her
laughs, and shows a dim - ple, She frowns when she's a mind, . . . She's
got a hat of sat - in, With lit-tle white flow'rs a - round, . . . She's
cheek is like the rose - bud That peeps when summer's nigh; . . . Her
sweet and rare and sim - ple, The best of wom-an - kind; . . . Her
got a gown of silk - en stuff With flow'rs on a creamy ground; . . . We'll

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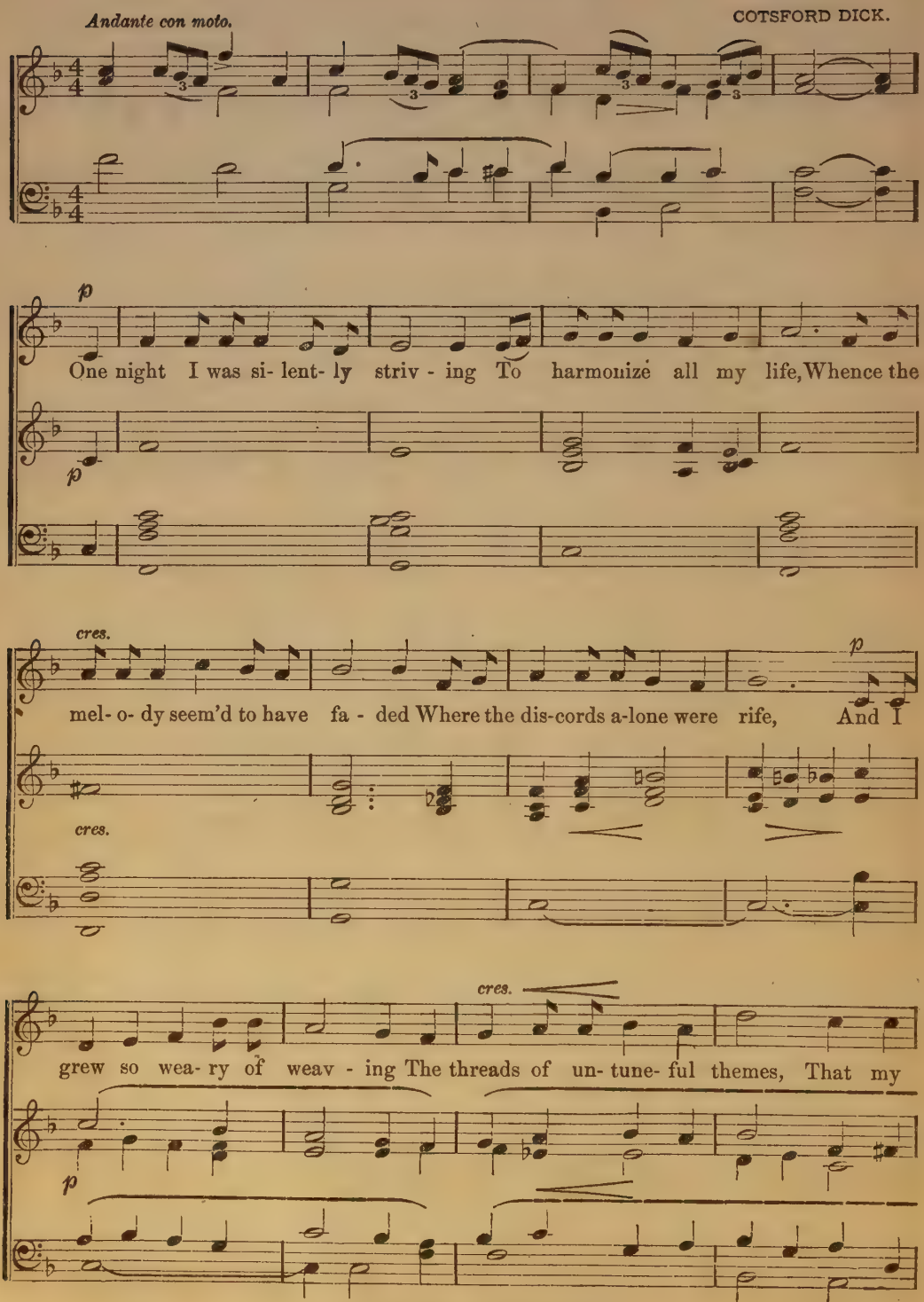
head is like the gold - en corn With lit- tle soft curls be - dight, . . . Her
face is quite a for - tune, What man could ask for more? . . . Yet
take a walk to church one day, She'll look so sweet and shy, ... She'll
voice is like the mu - sic of The wind of a sum- mer night. . . .
she has hid for him she loves Of treasures a gold- en store. . . .
wear all this fine tra - ves - tie And on - ly I know why. . . . .
f
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, Bide a wee and love me true, dear;
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, Bide a wee and love me true, dear;
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, Bide a wee and love me true, dear;
f
f
D.C.
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, I'll love none but you, Dear!
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, I'll love none but you, Dear!
Heigh! Nan - nie, Ho! Nan - nie, I'll wed none but you, Dear!

THE IVORY GATE.


Andante con moto.
COTSFORD DICK.
p
One night I was si- lent- ly striv - ing To harmonize all my life, Whence the
cres.
mel- o- dy seem'd to have fa - ded Where the dis-cords a-lone were rife, And I
cres.
cres.
grew so wea- ry of weav - ing The threads of un- tune- ful themes, That my
p

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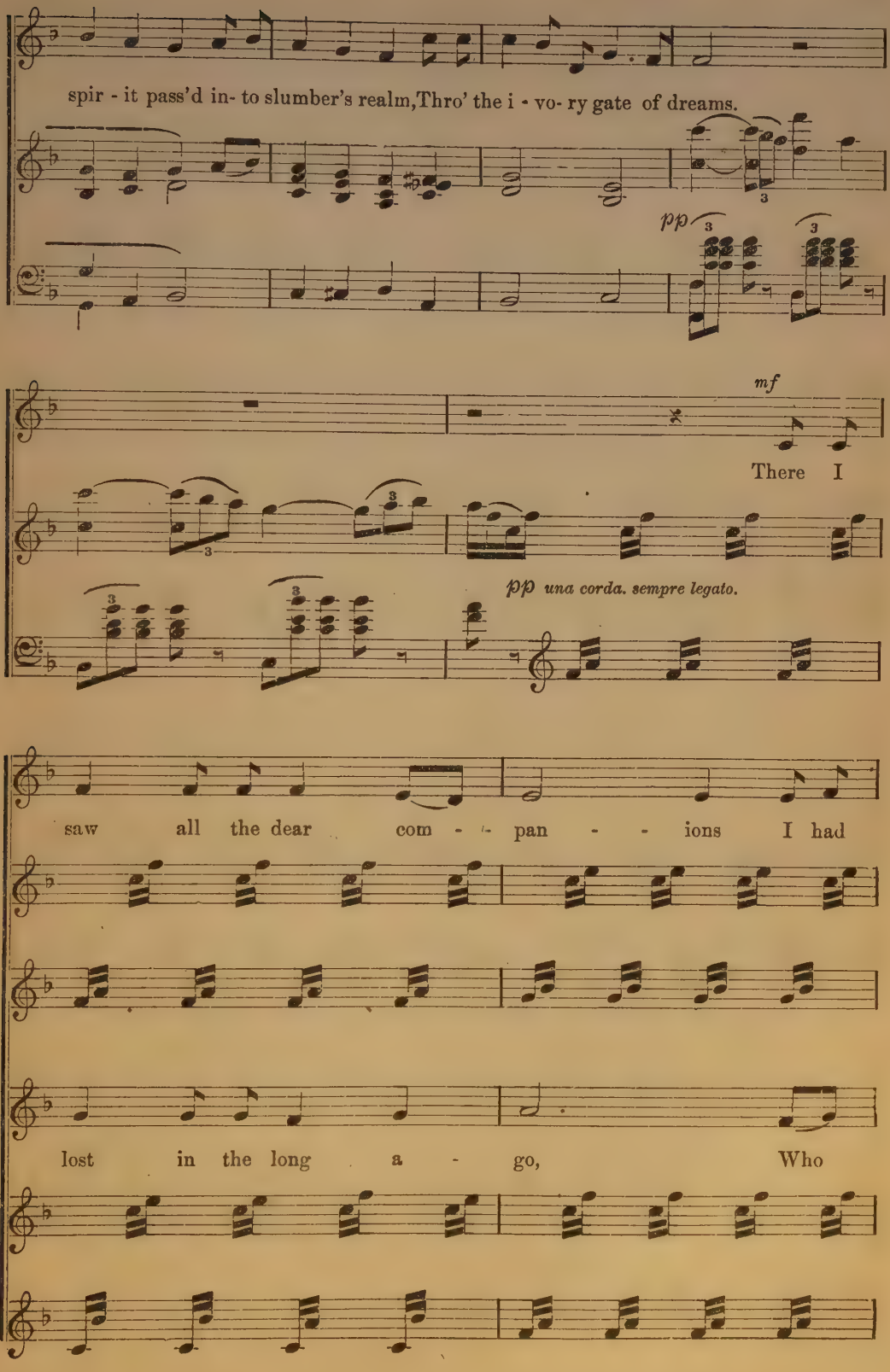
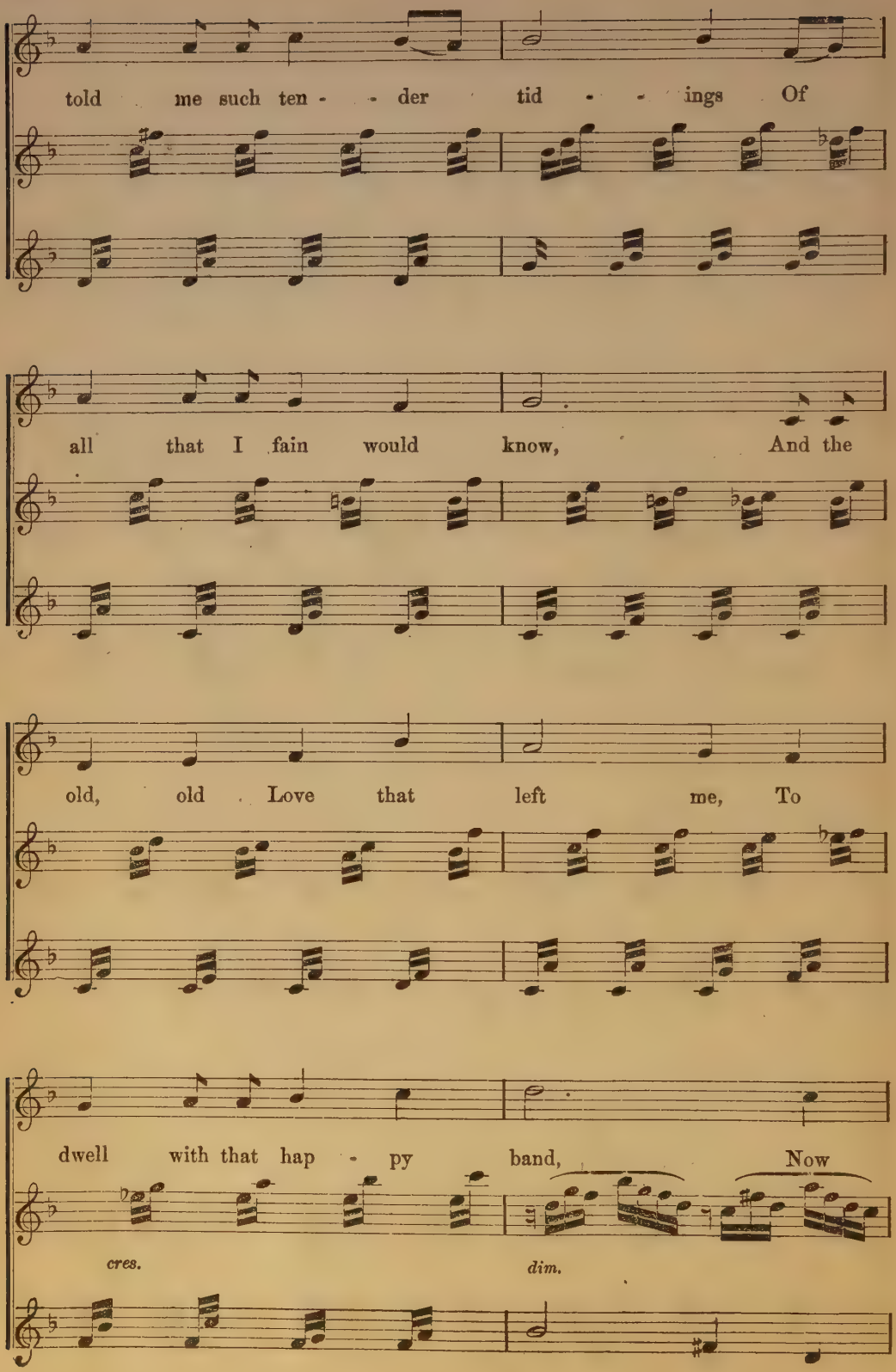
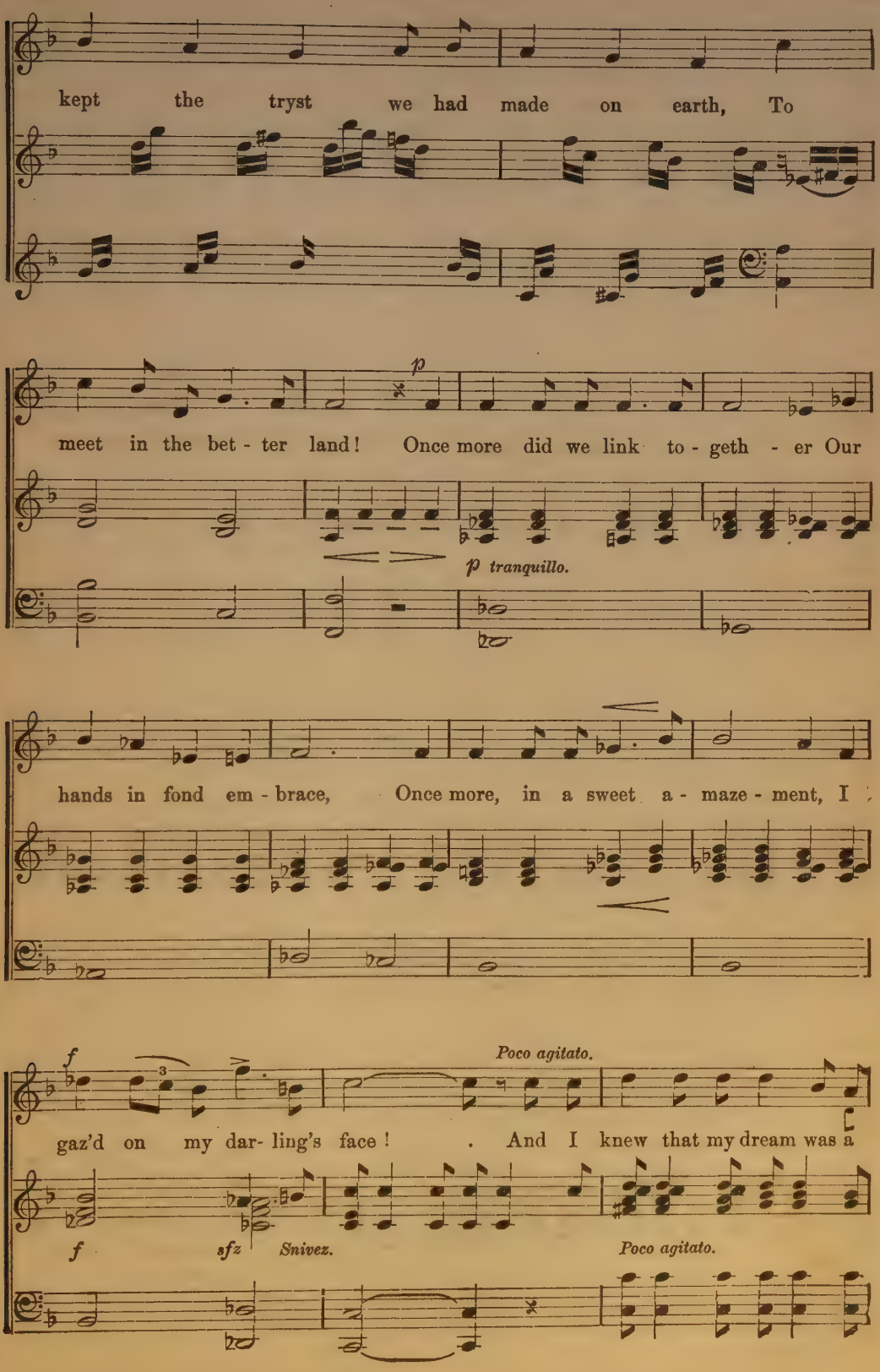
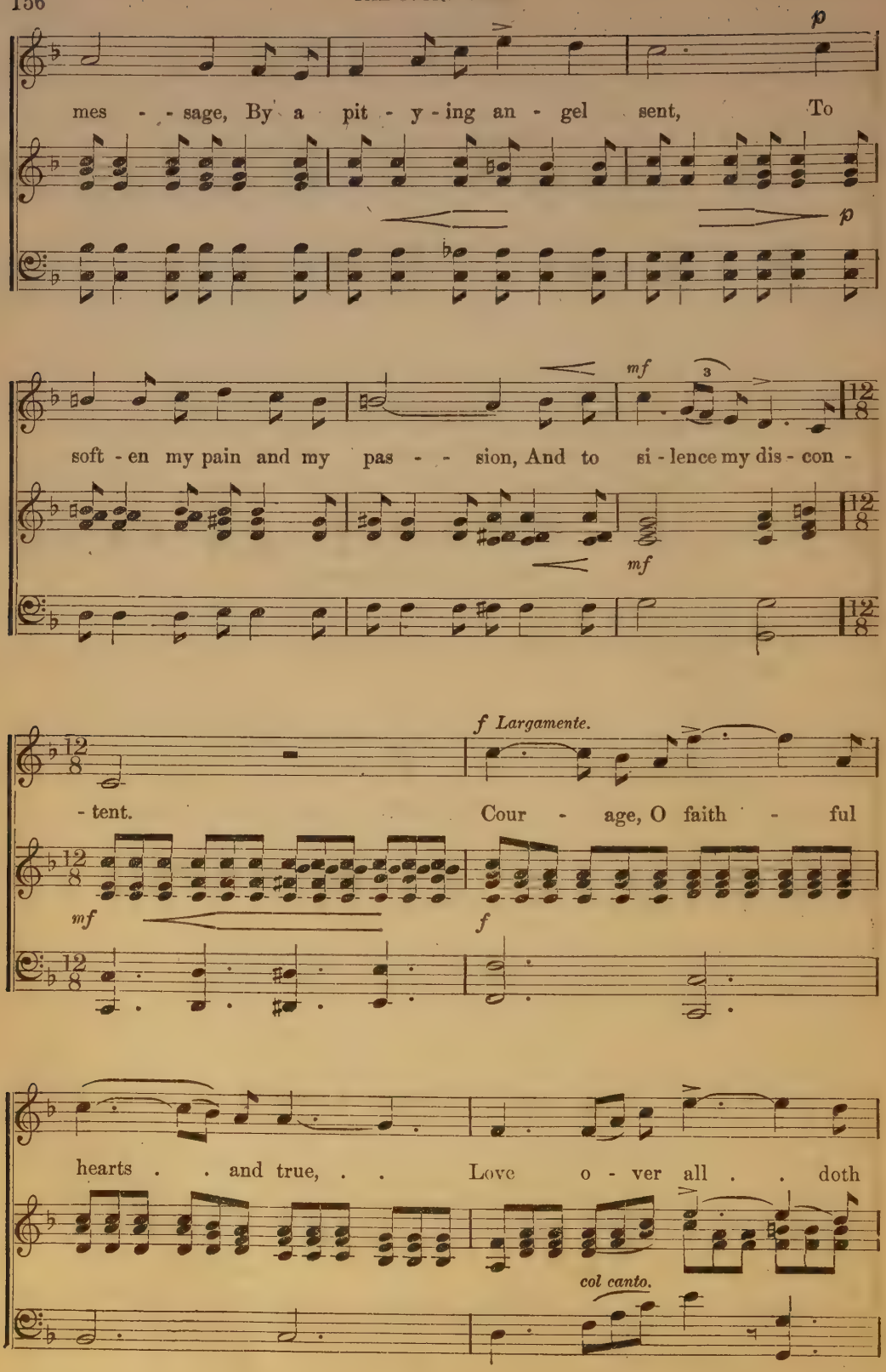
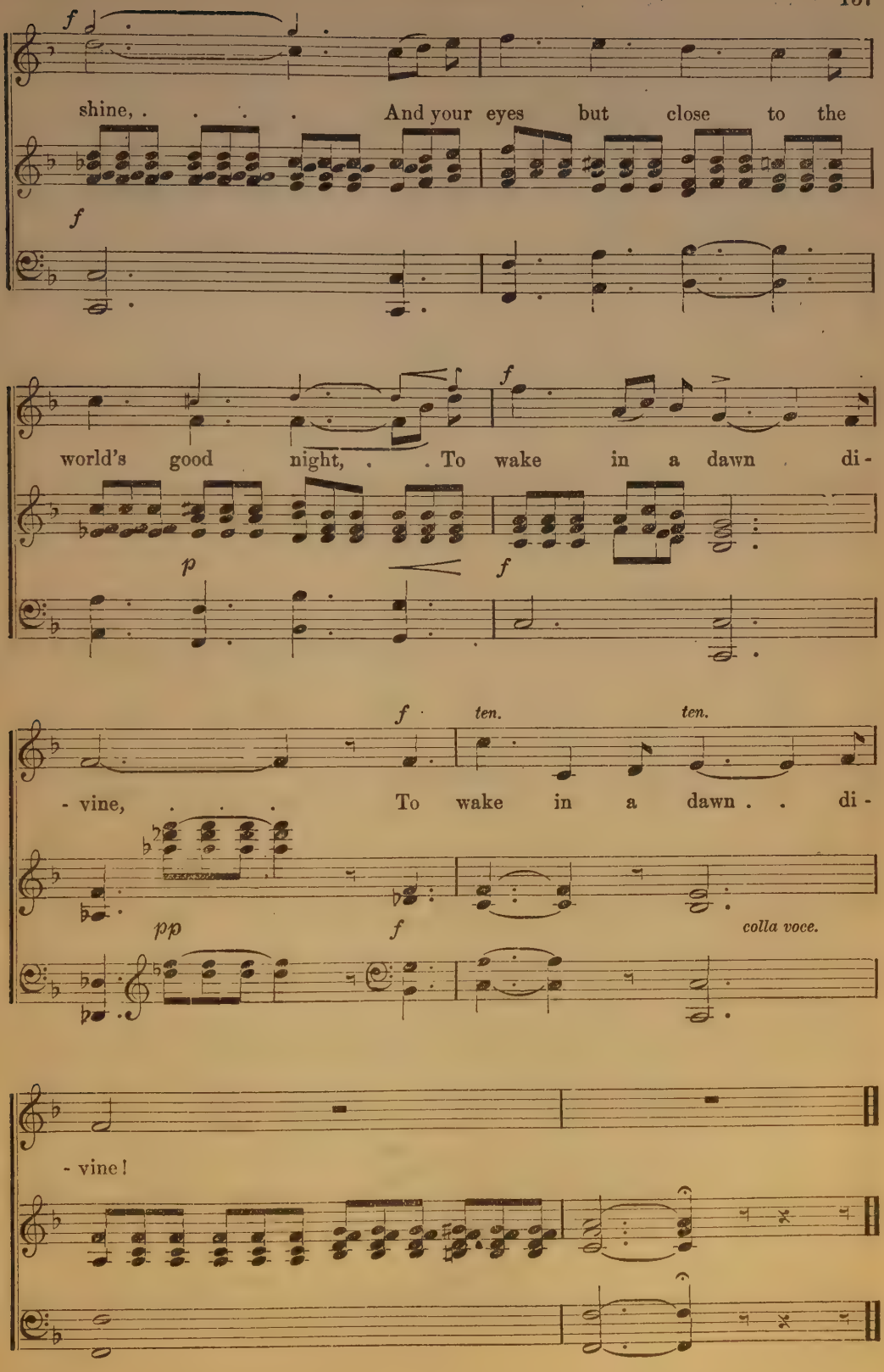

spir - it pass'd in- to slumber's realm, Thro' the i - vo- ry gate of dreams.
pp
mf
There I
pp una corda. sempre legato.
saw all the dear com - pan - - ions I had
lost in the long a - go, Who


told me such ten - - der tid - - ings Of
all that I fain would know, And the
old, old Love that left me, To
dwell with that hap - py band, Now
cres.
dim.

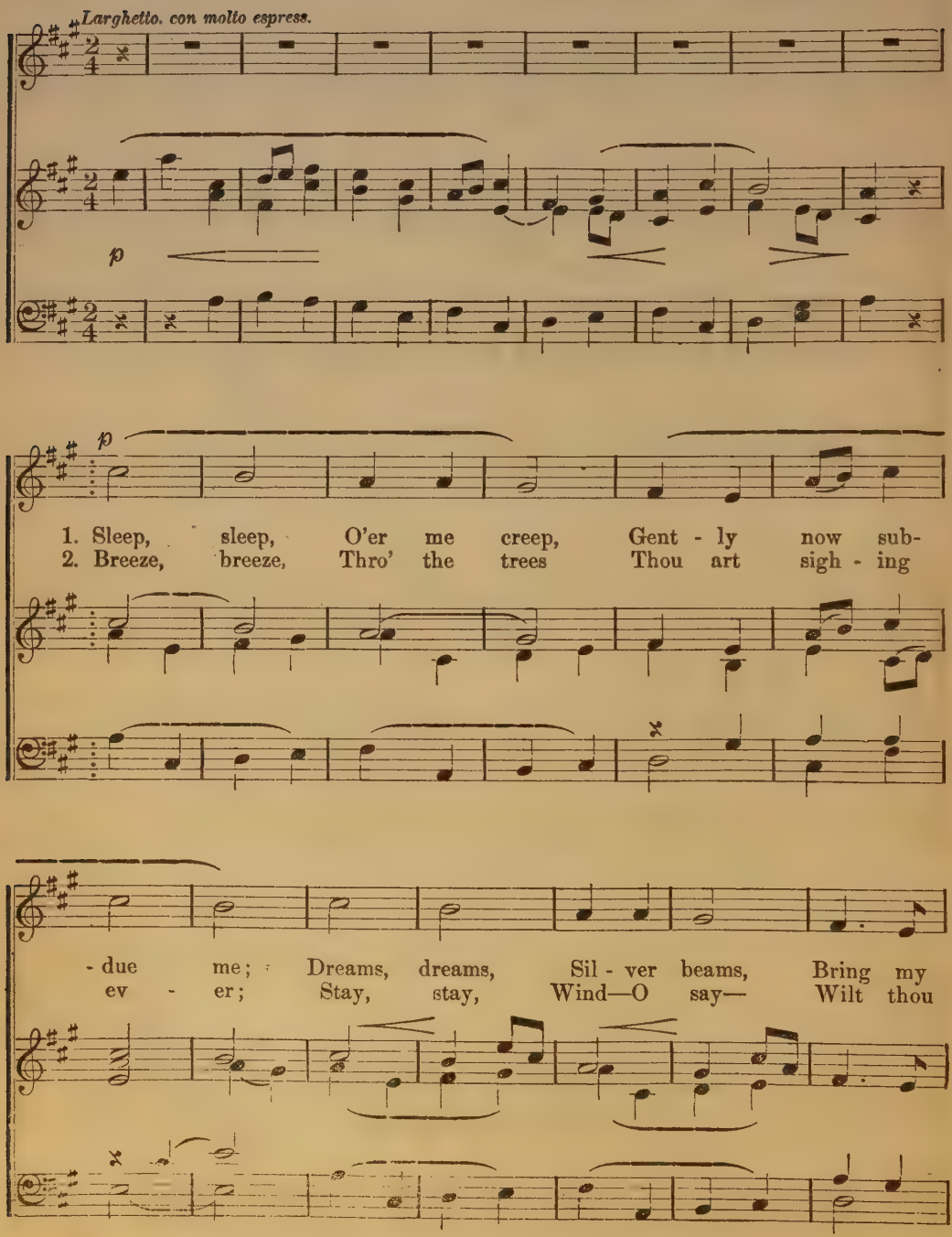

kept the tryst we had made on earth, To
p
meet in the bet - ter land! Once more did we link to - geth - er Our
p tranquillo.
hands in fond em - brace, Once more, in a sweet a - maze - ment, I
f
Poco agitato.
gaz'd on my dar- ling's face! . And I knew that my dream was a
f
sfz
Snivez.
Poco agitato.


p
mes - - sage, By a pit - y - ing an - gel sent, To
p
mf
soft - en my pain and my pas - - sion, And to si - lence my dis - con -
mf
- tent.
f Largamente.
Cour - age, O faith - ful
mf
f
hearts . . and true, . . Love o - ver all . . doth
col canto.


f
shine, ... And your eyes but close to the
f
world's good night, . . To wake in a dawn di-
p
f
f
ten.
ten.
- vine, . . . To wake in a dawn . . di -
pp
f
colla voce.
- vine!

BRING HIM BACK AGAIN.

FRANK L. MOIR.


Larghetto. con molto espress.
p
p
1. Sleep, sleep, O'er me creep, Gent - ly now sub-
2. Breeze, breeze, Thro' the trees Thou art sigh - ing
- due me; Dreams, dreams, Sil - ver beams, Bring my
ev - er; Stay, stay, Wind—O say— Wilt thou

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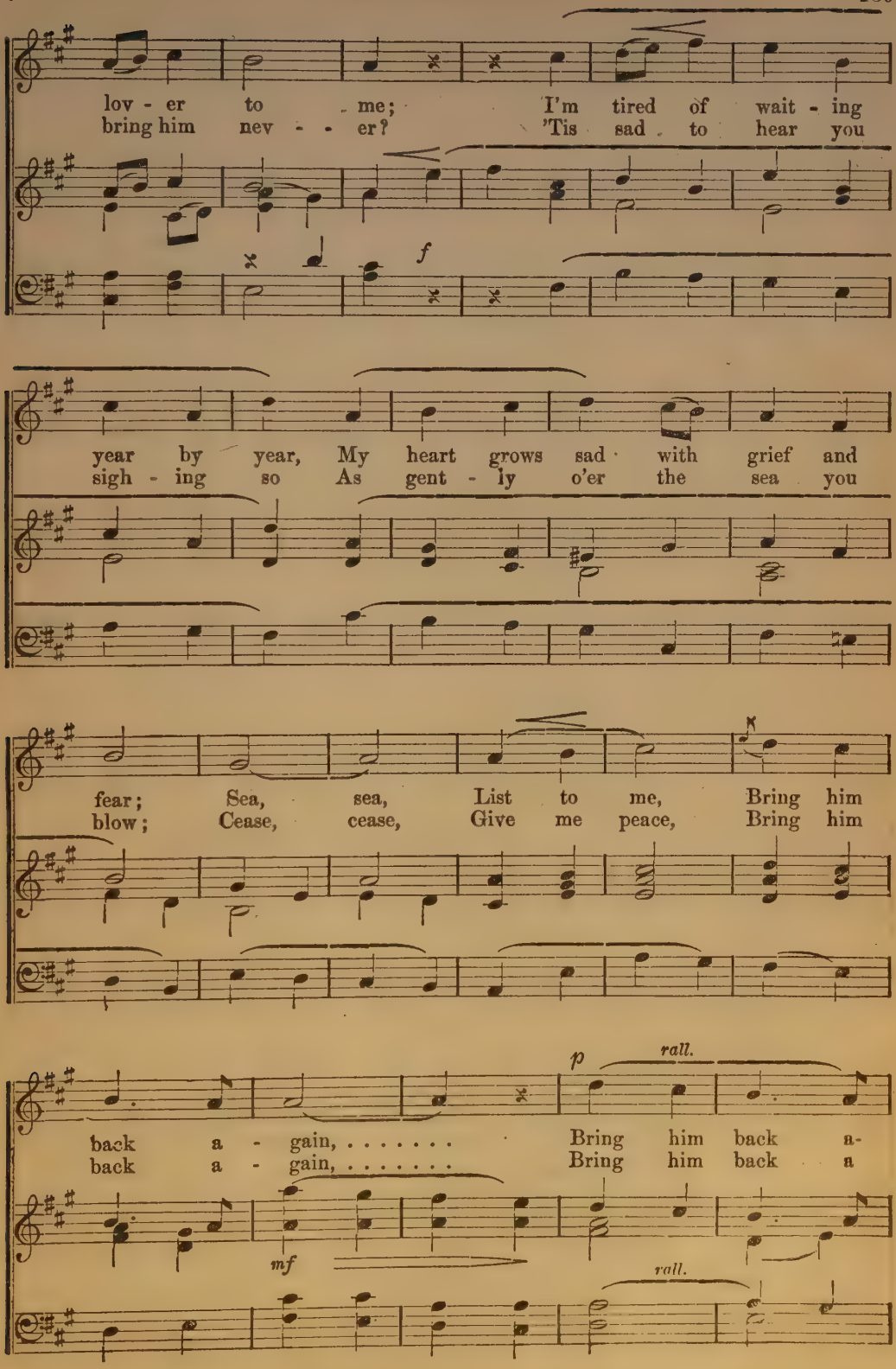
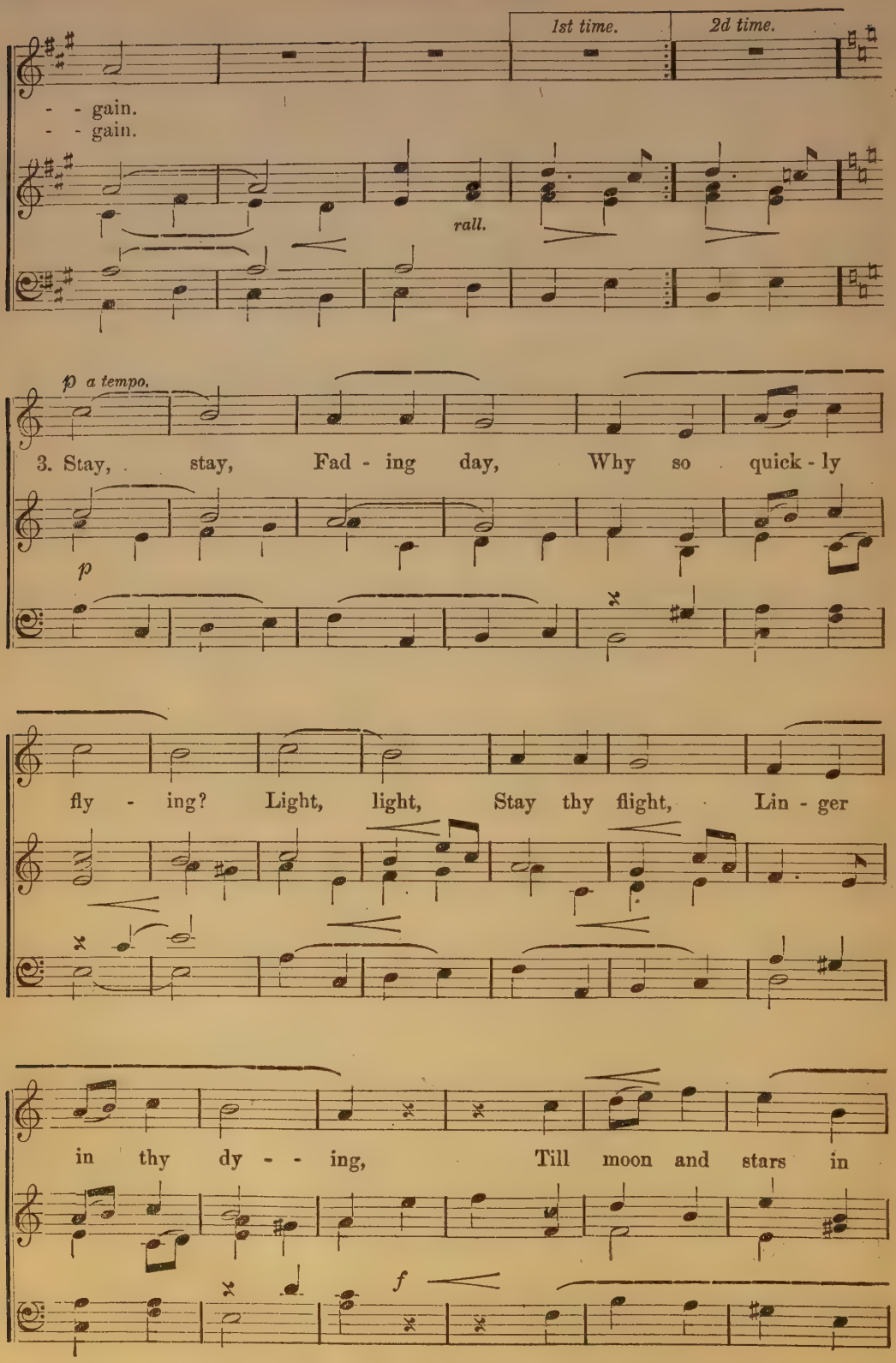
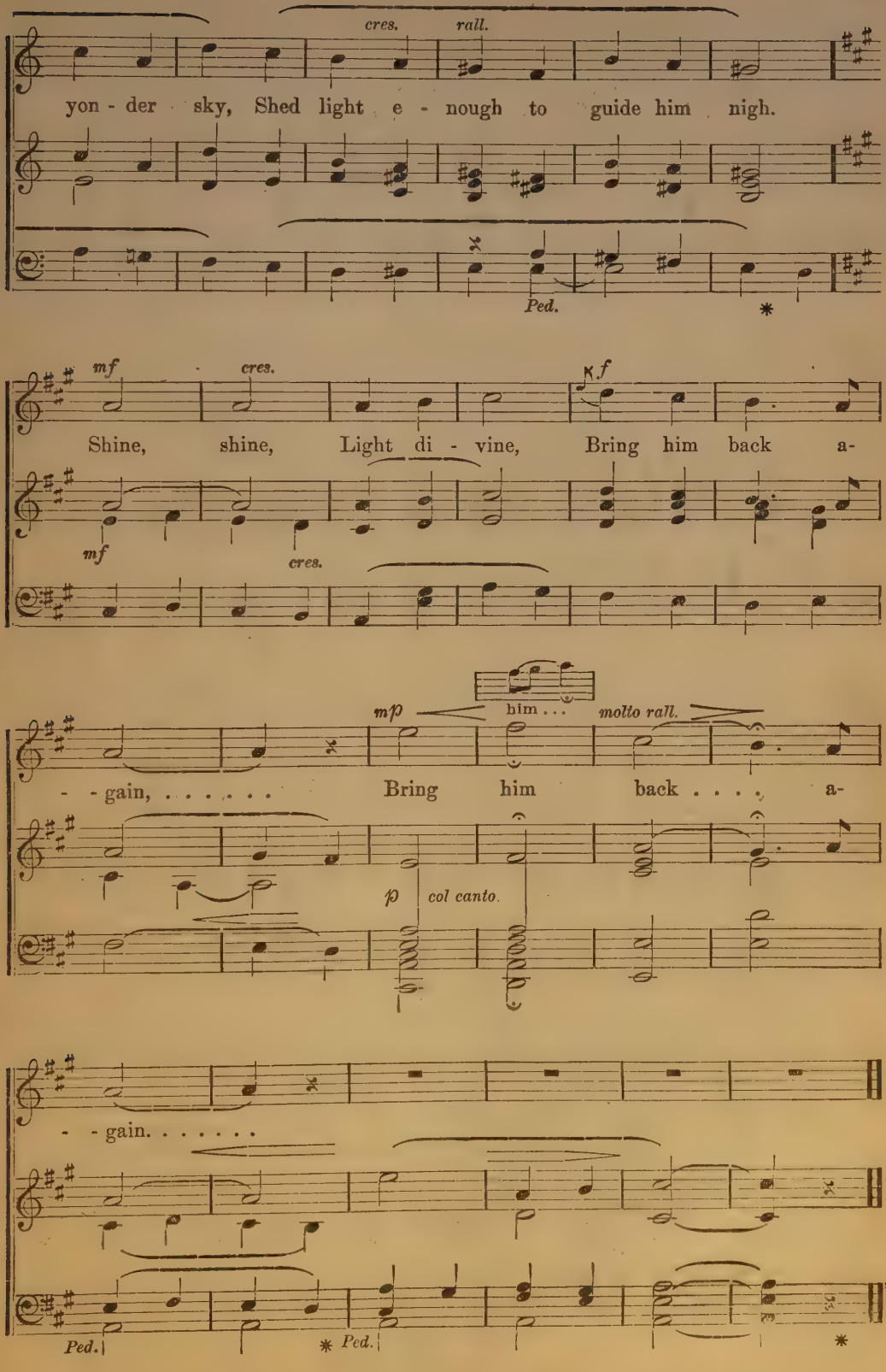
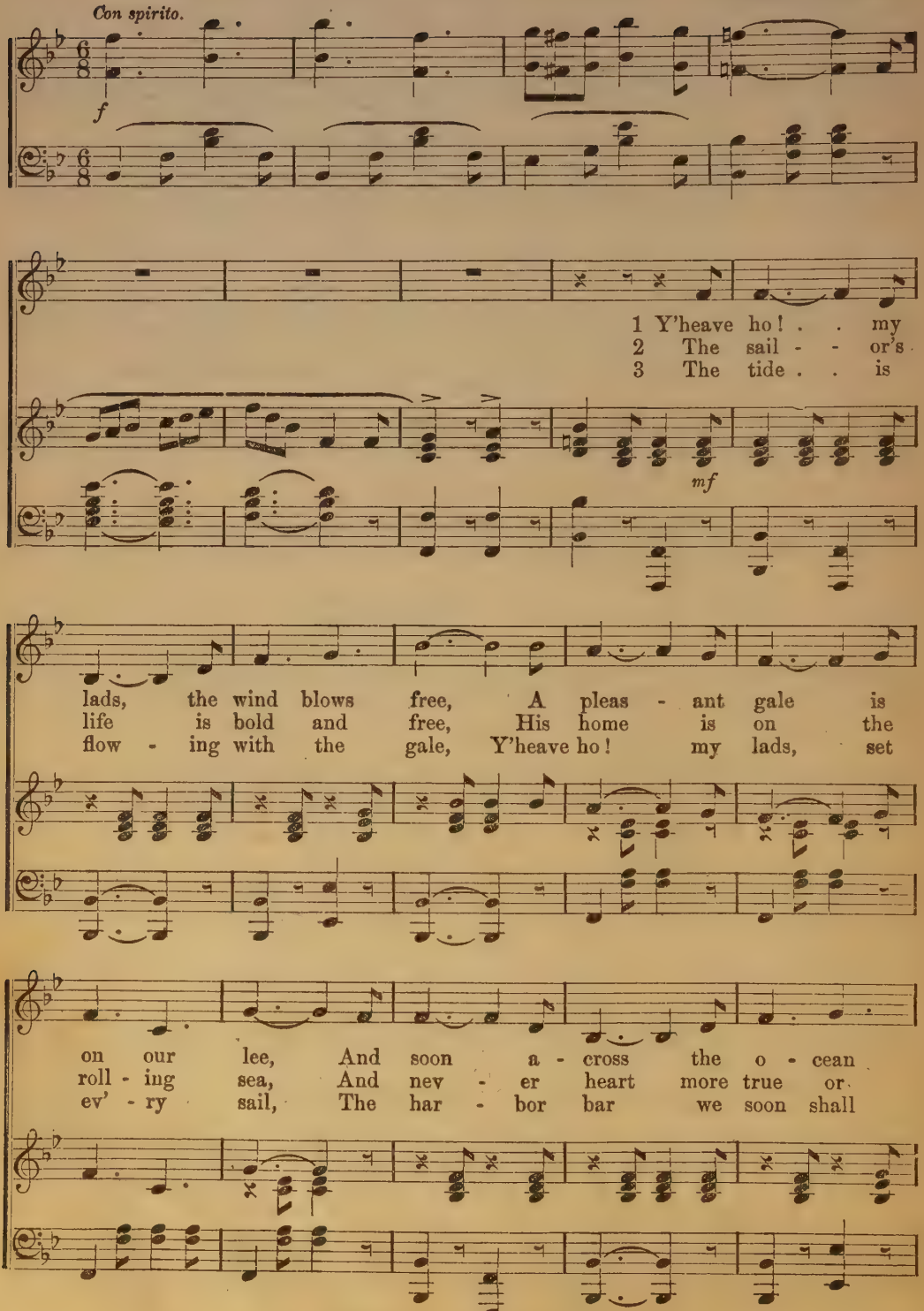

lov - er to me; I'm tired of wait - ing
bring him nev - - er? 'Tis sad to hear you
f
year by year, My heart grows sad with grief and
sigh - ing so As gent - ly o'er the sea you
fear; Sea, sea, List to me, Bring him
blow; Cease, cease, Give me peace, Bring him
p
rall.
back a - gain, ... Bring him back a-
back a - gain, ... Bring him back a
mf
rall.


1st time.
2d time.
- - gain.
- - gain.
rall.
p a tempo.
3. Stay, stay, Fad - ing day, Why so quick - ly
p
fly - ing? Light, light, Stay thy flight, Lin - ger
in thy dy - - ing, Till moon and stars in
f


cres.
rall.
yon - der sky, Shed light e - nough to guide him nigh.
Ped.
*
mf
cres.
f
Shine, shine, Light di - vine, Bring him back a-
mf
cres.
him . . .
mp
molto rall.
- - gain, ... Bring him back . . . . a-
p
col canto.
- - gain. . . . . .
Ped.
* Ped.
*

SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS.


Con spirito.
f
1 Y'heave ho! . . my
2 The sail - - or's
3 The tide . . is
mf
lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is
life is bold and free, His home is on the
flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set
on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean
roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or
ev' - ry sail, The har - bor bar we soon shall

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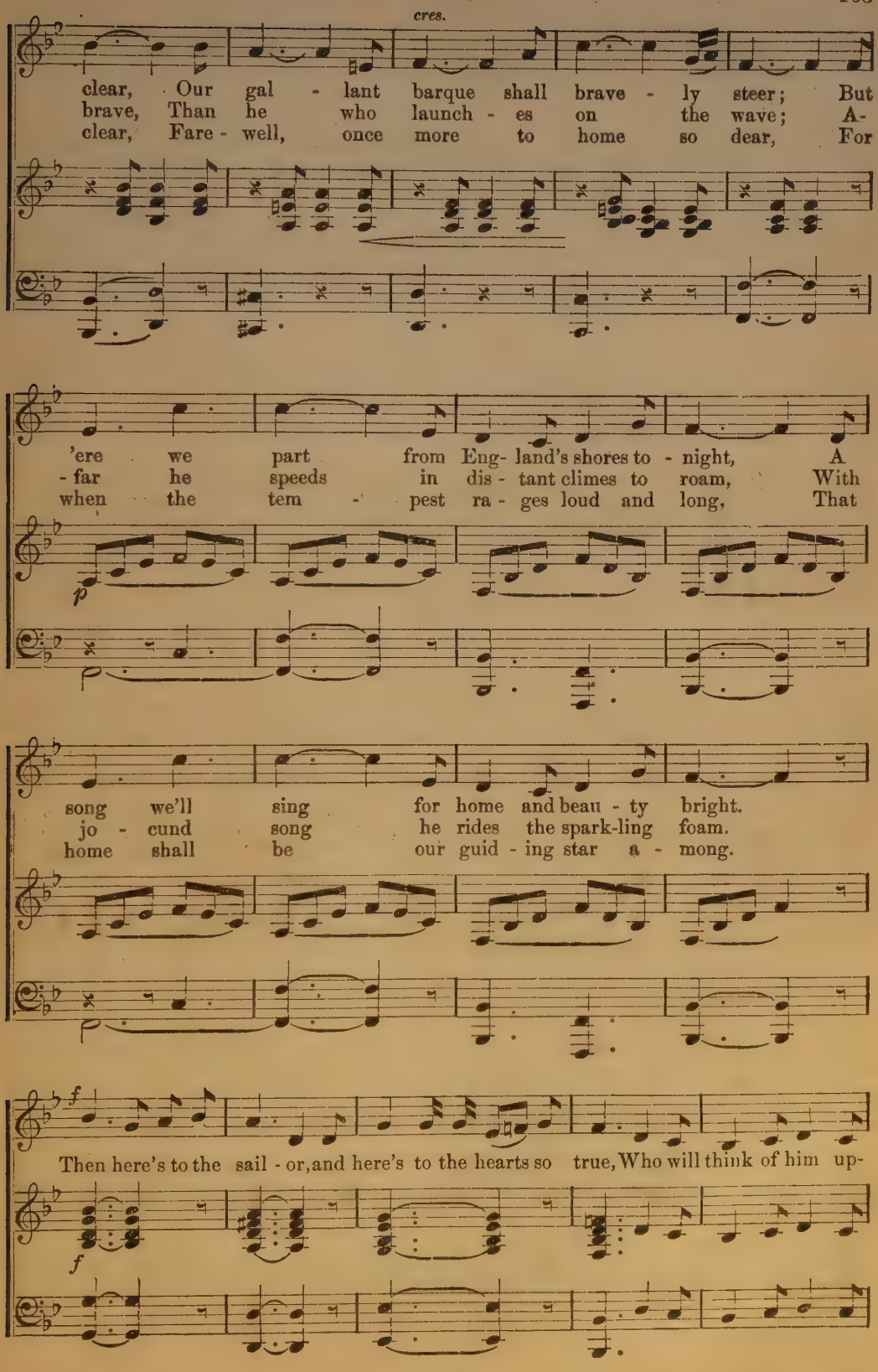
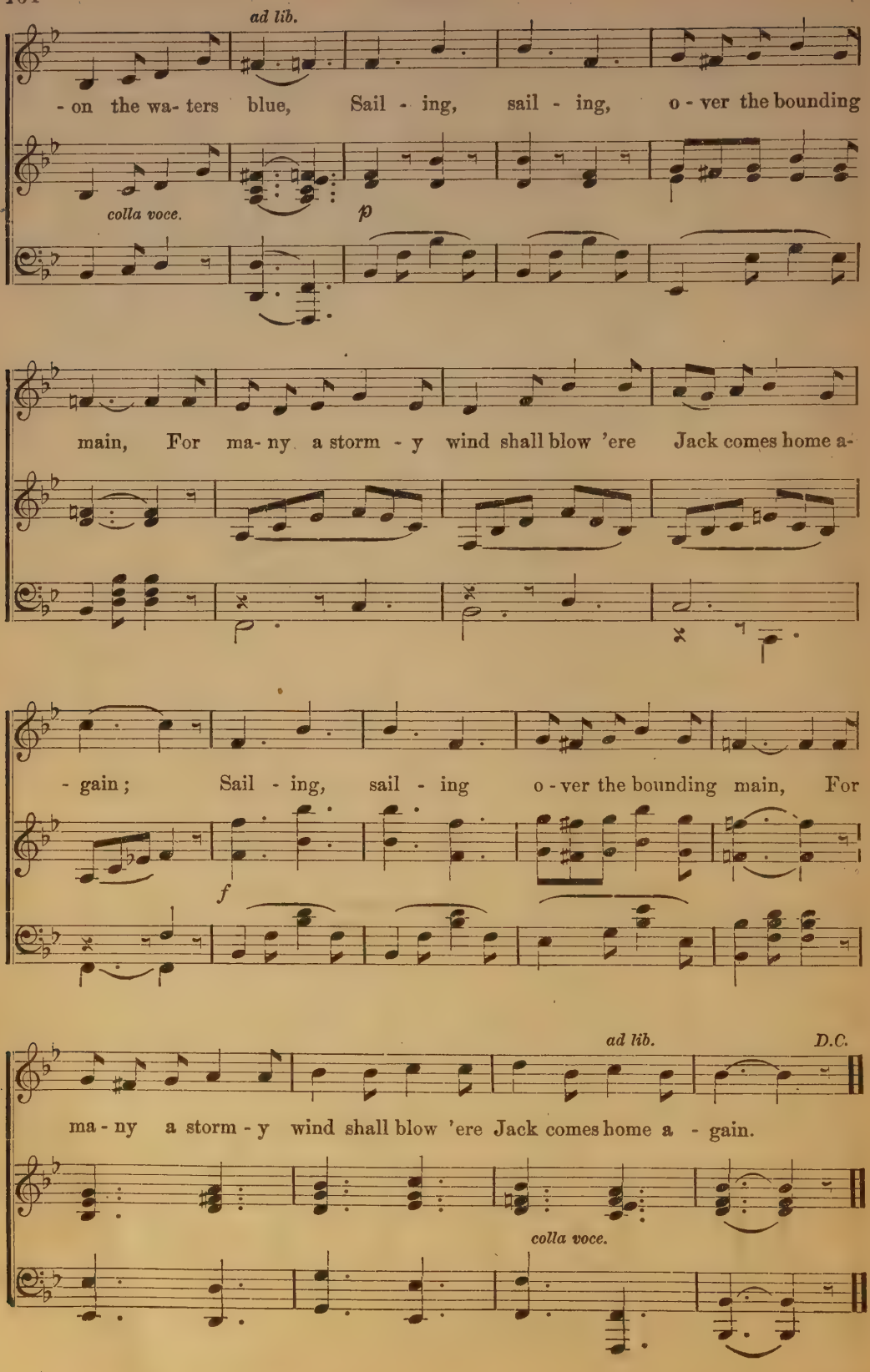
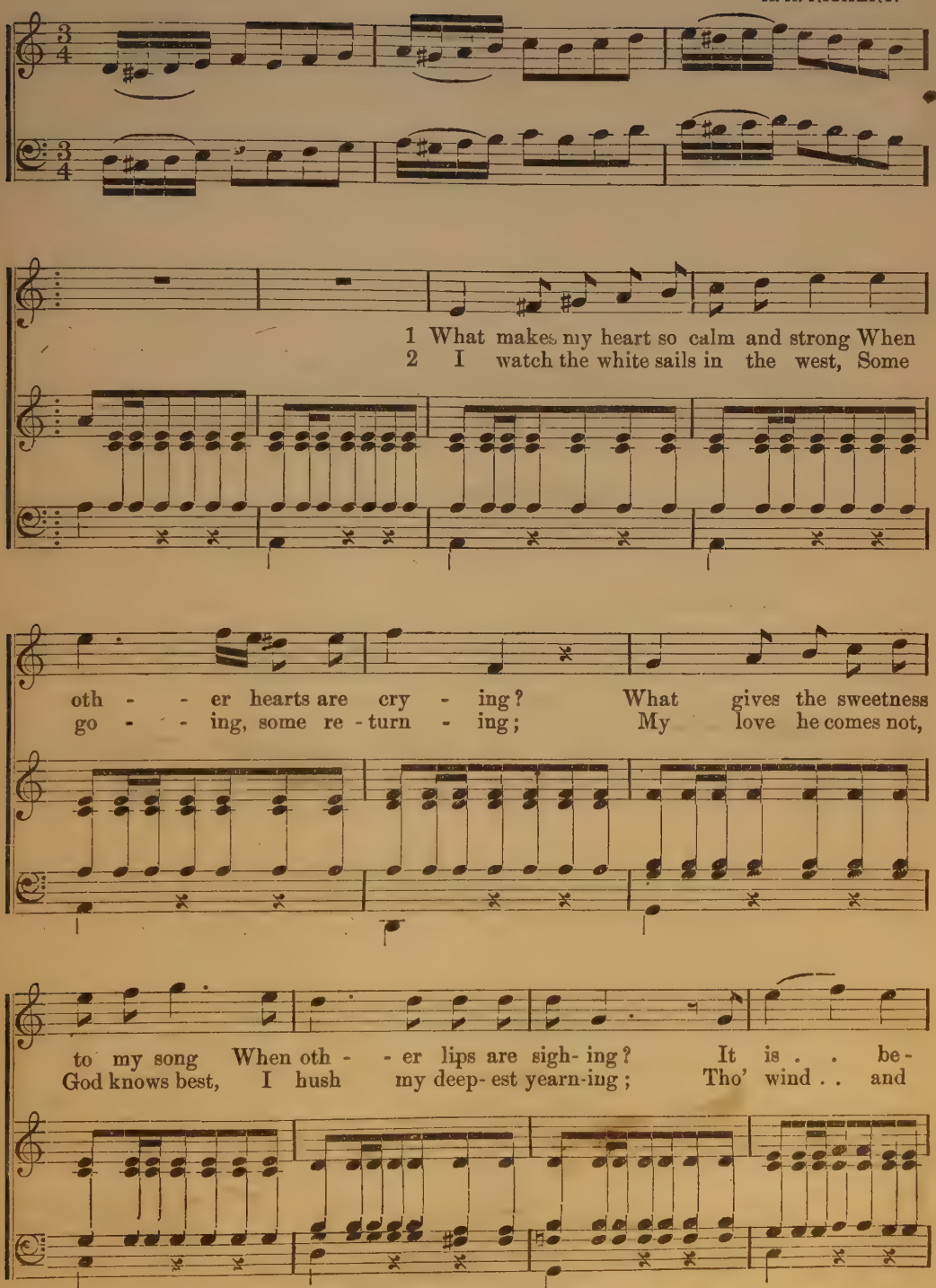

cres.
clear, Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer; But
brave, Than he who launch - es on the wave; A-
clear, Fare - well, once more to home so dear, For
'ere we part from Eng- land's shores to - night, A
- far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With
when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long, That
p
song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam.
home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.
f
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up-
f


ad lib.
- on the wa- ters blue, Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding
colla voce.
p
main, For ma- ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a-
- gain; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main, For
f
ad lib.
D.C.
ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a - gain.
colla voce.

TRUST.

A. A. RICKERT.


1 What makes my heart so calm and strong When
2 I watch the white sails in the west, Some
oth - - er hearts are cry - ing? What gives the sweetness
go - - ing, some re - turn - ing; My love he comes not,
to my song When oth - - er lips are sigh- ing? It is . . be-
God knows best, I hush my deep- est yearn-ing; Tho' wind . . and

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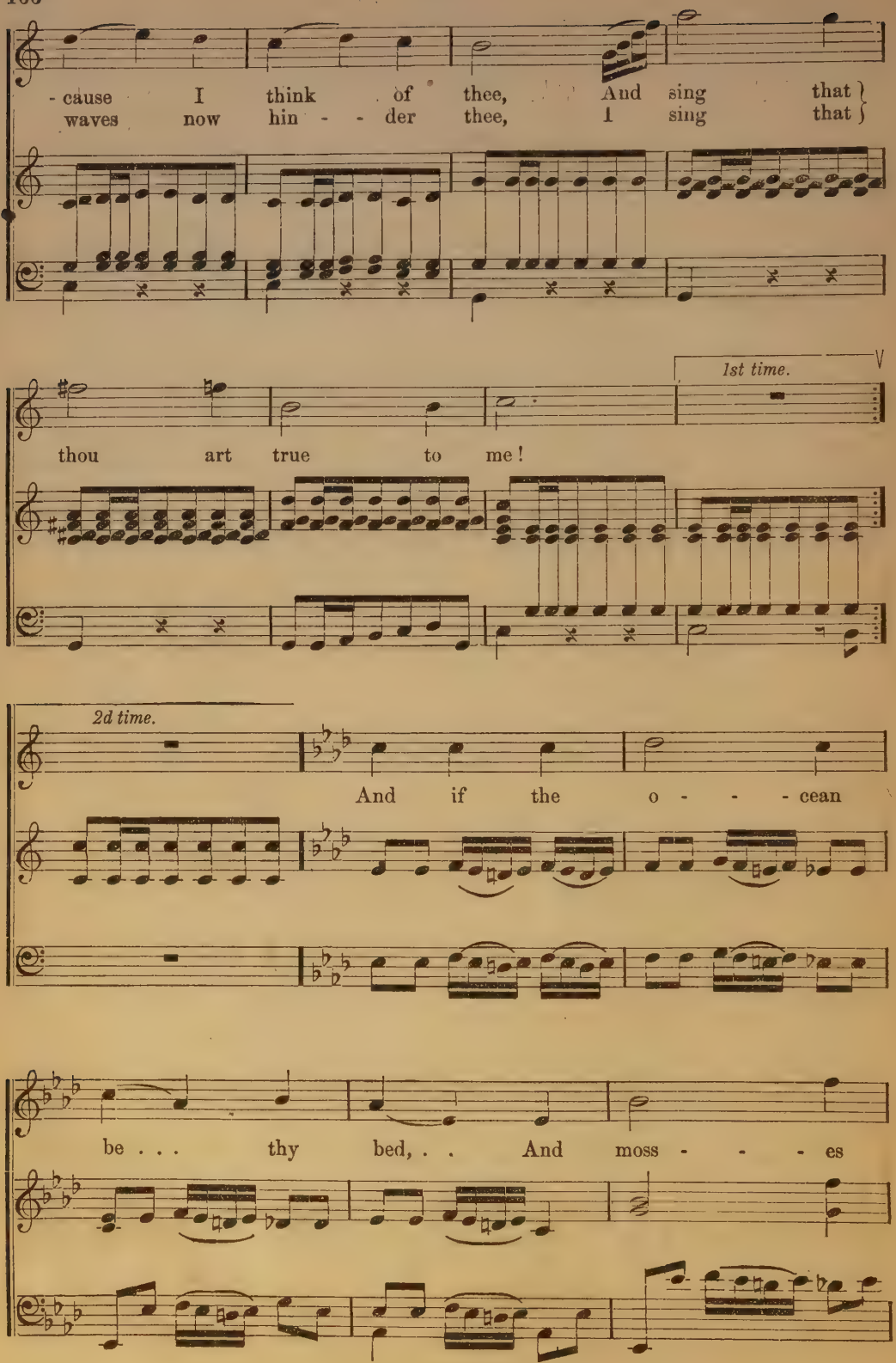
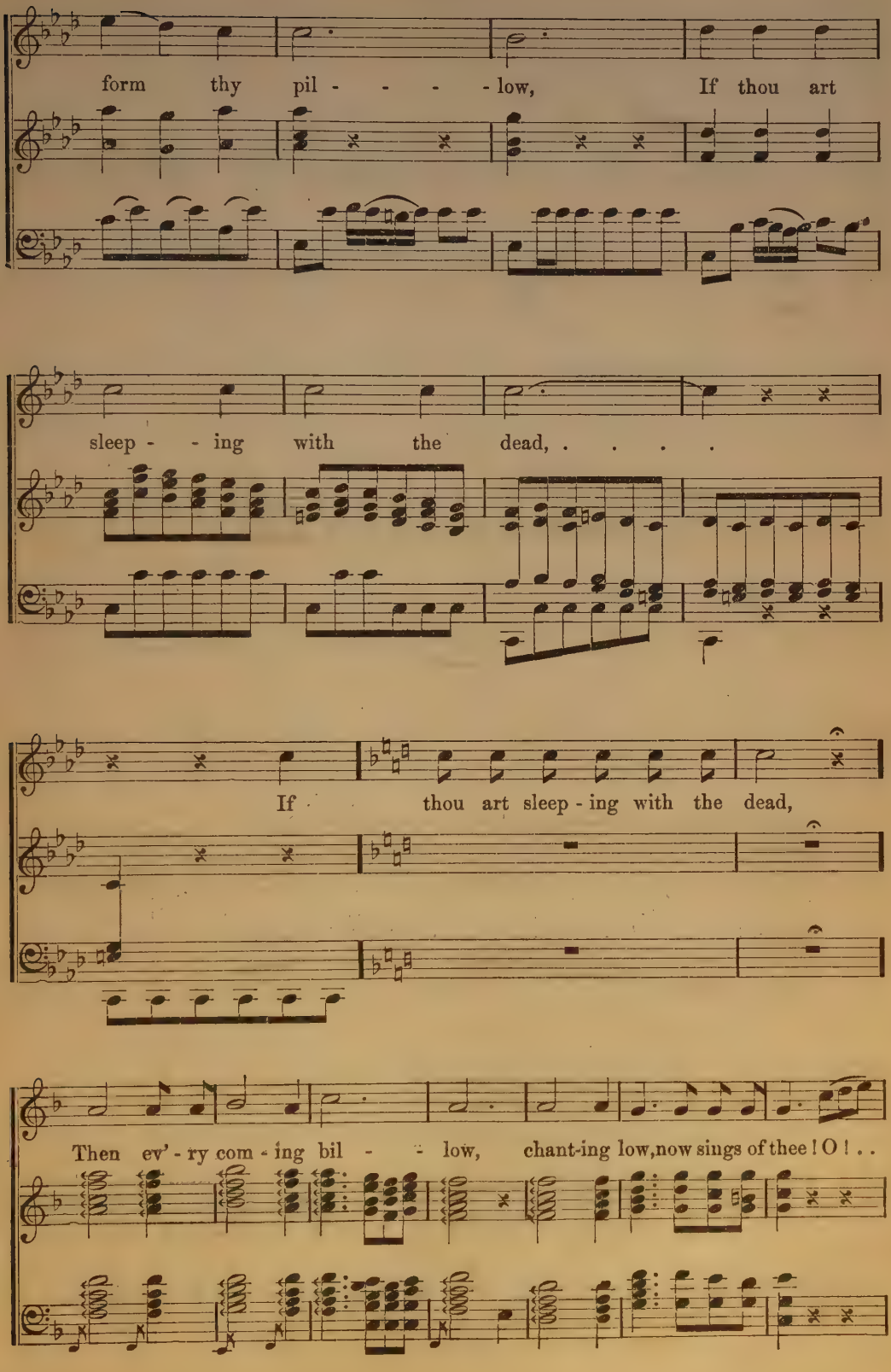
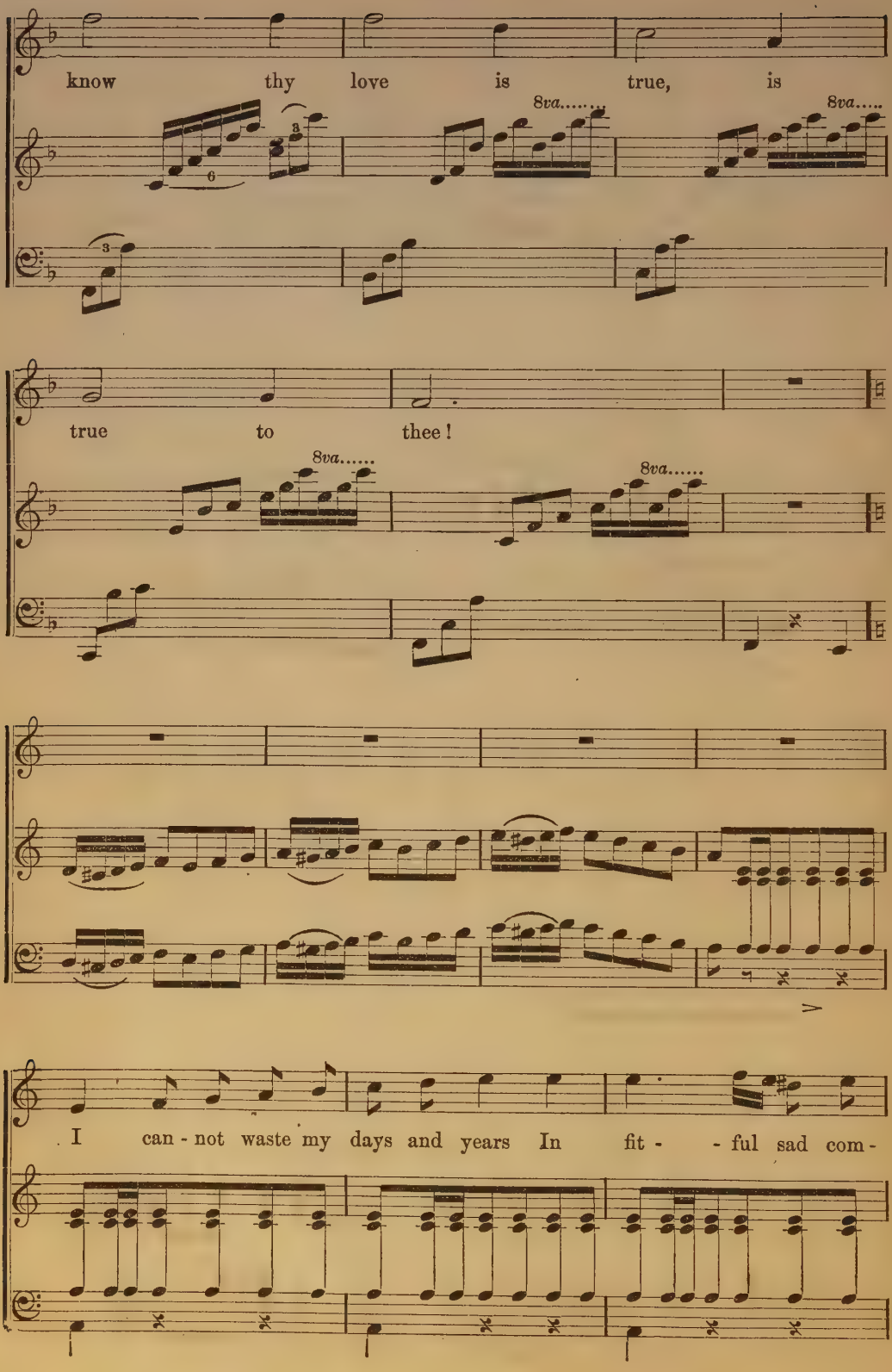
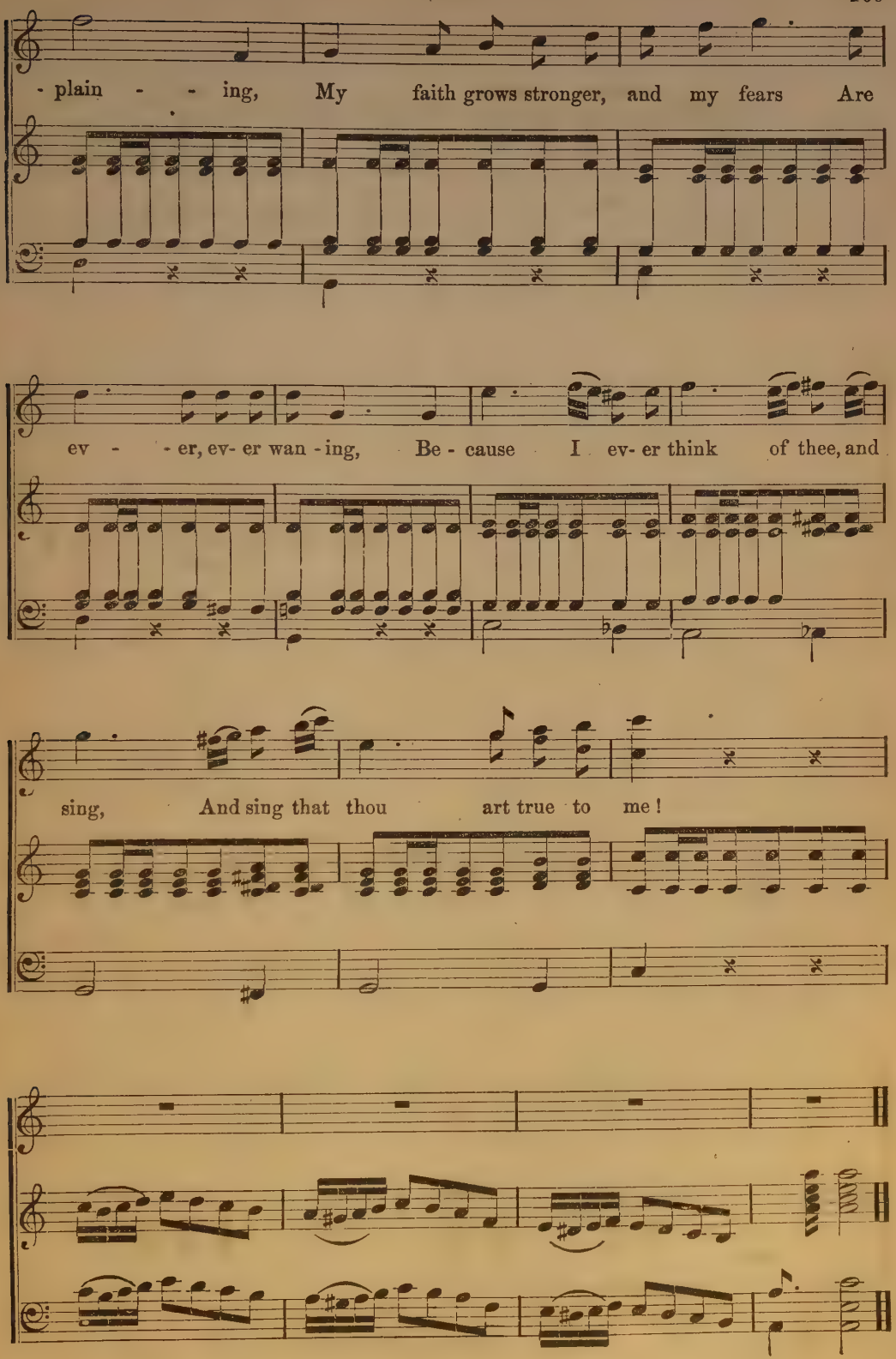

- cause I think of thee, And sing that
waves now hin - - der thee, I sing that
1st time.
thou art true to me!
2d time.
And if the o - - - cean
be . . . thy bed, . . And moss - - - es

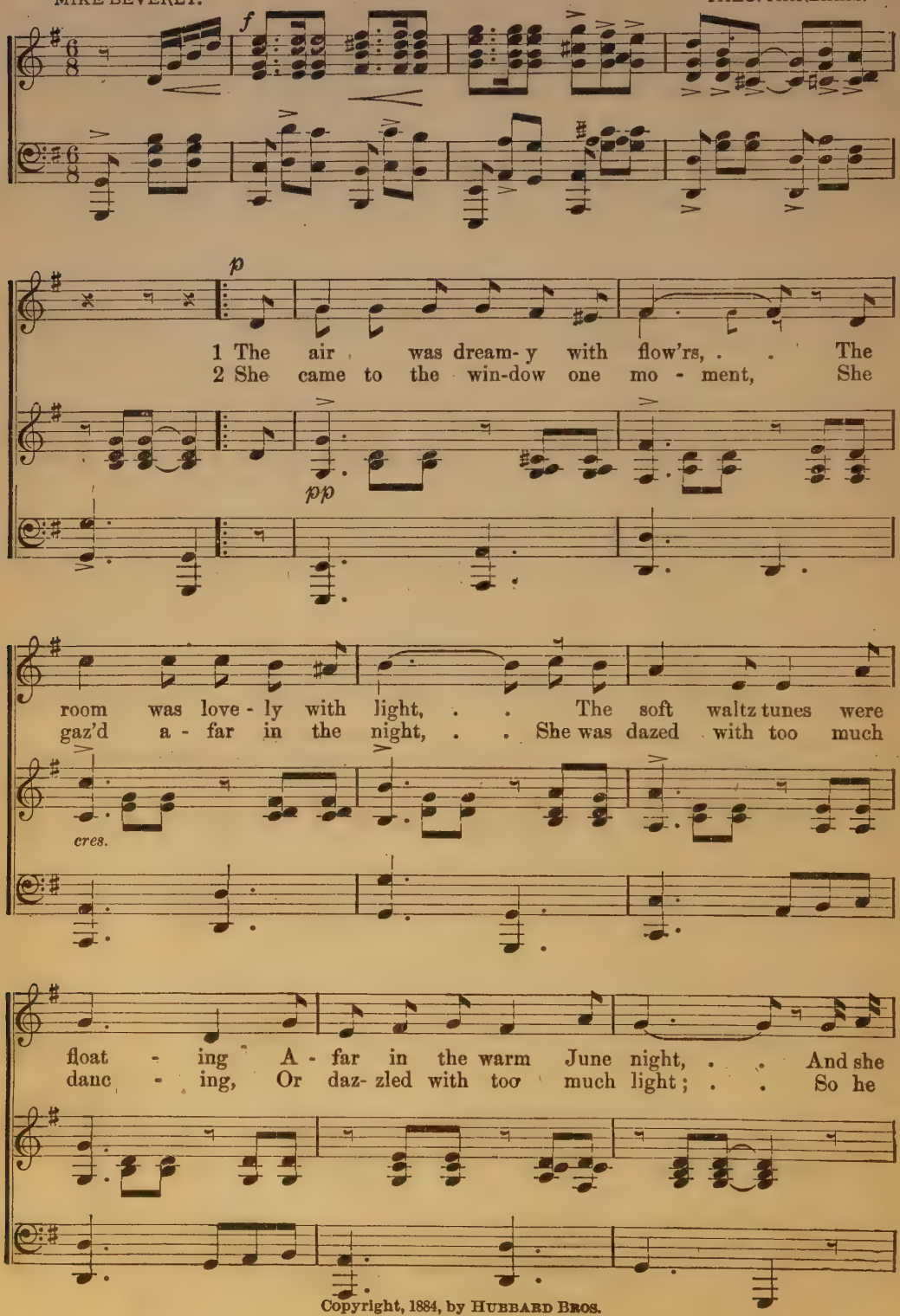

form thy pil - - - - low, If thou art
sleep - - ing with the dead, ...
If thou art sleep - ing with the dead,
Then ev' - ry com - ing bil - - low, chant-ing low, now sings of thee! O! . .


know thy love is true, is
8va.....
8va.....
true to thee!
8va.....
8va.....
I can - not waste my days and years In fit - - ful sad com -


- plain - - ing, My faith grows stronger, and my fears Are
ev - - er, ev- er wan - ing, Be - cause I ev- er think of thee, and
sing, And sing that thou art true to me!

NEVER TO KNOW.

MIKE BEVERLY. THEO. MARZIALS.


f
p
1 The air was dream- y with flow'rs, . . The
2 She came to the win-dow one mo - ment, She
pp
room was love - ly with light, . . The soft waltz tunes were
gaz'd a - far in the night, . . She was dazed with too much
cres.
float - ing A - far in the warm June night, . . And she
danc - ing, Or daz- zled with too much light; . . So he

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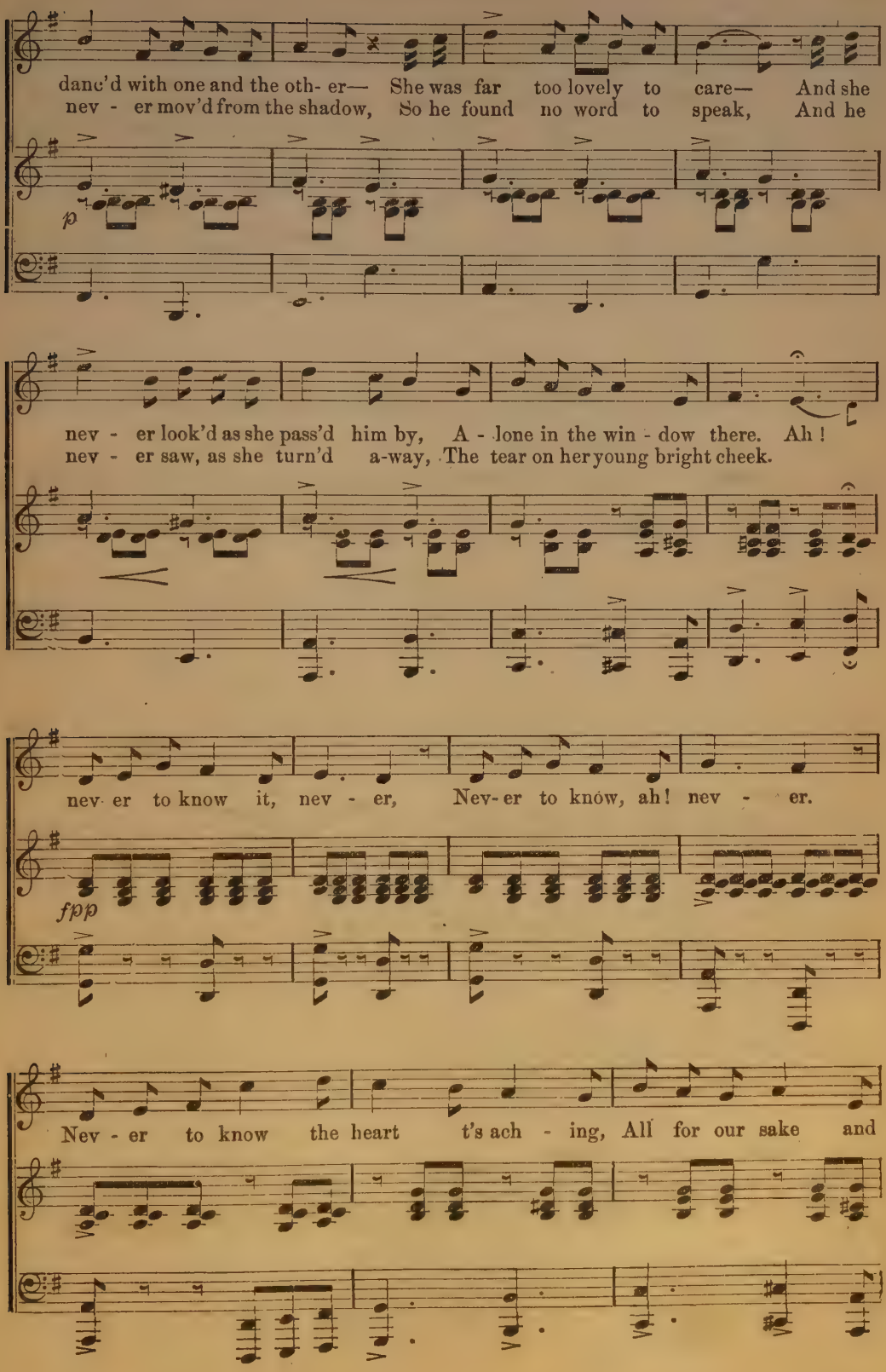
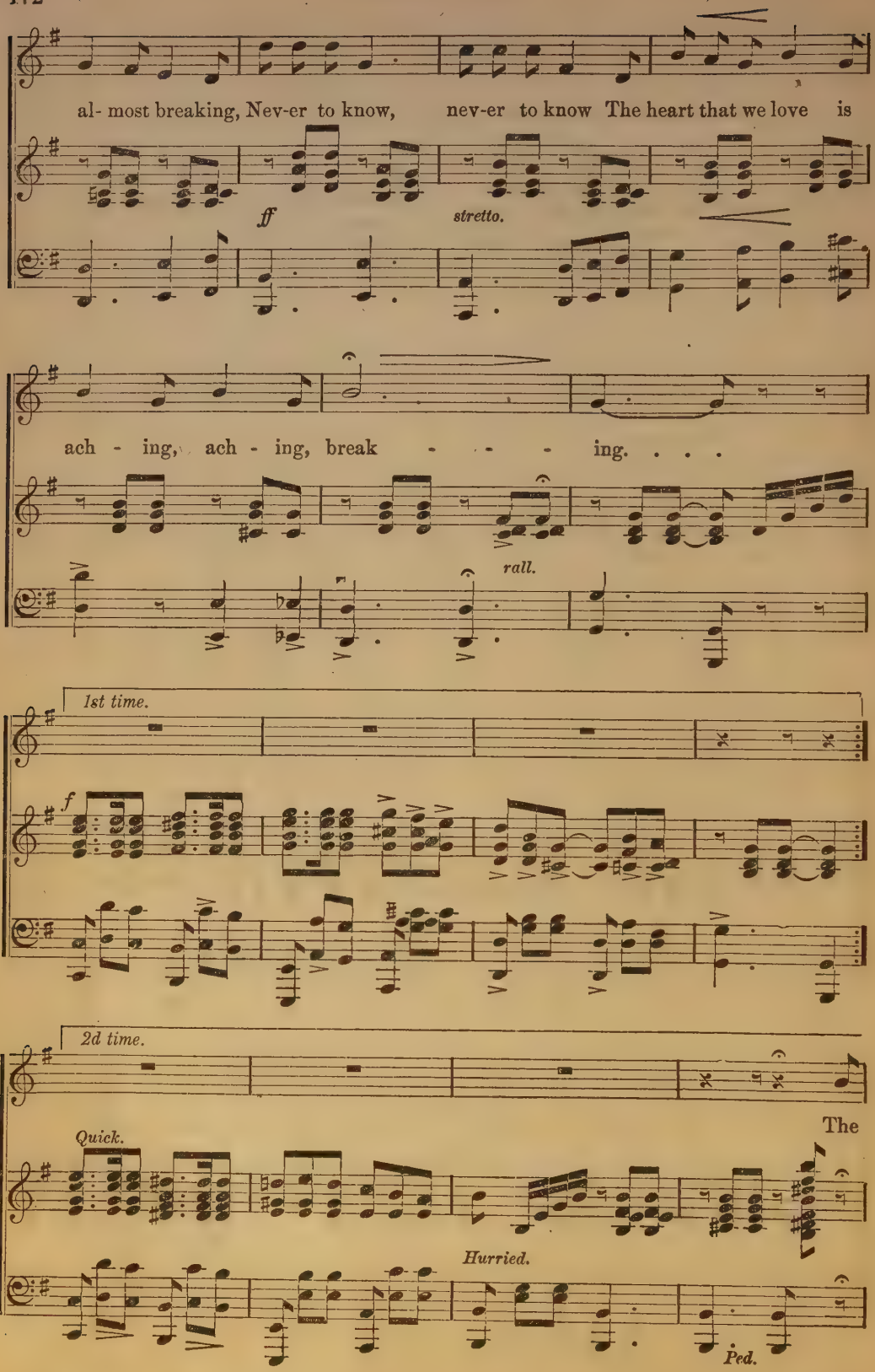
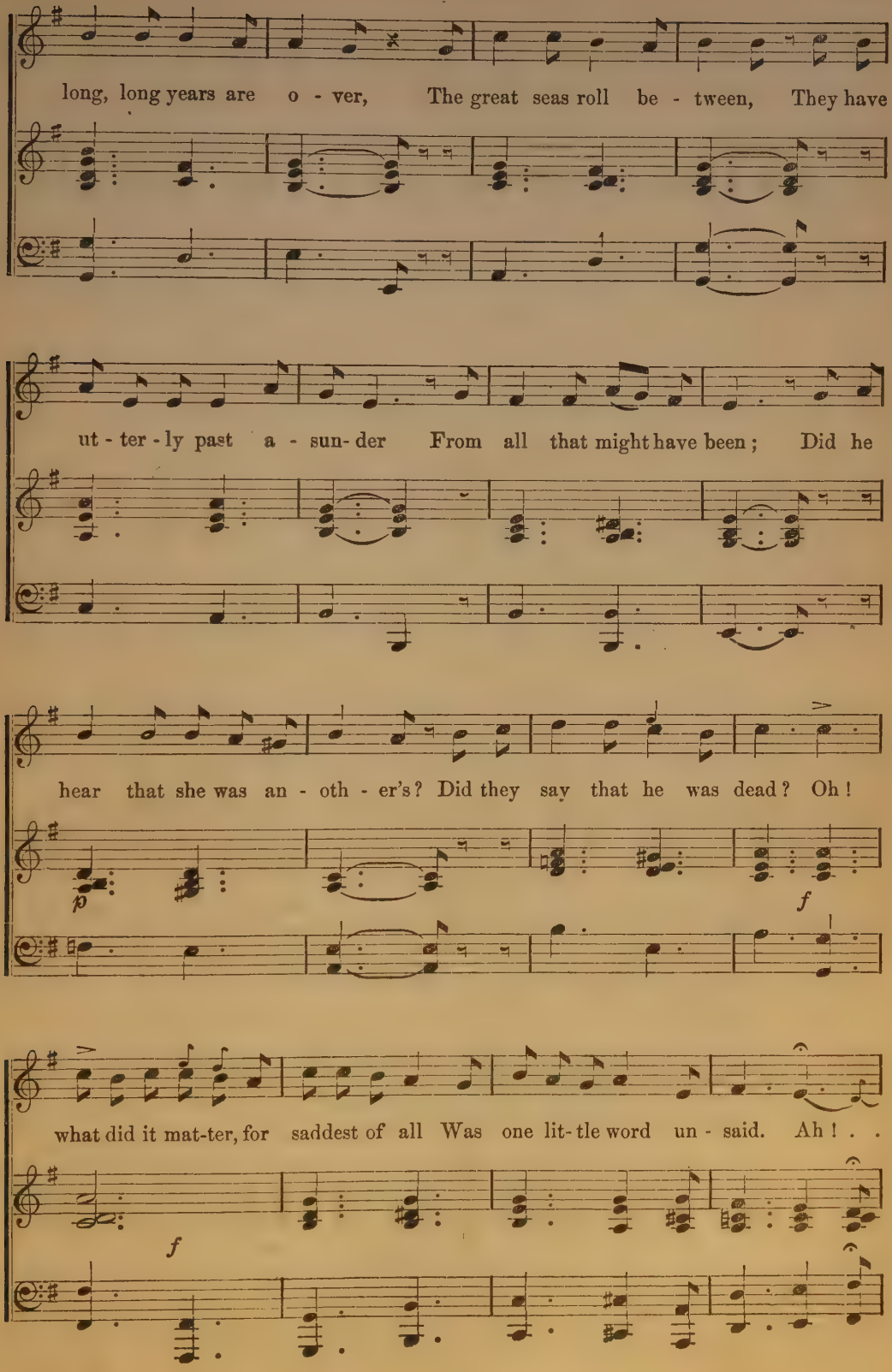
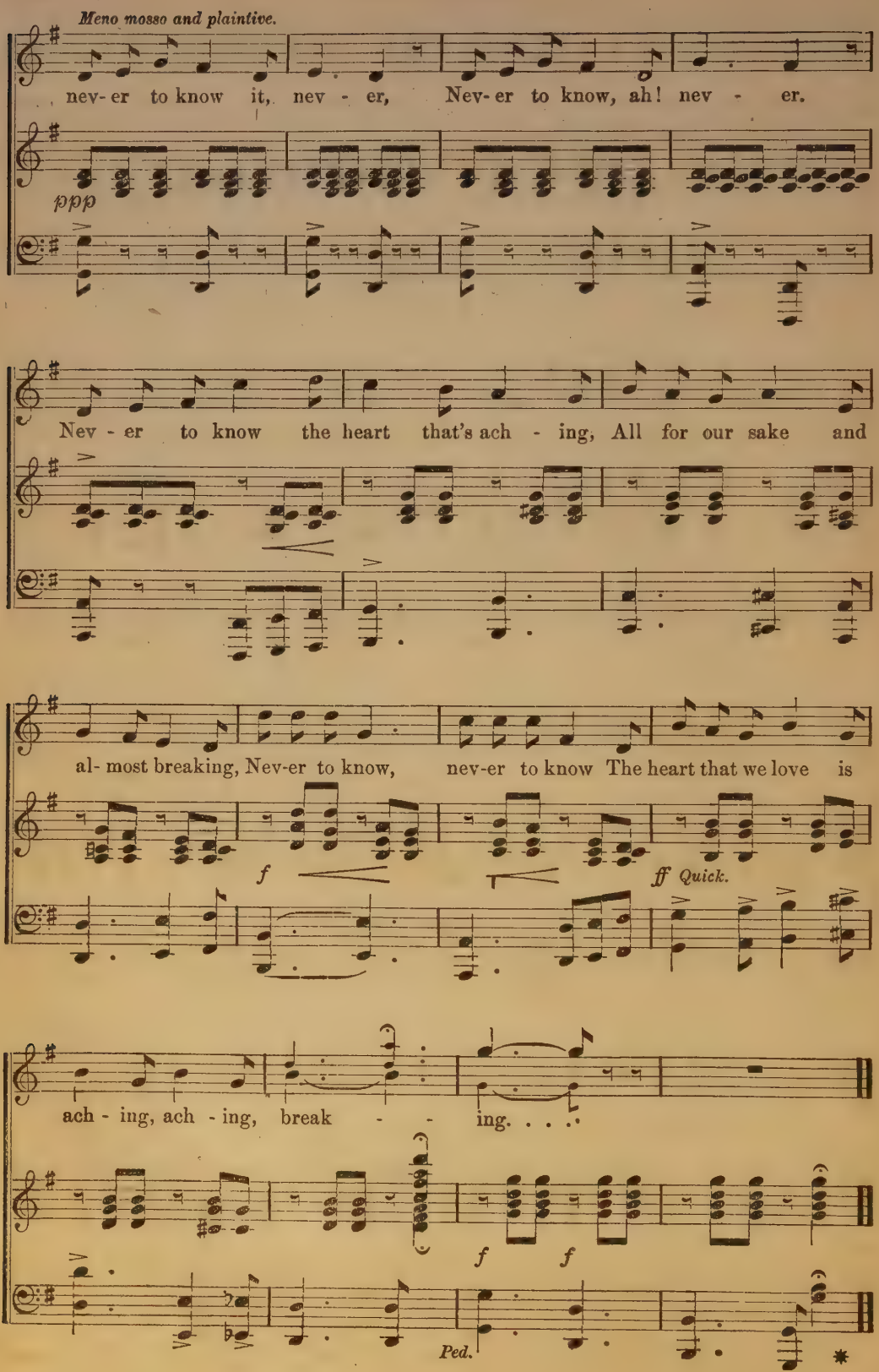

danc'd with one and the oth- er— She was far too lovely to care— And she
nev - er mov'd from the shadow, So he found no word to speak, And he
p
nev - er look'd as she pass'd him by, A - lone in the win - dow there. Ah!
nev - er saw, as she turn'd a-way, The tear on her young bright cheek.
nev er to know it, nev - er, Nev-er to know, ah! nev - er.
fpp
Nev - er to know the heart t's ach - ing, All for our sake and


al- most breaking, Nev-er to know, nev-er to know The heart that we love is
ff
stretto.
ach - ing, ach - ing, break - - - ing. . . .
rall.
1st time.
f
2d time.
The
Quick.
Hurried.
Ped.

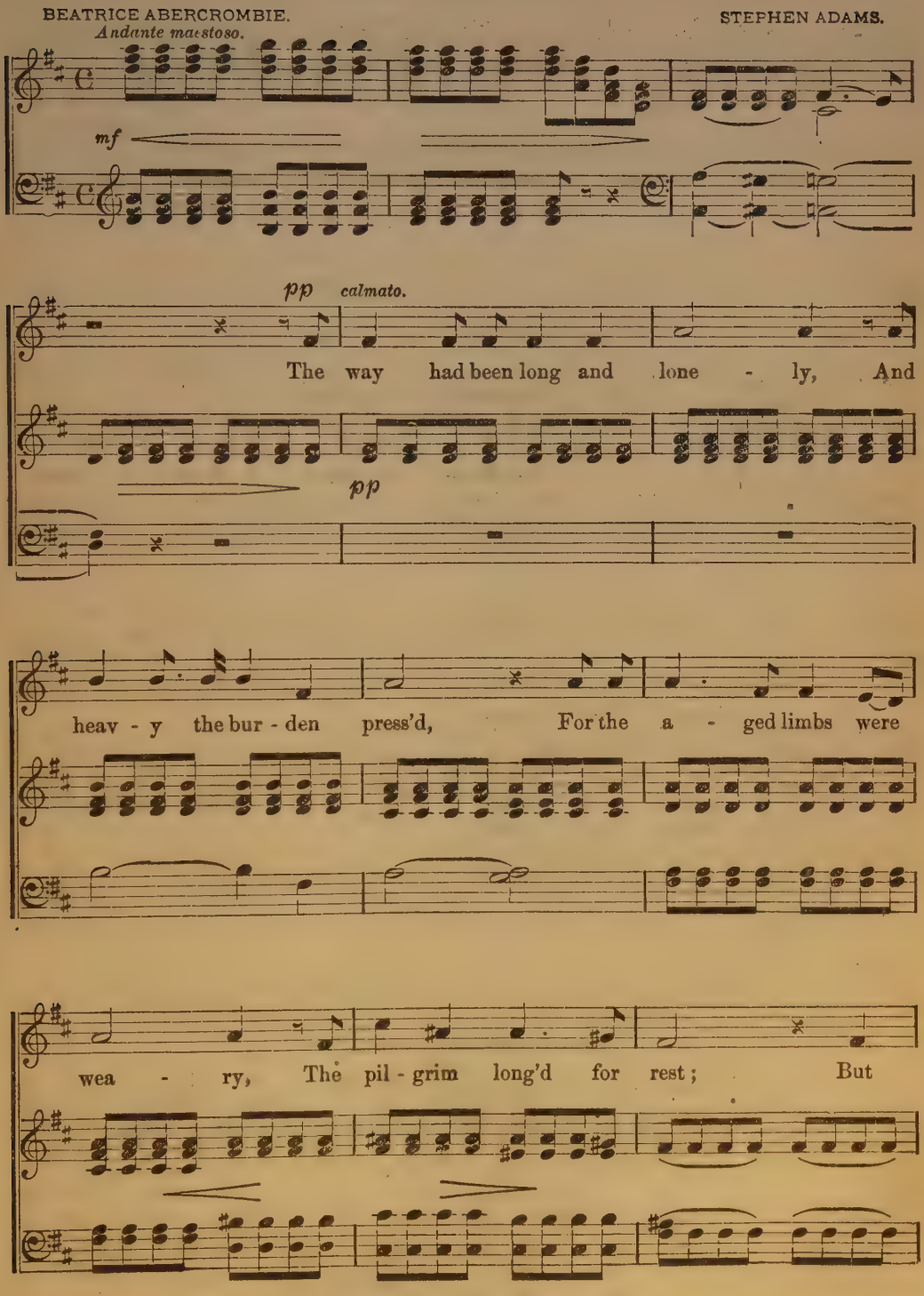

long, long years are o - ver, The great seas roll be - tween, They have
ut - ter - ly past a - sun- der From all that might have been; Did he
hear that she was an - oth - er's? Did they say that he was dead? Oh!
p
f
what did it mat-ter, for saddest of all Was one lit- tle word un - said. Ah! . .
f


Meno mosso and plaintive.
nev- er to know it, nev - er, Nev- er to know, ah! nev - er.
ppp
Nev - er to know the heart that's ach - ing, All for our sake and
al- most breaking, Nev-er to know, nev-er to know The heart that we love is
f
ff Quick.
ach - ing, ach - ing, break - - ing. . . .
f f
Ped.

THE PILGRIM.

BEATRICE ABERCROMBIE. STEPHEN ADAMS.

Andante maestoso.


mf
pp calmato.
The way had been long and lone - ly, And
pp
heav - y the bur - den press'd, For the a - ged limbs were
wea - ry, The pil - grim long'd for rest; But

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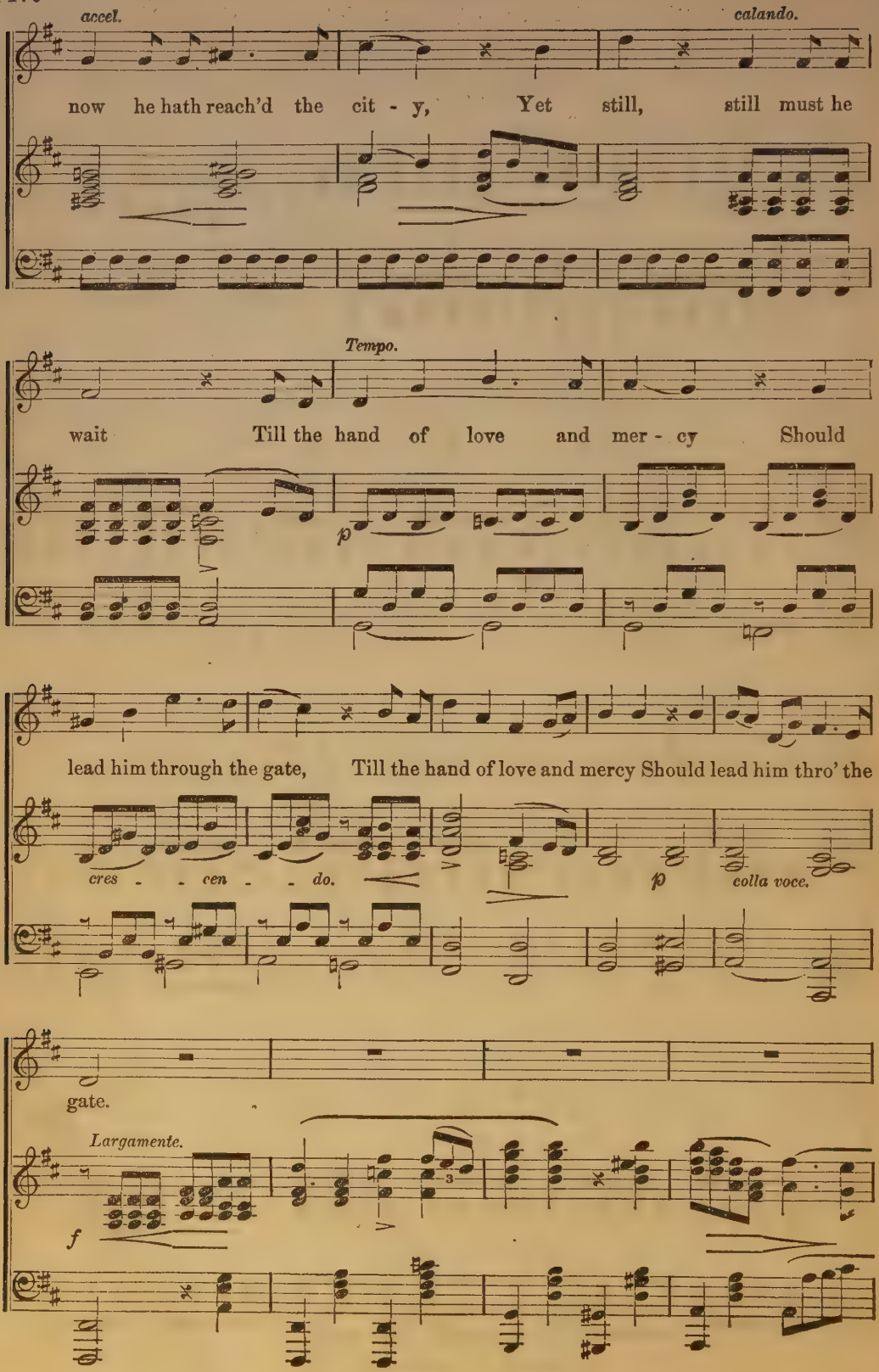
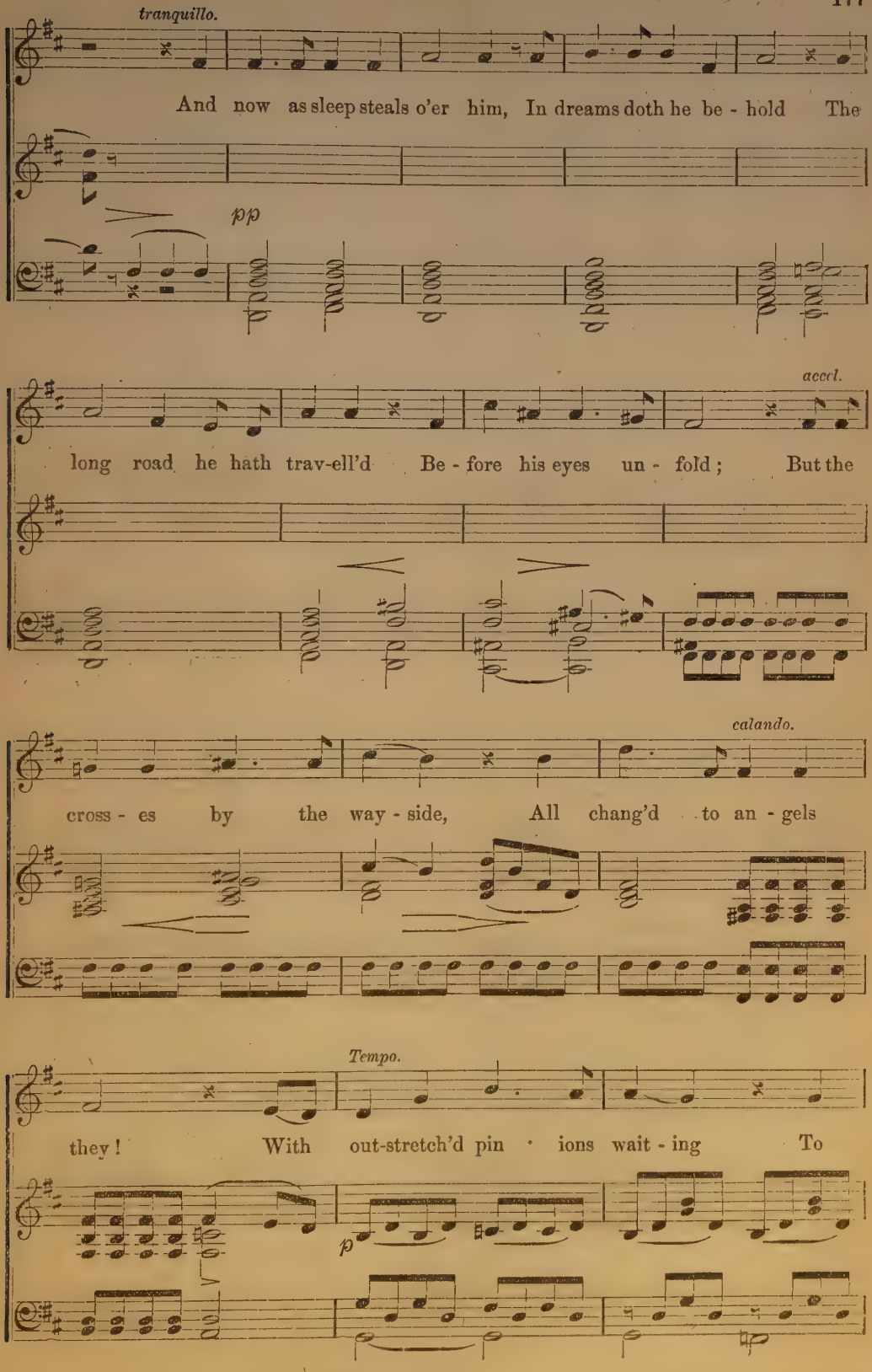
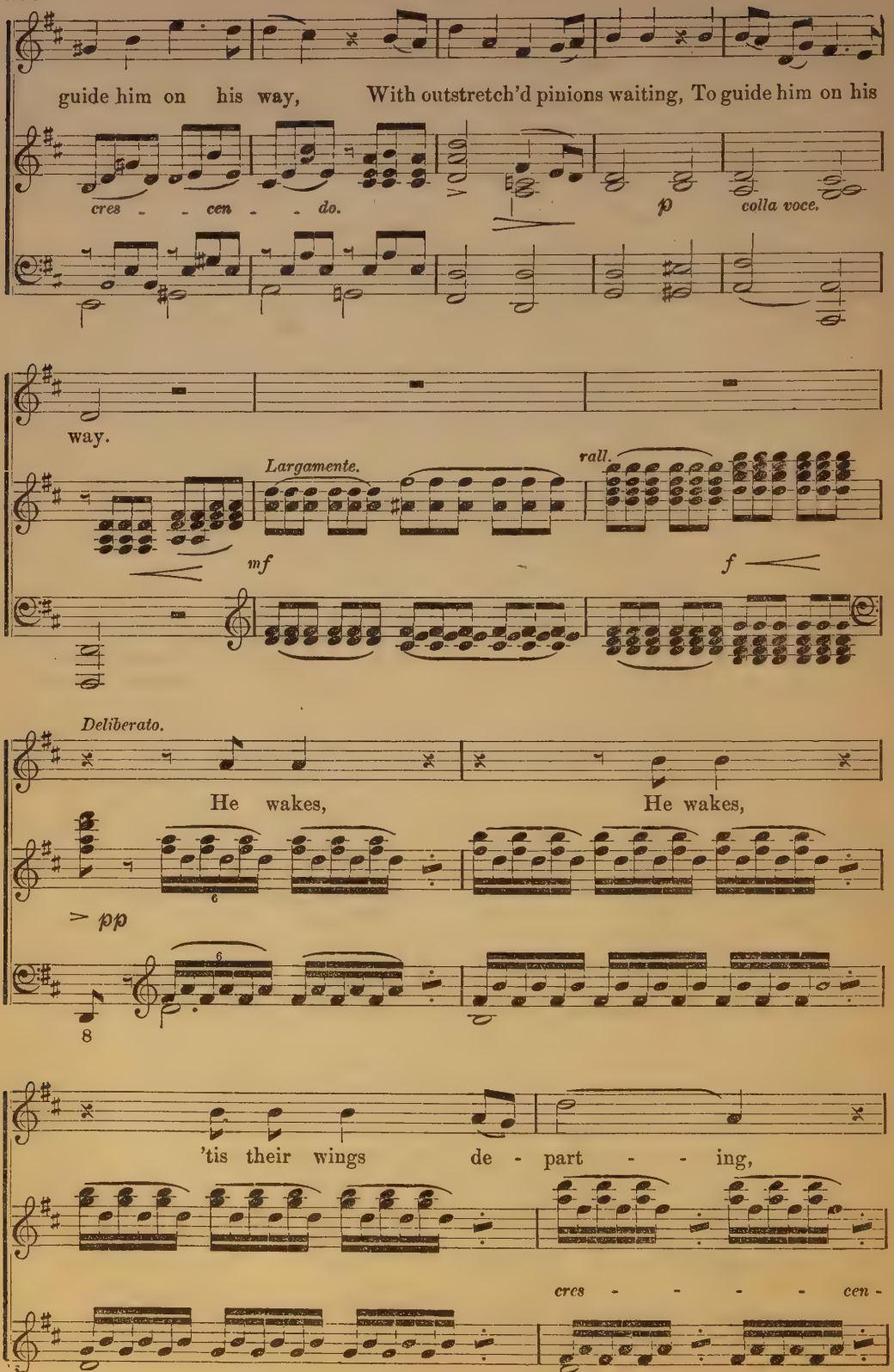
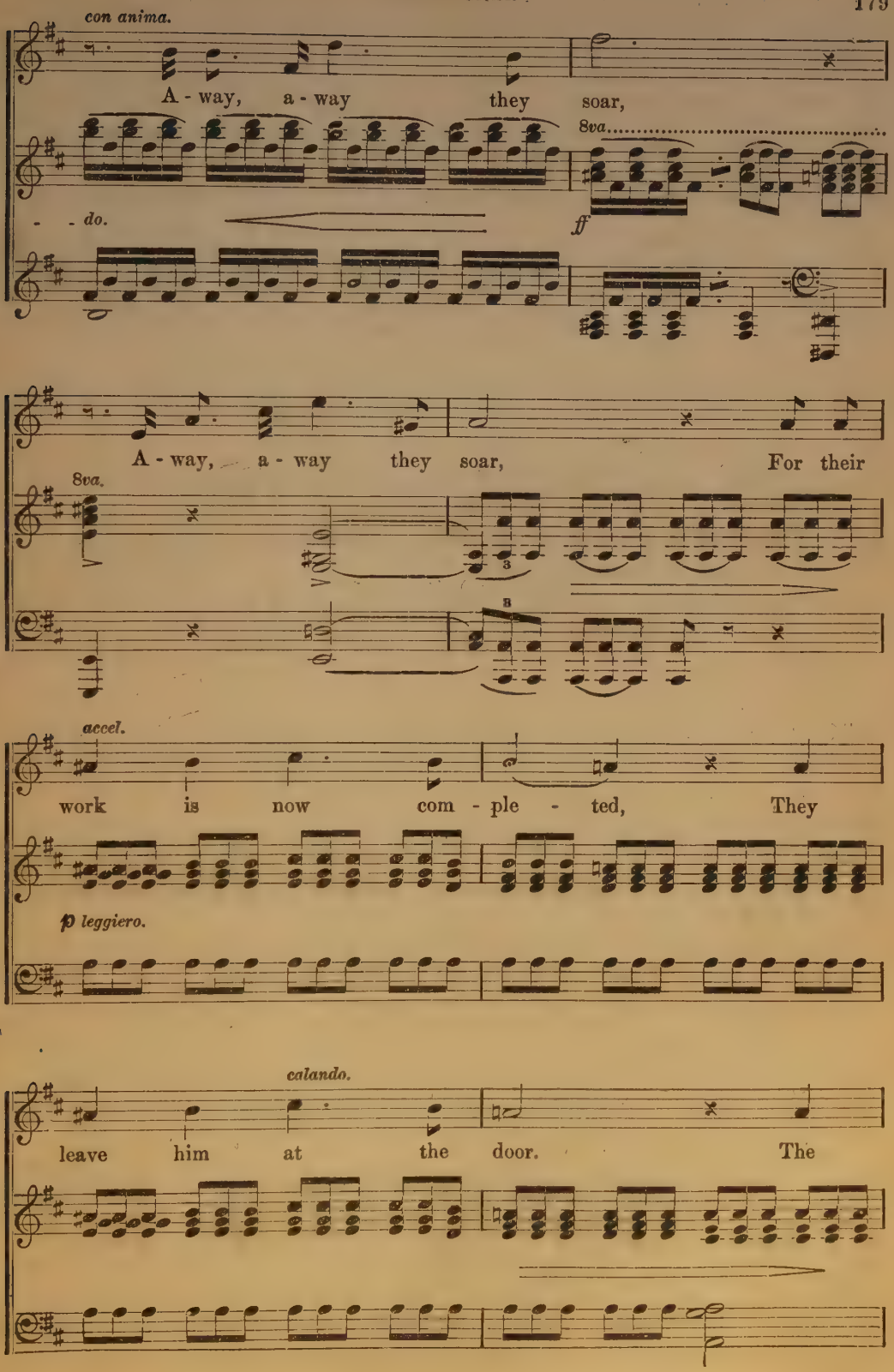
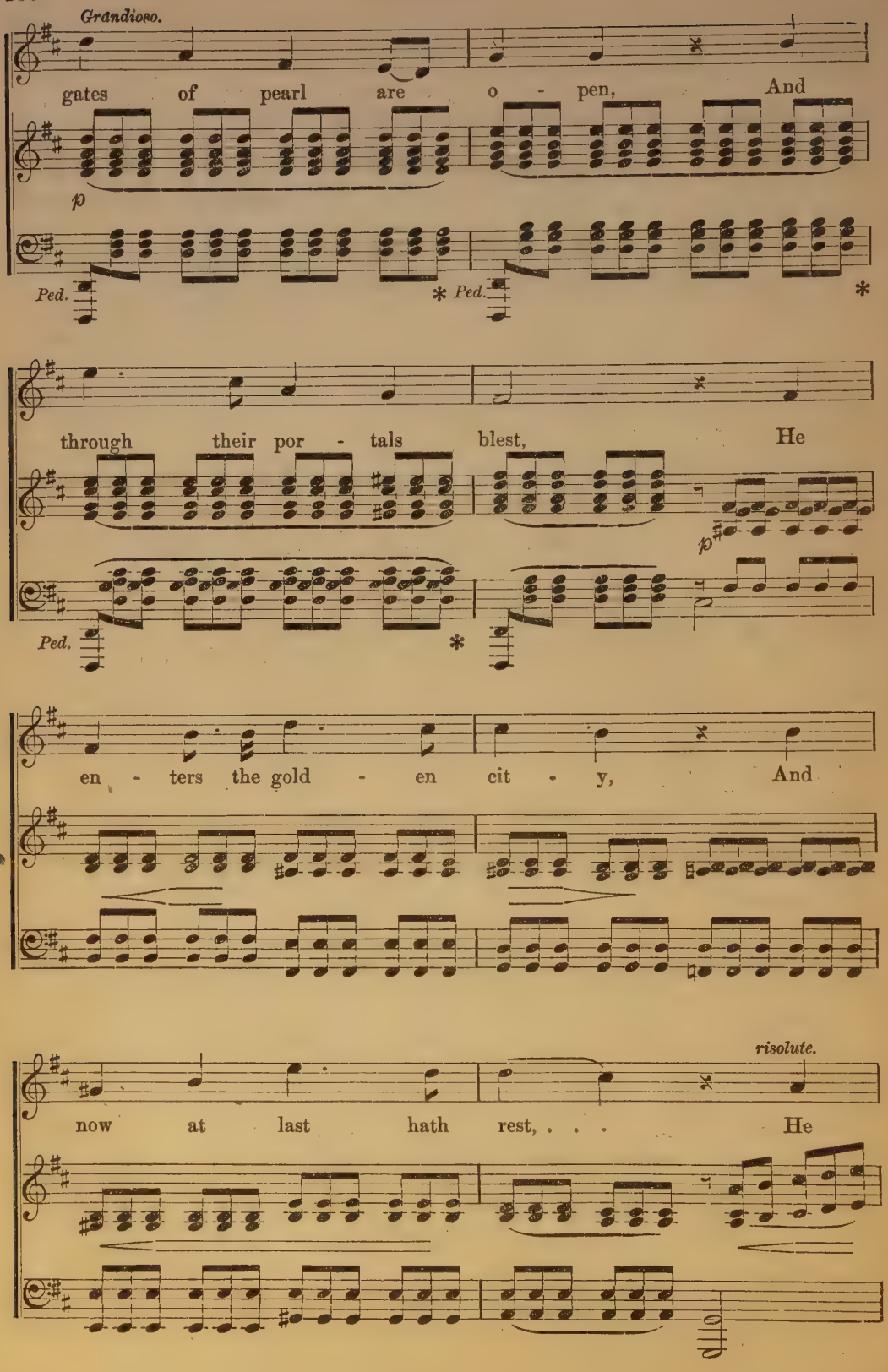
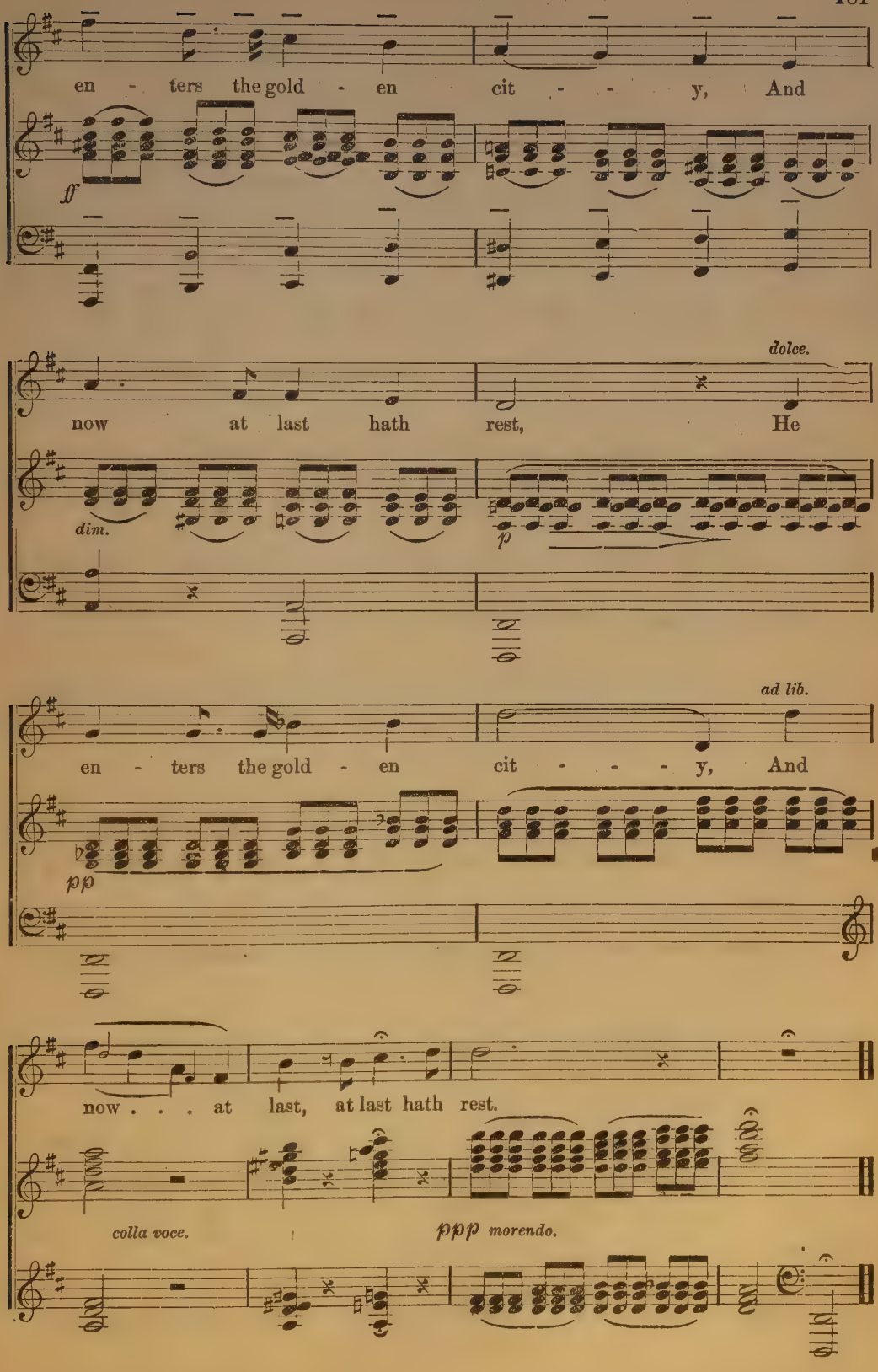

accel.
calando.
now he hath reach'd the cit - y, Yet still, still must he
Tempo.
wait Till the hand of love and mer - cy Should
p
lead him through the gate, Till the hand of love and mercy Should lead him thro' the
cres - - cen - - do.
p
colla voce.
gate.
Largamente.
f


tranquillo.
And now as sleep steals o'er him, In dreams doth he be - hold The
pp
accel.
long road he hath trav-ell'd Be - fore his eyes un - fold; But the
calando.
cross - es by the way - side, All chang'd to an - gels
Tempo.
they! With out-stretch'd pin · ions wait - ing To
p


guide him on his way, With outstretch'd pinions waiting, To guide him on his
cres - - cen - - do.
p
colla voce.
way.
Largamente.
rall.
mf
f
Deliberato.
He wakes, He wakes,
pp
'tis their wings de - part - - ing,
cres - - - - cen -


con anima.
A - way, a - way they soar,
8va.
- - do.
ff
A - way, a - way they soar, For their
8va.
accel.
work is now com - ple - ted, They
p leggiero.
calando.
leave him at the door. The


Grandioso.
gates of pearl are o - pen, And
p
Ped. * Ped. *
through their por - tals blest, He
p
Ped. *
en - ters the gold - en cit - y, And
risolute.
now at last hath rest, . . . He

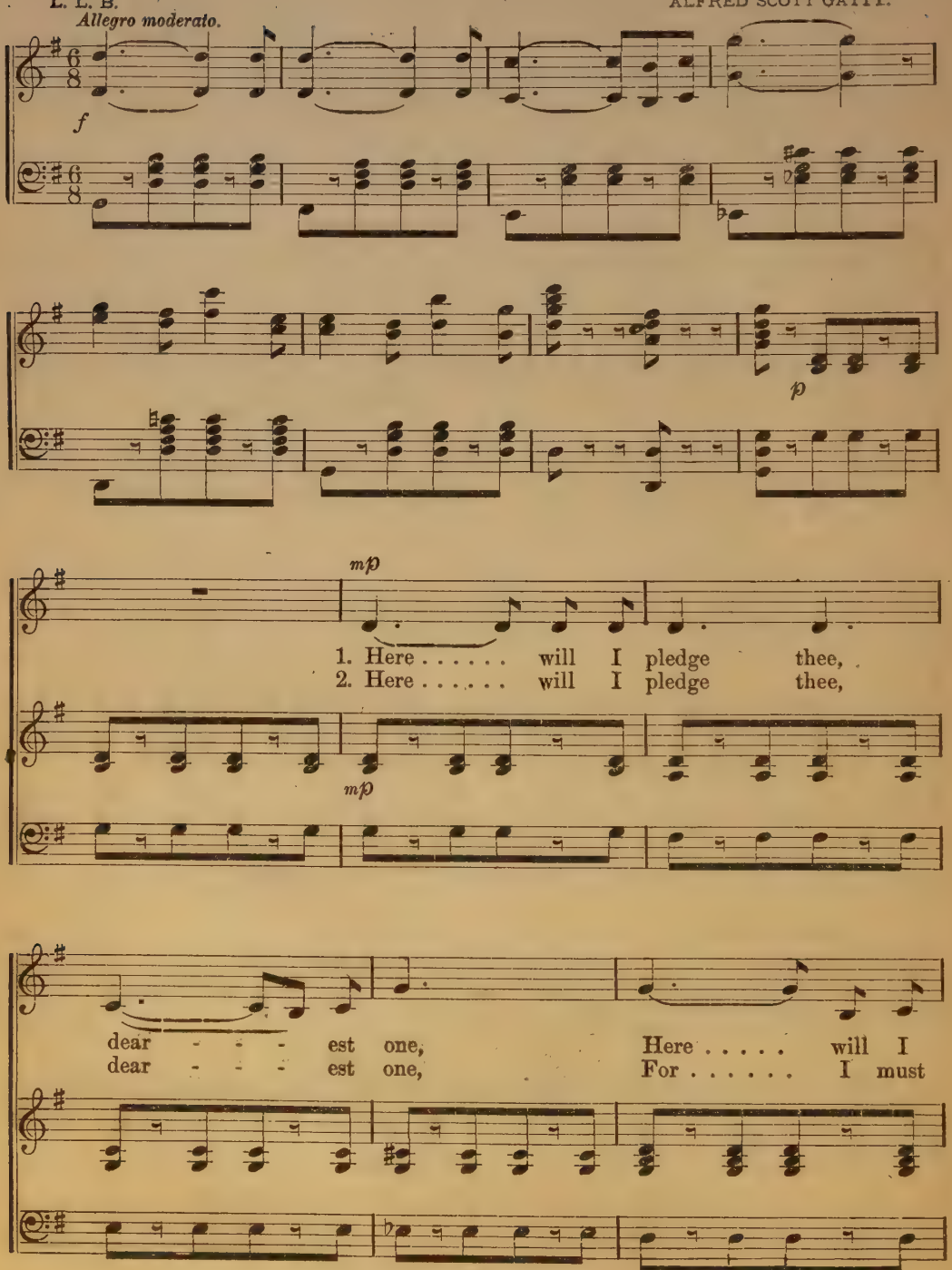

en - ters the gold - en cit - - - y, And
ff
dolce.
now at last hath rest, He
dim.
p
ad lib.
en - ters the gold - en cit - - - - y, And
pp
now . . . at last, at last hath rest.
colla voce.
ppp morendo.

TRUE TILL DEATH.

L. L. B.

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro moderato.



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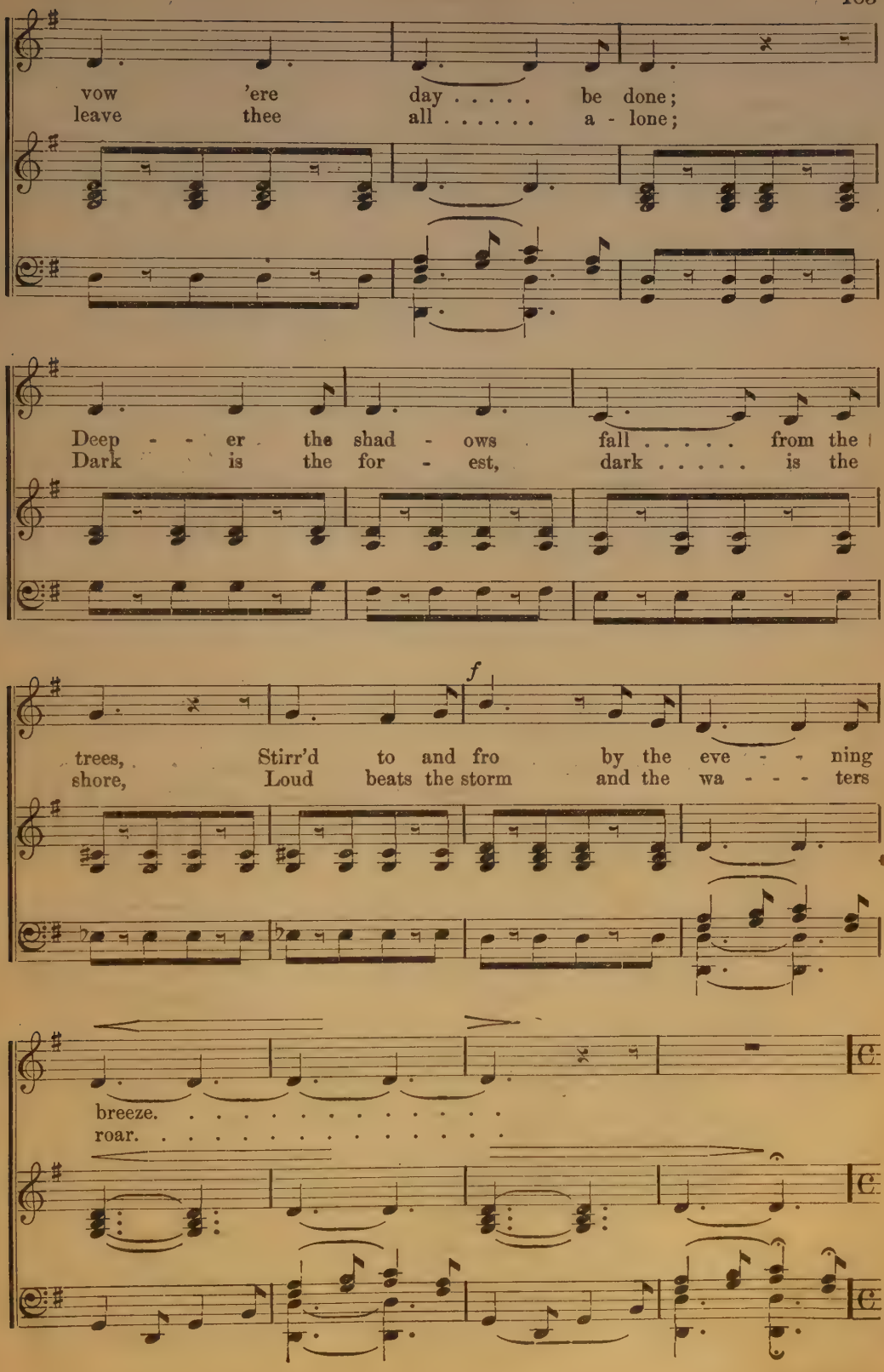
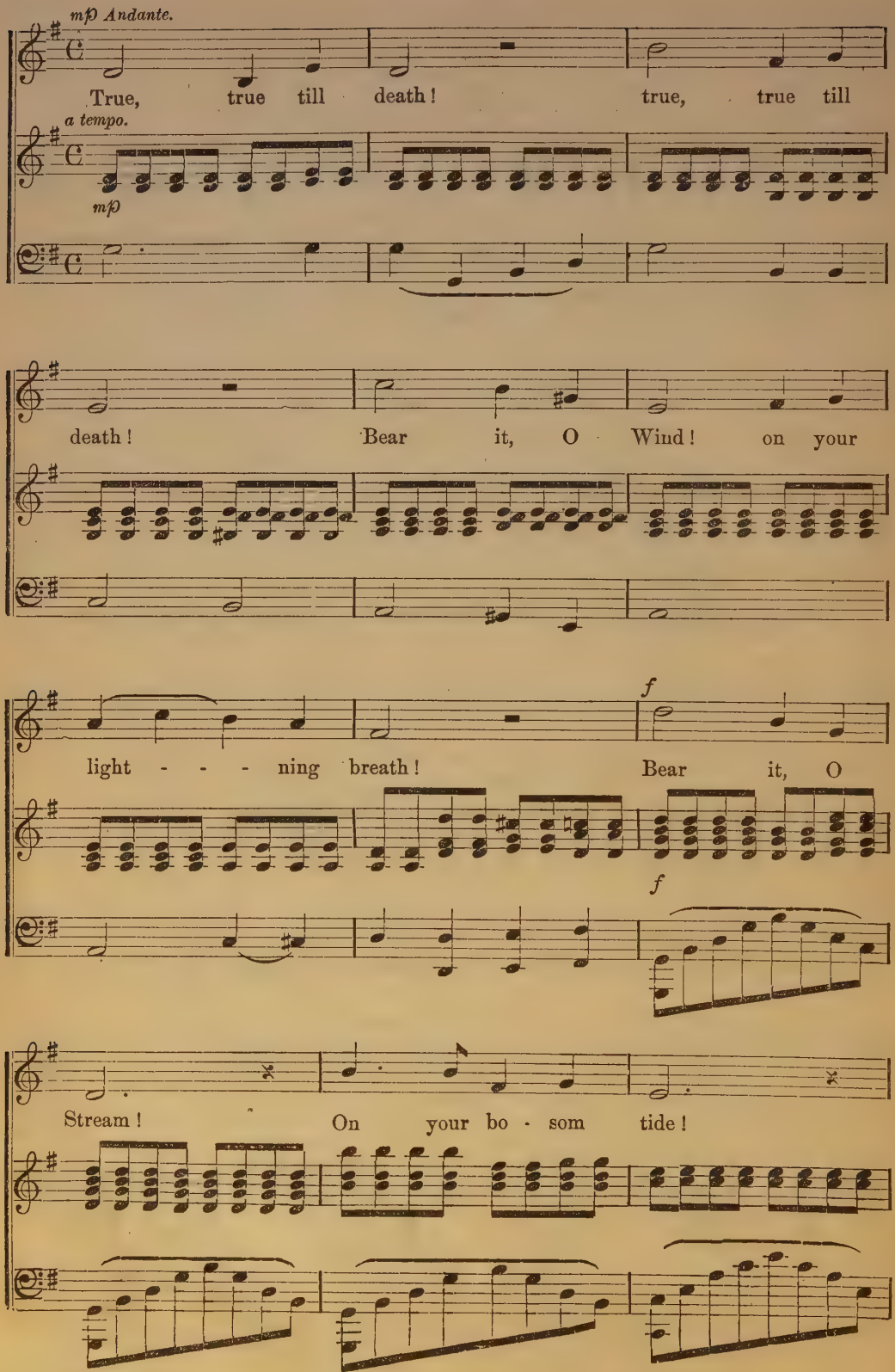
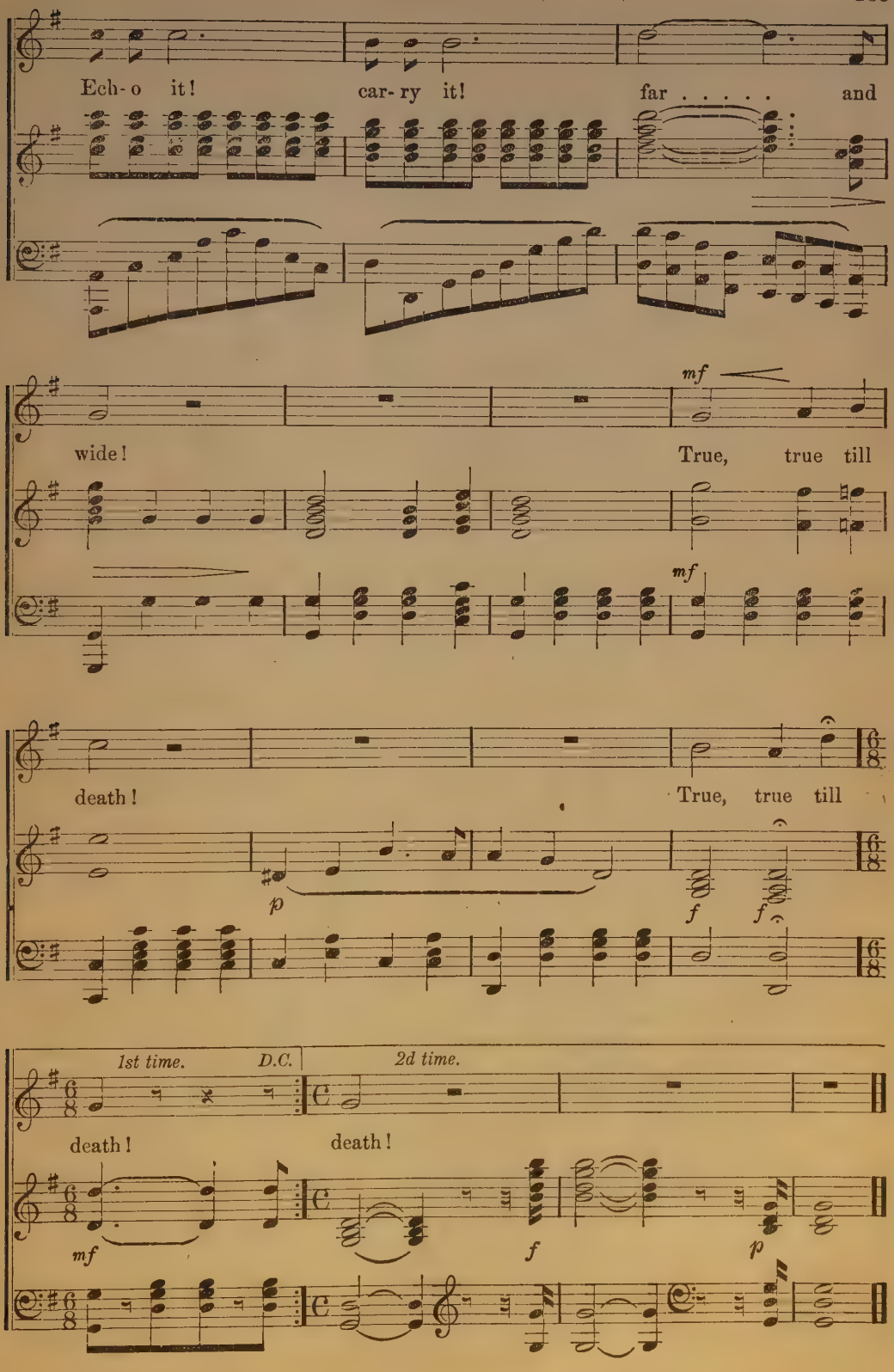

vow 'ere day . . . . . be done;
leave thee all . . . . . a - lone;
Deep - - er the shad - ows fall . . . . . from the
Dark is the for - est, dark . . . . . is the
f
trees, Stirr'd to and fro by the eve - - ning
shore, Loud beats the storm and the wa - - - ters
breeze. . . . . .
roar. . . . . .

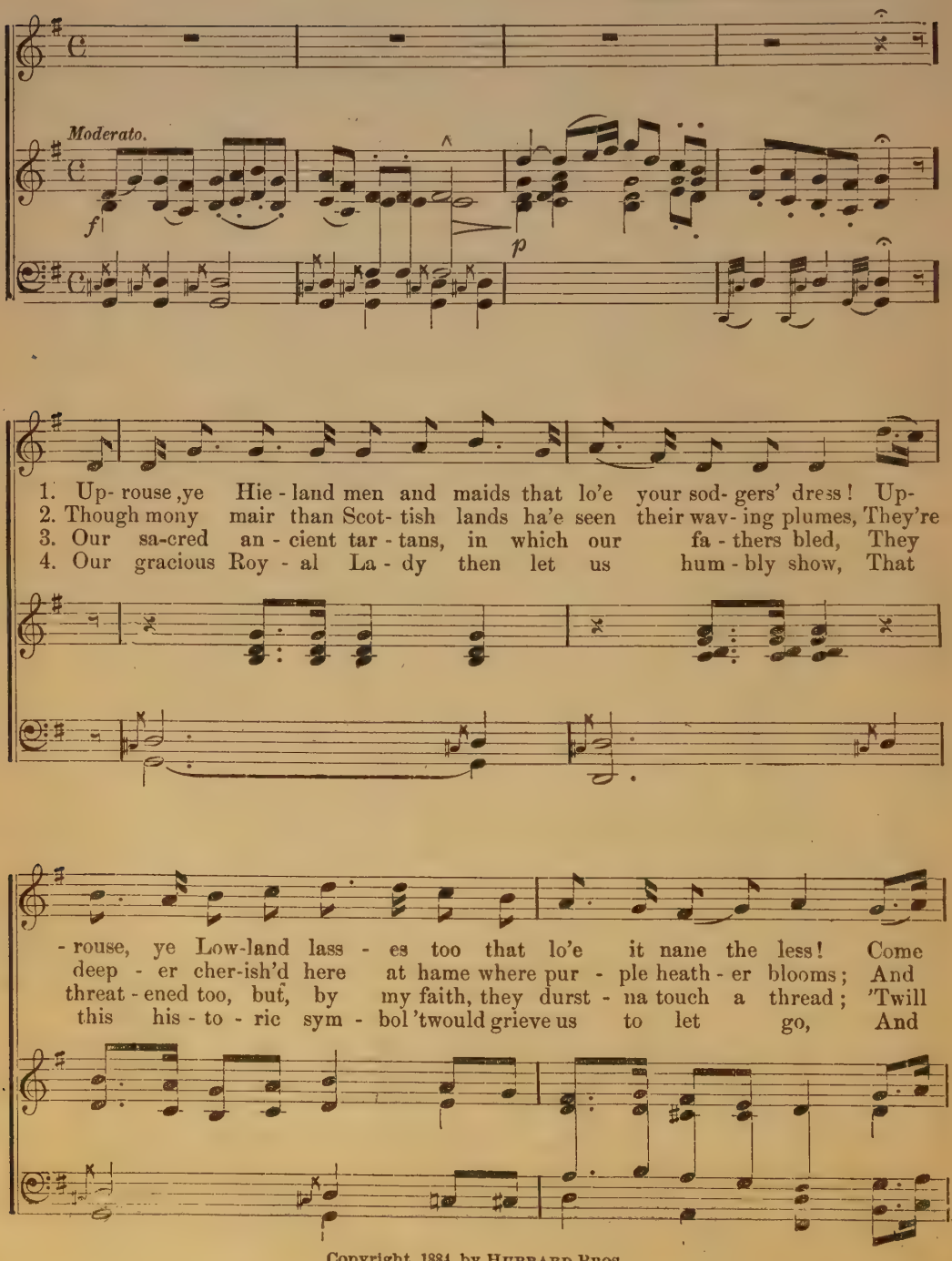

mp Andante.
True, true till death! true, true till
a tempo.
mp
death! Bear it, O Wind! on your
f
light - - - ning breath! Bear it, O
f
Stream! On your bo - som tide!

No. 2.—12.


Ech-o it! car-ry it! far . . . . . and
wide! True, true till
death! True, true till
1st time. D.C. 2d time.
death! death!

SPARE THE BONNETS.

SARAH MOIR ROBERTSON.


Moderato.
f
p
1. Up- rouse, ye Hie - land men and maids that lo'e your sod- gers' dress! Up-
2. Though mony mair than Scot- tish lands ha'e seen their wav- ing plumes, They're
3. Our sa-cred an - cient tar - tans, in which our fa - thers bled, They
4. Our gracious Roy - al La - dy then let us hum - bly show, That
- rouse, ye Low-land lass - es too that lo'e it nane the less! Come
deep - er cher-ish'd here at hame where pur - ple heath - er blooms; And
threat - ened too, but, by my faith, they durst - na touch a thread; 'Twill
this his - to - ric sym - bol 'twould grieve us to let go, And

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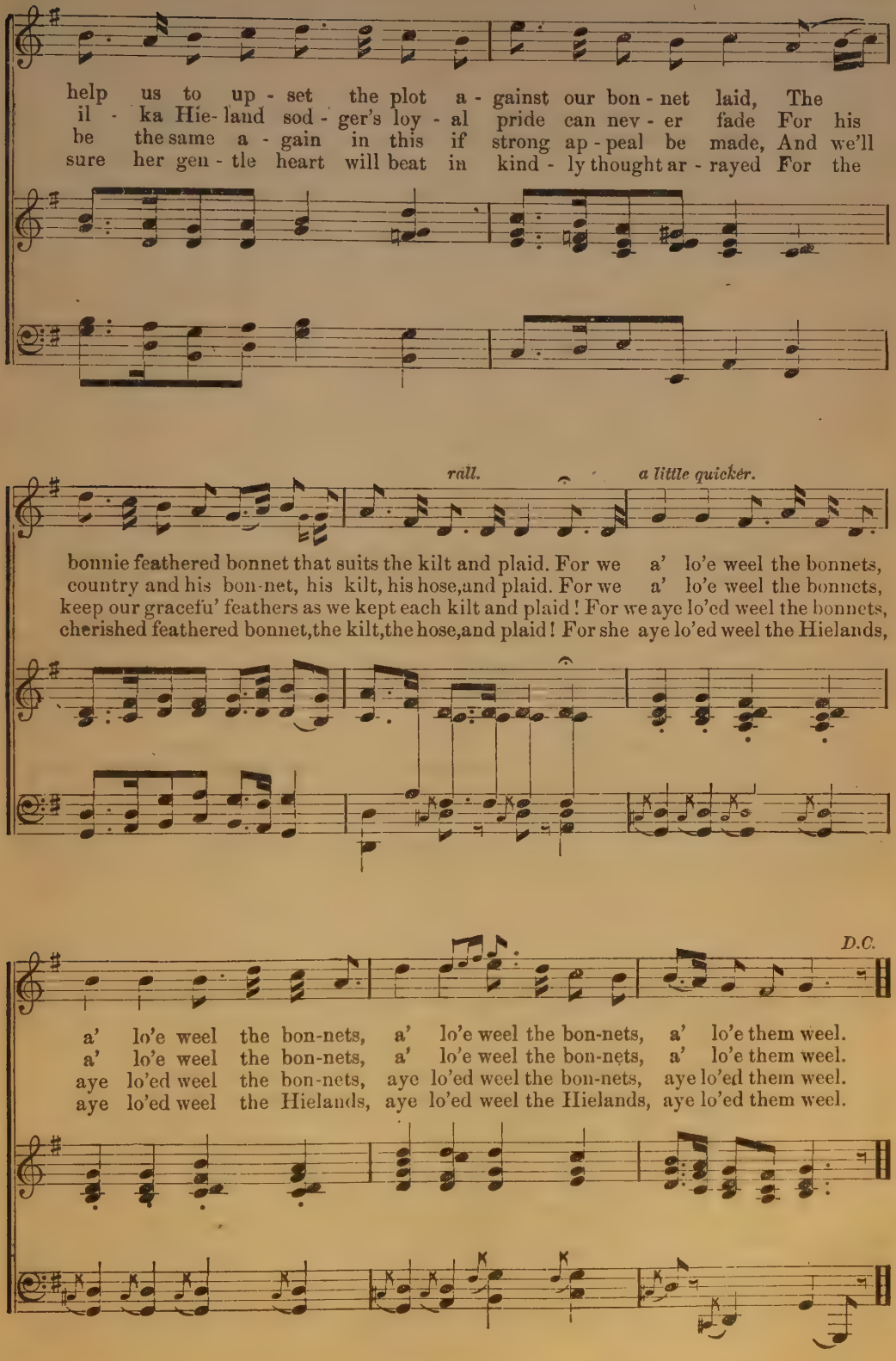
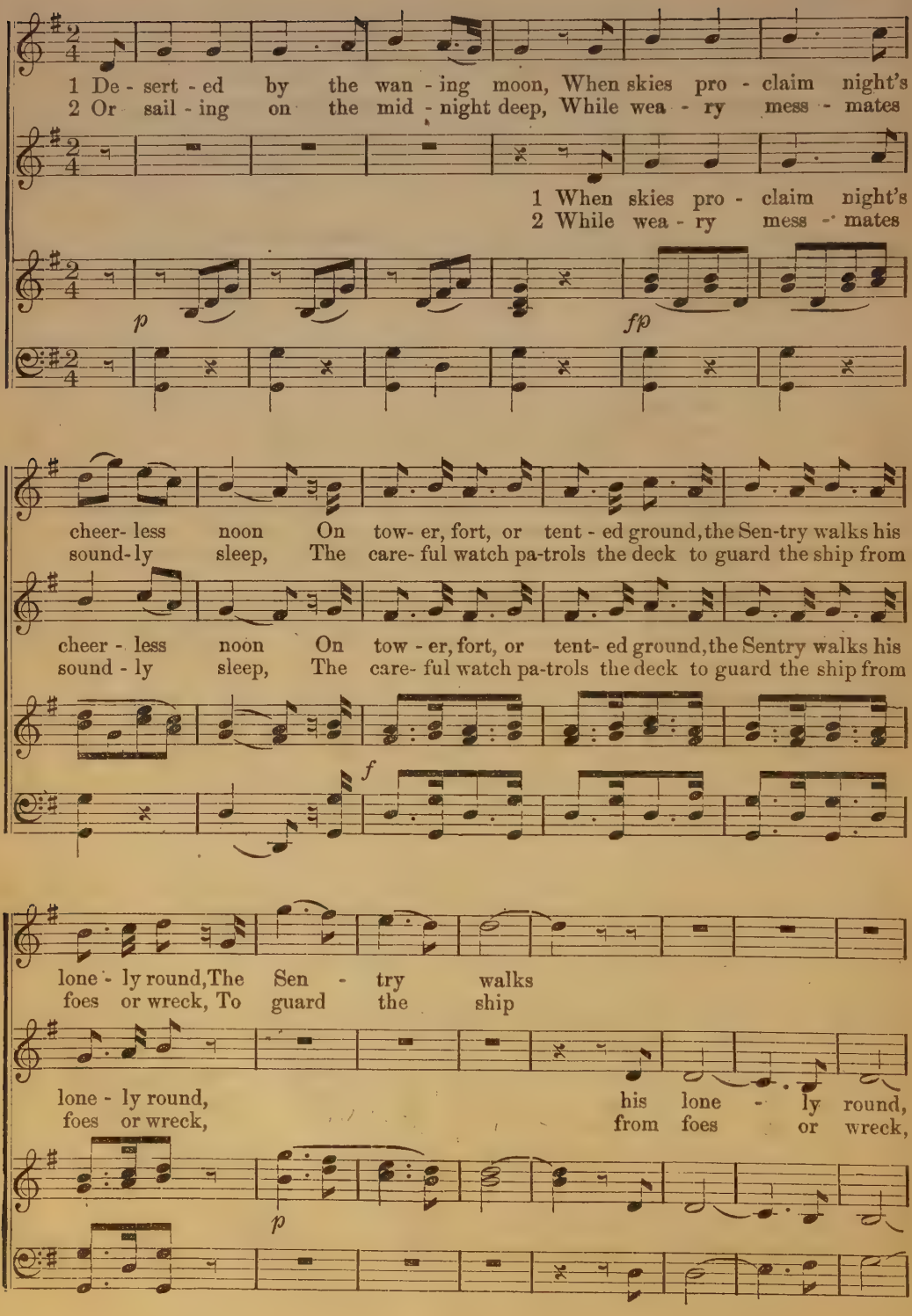

help us to up - set the plot a - gainst our bon - net laid, The
il - ka Hie- land sod - ger's loy - al pride can nev - er fade For his
be the same a - gain in this if strong ap - peal be made, And we'll
sure her gen - tle heart will beat in kind - ly thought ar - rayed For the
rall.
a little quicker.
bonnie feathered bonnet that suits the kilt and plaid. For we a' lo'e weel the bonnets,
country and his bon-net, his kilt, his hose,and plaid. For we a' lo'e weel the bonnets,
keep our gracefu' feathers as we kept each kilt and plaid! For we aye lo'ed weel the bonnets,
cherished feathered bonnet,the kilt,the hose,and plaid! For she aye lo'ed weel the Hielands,
D.C.
a' lo'e weel the bon-nets, a' lo'e weel the bon-nets, a' lo'e them weel.
a' lo'e weel the bon-nets, a' lo'e weel the bon-nets, a' lo'e them weel.
aye lo'ed weel the bon-nets, aye lo'ed weel the bon-nets, aye lo'ed them weel.
aye lo'ed weel the Hielands, aye lo'ed weel the Hielands, aye lo'ed them weel.

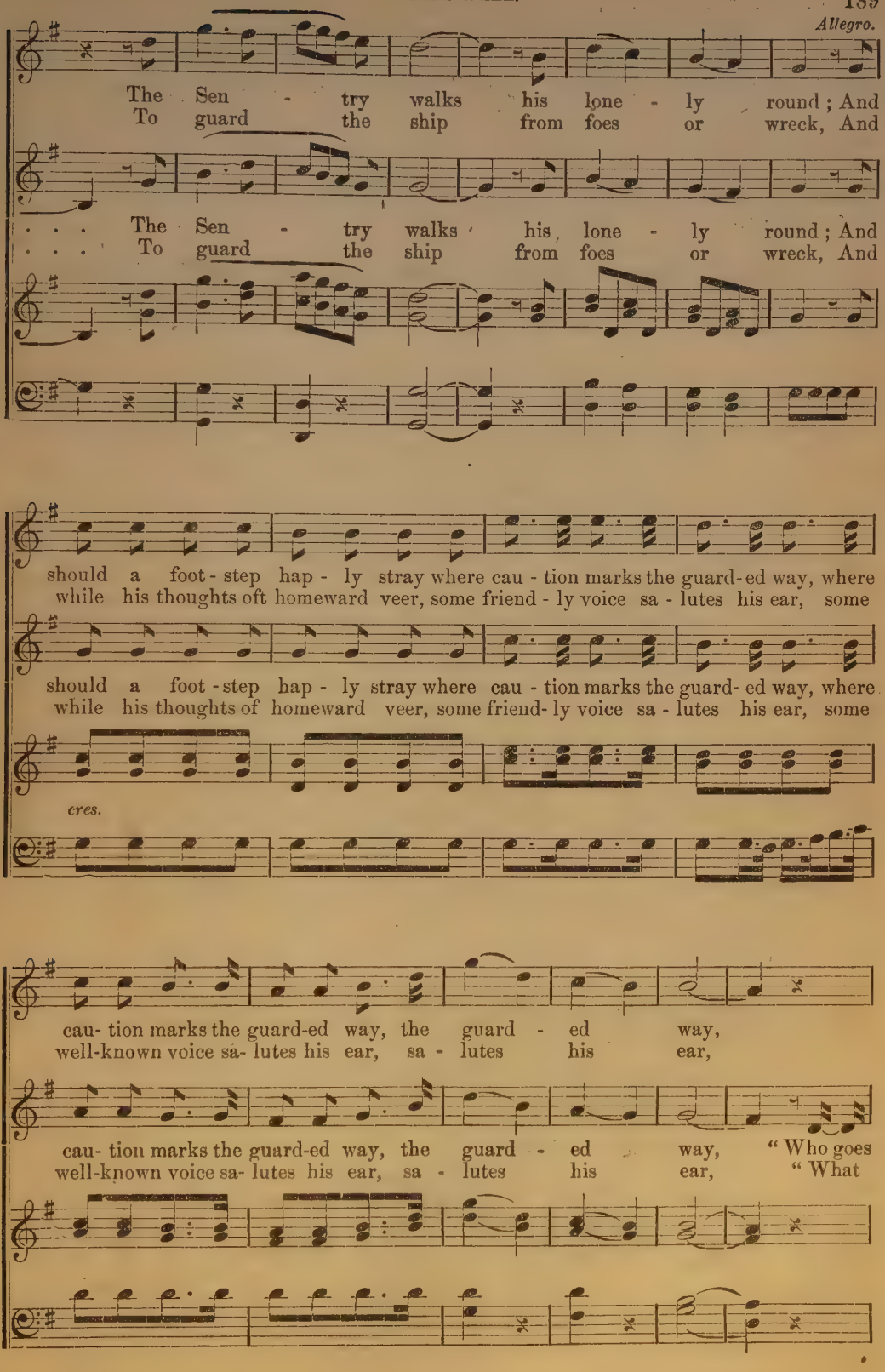
ALL'S WELL.

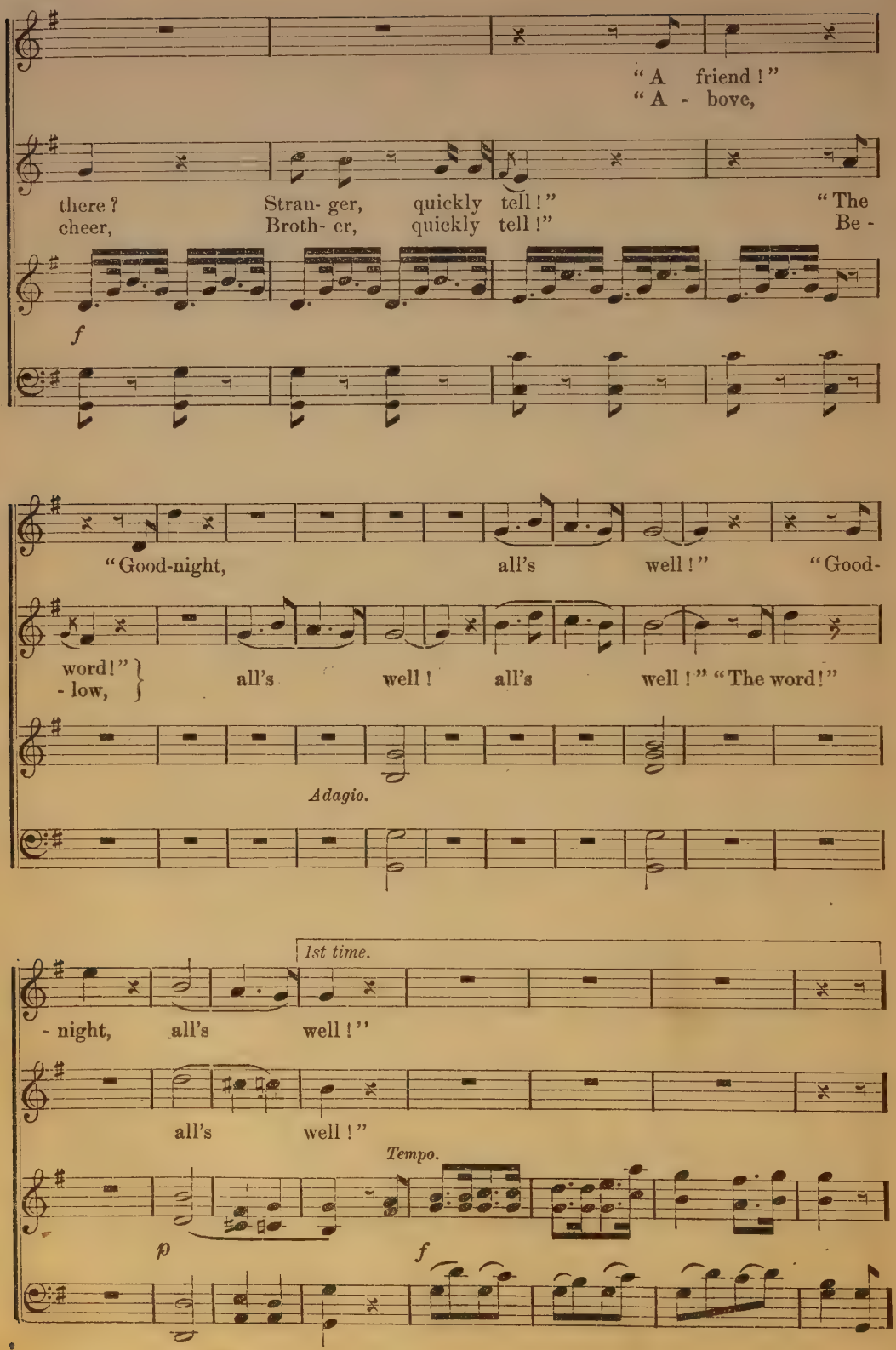
DUETTO.

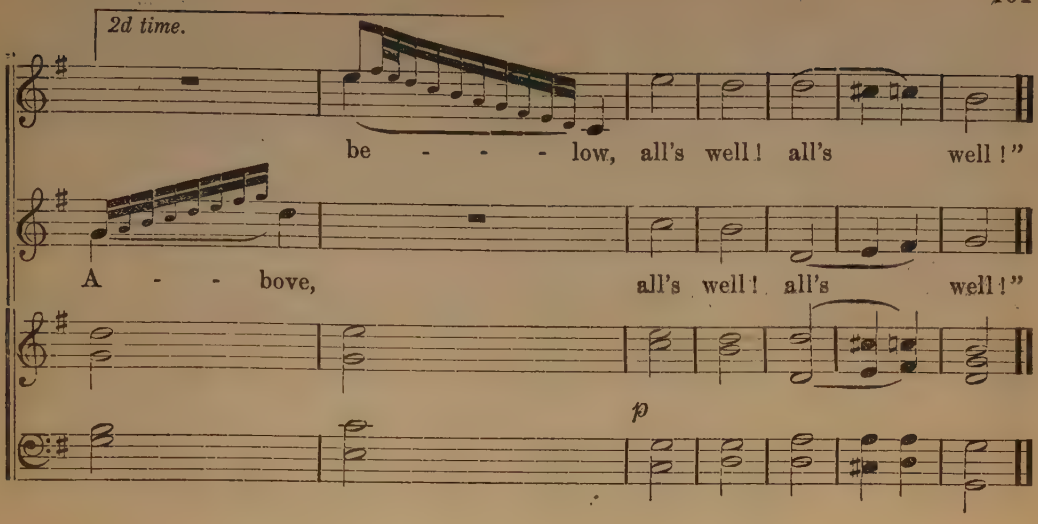
BRAHAM.


1 De - sert - ed by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro - claim night's
2 Or sail - ing on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry mess - mates
1 When skies pro - claim night's
2 While wea - ry mess - mates
p
fp
cheer- less noon On tow- er, fort, or tent - ed ground, the Sen-try walks his
sound-ly sleep, The care- ful watch pa-trols the deck to guard the ship from
cheer - less noon On tow - er, fort, or tent- ed ground, the Sentry walks his
sound - ly sleep, The care- ful watch pa-trols the deck to guard the ship from
f
lone - ly round, The Sen - try walks
foes or wreck, To guard the ship
lone - ly round, his lone - ly round,
foes or wreck, from foes or wreck,
p

Allegro.

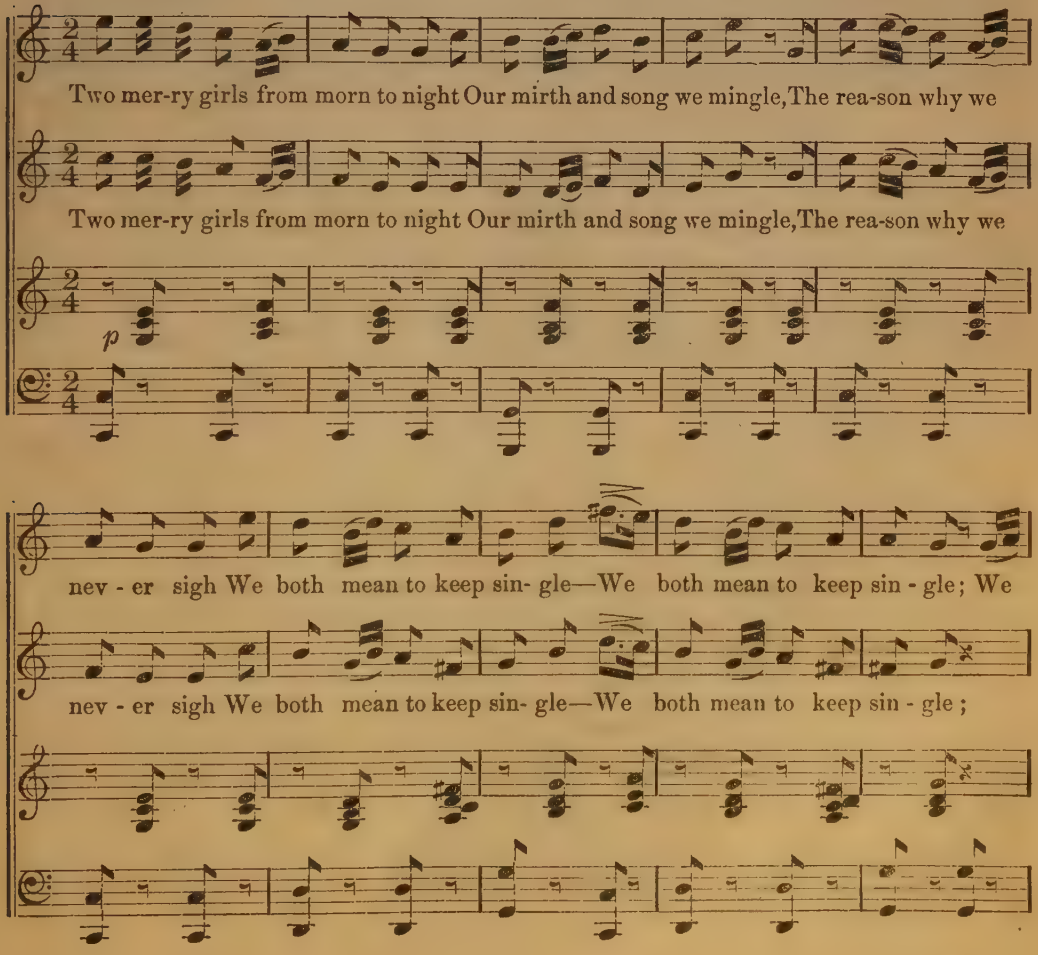

The Sen - try walks his lone - ly round ; And
To guard the ship from foes or wreck, And
. . . The Sen - try walks his lone - ly round ; And
. . . To guard the ship from foes or wreck, And
should a foot - step hap - ly stray where cau - tion marks the guard-ed way, where
while his thoughts oft homeward veer, some friend - ly voice sa - lutes his ear, some
should a foot - step hap - ly stray where cau - tion marks the guard- ed way, where
while his thoughts of homeward veer, some friend- ly voice sa - lutes his ear, some
cres.
cau- tion marks the guard-ed way, the guard - ed way,
well-known voice sa- lutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear,
cau- tion marks the guard-ed way, the guard - ed way, " Who goes
well-known voice sa- lutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear, " What

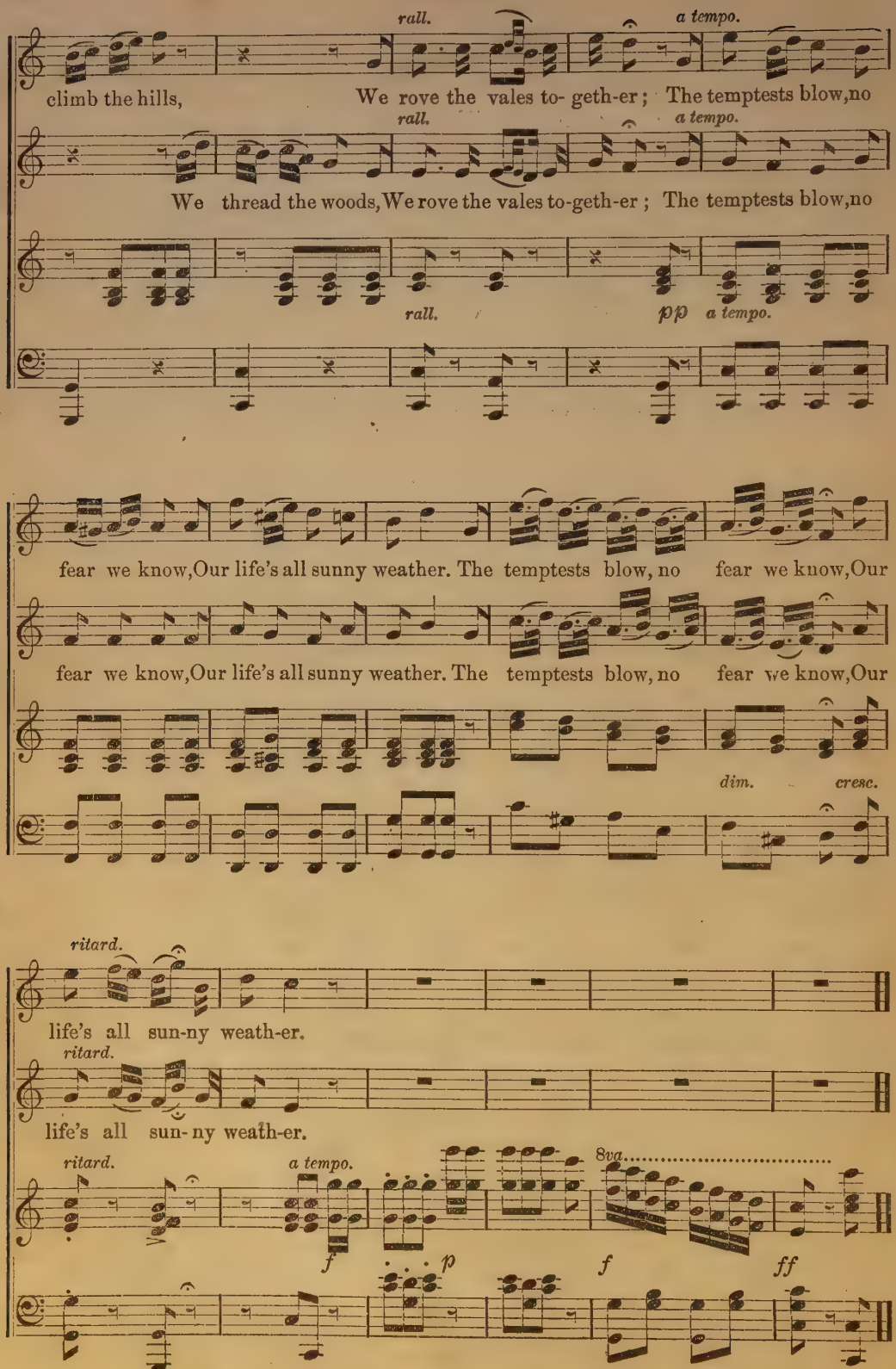

"A friend!"
"A - bove,
there? Stran- ger, quickly tell!" "The
cheer, Broth- er, quickly tell!" Be -
f
"Good-night, all's well!" "Good-
word!"
- low,
all's well! all's well!" "The word!"
Adagio.
1st time.
- night, all's well!"
all's well!"
Tempo.
p
f



TWO MERRY GIRLS.

J. E. CARPENTER. STEPHEN GLOVER.


Two mer-ry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, The rea-son why we
Two mer-ry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, The rea-son why we
p
nev - er sigh We both mean to keep sin- gle—We both mean to keep sin - gle; We
nev - er sigh We both mean to keep sin- gle—We both mean to keep sin - gle;


rall.
a tempo.
climb the hills, We rove the vales to- geth-er; The temptests blow,no
rall.
a tempo.
We thread the woods, We rove the vales to-geth-er; The temptests blow,no
rall.
pp
a tempo.
fear we know, Our life's all sunny weather. The temptests blow, no fear we know, Our
fear we know, Our life's all sunny weather. The temptests blow, no fear we know, Our
dim.
cresc.
ritard.
life's all sun-ny weath-er.
ritard.
life's all sun- ny weath-er.
ritard.
a tempo.
8va
f
p
f
ff

Allegretto Grazioso.

1st voice.

But if a - mid our green retreat Some wand'ring youth we'd chance to meet, Then
My sis - ter dear, your pride is such, Your prize your beau-ty far too much, I

p

rall. *2d voice. a tempo.*

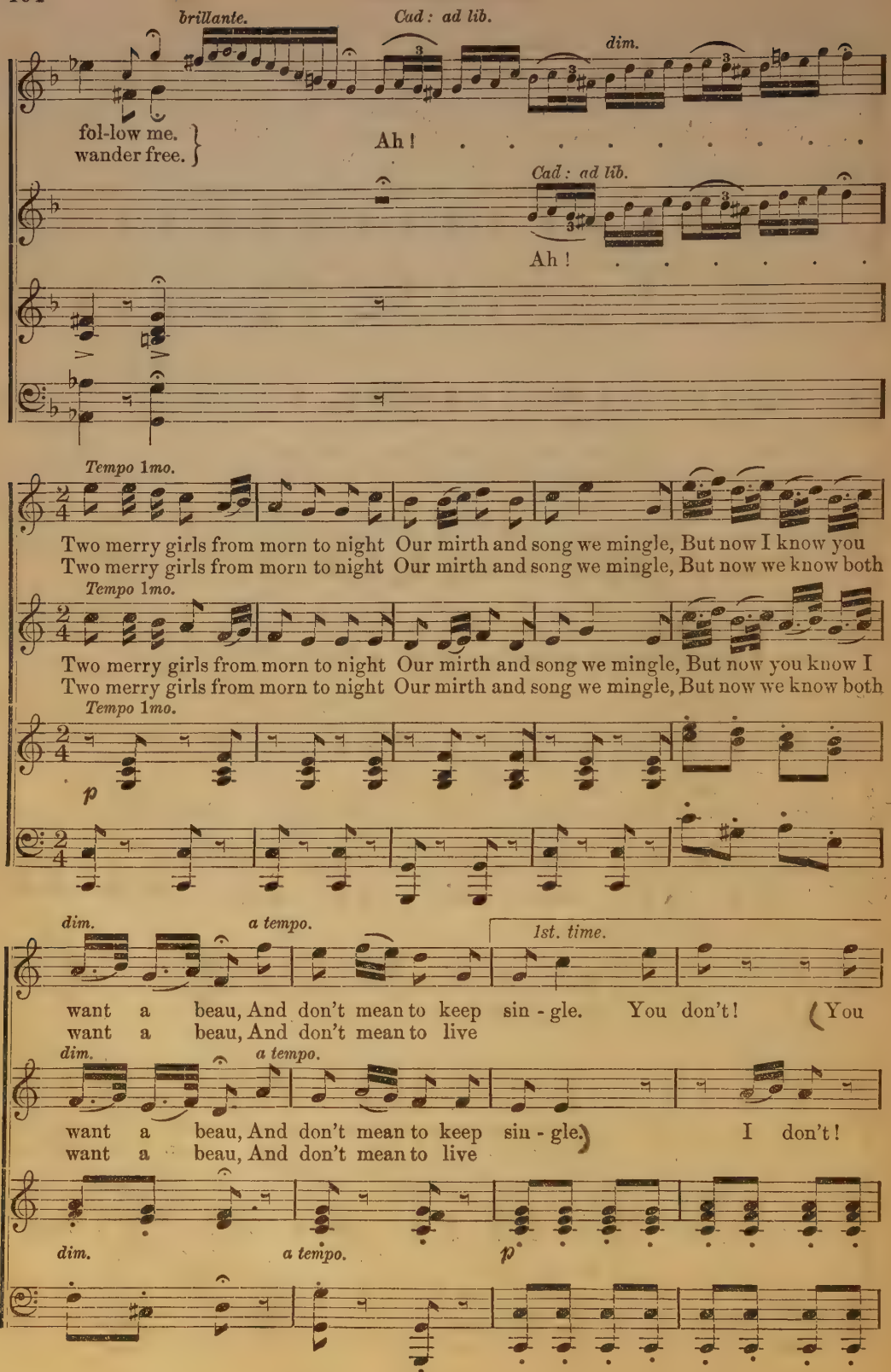
tell me, sis- ter, should you fly And leave me lonely standing by? Why sis- ter dear, there's
really think you'd change your mind If that same youth should stay behind. You cannot think, my

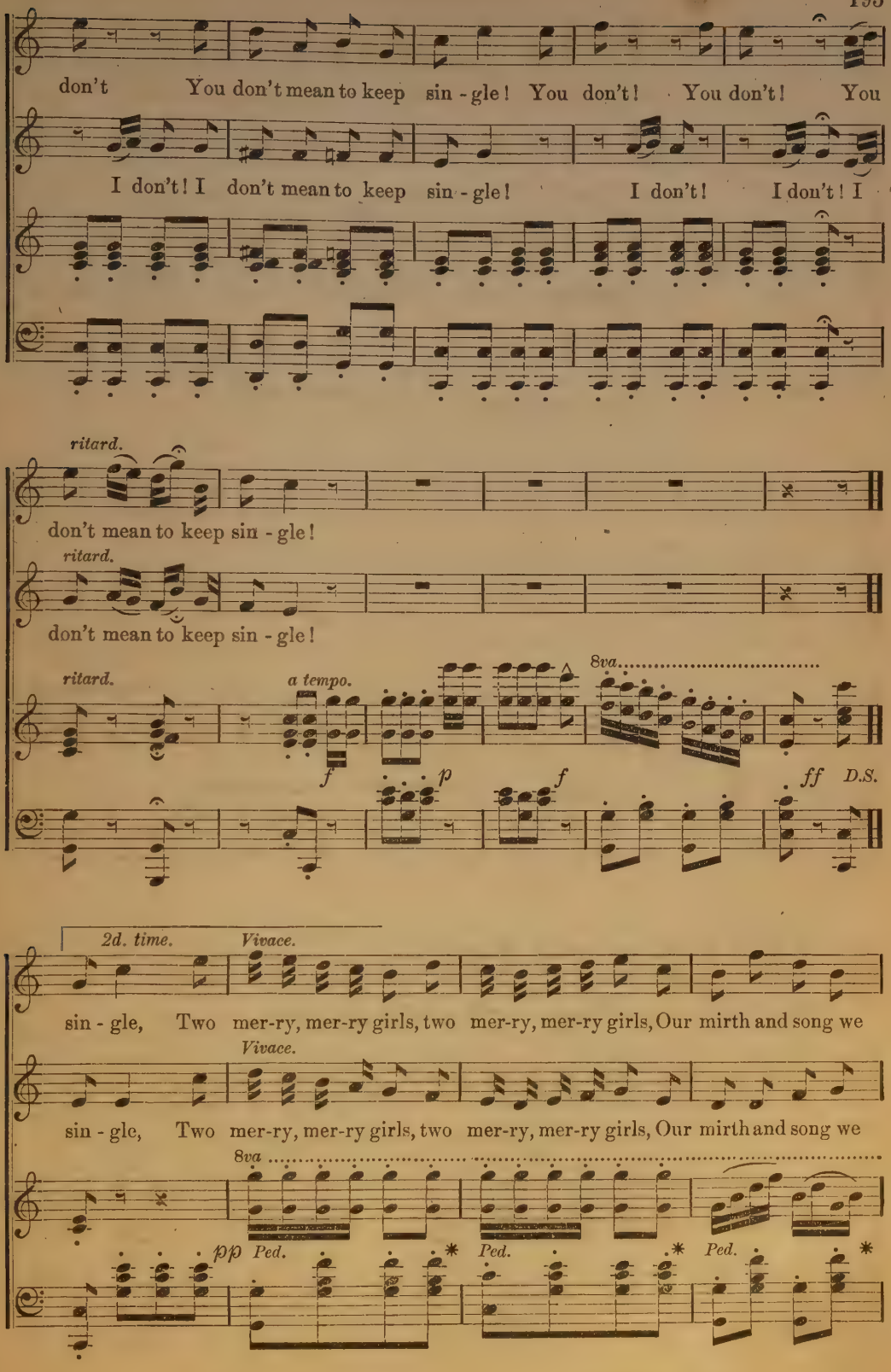
rall. *a tempo.*

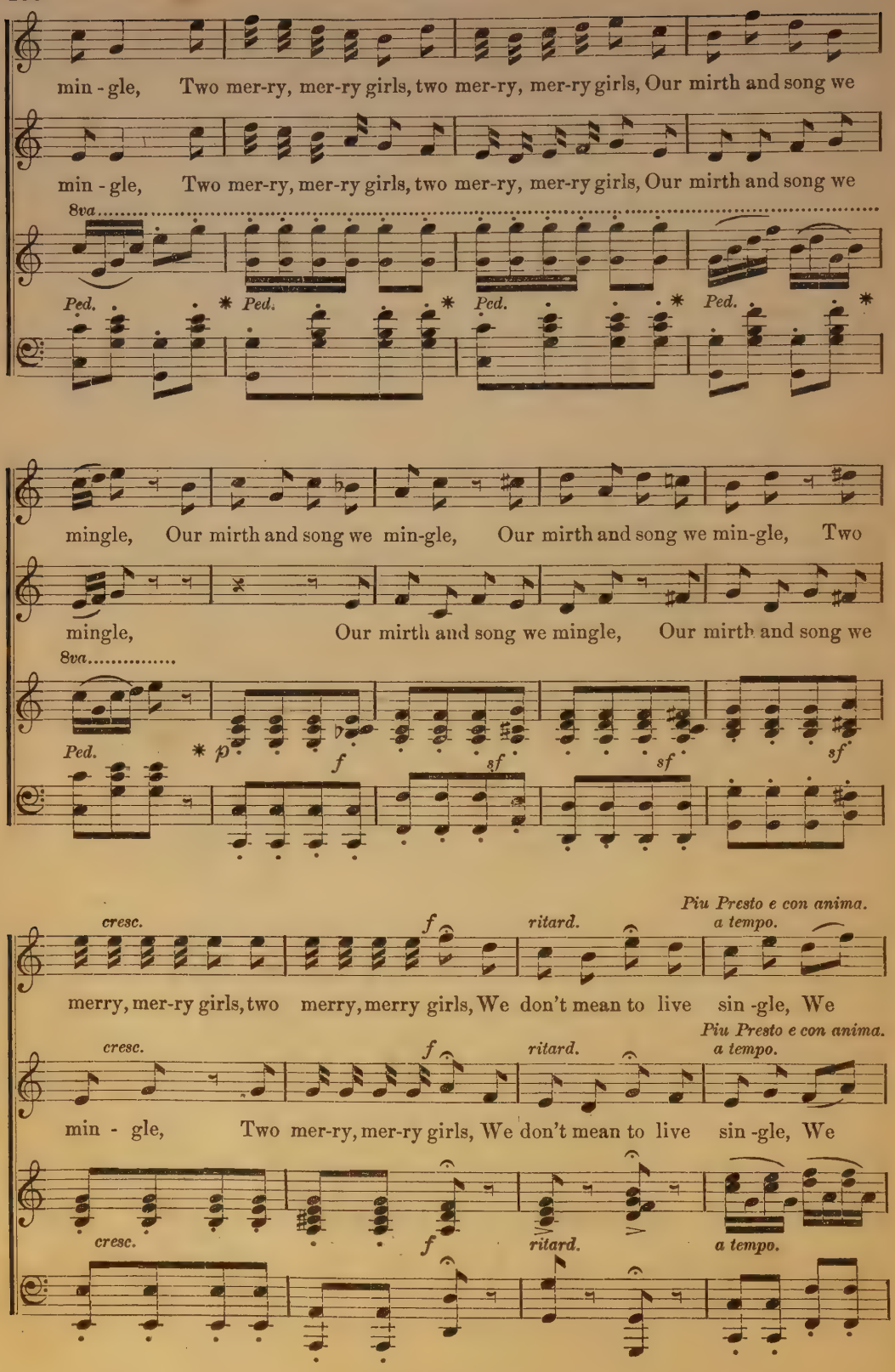
dan- ger seen When youths and maids meet on the green, But, should I fly,
sis - ter dear, He'd stay with you when I was near. Ah! sis - ter, - lest

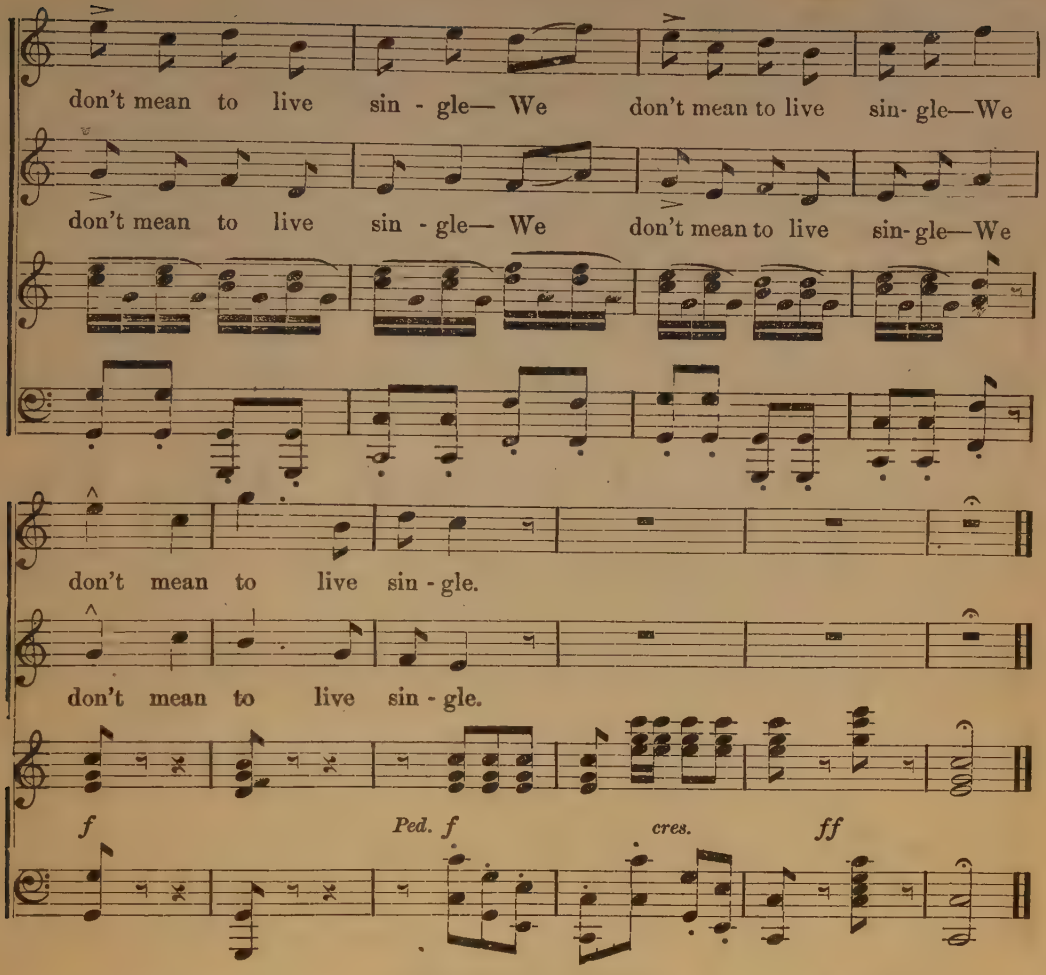
you'd quickly see How soon the youth would follow me, How soon the youth would
we ri - vals be, Henceforth alone we'll wan-der free, Henceforth alone we'll

dim.


brillante.
Cad: ad lib.
dim.
fol-low me.
wander free.
Ah!
Cad: ad lib.
Ah!
Tempo 1mo.
Two merry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, But now I know you
Two merry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, But now we know both
Tempo 1mo.
Two merry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, But now you know I
Two merry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, But now we know both
Tempo 1mo.
p
dim.
a tempo.
1st. time.
want a beau, And don't mean to keep sin - gle. You don't! (You
want a beau, And don't mean to live
dim.
a tempo.
want a beau, And don't mean to keep sin - gle.) I don't!
want a beau, And don't mean to live
dim.
a tempo.
p

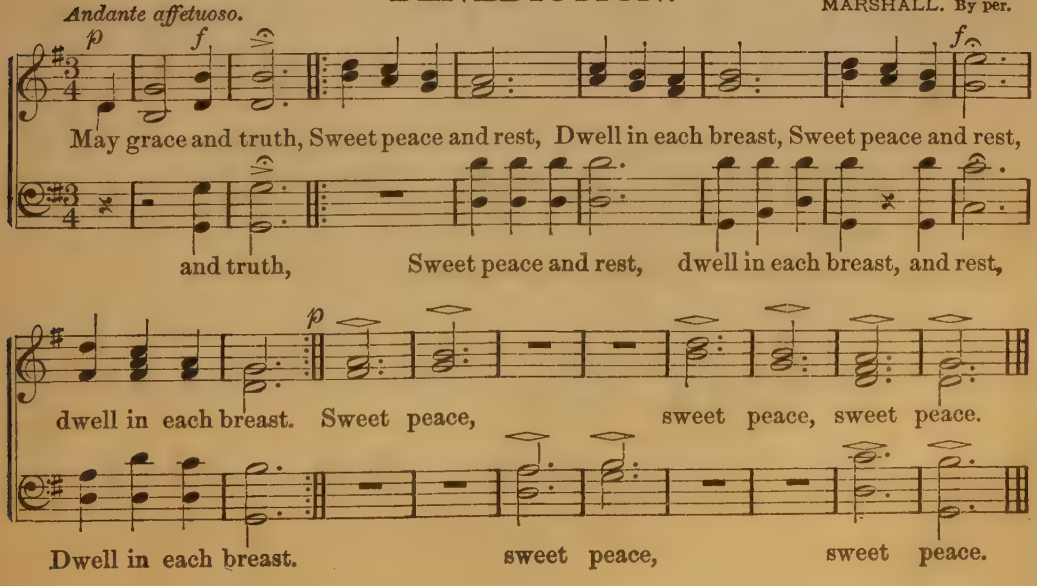

don't You don't mean to keep sin - gle! You don't! You don't! You
I don't! I don't mean to keep sin - gle! I don't! I don't! I
ritard.
don't mean to keep sin - gle!
ritard.
don't mean to keep sin - gle!
ritard.
a tempo.
8va
f
p
f
ff
D.S.
2d. time.
Vivace.
sin - gle, Two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, Our mirth and song we
Vivace.
sin - gle, Two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, Our mirth and song we
8va
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


min - gle, Two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, Our mirth and song we
min - gle, Two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, Our mirth and song we
8va
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mingle, Our mirth and song we min-gle, Our mirth and song we min-gle, Two
mingle, Our mirth and song we mingle, Our mirth and song we
8va
Ped. * p f sf sf sf
cresc. f ritard. Piu Presto e con anima. a tempo.
merry, mer-ry girls, two merry, merry girls, We don't mean to live sin -gle, We
cresc. f ritard. Piu Presto e con anima. a tempo.
min - gle, Two mer-ry, mer-ry girls, We don't mean to live sin -gle, We
cresc. f ritard. a tempo.


don't mean to live sin - gle— We don't mean to live sin- gle—We
don't mean to live sin - gle— We don't mean to live sin- gle—We
don't mean to live sin - gle.
don't mean to live sin - gle.
f
Ped. f
cres.
ff

BENEDICTION.

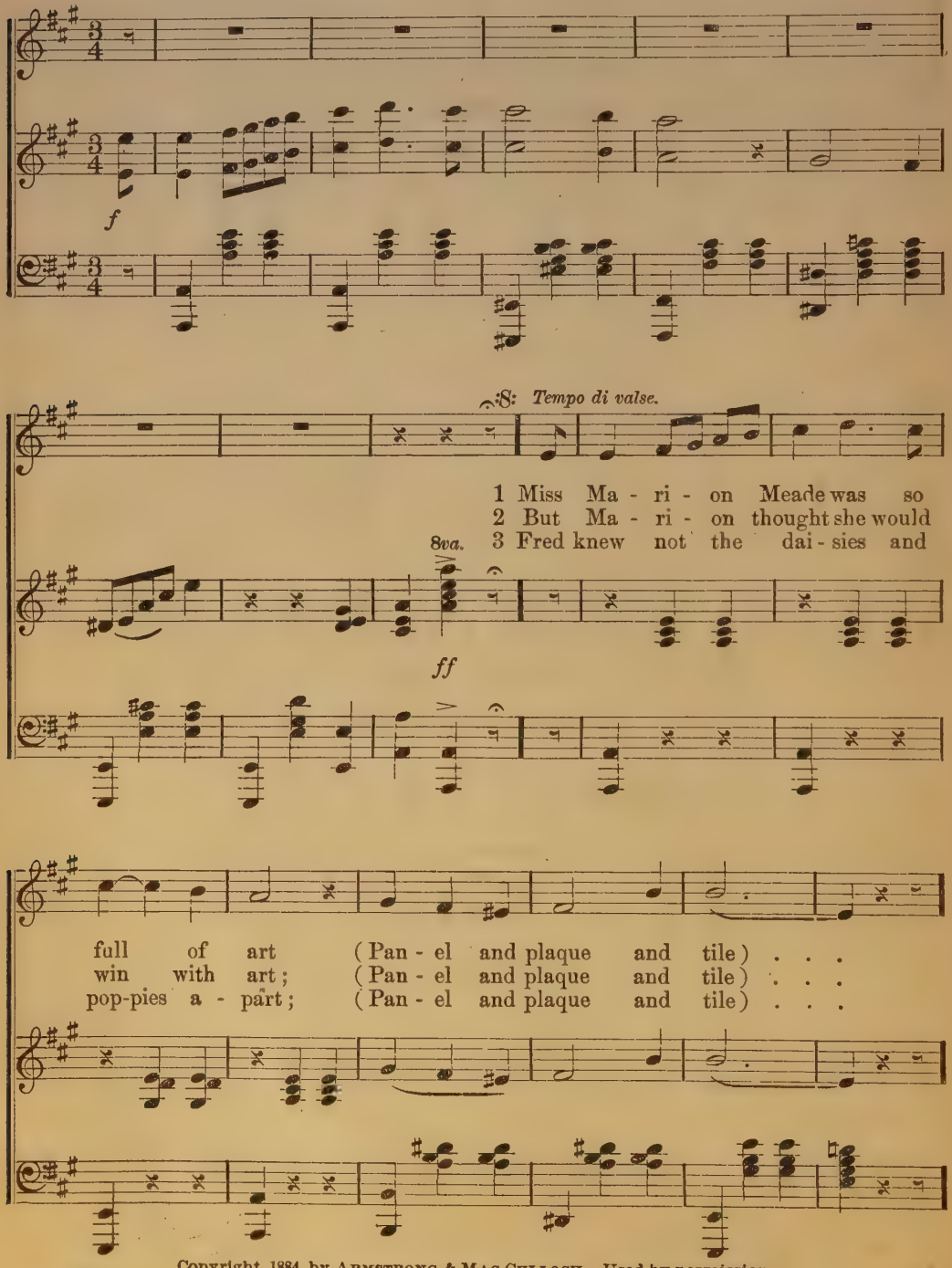
MARSHALL. By per.


Andante affetuoso.
p
f
f
May grace and truth, Sweet peace and rest, Dwell in each breast, Sweet peace and rest,
and truth, Sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, and rest,
p
dwell in each breast. Sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace.
Dwell in each breast. sweet peace, sweet peace.

PANEL AND PLAQUE AND TILE.

WALTZ SONG.

J. H. MAC CULLOCH. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.


f
Tempo di valse.
1 Miss Ma - ri - on Meade was so
2 But Ma - ri - on thought she would
8va.
3 Fred knew not the dai - sies and
ff
full of art (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .
win with art; (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .
pop-pies a - part; (Pan - el and plaque and tile) . . .

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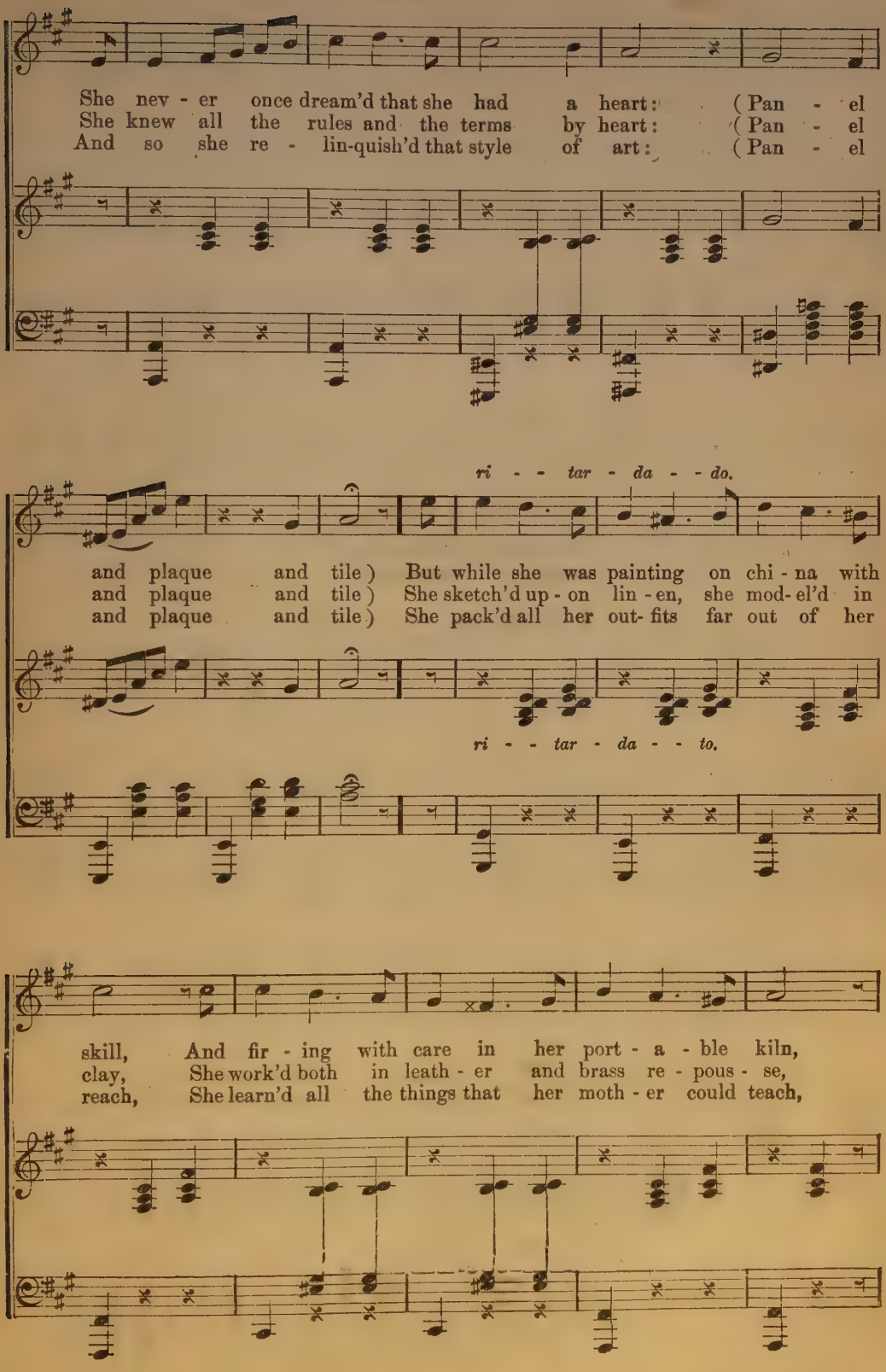
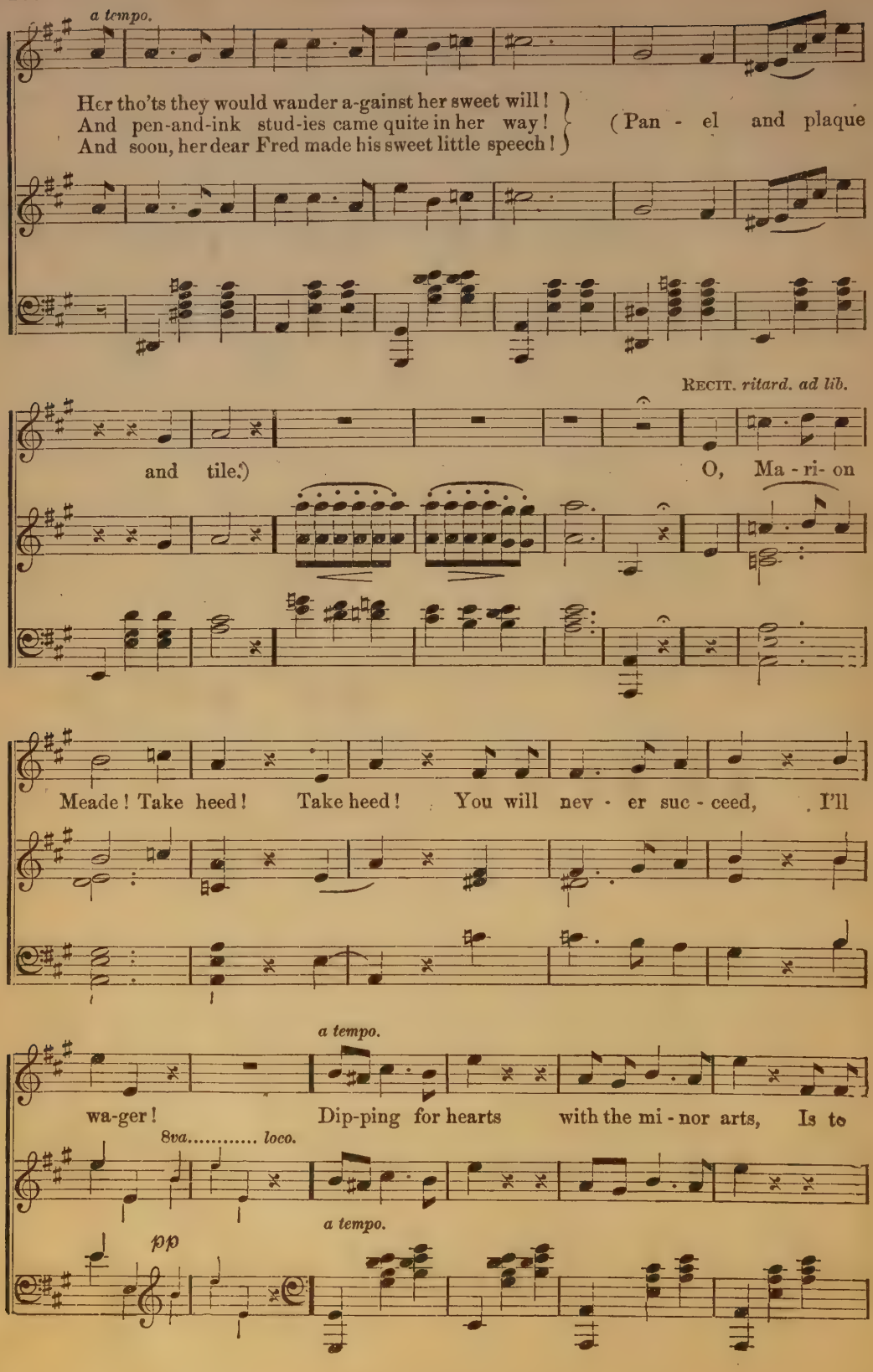
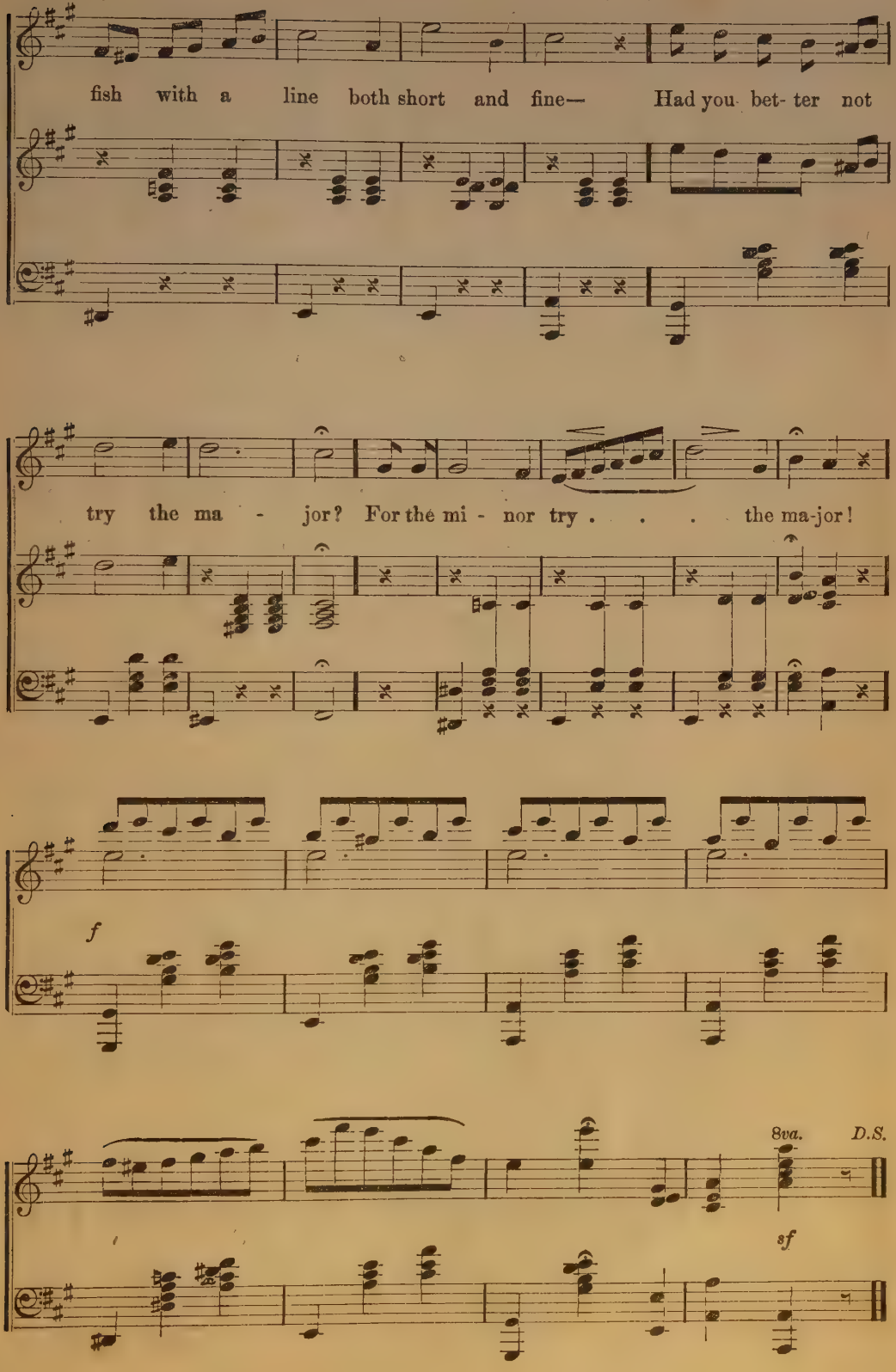

She nev - er once dream'd that she had a heart: (Pan - el
She knew all the rules and the terms by heart: (Pan - el
And so she re - lin-quish'd that style of art: (Pan - el
ri - - tar - da - - do.
and plaque and tile) But while she was painting on chi - na with
and plaque and tile) She sketch'd up - on lin - en, she mod - el'd in
and plaque and tile) She pack'd all her out- fits far out of her
ri - - tar - da - - to.
skill, And fir - ing with care in her port - a - ble kiln,
clay, She work'd both in leath - er and brass re - pous - se,
reach, She learn'd all the things that her moth - er could teach,

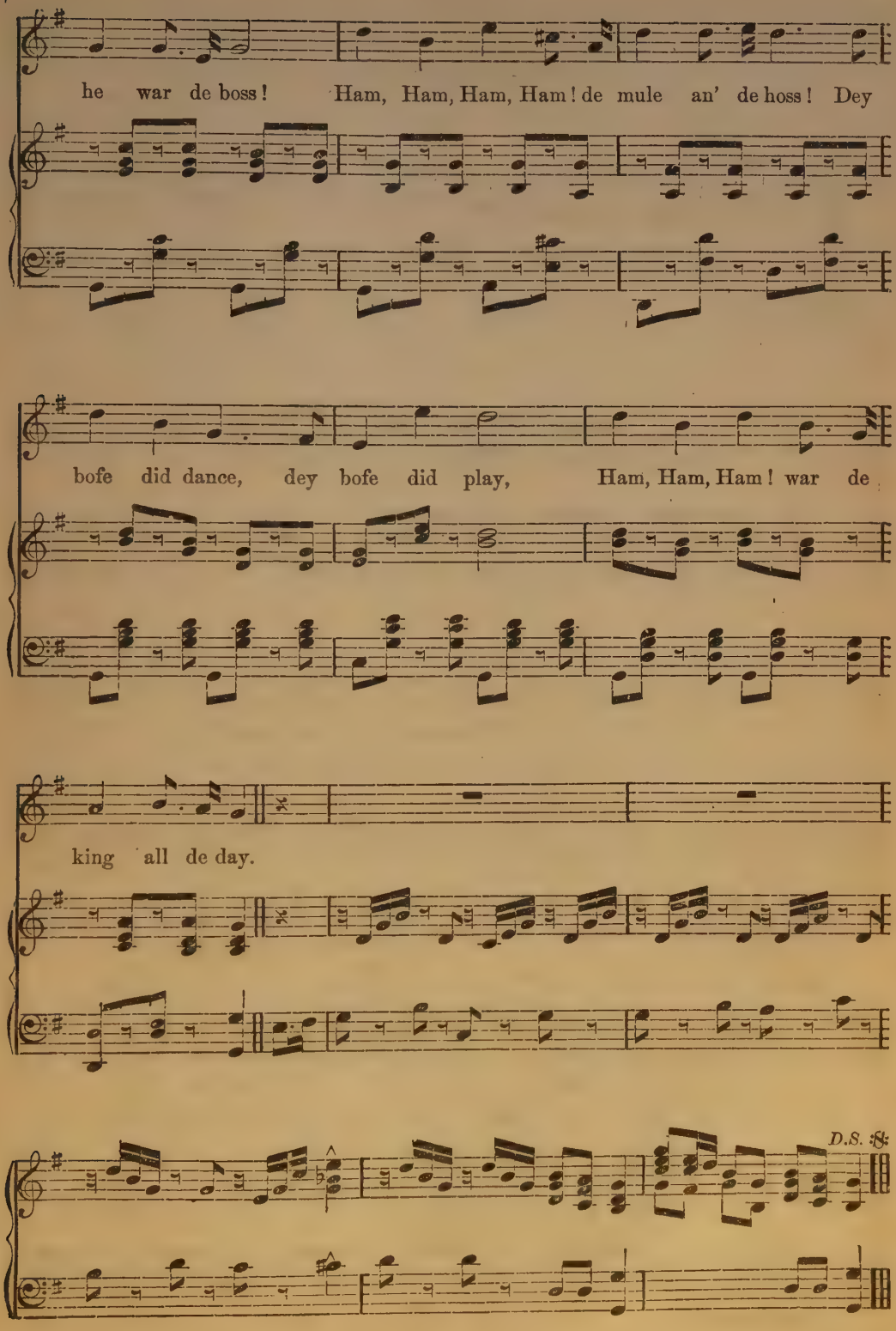

a tempo.
Her tho'ts they would wander a-gainst her sweet will!
And pen-and-ink stud-ies came quite in her way!
And soon, her dear Fred made his sweet little speech!
(Pan - el and plaque
RECIT. ritard. ad lib.
and tile.)
O, Ma - ri- on
Meade! Take heed! Take heed! You will nev - er suc - ceed, I'll
a tempo.
wa-ger! Dip-ping for hearts with the mi - nor arts, Is to
8va..... loco.
a tempo.
pp


fish with a line both short and fine— Had you bet- ter not
try the ma - jor? For the mi - nor try . . . the ma-jor!
f
8va.
D.S.
sf

HAM!

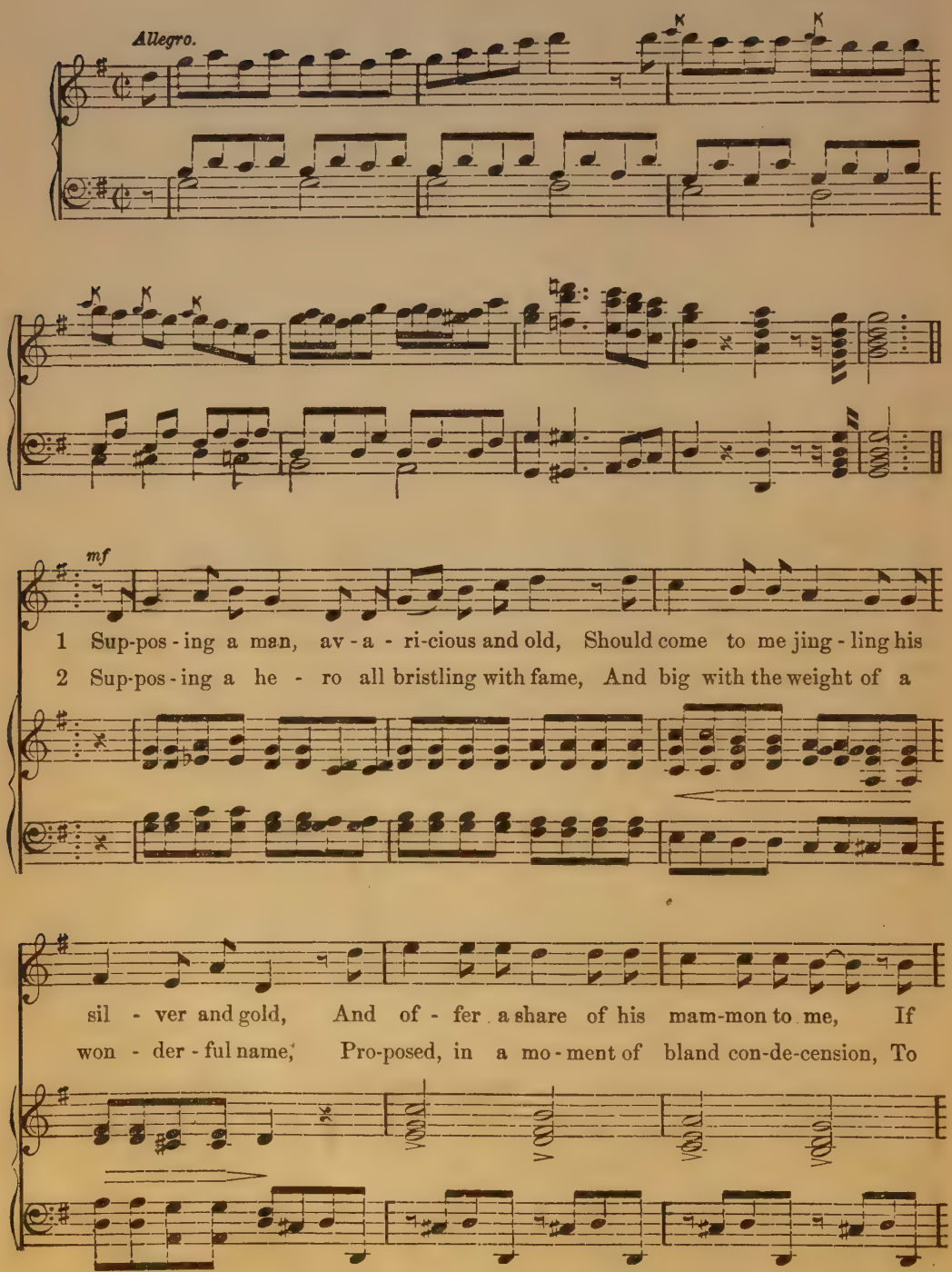
WADE WHIPPLE.

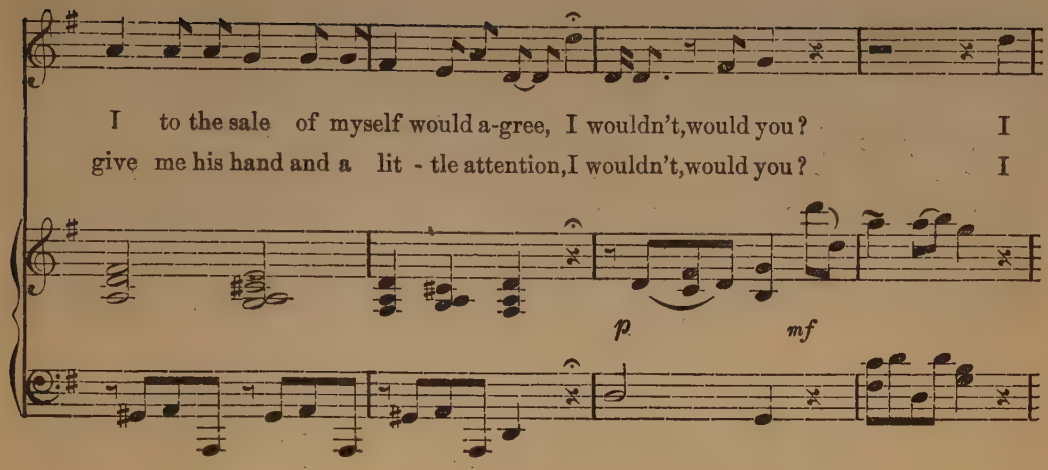
mf
1 In de days when de worl' war a chile, And dey all went to sea in de
2 When de birds an' de beasts in de boat, Went to school fo' to larn how to
3 Did - n' Ham got de fust pat - en'-right, Fo' to fix up de har ob de
4 When de dove hunted roun' fo' de scow, She'd a miss'd ob de mark mighty
f
f
ark, Wid de rain comin' down all de while, Dar was
sing, Dat ar Ham poured de tunes down deir froat, When he
head, So der kinks would-n' spile in de night, When de
sho', On - y Ham, he war down in de bow, Wid his
mf
made from a piece ob de dark.
fotched out de ban - jo to ring.
chile tum- ble roun' in de bed?
feet pok - in' out at de do'.
Ham, Ham, Ham, Ham!
mf


he war de boss! Ham, Ham, Ham, Ham! de mule an' de hoss! Dey
bofe did dance, dey bofe did play, Ham, Ham, Ham! war de
king all de day.
D.S. 𝄋

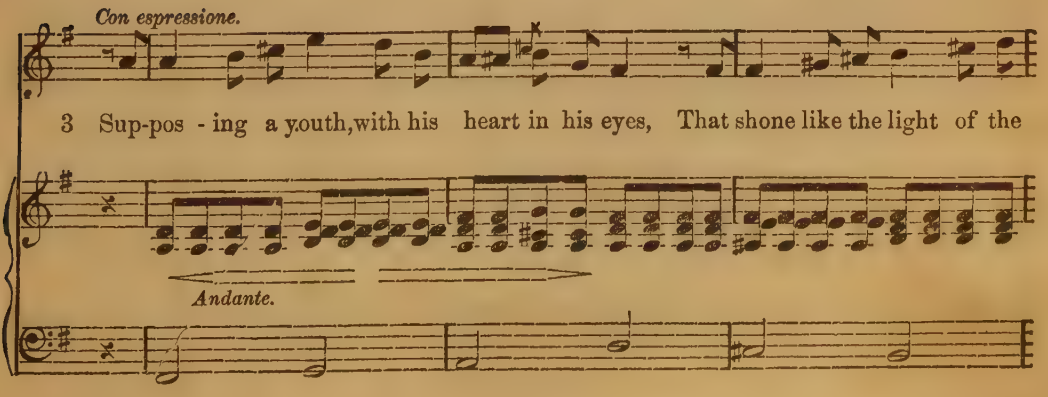
SUPPOSING.

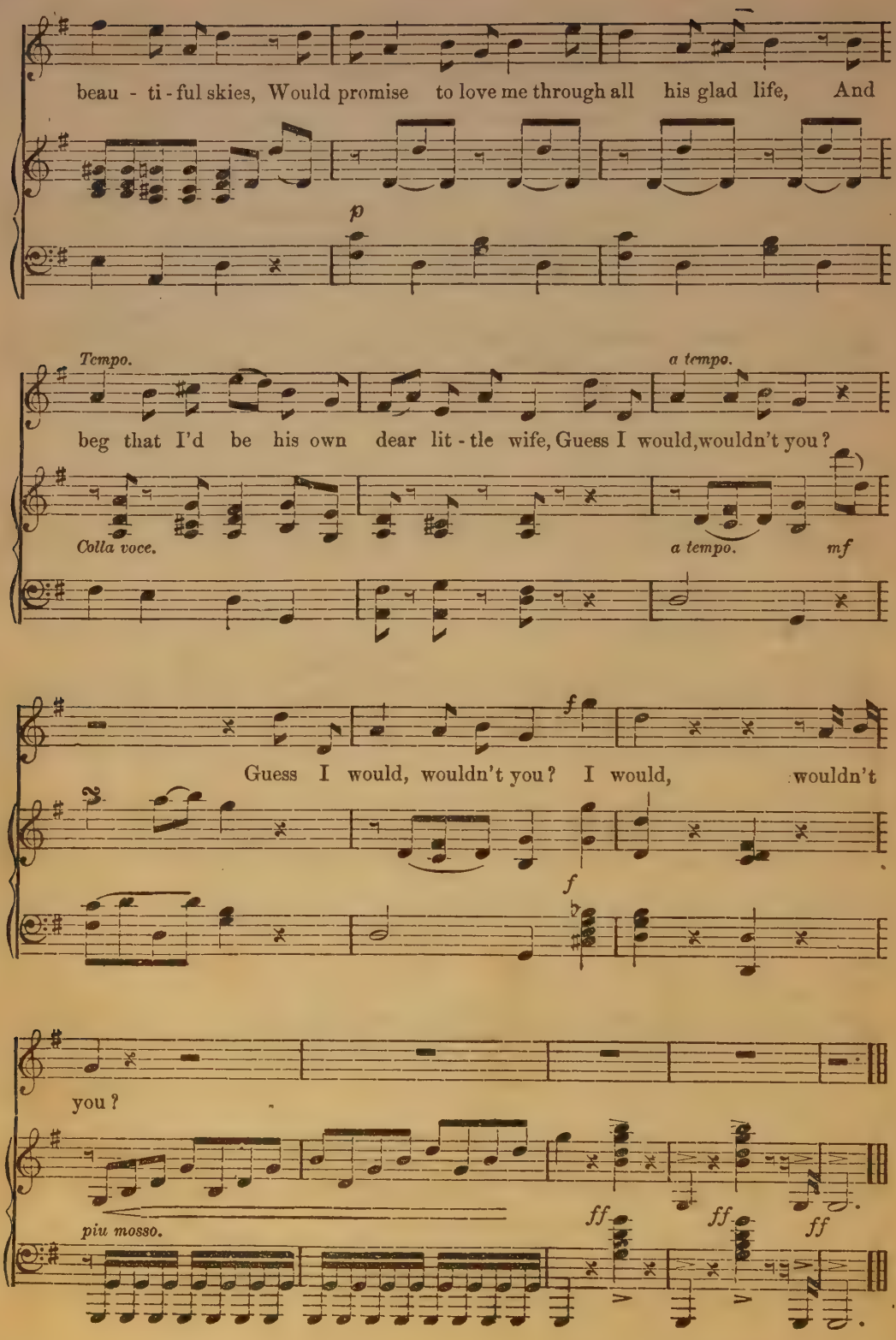
J. W. BISCHOFF.


Allegro.
mf
1 Sup-pos-ing a man, av-a-ri-cious and old, Should come to me jing-ling his
2 Sup-pos-ing a he-ro all bristling with fame, And big with the weight of a
sil-ver and gold, And of-fer a share of his mam-mon to me, If
won-der-ful name, Pro-posed, in a mo-ment of bland con-de-cension, To


I to the sale of myself would a-gree, I wouldn't,would you? I
give me his hand and a lit - tle attention,I wouldn't,would you? I
p
mf

wouldn't,would you?
wouldn't,would you?
p
ff

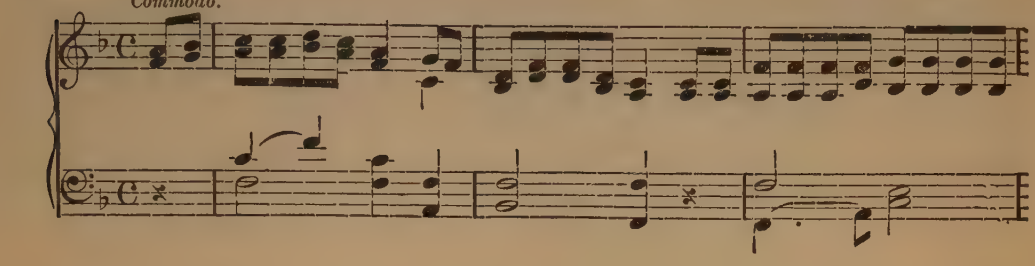

Con espressione.
3 Sup-pos - ing a youth,with his heart in his eyes, That shone like the light of the
Andante.

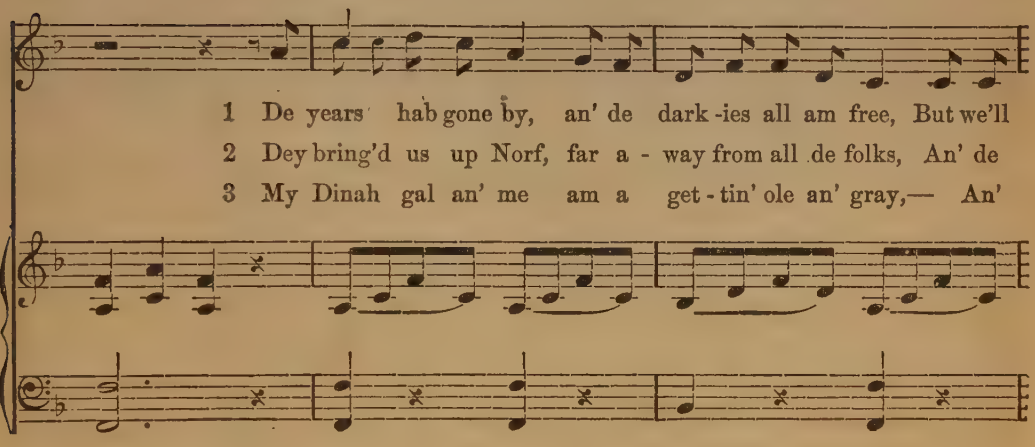

beau - ti - ful skies, Would promise to love me through all his glad life, And
p
Tempo.
a tempo.
beg that I'd be his own dear lit - tle wife, Guess I would, wouldn't you?
Colla voce.
a tempo.
mf
f
Guess I would, wouldn't you? I would, wouldn't
f
you?
piu mosso.
ff
ff
ff

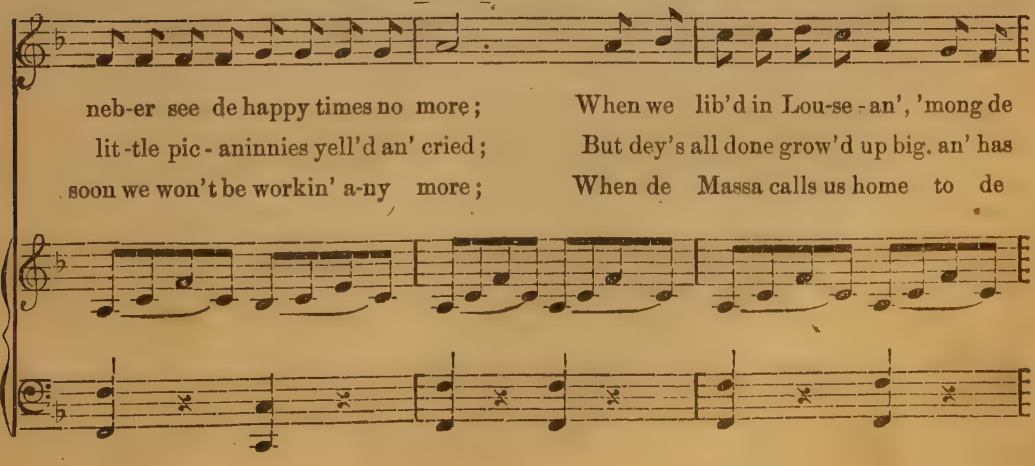
DE CABIN ON DE MISSISSIPPI SHORE.

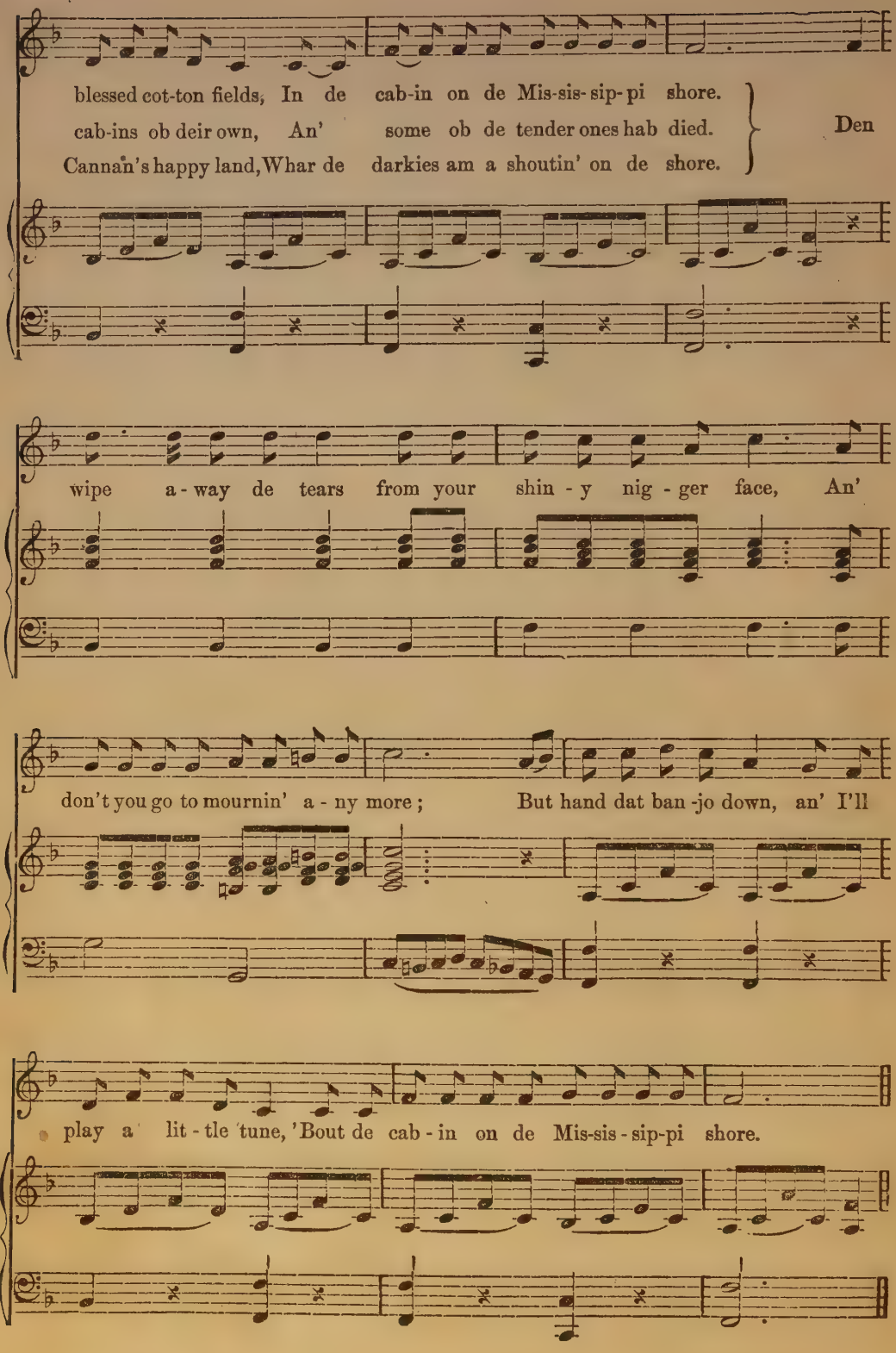
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. H. P. DANKS.

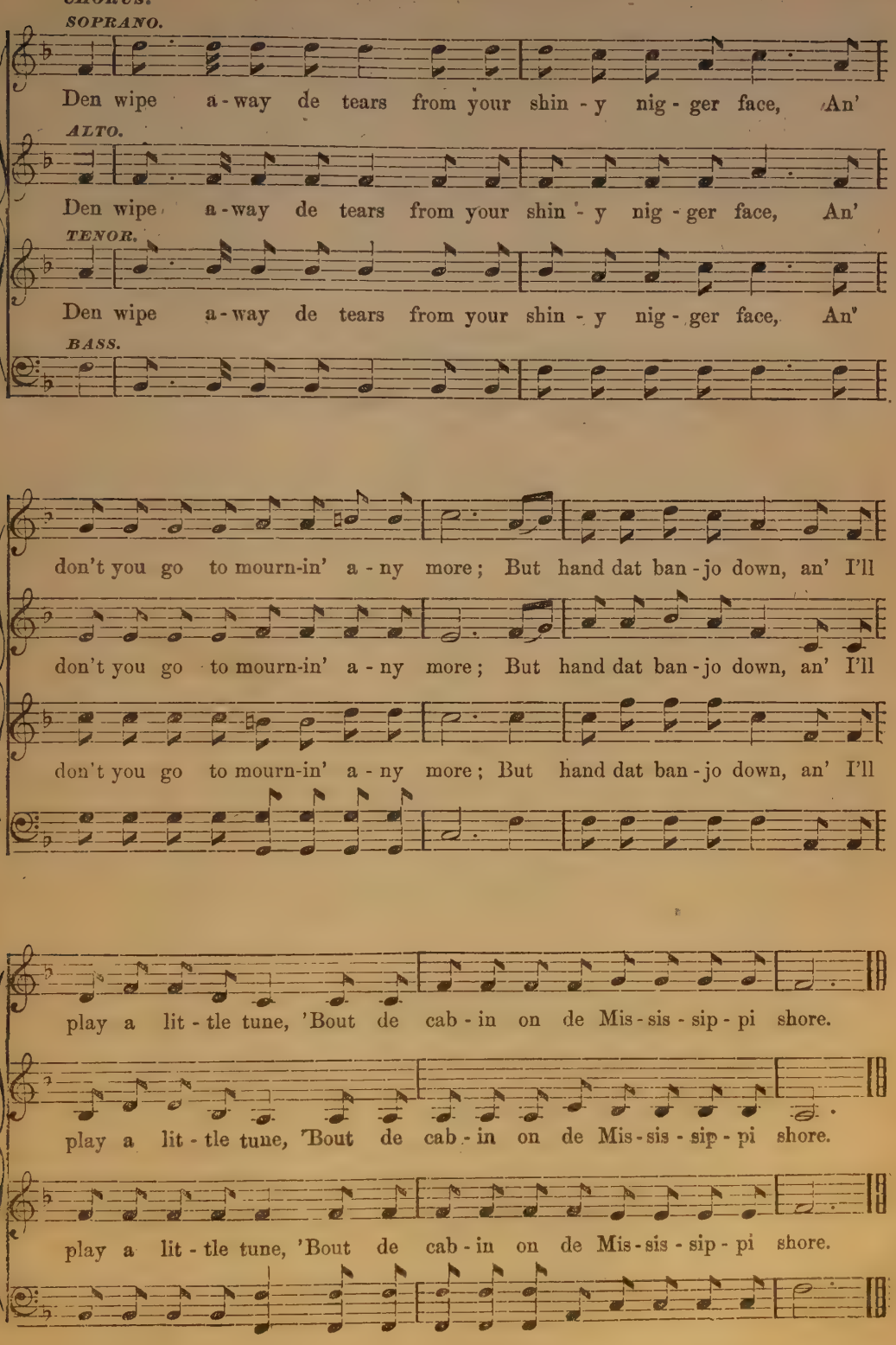
Commodo.




1 De years hab gone by, an' de dark-ies all am free, But we'll
2 Dey bring'd us up Norf, far a-way from all de folks, An' de
3 My Dinah gal an' me am a get-tin' ole an' gray,— An'

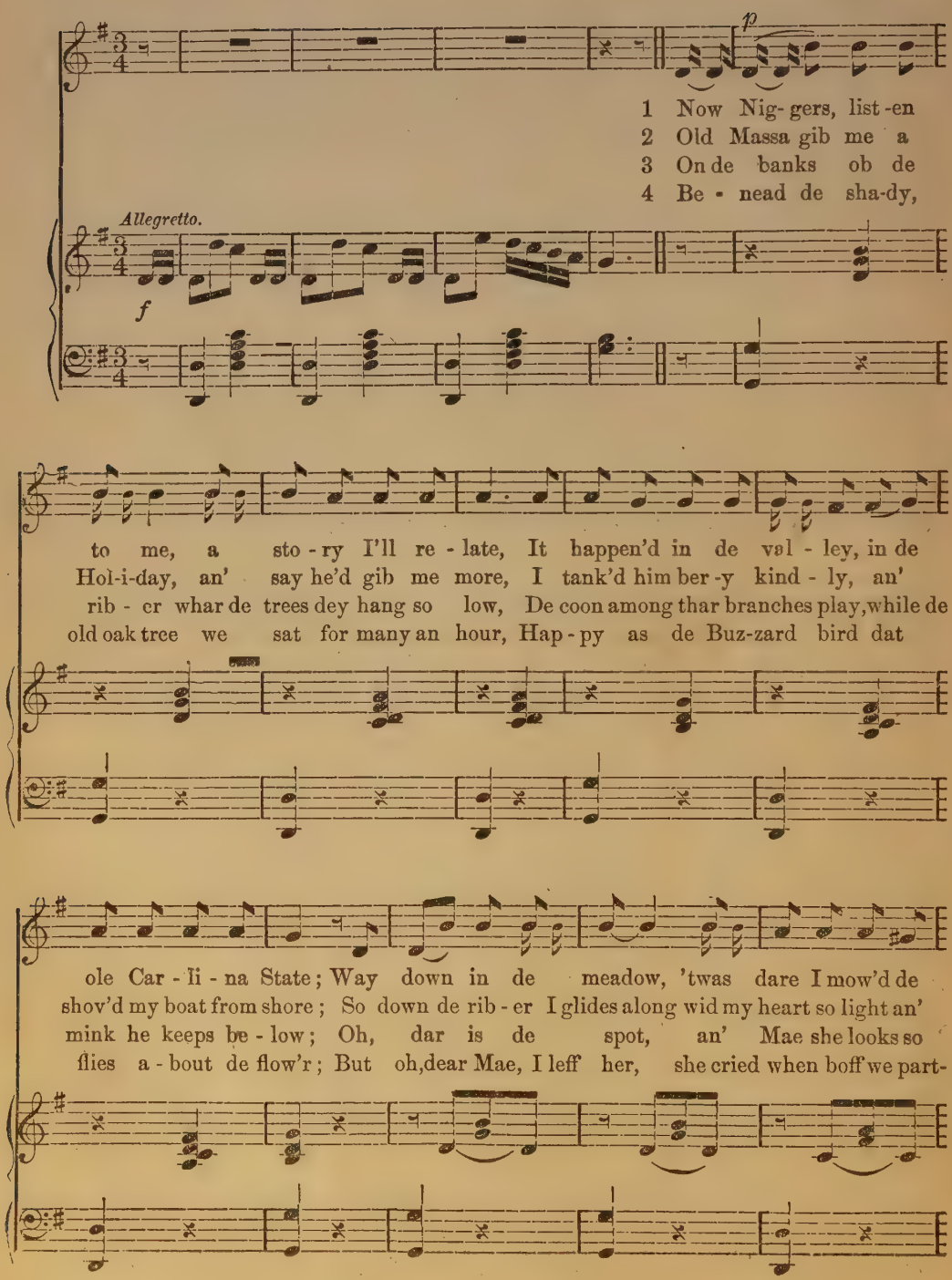

neb-er see de happy times no more;
lit-tle pic-aninnies yell'd an' cried;
soon we won't be workin' a-ny more;
When we lib'd in Lou-se-an', 'mong de
But dey's all done grow'd up big, an' has
When de Massa calls us home to de

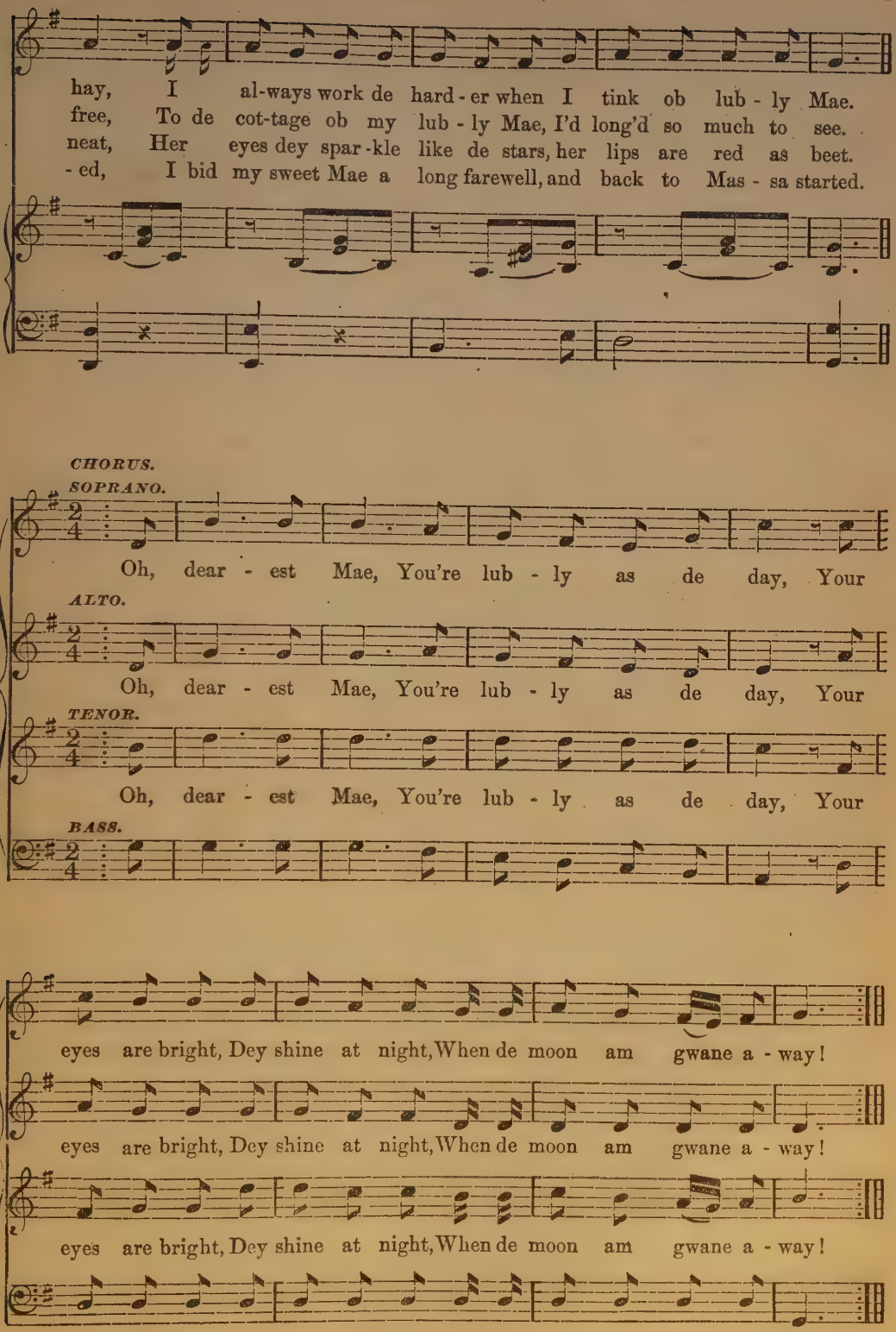

blessed cot-ton fields, In de cab-in on de Mis-sis-sip-pi shore.
cab-ins ob deir own, An' some ob de tender ones hab died.
Cannan's happy land, Whar de darkies am a shoutin' on de shore.
Den
wipe a-way de tears from your shin-y nig-ger face, An'
don't you go to mournin' a-ny more; But hand dat ban-jo down, an' I'll
play a lit-tle tune, 'Bout de cab-in on de Mis-sis-sip-pi shore.


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Den wipe a-way de tears from your shin-y nig-ger face, An'
ALTO.
Den wipe a-way de tears from your shin-y nig-ger face, An'
TENOR.
Den wipe a-way de tears from your shin-y nig-ger face, An'
BASS.
don't you go to mourn-in' a-ny more; But hand dat ban-jo down, an' I'll
don't you go to mourn-in' a-ny more; But hand dat ban-jo down, an' I'll
don't you go to mourn-in' a-ny more; But hand dat ban-jo down, an' I'll
play a lit-tle tune, 'Bout de cab-in on de Mis-sis-sip-pi shore.
play a lit-tle tune, 'Bout de cab-in on de Mis-sis-sip-pi shore.
play a lit-tle tune, 'Bout de cab-in on de Mis-sis-sip-pi shore.

DEAREST MAE.

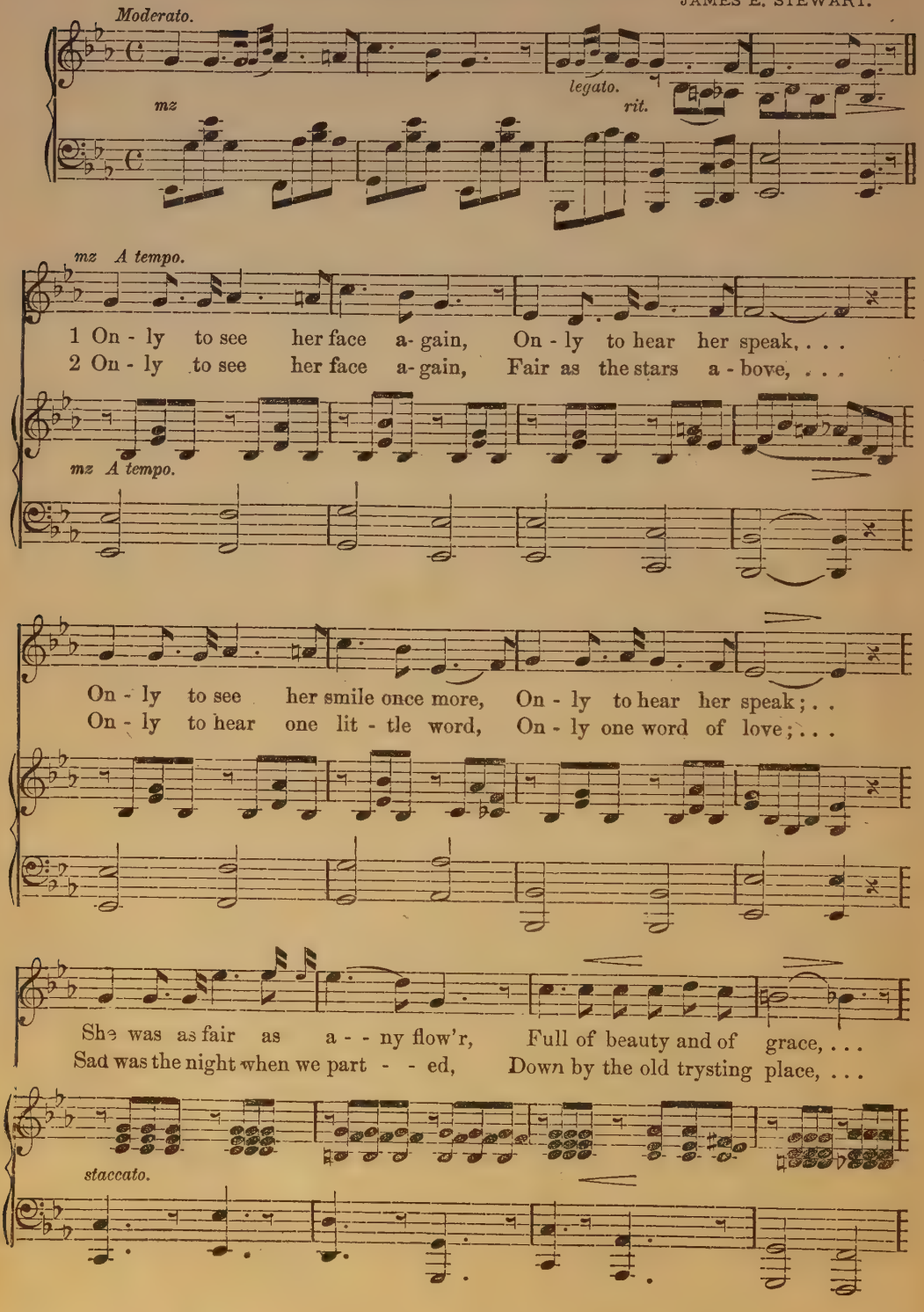
FRANCIS LYNCH. L. V. H. CROSBY.

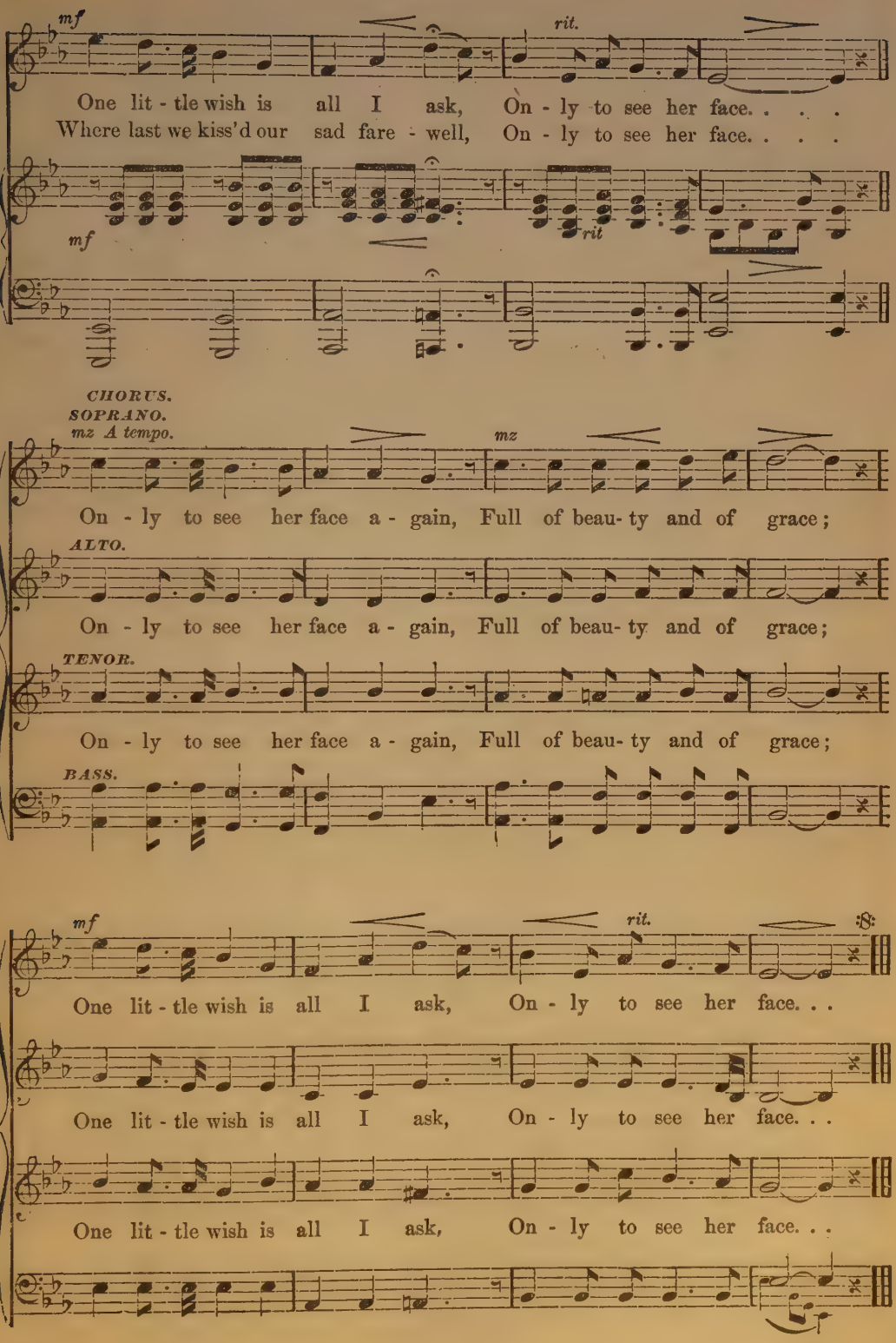

p
1 Now Nig-gers, list-en
2 Old Massa gib me a
3 On de banks ob de
4 Be-nead de sha-dy,
Allegretto.
f
to me, a sto-ry I'll re-late, It happen'd in de val-ley, in de
Hol-i-day, an' say he'd gib me more, I tank'd him ber-y kind-ly, an'
rib-er whar de trees dey hang so low, De coon among thar branches play, while de
old oak tree we sat for many an hour, Hap-py as de Buz-zard bird dat
ole Car-li-na State; Way down in de meadow, 'twas dare I mow'd de
shov'd my boat from shore; So down de rib-er I glides along wid my heart so light an'
mink he keeps be-low; Oh, dar is de spot, an' Mae she looks so
flies a-bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I leff her, she cried when boff we part-


hay, I al-ways work de hard-er when I tink ob lub-ly Mae.
free, To de cot-tage ob my lub-ly Mae, I'd long'd so much to see.
neat, Her eyes dey spar-kle like de stars, her lips are red as beet.
-ed, I bid my sweet Mae a long farewell, and back to Mas-sa started.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Oh, dear-est Mae, You're lub-ly as de day, Your
ALTO.
Oh, dear-est Mae, You're lub-ly as de day, Your
TENOR.
Oh, dear-est Mae, You're lub-ly as de day, Your
BASS.
eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a-way!
eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a-way!
eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a-way!

ONLY TO SEE HER FACE AGAIN.

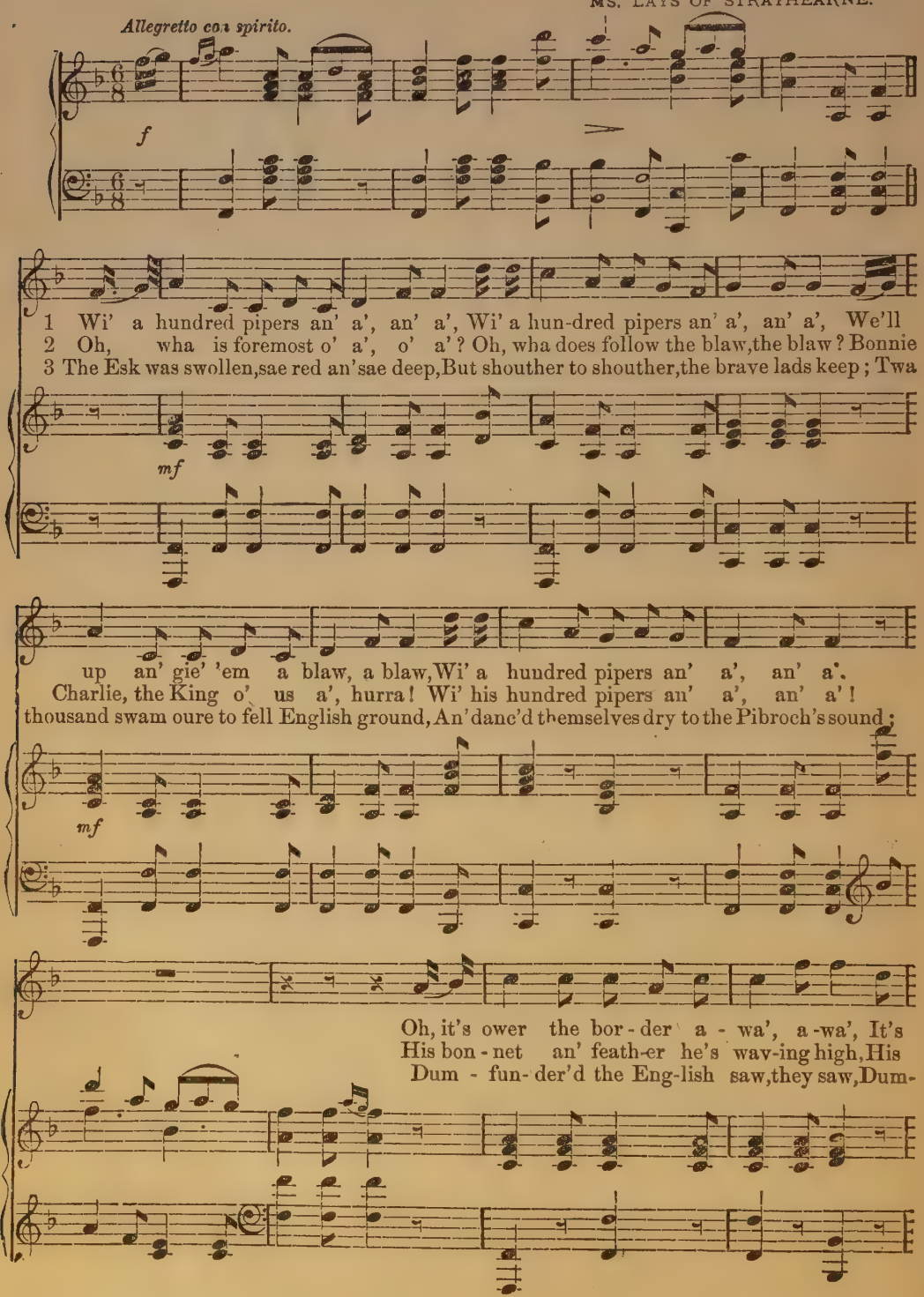
JAMES E. STEWART.

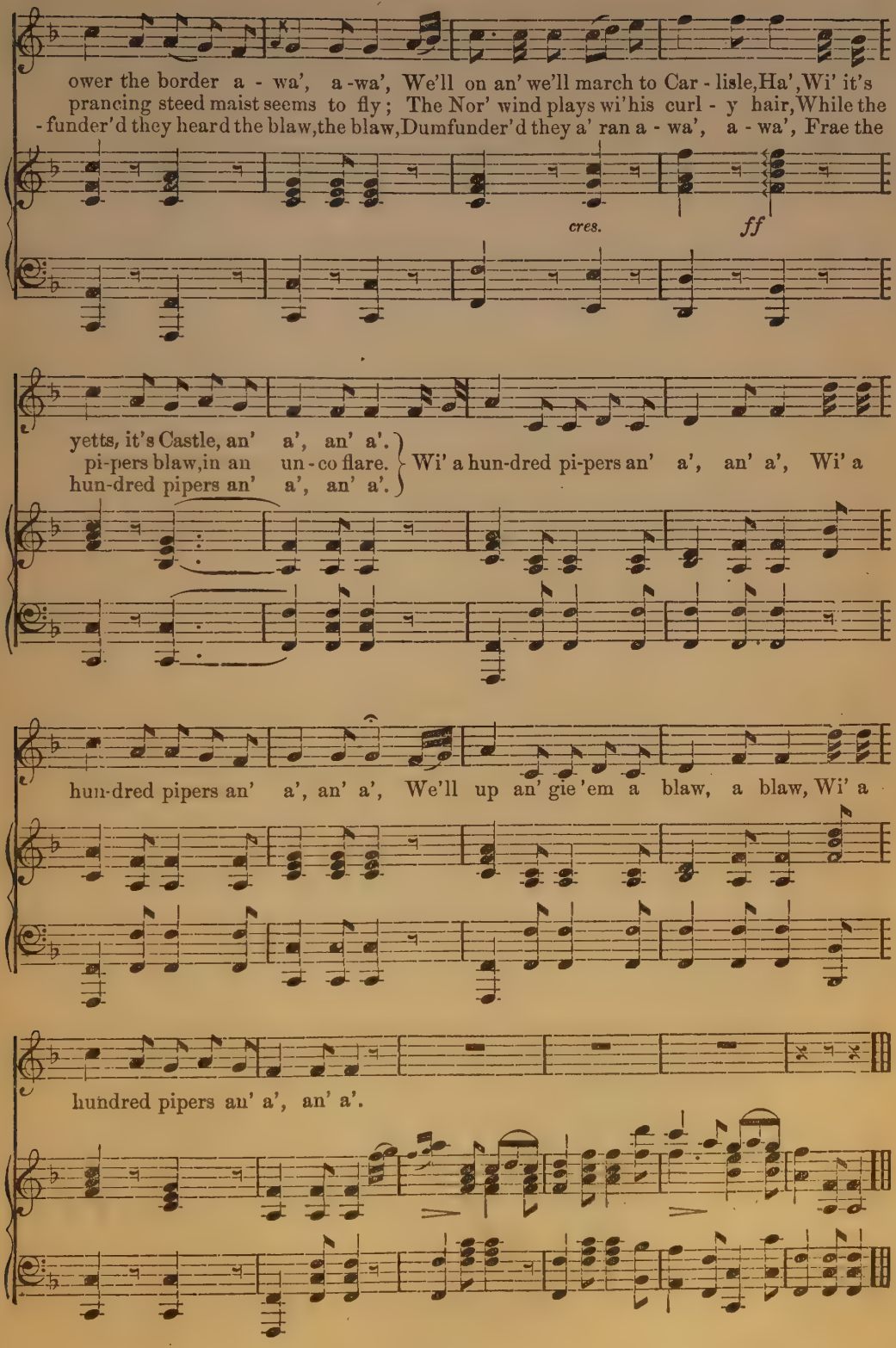

Moderato.
mz
legato.
rit.
mz A tempo.
1 On - ly to see her face a- gain, On - ly to hear her speak, . . .
2 On - ly to see her face a- gain, Fair as the stars a - bove, . . .
mz A tempo.
On - ly to see her smile once more, On - ly to hear her speak; . .
On - ly to hear one lit - tle word, On - ly one word of love; . . .
She was as fair as a - - ny flow'r, Full of beauty and of grace, . . .
Sad was the night when we part - - ed, Down by the old trysting place, . . .
staccato.


mf
rit.
One lit - tle wish is all I ask, On - ly to see her face. . . .
Where last we kiss'd our sad fare - well, On - ly to see her face. . . .
mf
rit
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
mz A tempo.
mz
On - ly to see her face a - gain, Full of beau - ty and of grace;
ALTO.
On - ly to see her face a - gain, Full of beau - ty and of grace;
TENOR.
On - ly to see her face a - gain, Full of beau - ty and of grace;
BASS.
mf
rit.
One lit - tle wish is all I ask, On - ly to see her face. . .
One lit - tle wish is all I ask, On - ly to see her face. . .
One lit - tle wish is all I ask, On - ly to see her face. . .

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS.

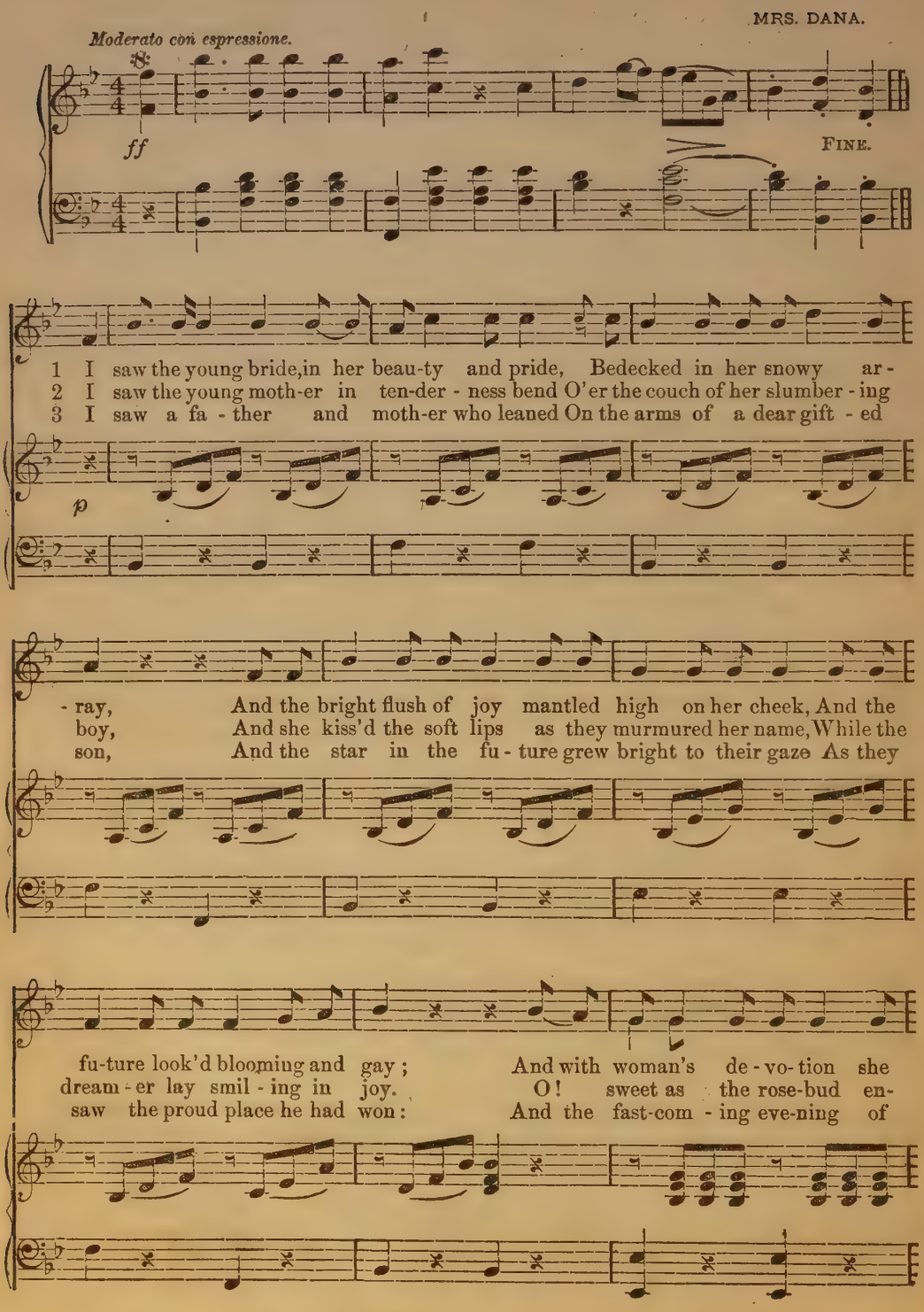
MS. LAYS OF STRATHEARNE.

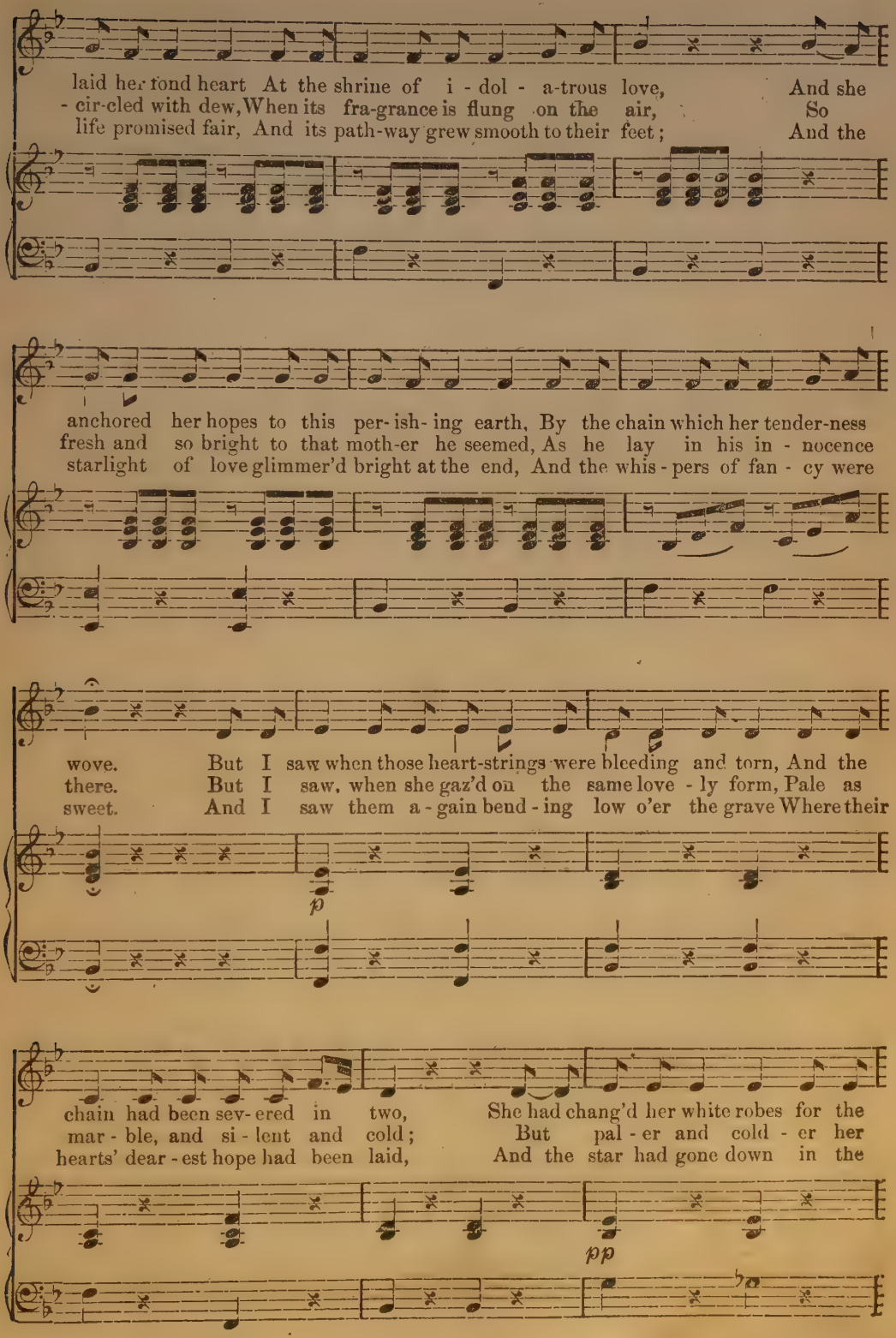

Allegretto con spirito.
f
1 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll
2 Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'? Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw? Bonnie
3 The Esk was swollen, sae red an' sae deep, But shouther to shouther, the brave lads keep; Twa
mf
up an' gie' 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Charlie, the King o' us a', hurra! Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
thousand swam oure to fell English ground, An' danc'd themselves dry to the Pibroch's sound;
mf
Oh, it's ower the bor-der a-wa', a-wa', It's
His bon-net an' feath-er he's wav-ing high, His
Dum-fun-der'd the Eng-lish saw, they saw, Dum-

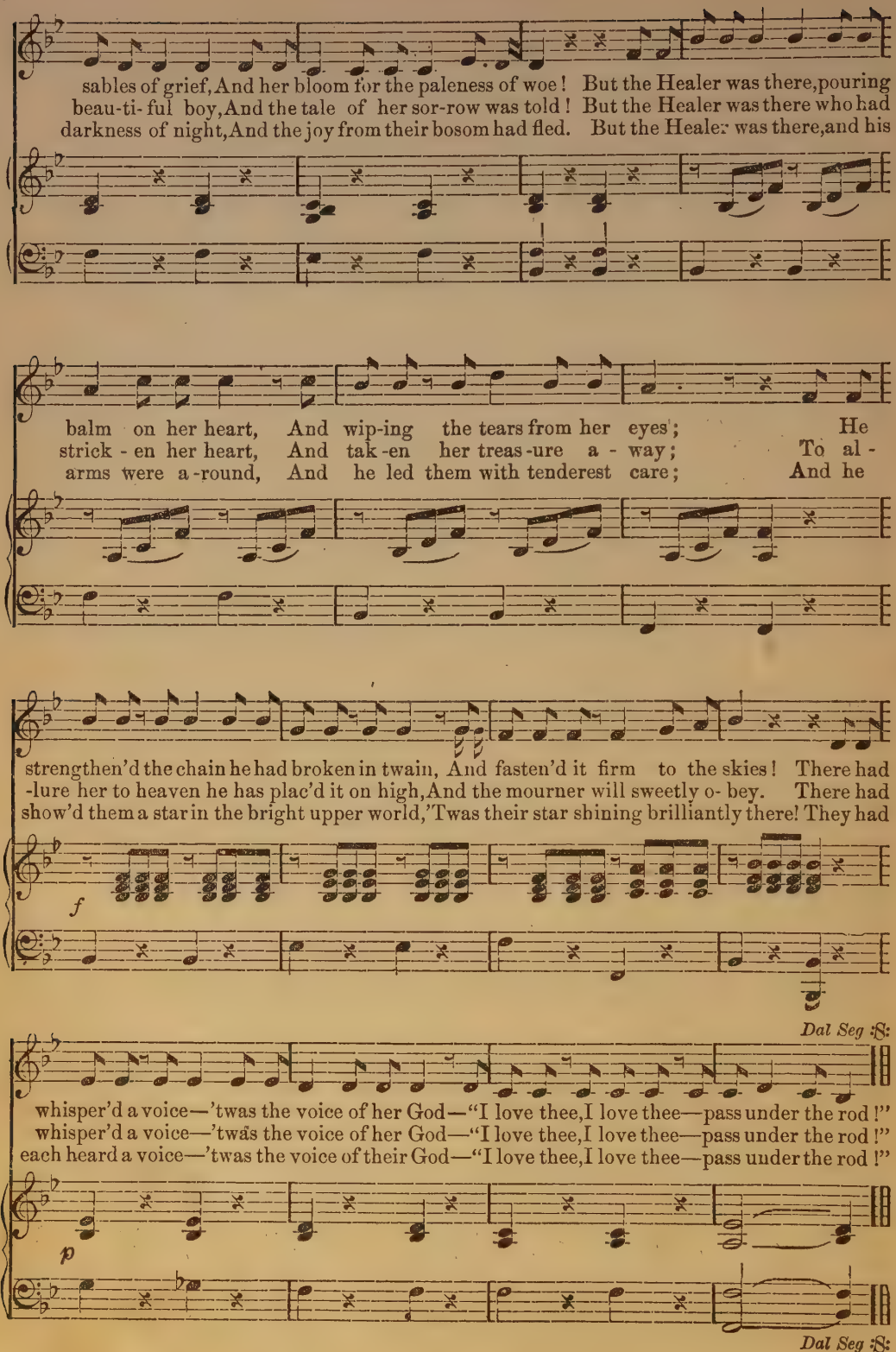

ower the border a - wa', a-wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle, Ha', Wi' it's
prancing steed maist seems to fly; The Nor' wind plays wi' his curl - y hair, While the
- funder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw, Dumfunder'd they a' ran a - wa', a - wa', Frae the
cres.
ff
yetts, it's Castle, an' a', an' a'.
pi-pers blaw, in an un - co flare.
hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a
hun-dred pipers an' a', an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a
hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

MRS. DANA.

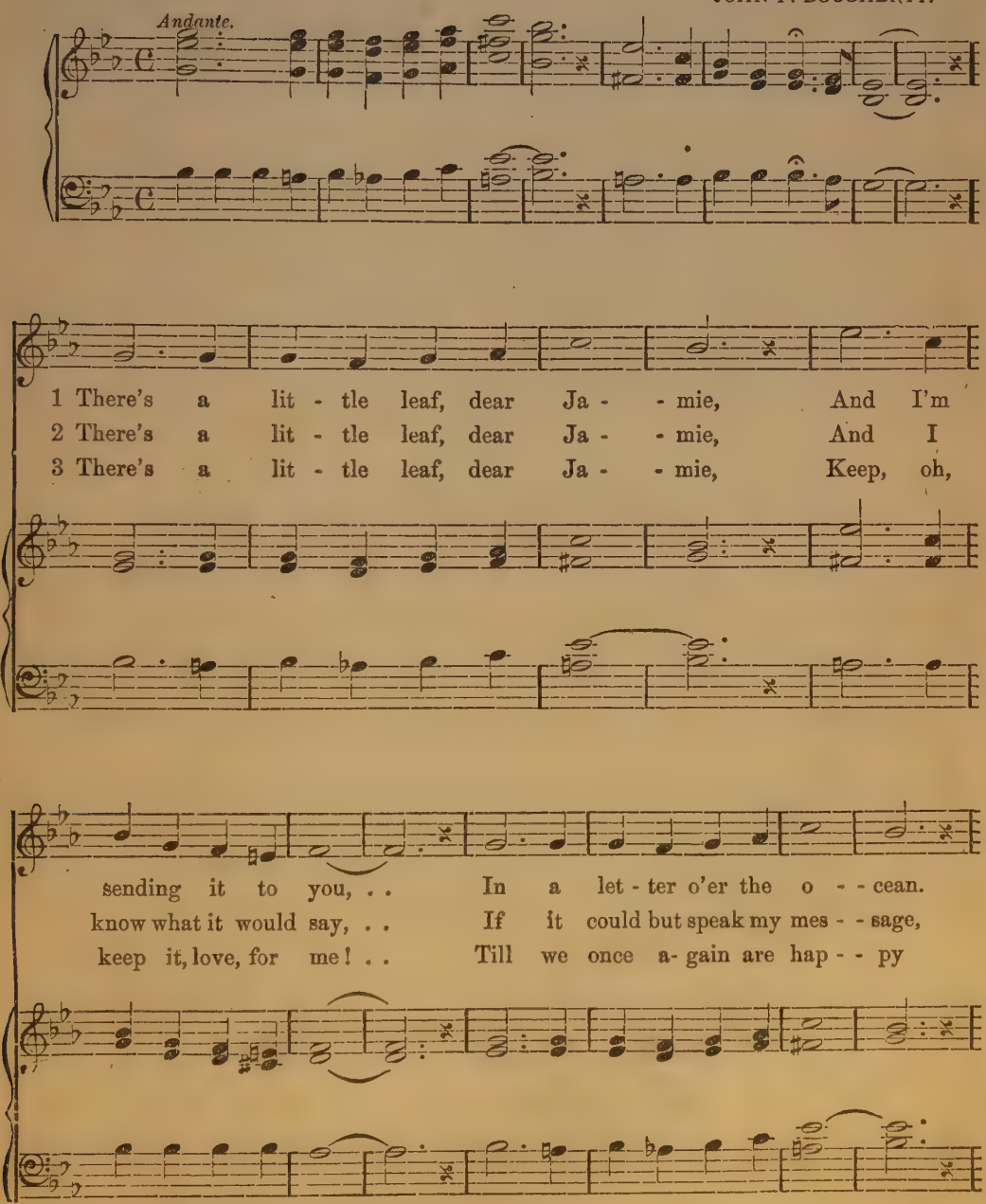

Moderato con espressione.
ff
FINE.
1 I saw the young bride,in her beau-ty and pride, Bedecked in her snowy ar-
2 I saw the young moth-er in ten-der - ness bend O'er the couch of her slumber - ing
3 I saw a fa - ther and moth-er who leaned On the arms of a dear gift - ed
p
- ray, And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek, And the
boy, And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmured her name, While the
son, And the star in the fu - ture grew bright to their gaze As they
fu-ture look'd blooming and gay; And with woman's de - vo- tion she
dream - er lay smil - ing in joy. O! sweet as the rose-bud en-
saw the proud place he had won: And the fast-com - ing eve-ning of

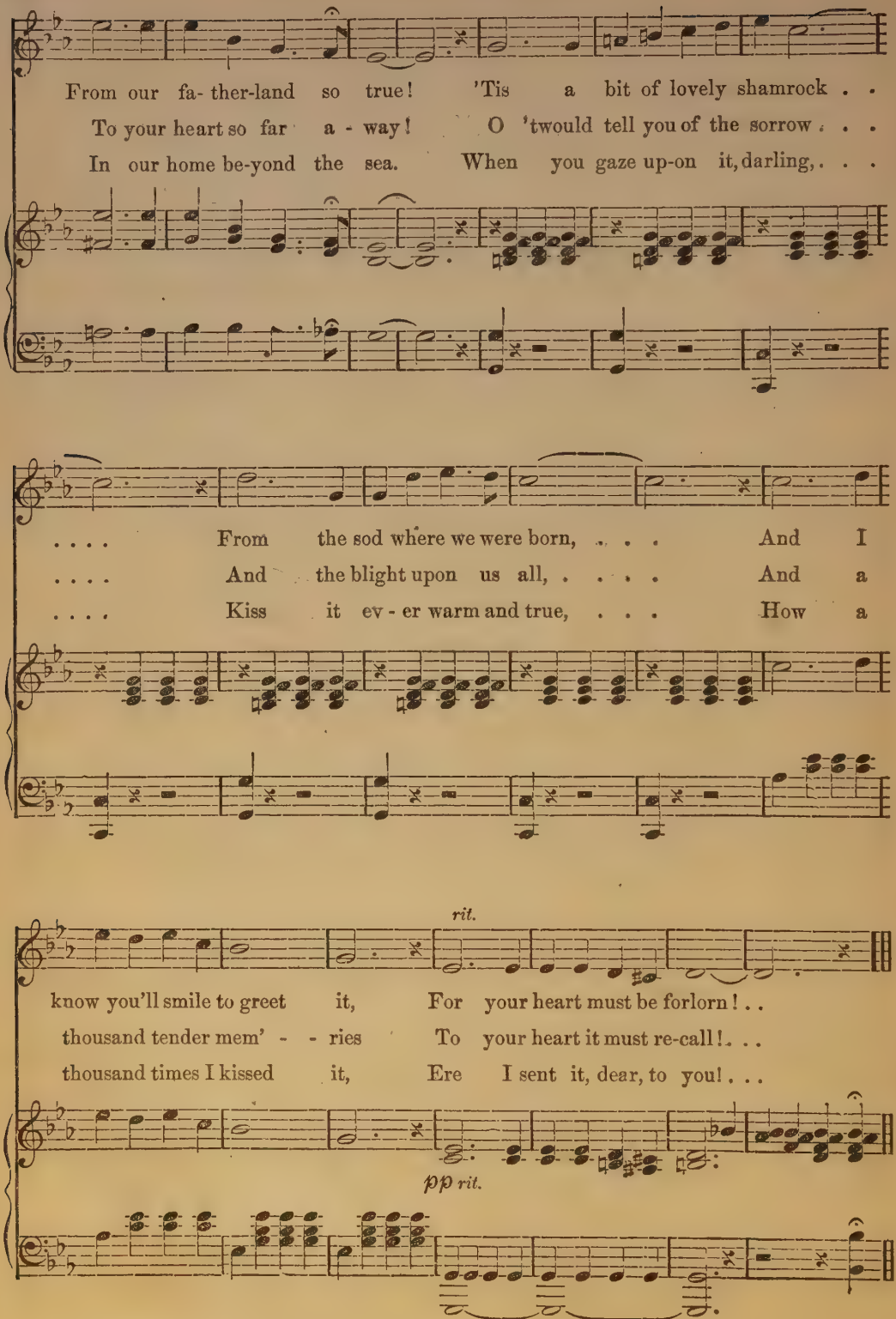

laid her fond heart At the shrine of i - dol - a-trous love, And she
- cir-cled with dew, When its fra-grance is flung on the air, So
life promised fair, And its path-way grew smooth to their feet; And the
anchored her hopes to this per-ish-ing earth, By the chain which her tender-ness
fresh and so bright to that moth-er he seemed, As he lay in his in - nocence
starlight of love glimmer'd bright at the end, And the whis - pers of fan - cy were
wove. But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn, And the
there. But I saw, when she gaz'd on the same love - ly form, Pale as
sweet. And I saw them a - gain bend - ing low o'er the grave Where their
p
chain had been sev-ered in two, She had chang'd her white robes for the
mar - ble, and si - lent and cold; But pal - er and cold - er her
hearts' dear - est hope had been laid, And the star had gone down in the
pp


sables of grief, And her bloom for the paleness of woe! But the Healer was there, pouring
beau-ti-ful boy, And the tale of her sor-row was told! But the Healer was there who had
darkness of night, And the joy from their bosom had fled. But the Healer was there, and his
balm on her heart, And wip-ing the tears from her eyes; He
strick-en her heart, And tak-en her treas-ure a-way; To al-
arms were a-round, And he led them with tenderest care; And he
strengthen'd the chain he had broken in twain, And fasten'd it firm to the skies! There had
-lure her to heaven he has plac'd it on high, And the mourner will sweetly o-bey. There had
show'd them a star in the bright upper world, 'Twas their star shining brilliantly there! They had
f
Dal Seg 𝄋
whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"
whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God—"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"
each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"
p
Dal Seg 𝄋

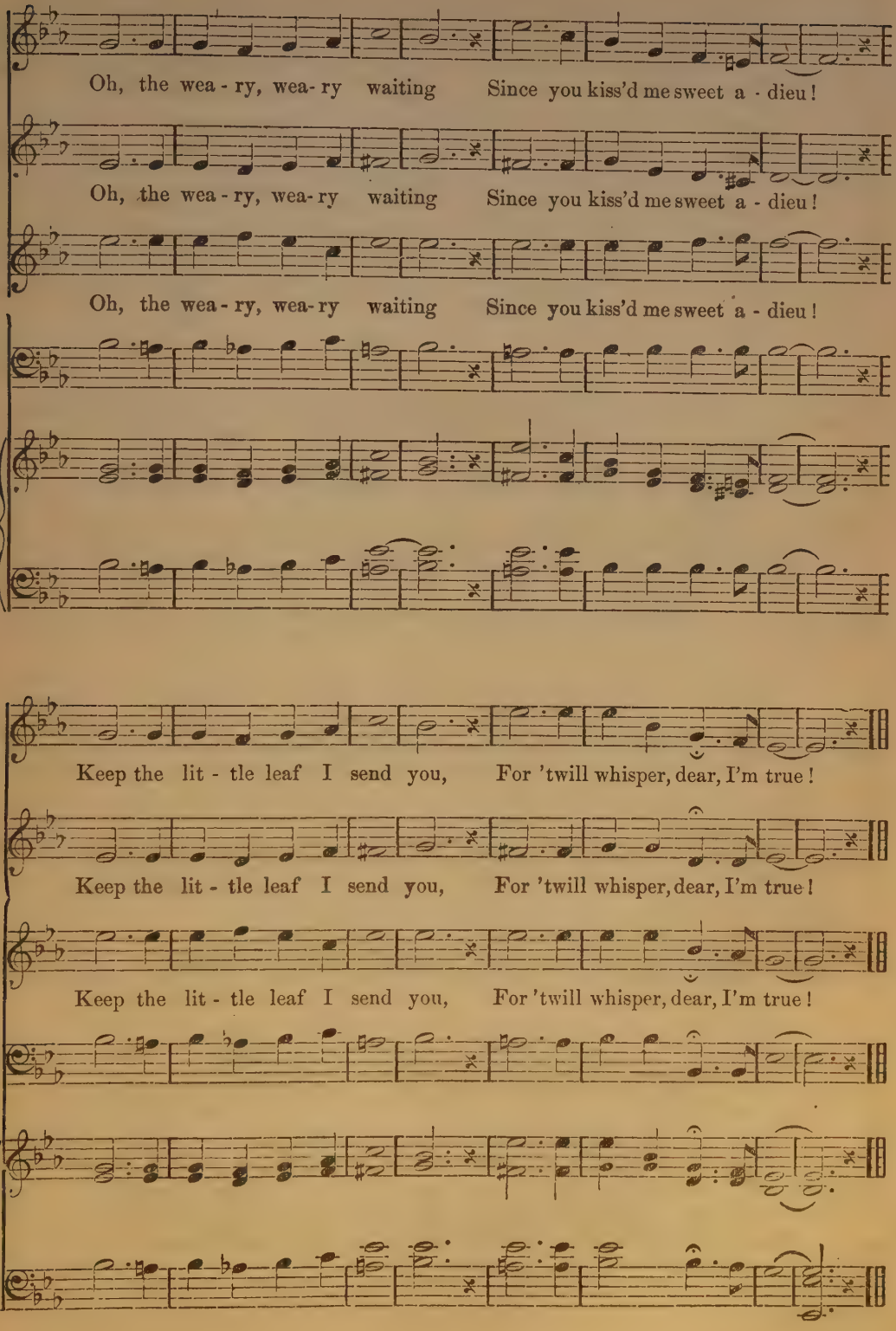
THERE'S A LITTLE LEAF, DEAR JAMIE.

GEO. COOPER. JOHN P. DOUGHERTY.


Andante.
1 There's a lit - tle leaf, dear Ja - - mie, And I'm
2 There's a lit - tle leaf, dear Ja - - mie, And I
3 There's a lit - tle leaf, dear Ja - - mie, Keep, oh,
sending it to you, . . In a let - ter o'er the o - - cean.
know what it would say, . . If it could but speak my mes - - sage,
keep it, love, for me! . . Till we once a- gain are hap - - py


From our fa- ther-land so true! 'Tis a bit of lovely shamrock . .
To your heart so far a - way! O 'twould tell you of the sorrow . . .
In our home be-yond the sea. When you gaze up-on it, darling, . . .
. . . . From the sod where we were born, . . . And I
. . . . And the blight upon us all, ... And a
. . . . Kiss it ev - er warm and true, . . . How a
rit.
know you'll smile to greet it, For your heart must be forlorn! . .
thousand tender mem' - - ries To your heart it must re-call! . . .
thousand times I kissed it, Ere I sent it, dear, to you! . . .
pp rit.

CHORUS.


Oh, the wea - ry, wea - ry waiting Since you kiss'd me sweet a - dieu!
Oh, the wea - ry, wea - ry waiting Since you kiss'd me sweet a - dieu!
Oh, the wea - ry, wea - ry waiting Since you kiss'd me sweet a - dieu!
Keep the lit - tle leaf I send you, For 'twill whisper, dear, I'm true!
Keep the lit - tle leaf I send you, For 'twill whisper, dear, I'm true!
Keep the lit - tle leaf I send you, For 'twill whisper, dear, I'm true!

AT THE WICKET GATE.

GODSHALL. GEIBEL. By per.

Andante con espress.

A- gain I will go to the old wick-et gate, And a-
He gave me this to- ken, this jew - el so rare, And he

lone I will dream it all o - ver; Look down on me, stars, And
said, "dearest, part with it nev - er, And if I dare hope for a

cres. *dim. poco rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

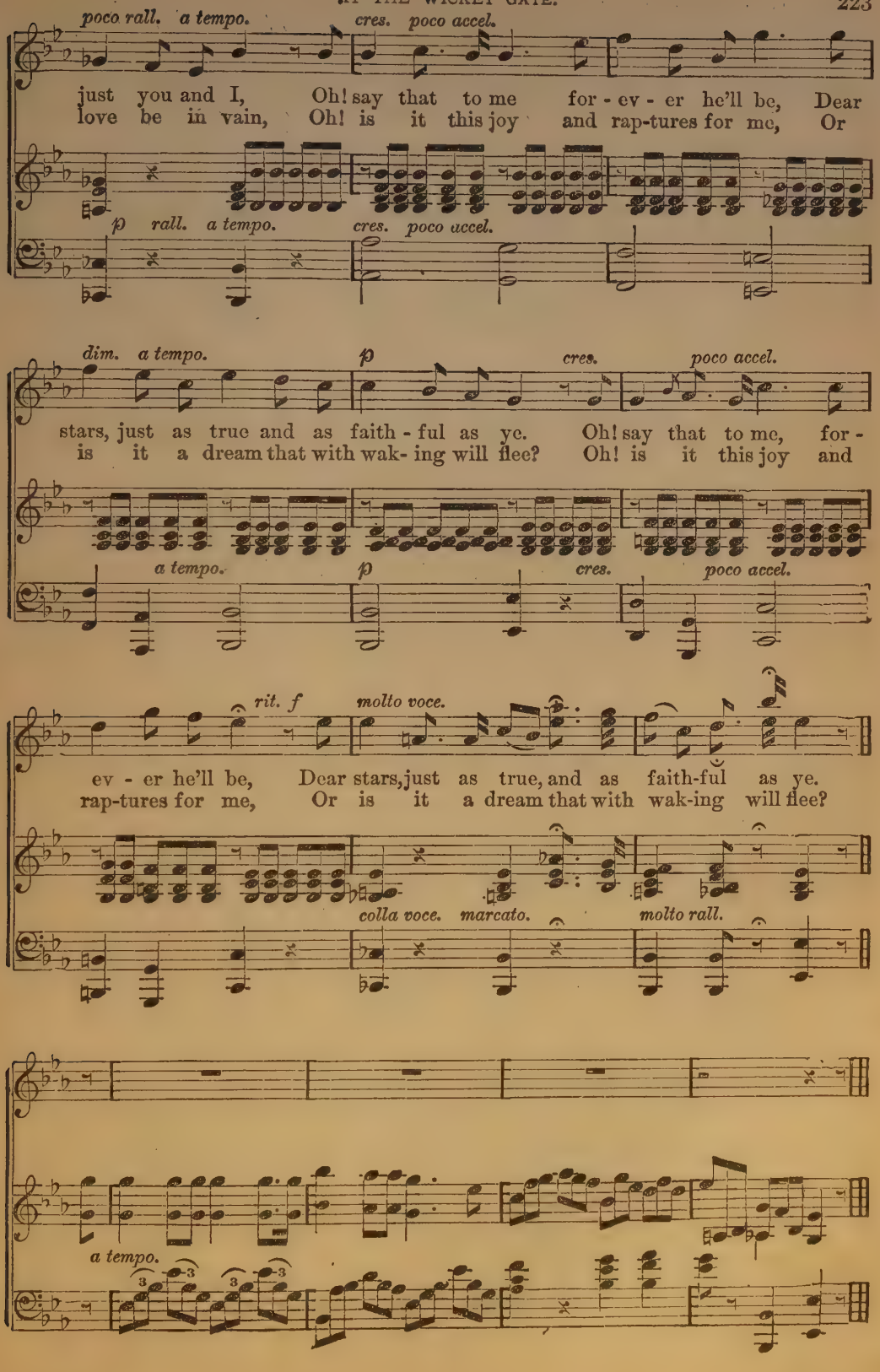
tell me my fate, Just whis- per a word of my lov - er; Yes,
treas- ure so fair, In re-turn, oh, be mine, love, for- ev - er." In my

poco rall. *a tempo.*

cres. *dim.* *cres.* *dim.*

whis-per so low from your home in the sky, That no one can hear it, but
heart there is min- gled both pleasure and pain; How bit - ter the tears, should my

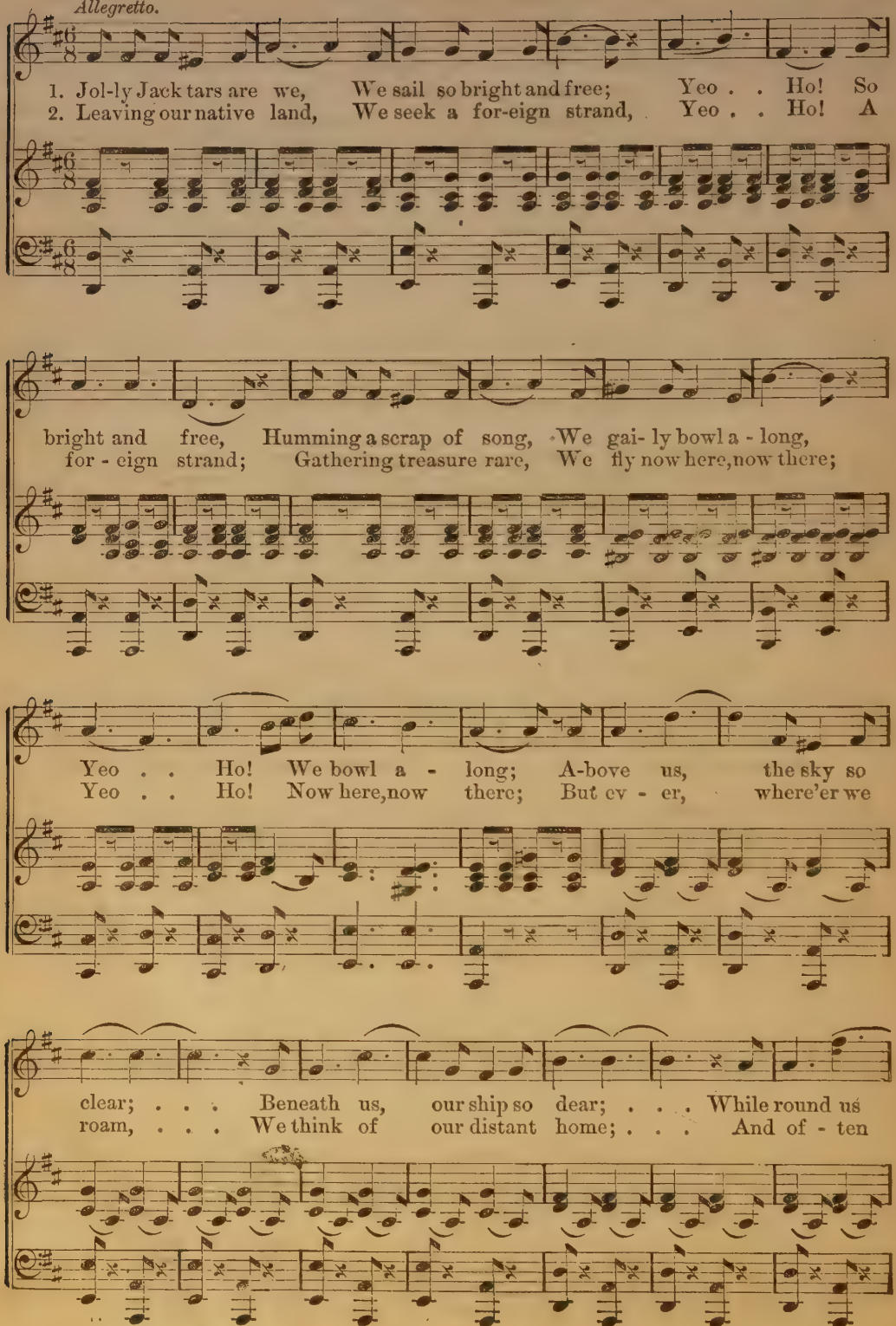
p *colla voce.*

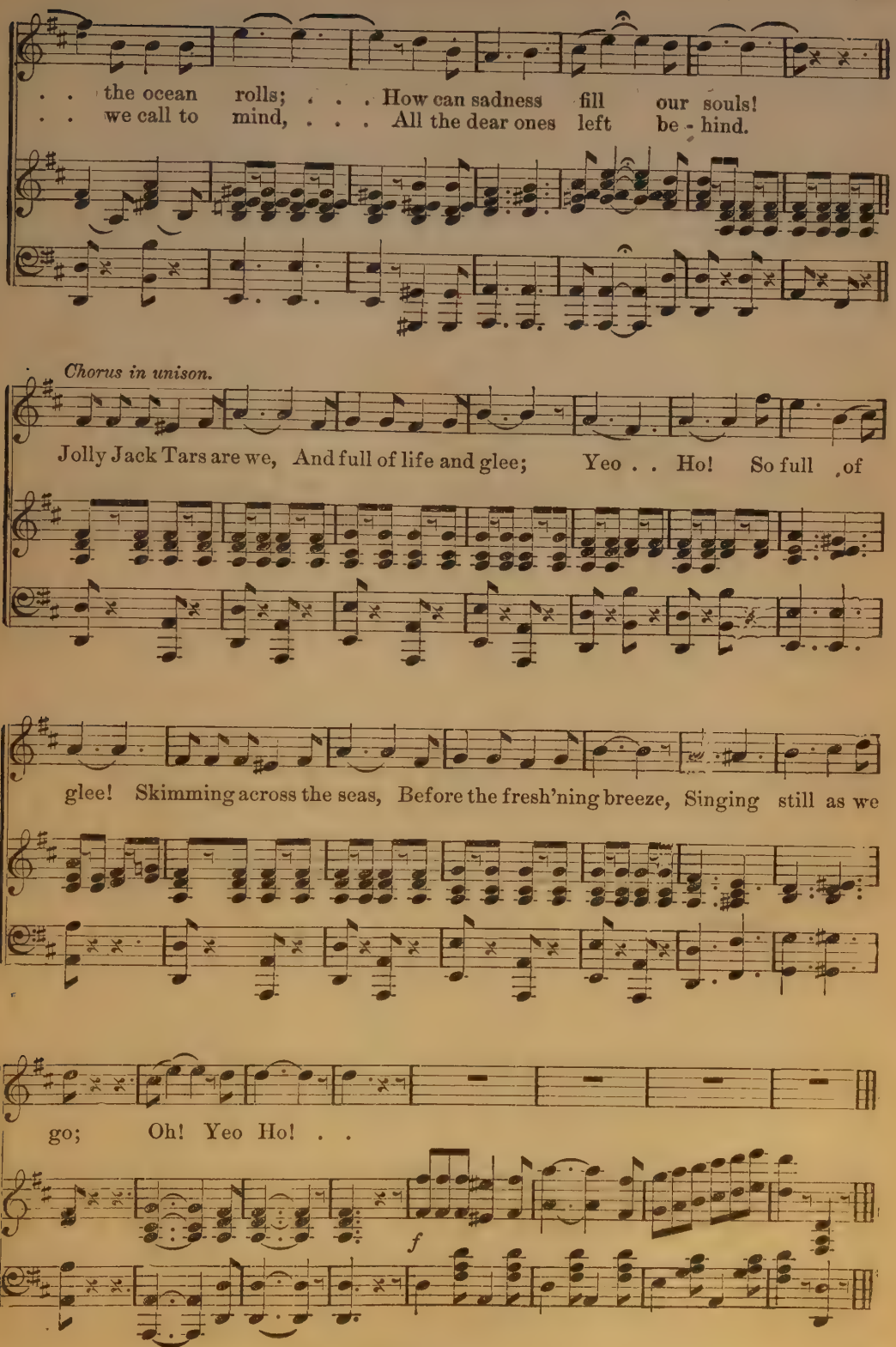

poco rall. a tempo.
cres. poco accel.
just you and I, Oh! say that to me for - ev - er he'll be, Dear
love be in vain, Oh! is it this joy and rap-tures for me, Or
p rall. a tempo.
cres. poco accel.
dim. a tempo.
p
cres.
poco accel.
stars, just as true and as faith - ful as ye. Oh! say that to me, for -
is it a dream that with wak- ing will flee? Oh! is it this joy and
a tempo.
p
cres.
poco accel.
rit. f
molto voce.
ev - er he'll be, Dear stars, just as true, and as faith-ful as ye.
rap-tures for me, Or is it a dream that with wak-ing will flee?
colla voce. marcato.
molto rall.
a tempo.

JOLLY JACK TARS.

SENTMAN. BAKER. By per.

Allegretto.

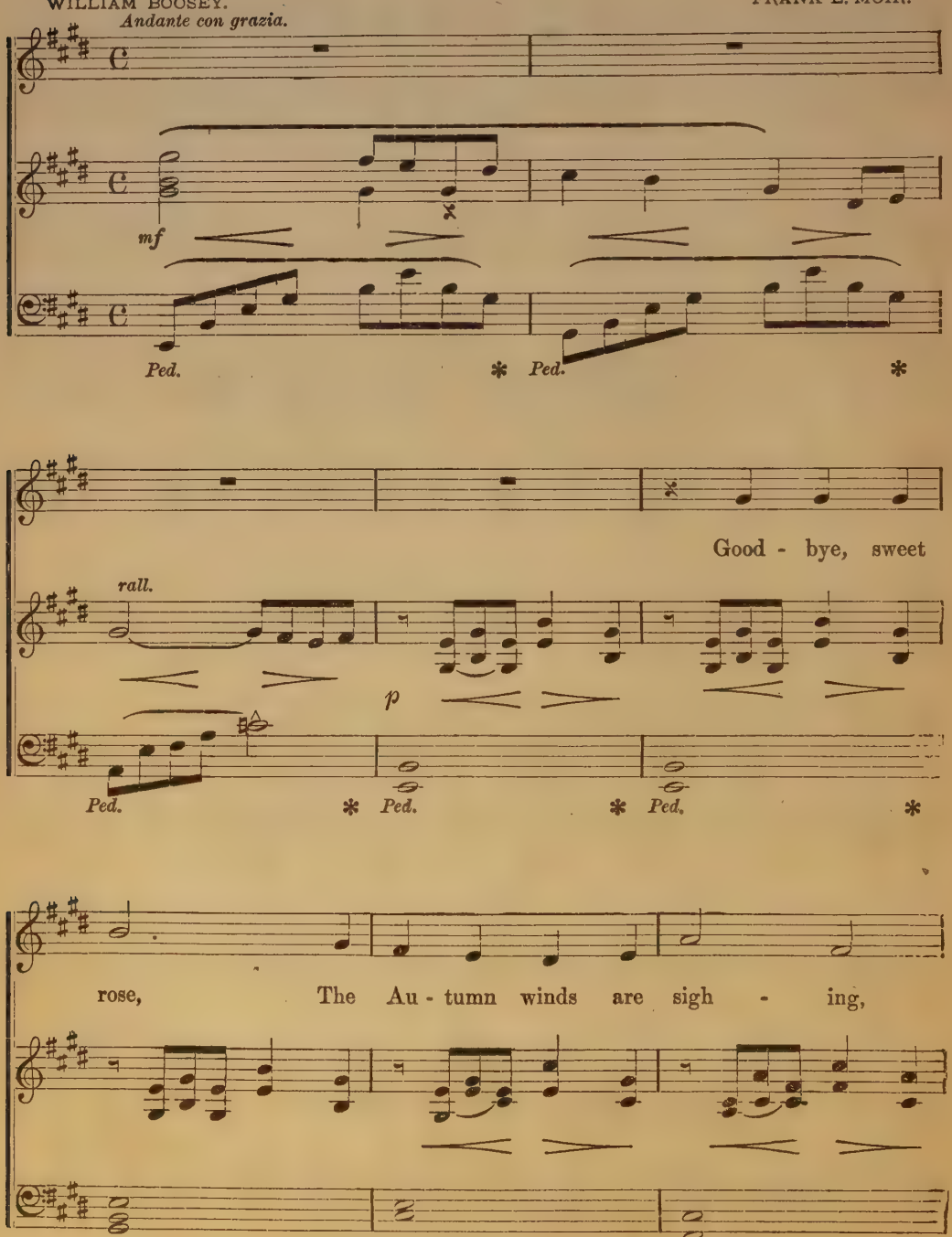

1. Jol-ly Jack tars are we, We sail so bright and free; Yeo . . Ho! So
2. Leaving our native land, We seek a for-eign strand, Yeo . . Ho! A
bright and free, Humming a scrap of song, We gai- ly bowl a - long,
for - eign strand; Gathering treasure rare, We fly now here, now there;
Yeo . . Ho! We bowl a - long; A-bove us, the sky so
Yeo . . Ho! Now here, now there; But ev - er, where'er we
clear; . . . Beneath us, our ship so dear; . . . While round us
roam, . . . We think of our distant home; . . . And of - ten


. . the ocean rolls; . . . How can sadness fill our souls!
. . we call to mind, . . . All the dear ones left be - hind.
Chorus in unison.
Jolly Jack Tars are we, And full of life and glee; Yeo . . Ho! So full of
glee! Skimming across the seas, Before the fresh'ning breeze, Singing still as we
go; Oh! Yeo Ho! . .
f

GOOD-BYE, SWEET ROSE.

SONG.

WILLIAM BOOSEY. FRANK L. MOIR.



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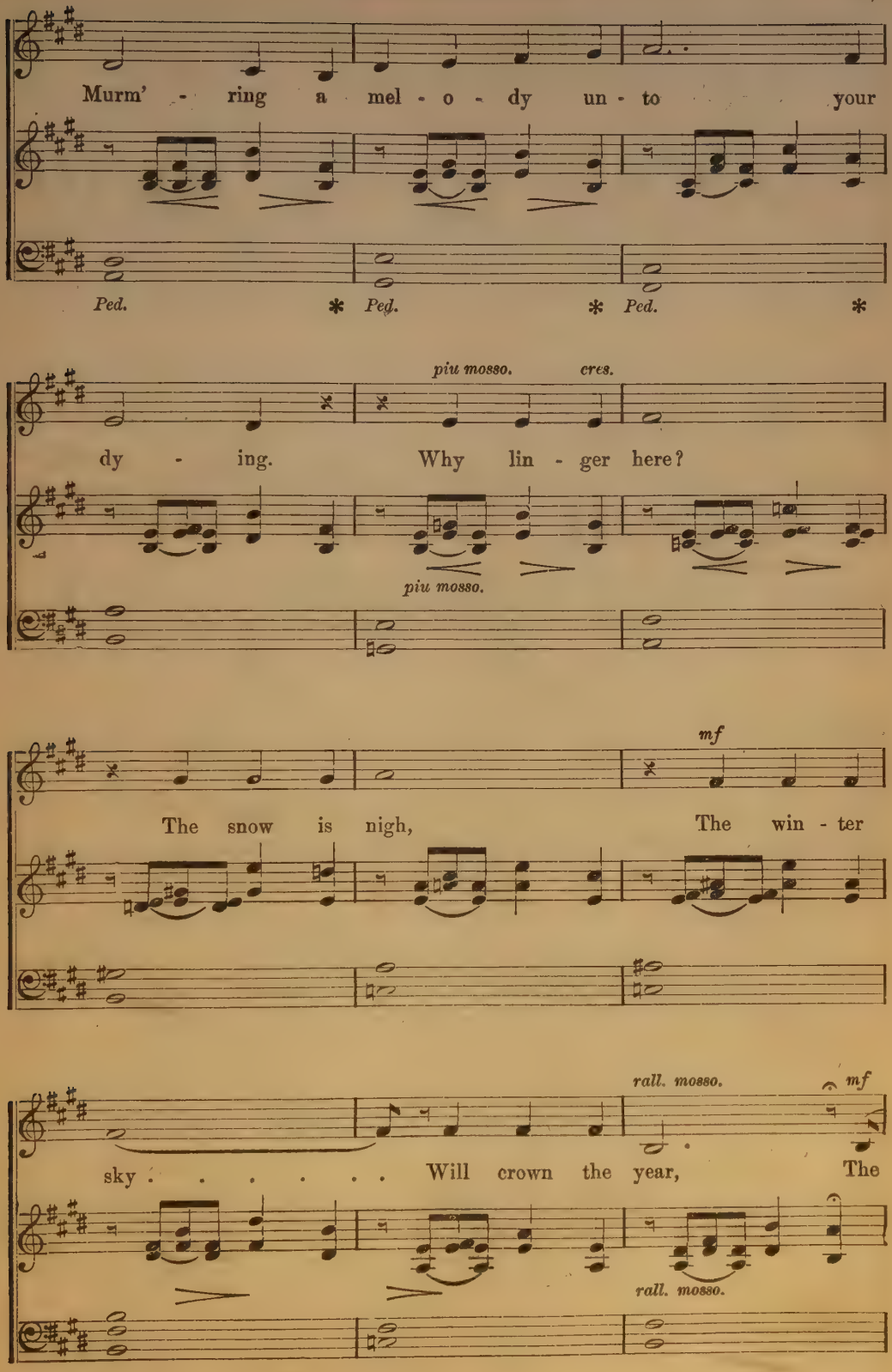
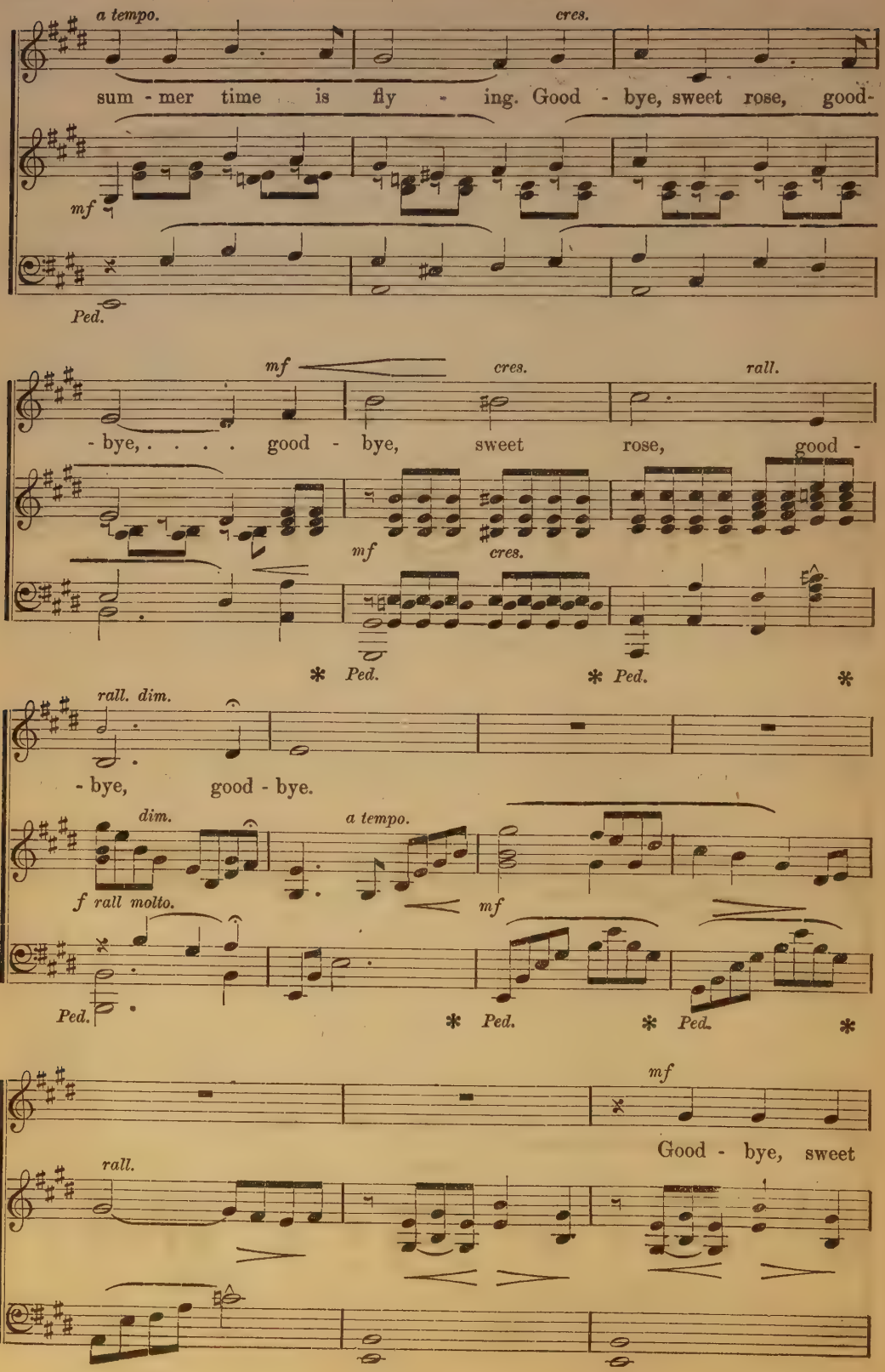
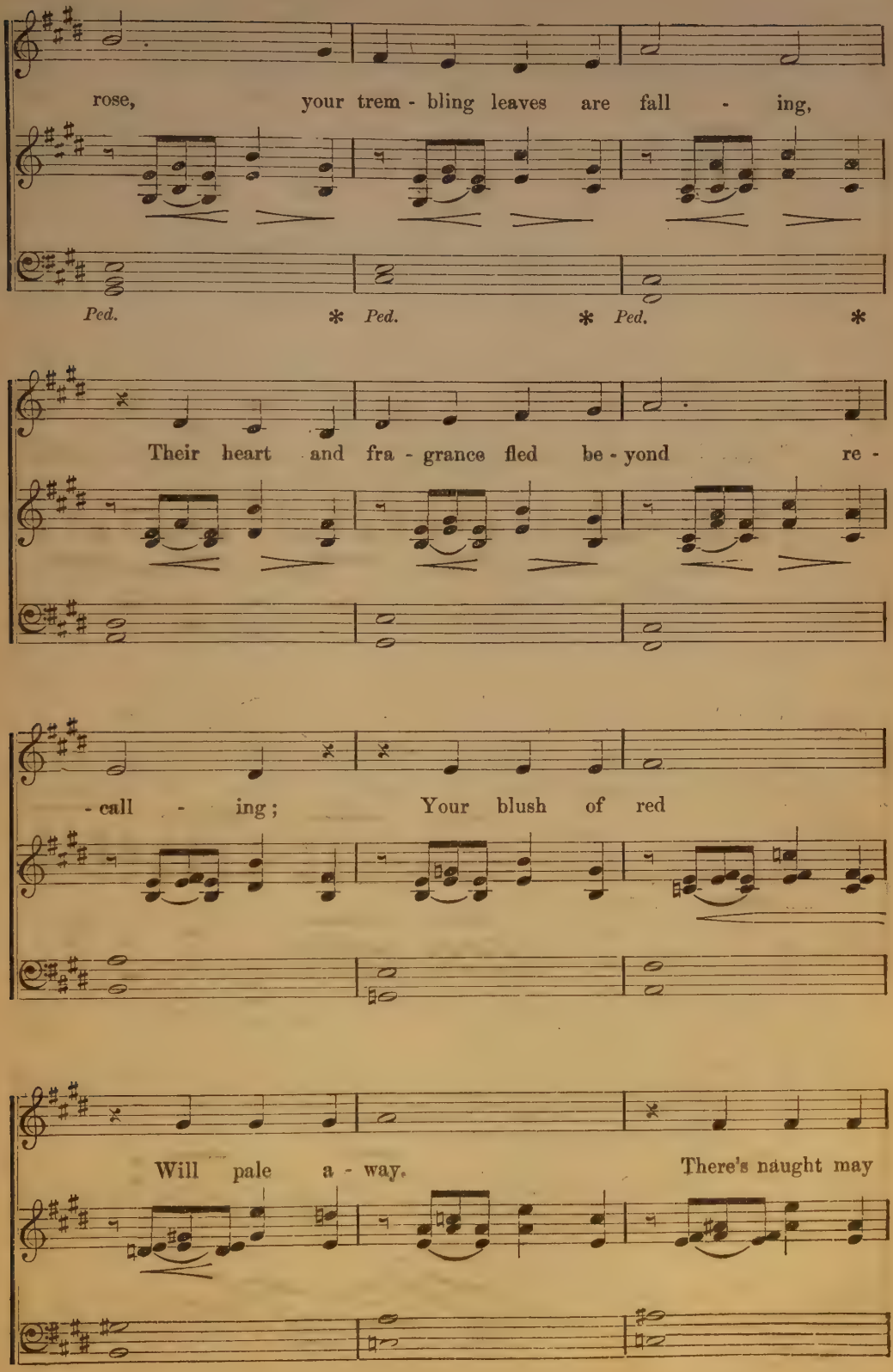
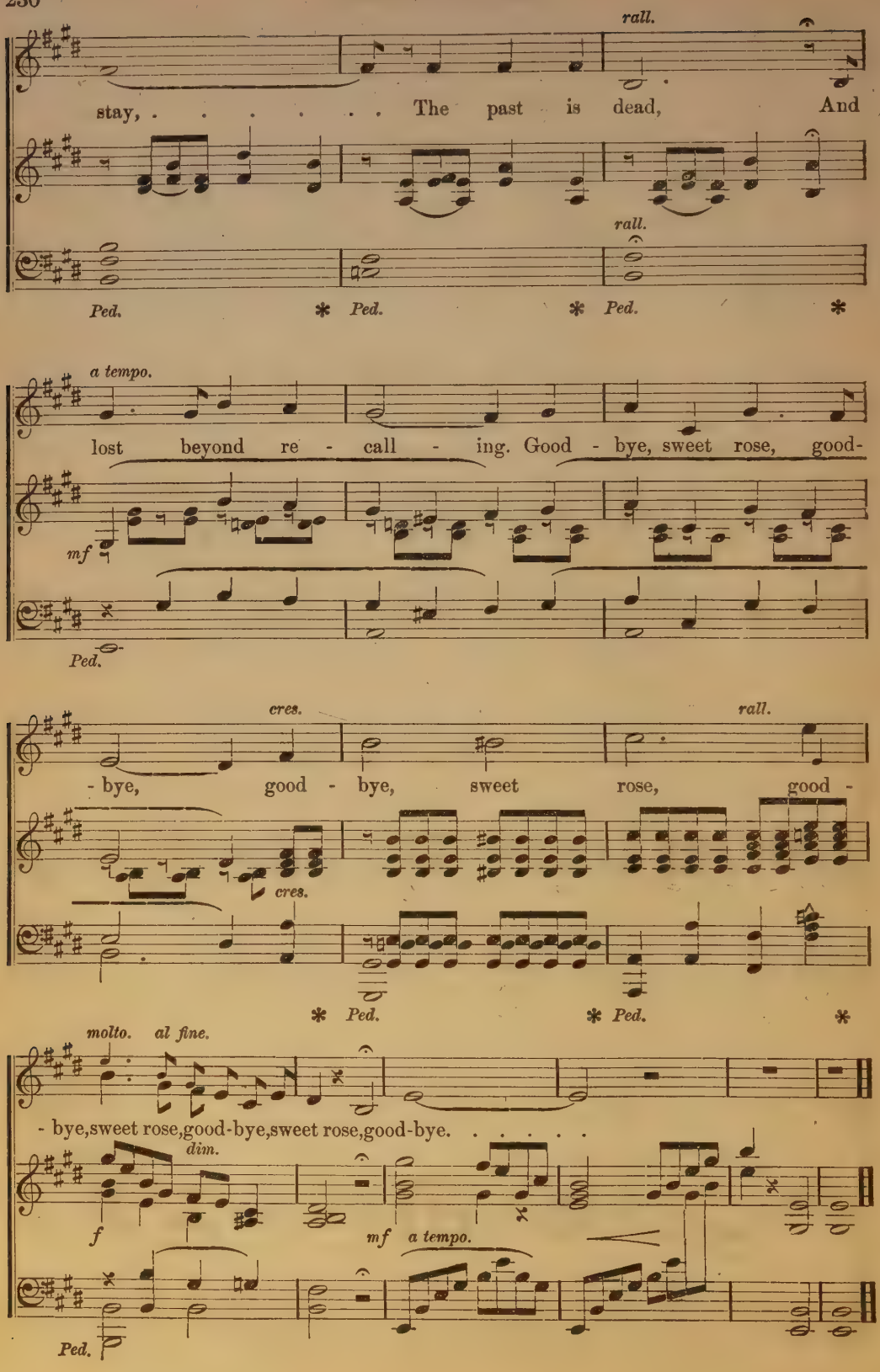

Murm' - ring a mel - o - dy un - to your
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
piu mosso. cres.
dy - ing. Why lin - ger here?
piu mosso.
mf
The snow is nigh, The win - ter
rall. mosso. mf
sky . . . . . Will crown the year, The
rall. mosso.

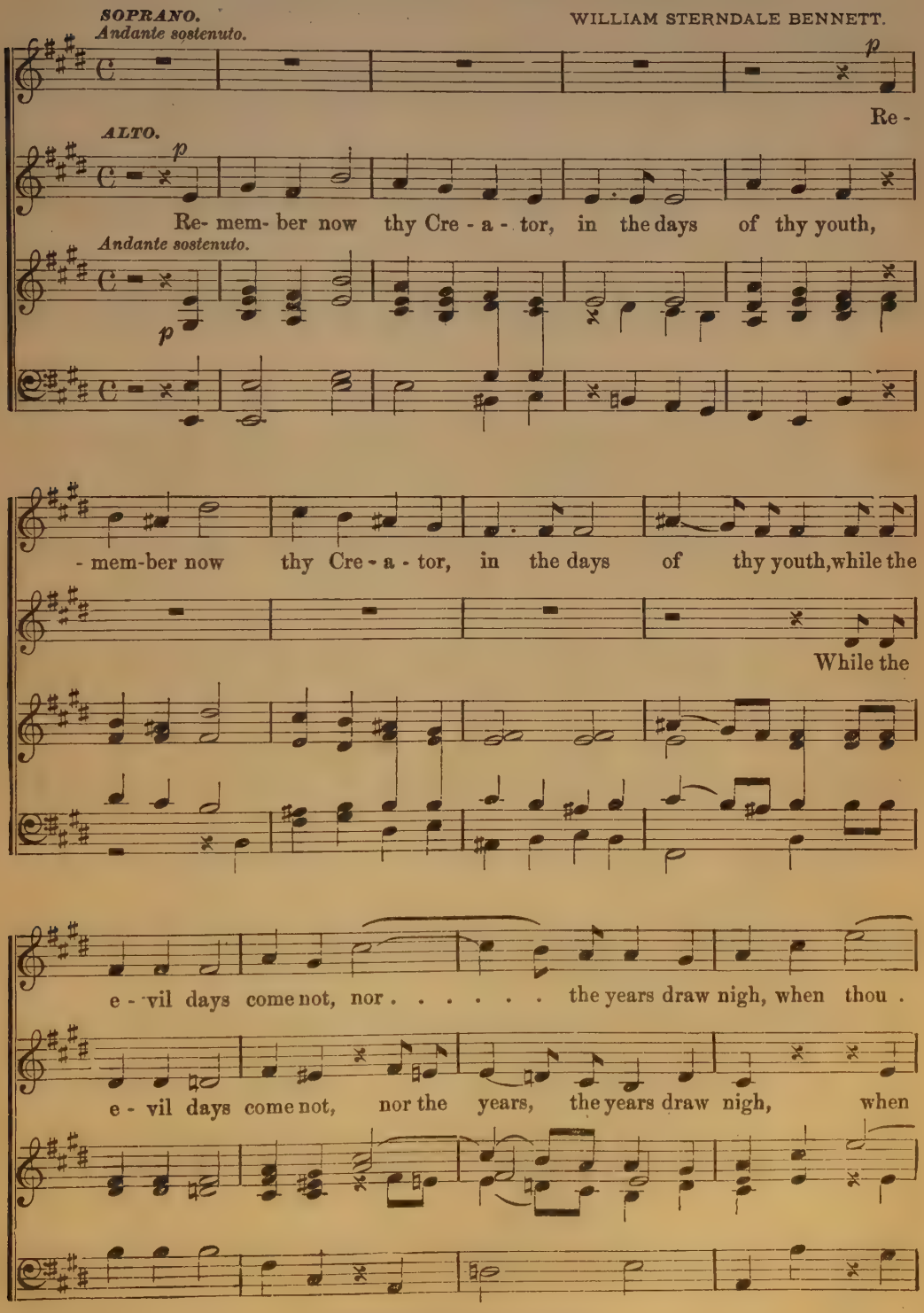

a tempo.
cres.
sum - mer time is fly - ing. Good - bye, sweet rose, good-
mf
Ped.
mf
cres.
rall.
- bye, ... good - bye, sweet rose, good -
mf
cres.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
rall. dim.
- bye, good - bye.
dim.
a tempo.
f rall molto.
mf
Ped.
* Ped.
* Ped.
*
mf
Good - bye, sweet
rall.


rose, your trem - bling leaves are fall - ing,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Their heart and fra - grance fled be - yond re -
- call - ing; Your blush of red
Will pale a - way. There's naught may


rall.
stay, ... The past is dead, And
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo.
lost beyond re - call - ing. Good - bye, sweet rose, good-
mf
Ped.
cres.
rall.
- bye, good - bye, sweet rose, good -
cres.
* Ped. * Ped. *
molto. al fine.
- bye,sweet rose,good-bye,sweet rose,good-bye. . . . . .
dim.
f
mf a tempo.
Ped.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.


SOPRANO.
Andante sostenuto.
p
Re -
ALTO.
p
Re- mem- ber now thy Cre - a - tor, in the days of thy youth,
Andante sostenuto.
p
- mem-ber now thy Cre - a - tor, in the days of thy youth, while the
While the
e - vil days come not, nor . . . . . the years draw nigh, when thou .
e - vil days come not, nor the years, the years draw nigh, when

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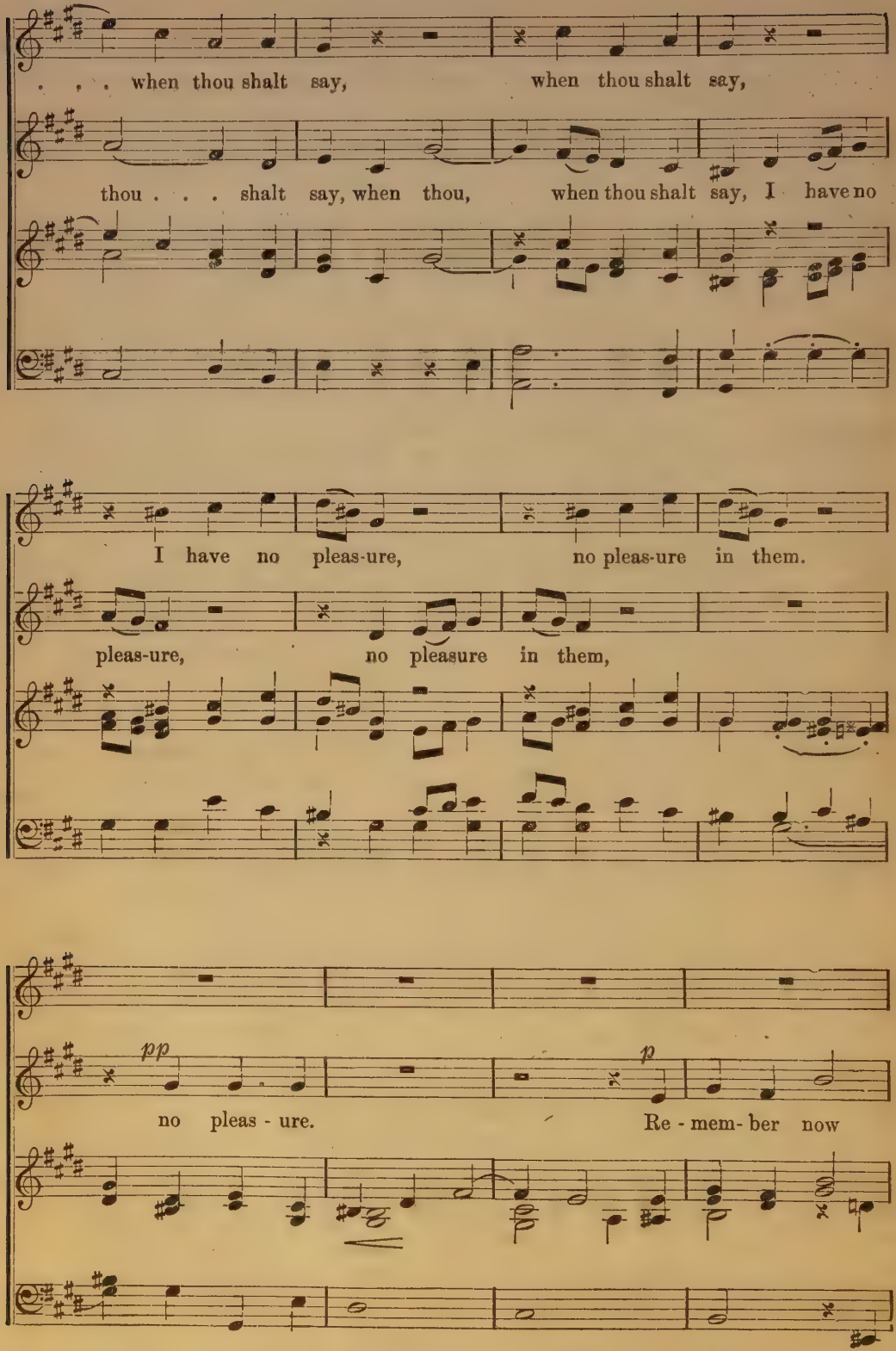
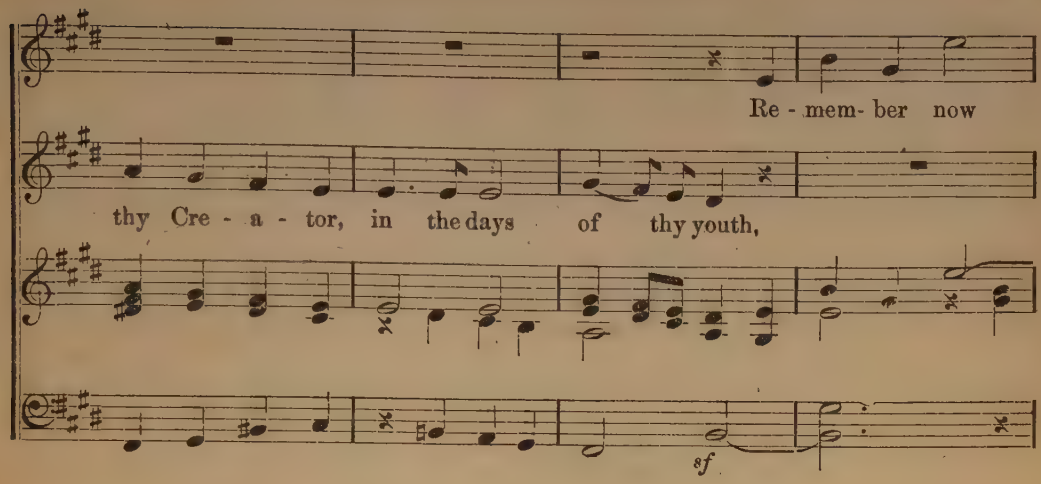
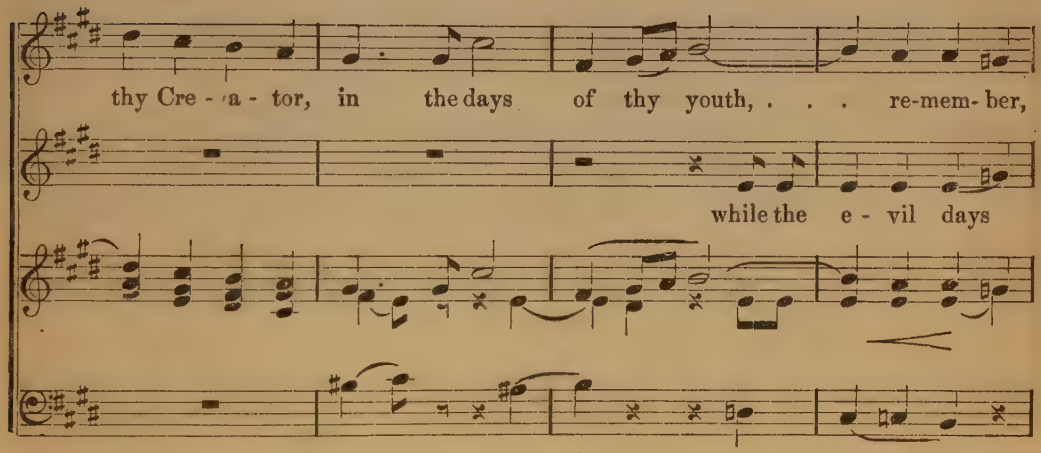
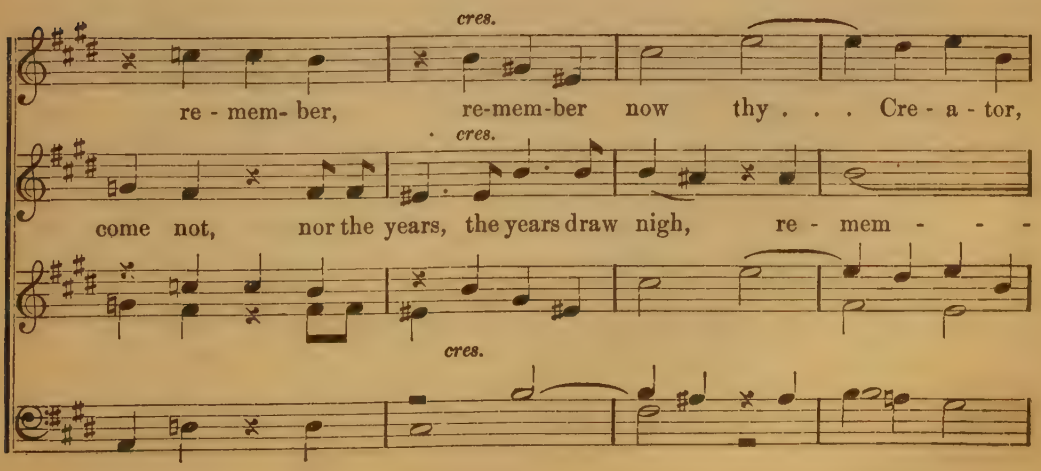
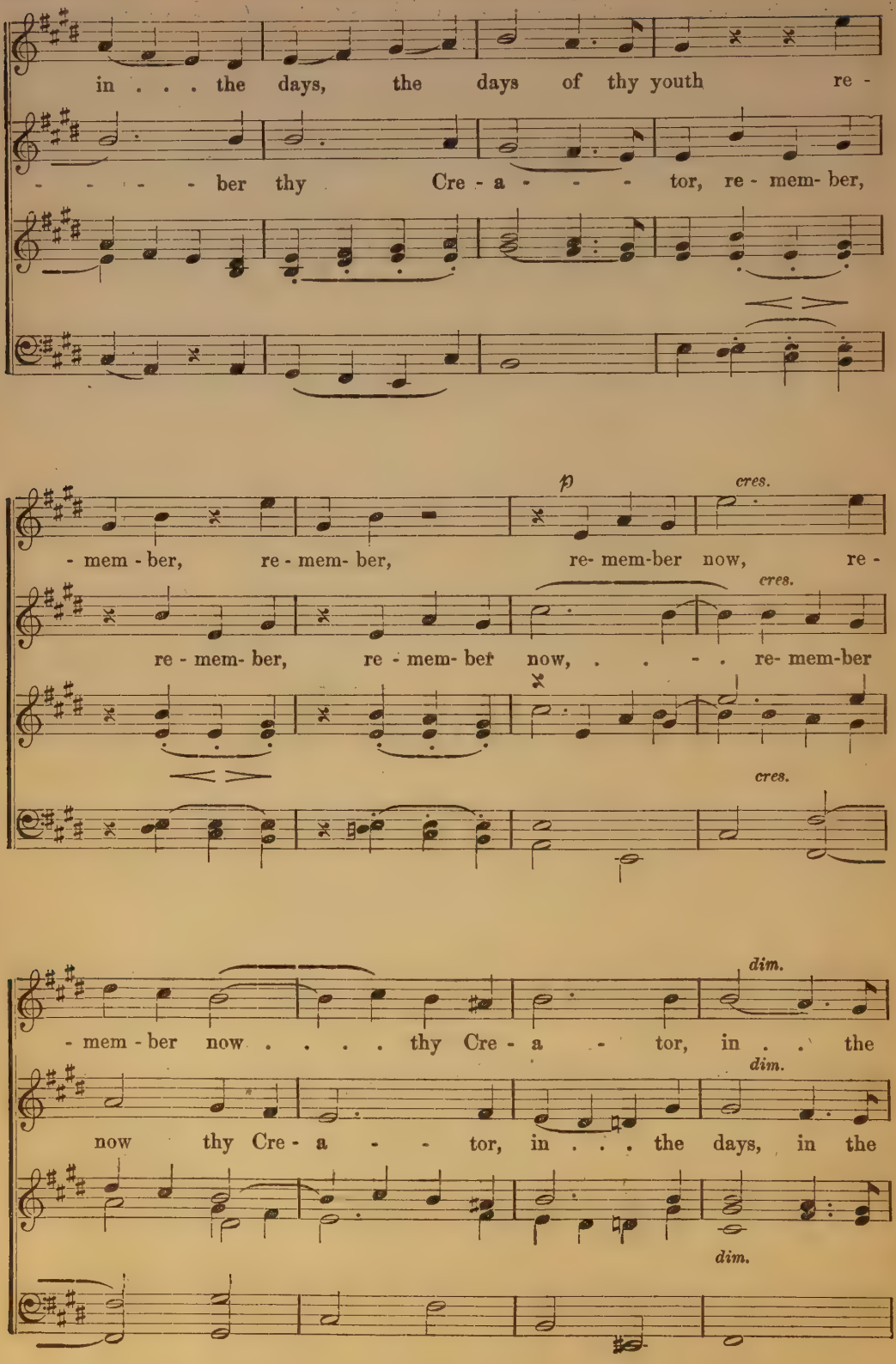
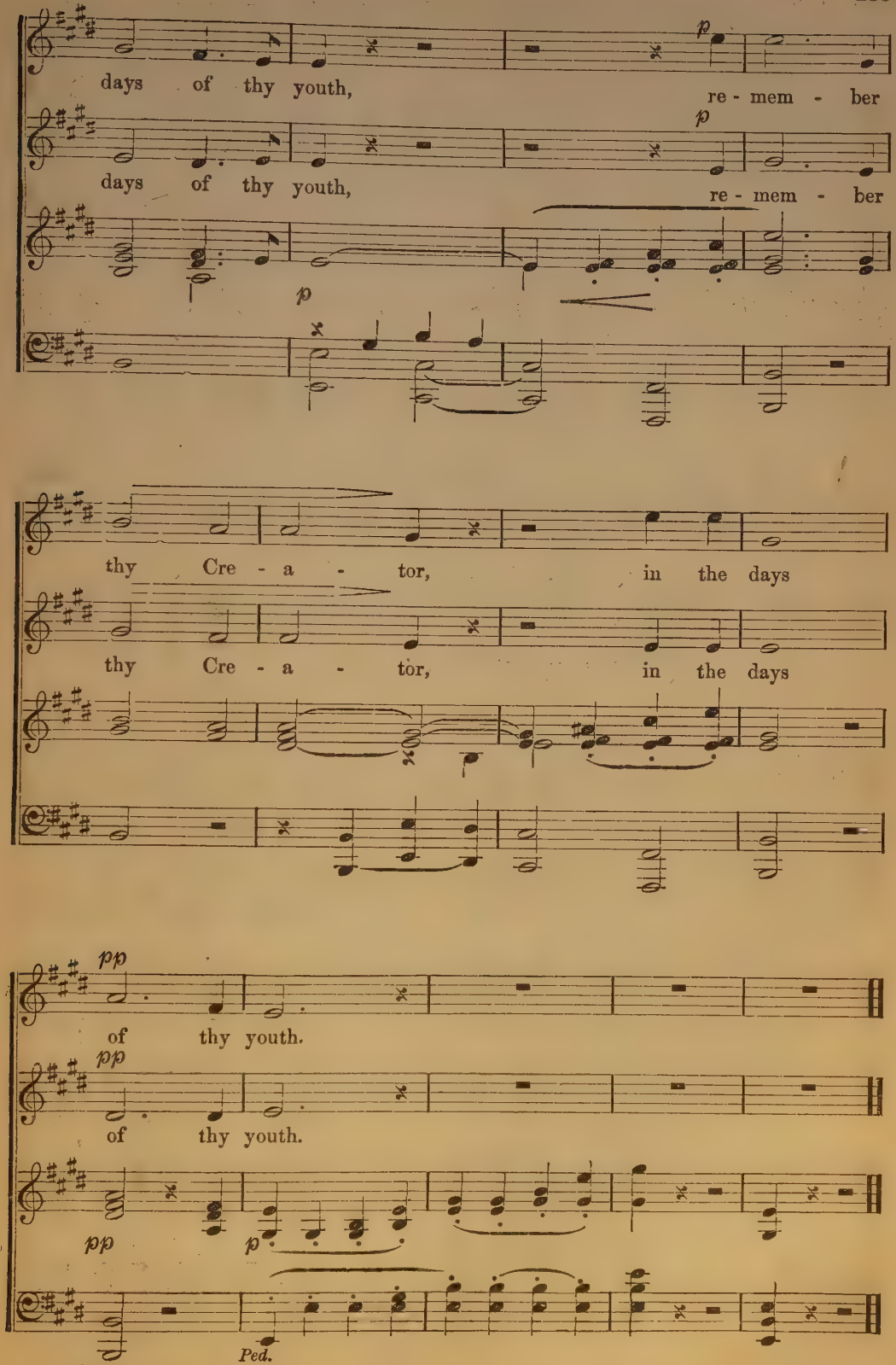

. . . when thou shalt say, when thou shalt say,
thou . . . shalt say, when thou, when thou shalt say, I have no
I have no pleas-ure, no pleas-ure in them.
pleas-ure, no pleasure in them,
pp
no pleas - ure.
p
Re - mem- ber now


Re - mem- ber now
thy Cre - a - tor, in the days of thy youth,
sf


thy Cre - a - tor, in the days of thy youth, . . . re-mem- ber,
while the e - vil days

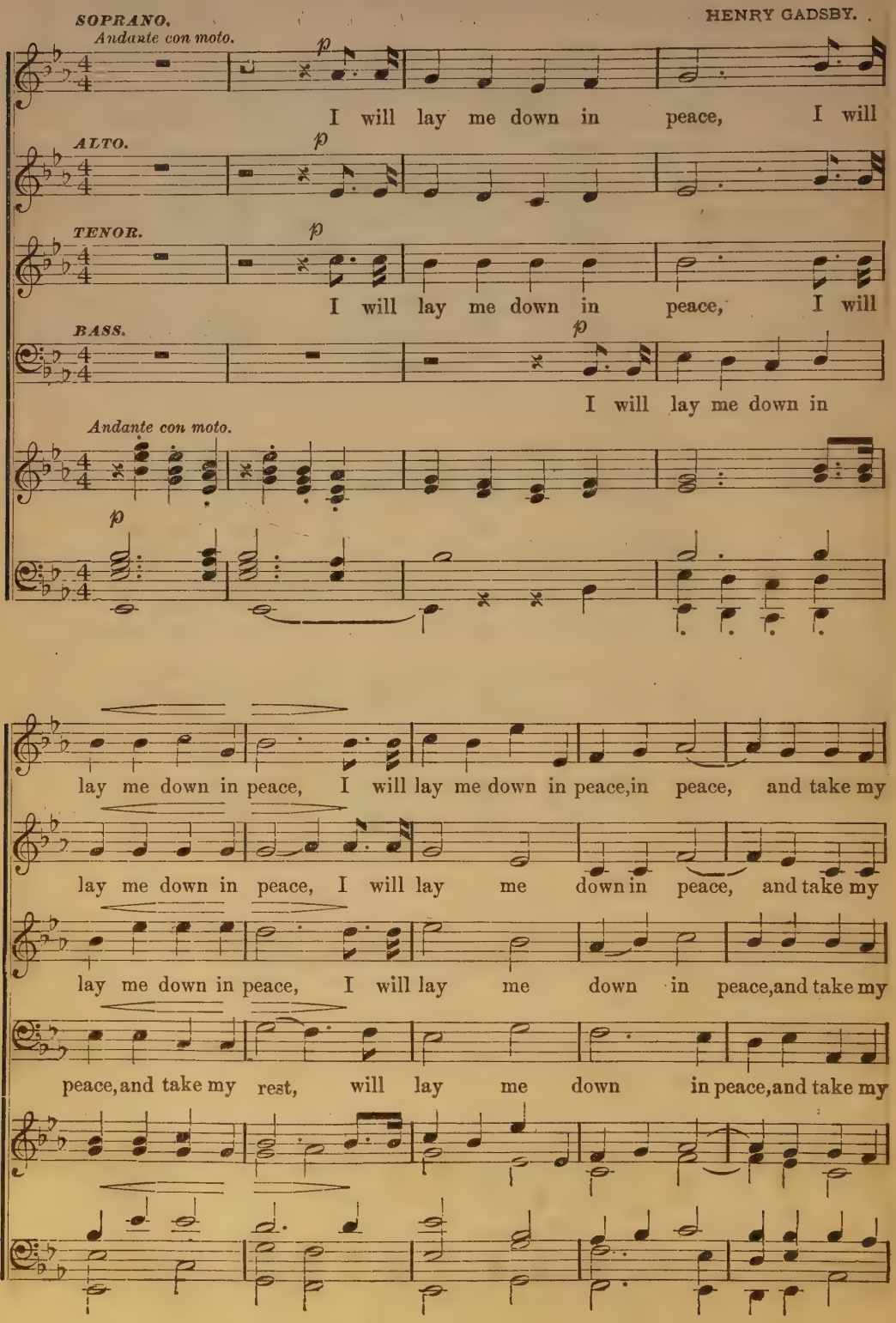

cres.
re - mem- ber, re-mem-ber now thy . . . Cre - a - tor,
cres.
come not, nor the years, the years draw nigh, re - mem - - -
cres.

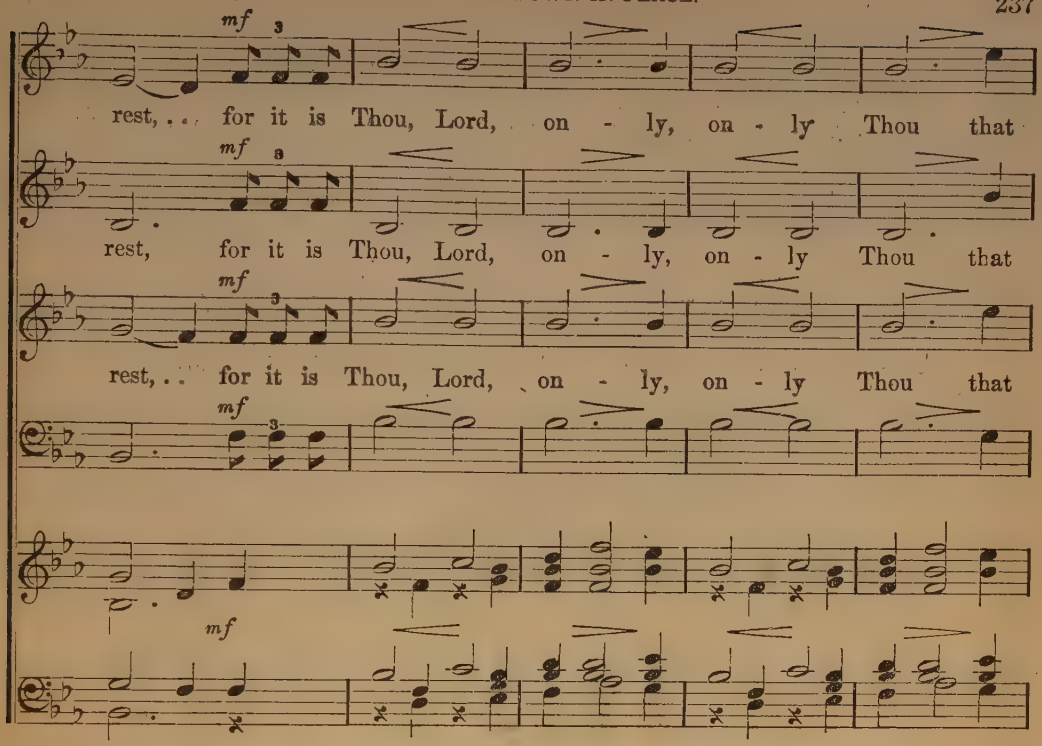

in . . . the days, the days of thy youth re -
- - - - ber thy Cre - a - - - tor, re - mem- ber,
- mem - ber, re - mem- ber, re- mem-ber now, re -
p
cres.
re - mem- ber, re - mem- ber now, ... re- mem-ber
cres.
cres.
- mem - ber now . . . . thy Cre - a - tor, in . . the
dim.
now thy Cre - a - - tor, in . . . the days, in the
dim.
dim.

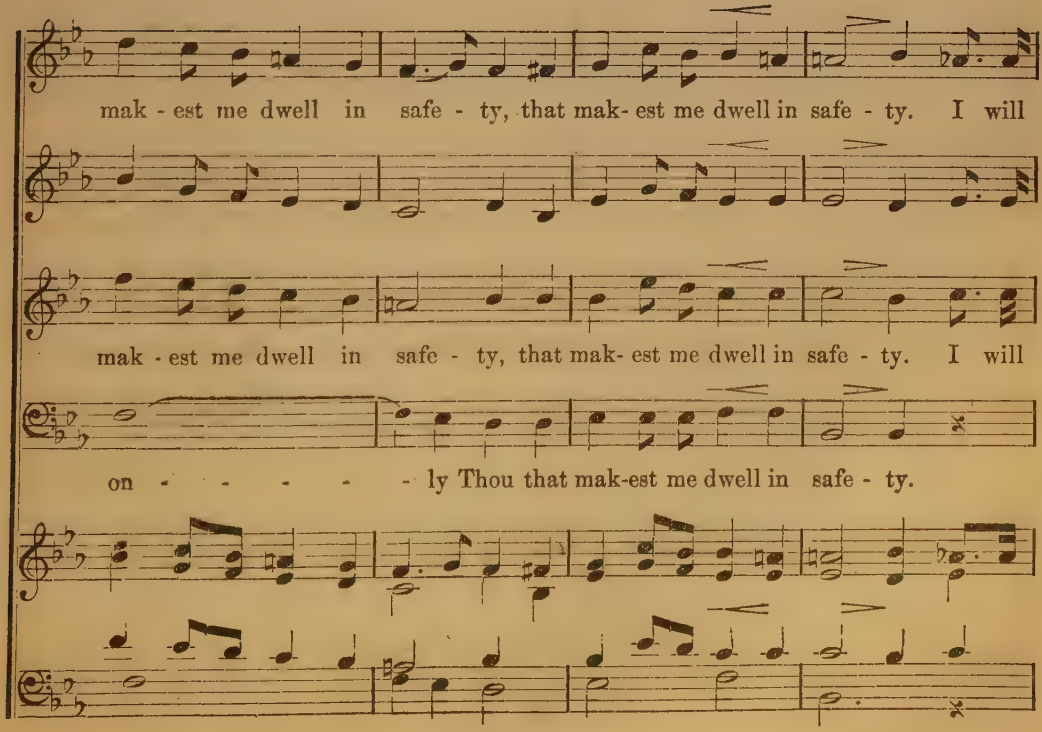

days of thy youth, re - mem - ber
days of thy youth, re - mem - ber
thy Cre - a - tor, in the days
thy Cre - a - tor, in the days
of thy youth.
of thy youth.
Ped.

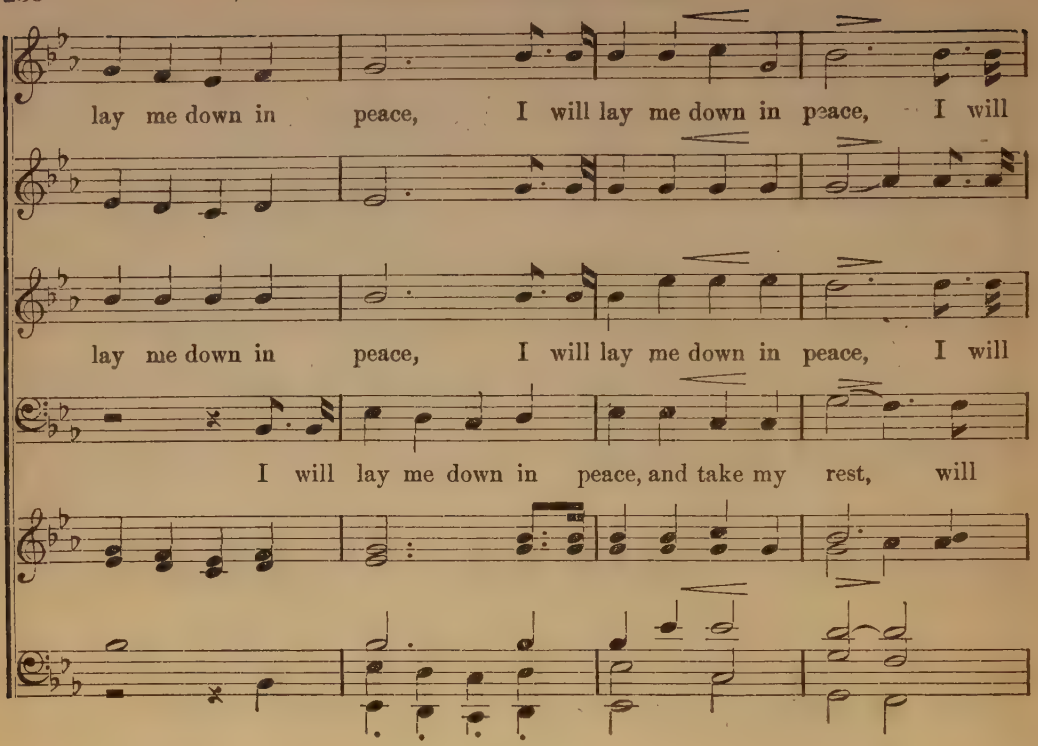
I WILL LAY ME DOWN IN PEACE.

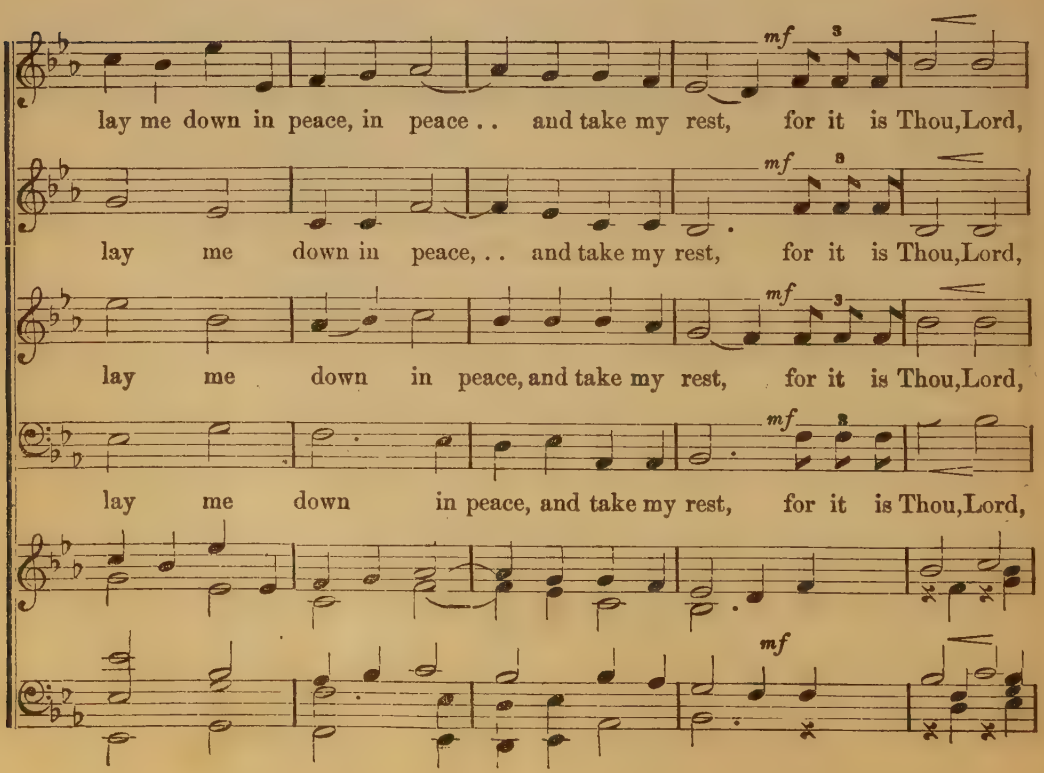
HENRY GADSBY.

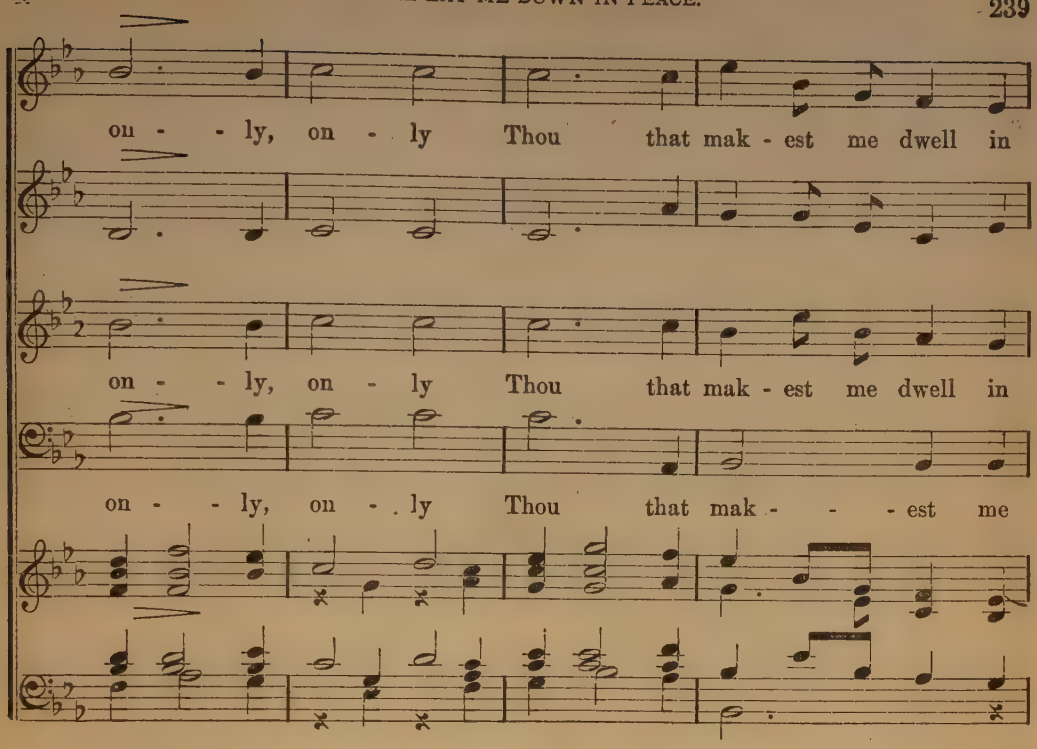

SOPRANO.
Andante con moto.
I will lay me down in peace, I will
ALTO.
TENOR.
I will lay me down in peace, I will
BASS.
I will lay me down in
Andante con moto.
lay me down in peace, I will lay me down in peace,in peace, and take my
lay me down in peace, I will lay me down in peace, and take my
lay me down in peace, I will lay me down in peace,and take my
peace,and take my rest, will lay me down in peace,and take my

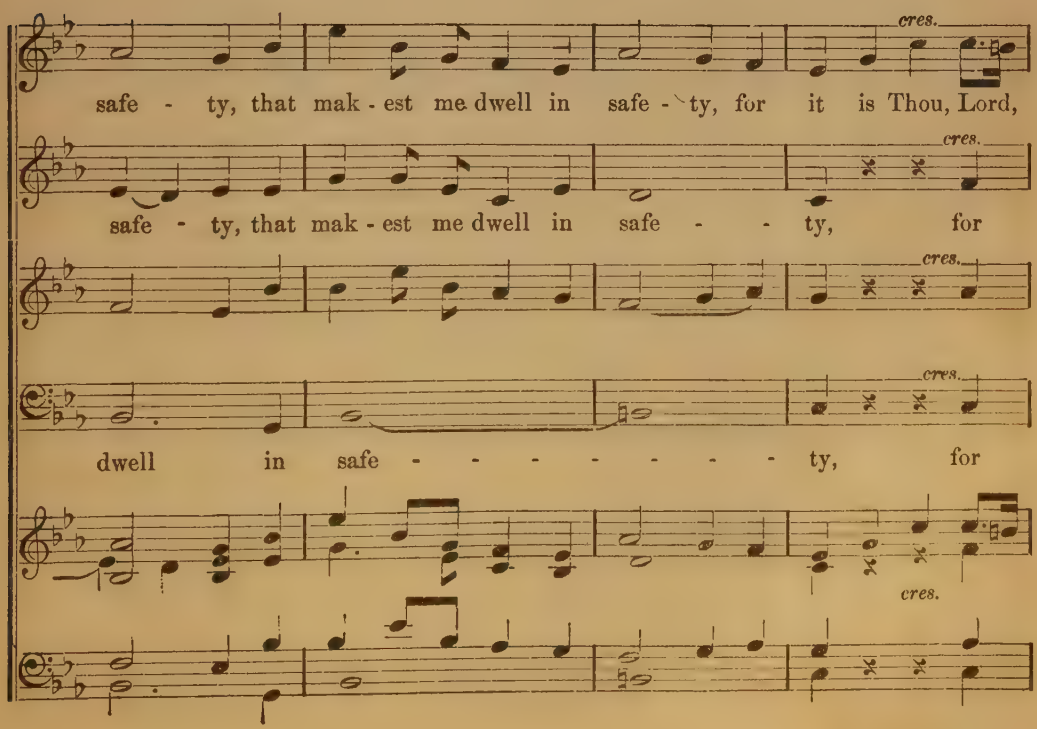

mf
rest, . . for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, on - ly Thou that
mf
rest, for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, on - ly Thou that
mf
rest, . . for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, on - ly Thou that
mf
mf

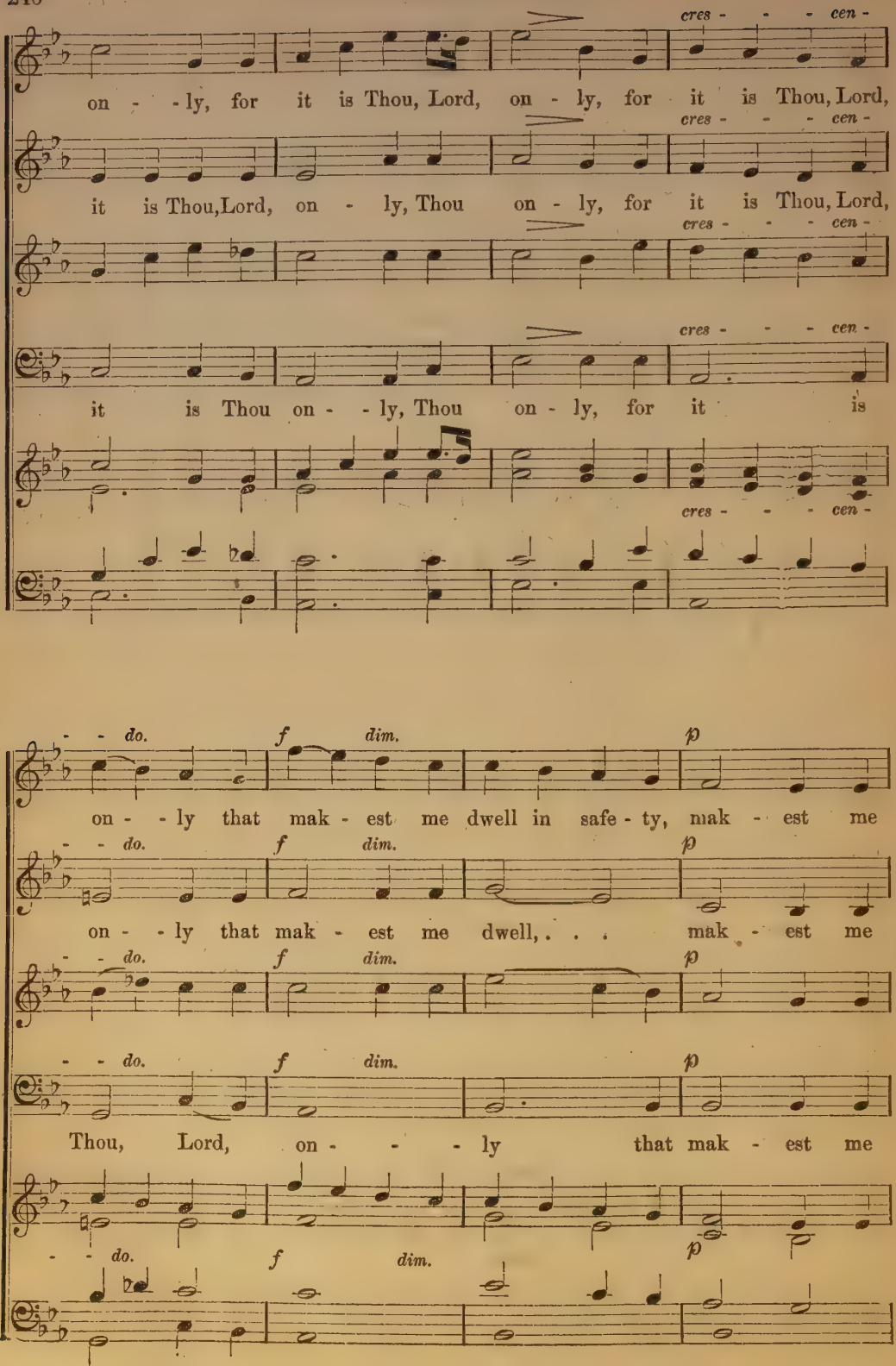

mak - est me dwell in safe - ty, that mak- est me dwell in safe - ty. I will
mak - est me dwell in safe - ty, that mak- est me dwell in safe - ty. I will
on - - - - - ly Thou that mak-est me dwell in safe - ty.

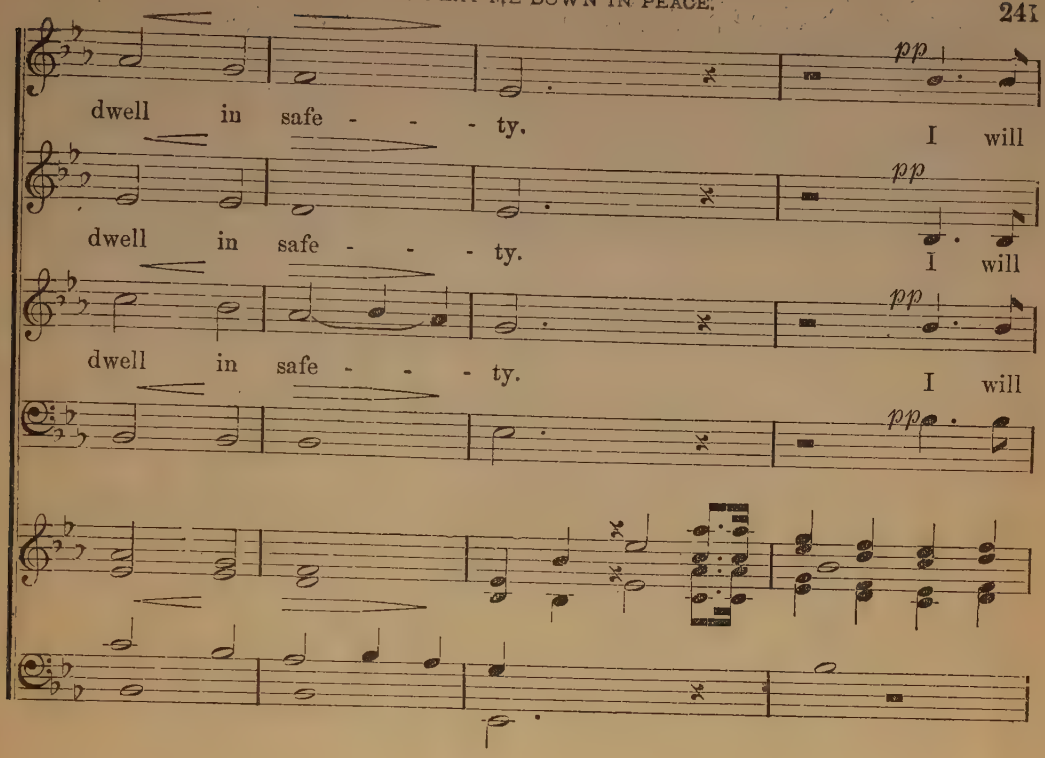

lay me down in peace, I will lay me down in peace, I will
lay me down in peace, I will lay me down in peace, I will
I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, will

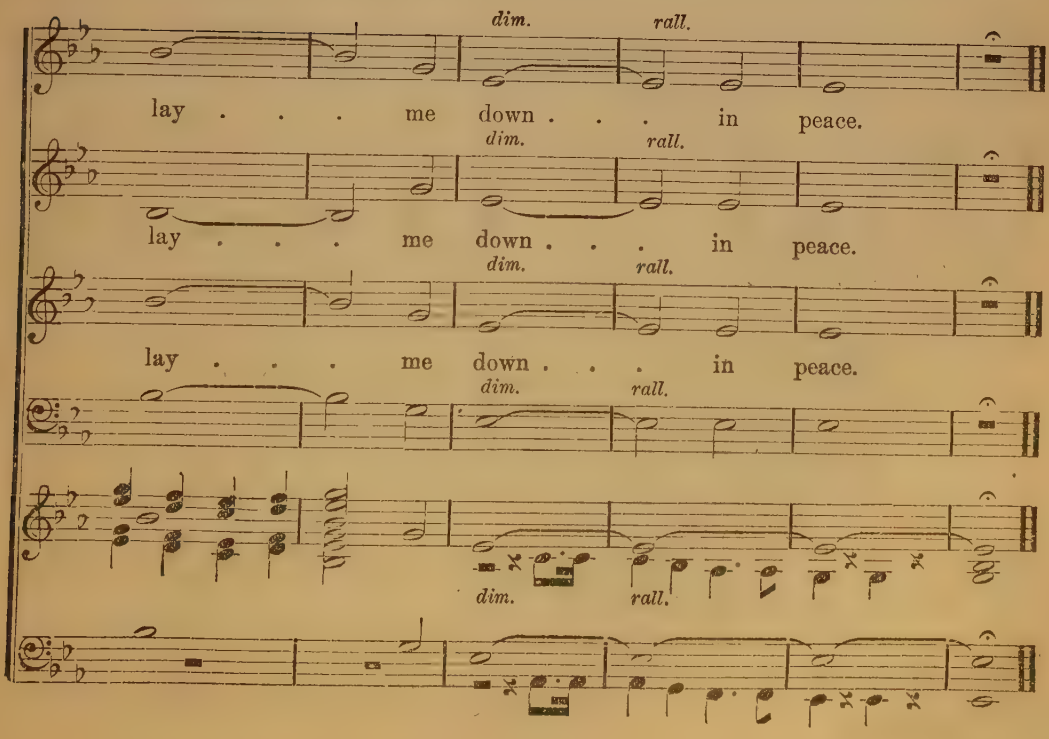

mf
lay me down in peace, in peace . . and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord,
lay me down in peace, . . and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord,
lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord,
lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord,
mf


on - - ly, on - ly Thou that mak - est me dwell in
on - - ly, on - ly Thou that mak - est me dwell in
on - - ly, on - ly Thou that mak - - - est me


safe - ty, that mak - est me dwell in safe - ty, for it is Thou, Lord,
cres.
safe - ty, that mak - est me dwell in safe - - ty, for
cres.
dwell in safe - - - - - - - ty, for
cres.
cres.


cres - - - cen -
on - - ly, for it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, for it is Thou, Lord,
cres - - - cen -
it is Thou, Lord, on - ly, Thou on - ly, for it is Thou, Lord,
cres - - - cen -
it is Thou on - - ly, Thou on - ly, for it is
cres - - - cen -
- - do. f dim. p
on - - ly that mak - est me dwell in safe - ty, mak - est me
- - do. f dim. p
on - - ly that mak - est me dwell, . . . mak - est me
- - do. f dim. p
- - do. f dim. p
Thou, Lord, on - - - ly that mak - est me
- - do. f dim. p


pp
dwell in safe - - - ty. I will
pp
dwell in safe - - - ty. I will
pp
dwell in safe - - - ty. I will
pp


dim. rall.
lay . . . me down . . . in peace.
dim. rall.
lay . . . me down . . . in peace.
dim. rall.
lay . . . me down . . . in peace.
dim. rall.
dim. rall.

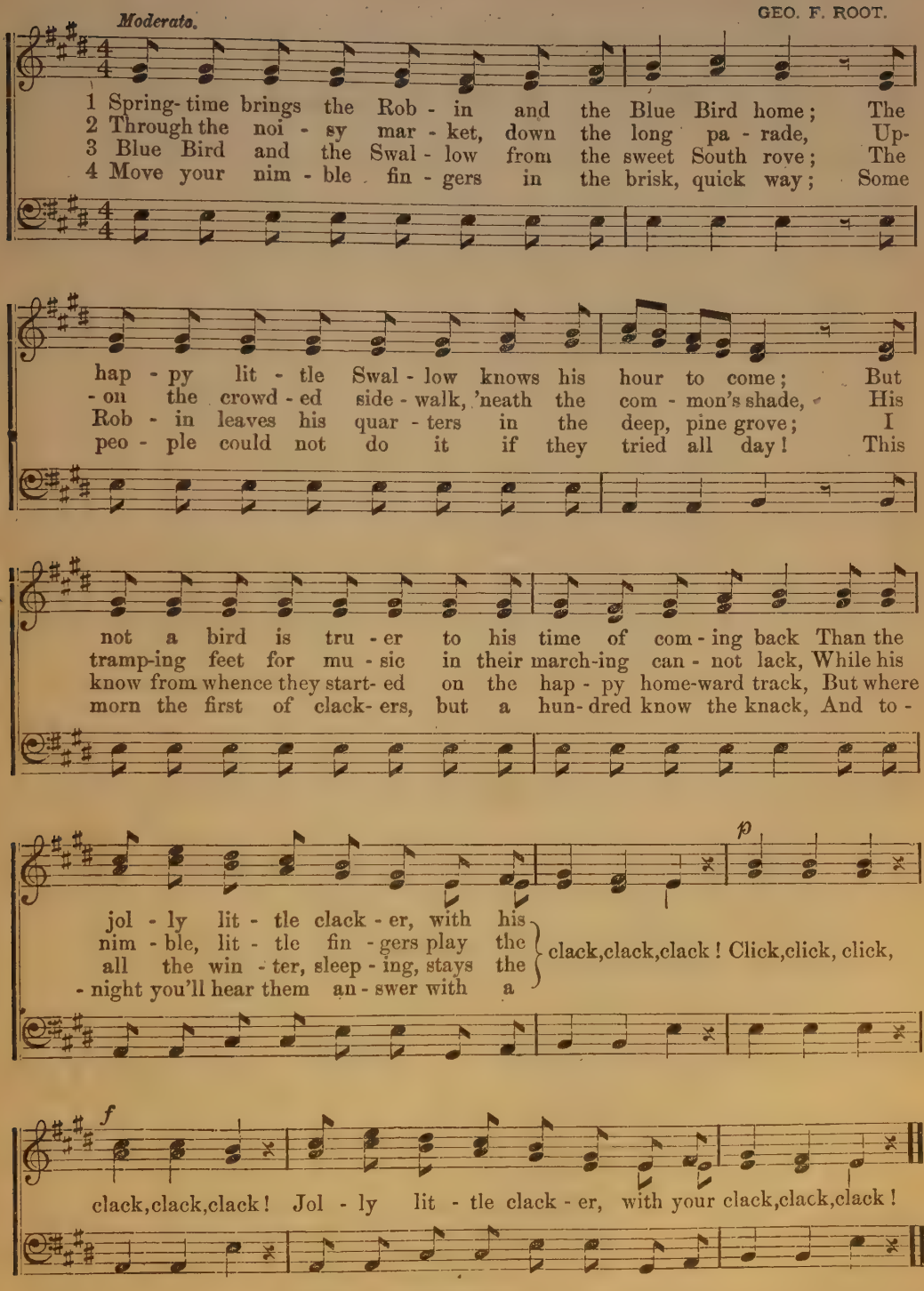
THE TRUMPET WILL SOUND IN THE MORNING.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

All the voices in unison.
1 Oh, we must be read - y by night, For the
2 Be sure that your ar - mor is strong, For the
3 Yes, on till we draw the last breath, For the
trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; We must work while 'tis call - ed the
trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; Nev - er mind tho' the bat - tle be
trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing; E - ven sing at the riv - er of
light, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.
long, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.
death, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.
Chorus.
Oh, the glo - ry shines up there, Ev'- ry hill and vale a - dorn- ing, Then
press right on with all your might, For the trum-pet will sound in the morn - ing.

JOLLY LITTLE CLACKER.

GEO. F. ROOT.


Moderato.
1 Spring-time brings the Rob - in and the Blue Bird home; The
2 Through the noi - sy mar - ket, down the long pa - rade, Up-
3 Blue Bird and the Swal - low from the sweet South rove; The
4 Move your nim - ble fin - gers in the brisk, quick way; Some
hap - py lit - tle Swal - low knows his hour to come; But
- on the crowd - ed side - walk, 'neath the com - mon's shade, His
Rob - in leaves his quar - ters in the deep, pine grove; I
peo - ple could not do it if they tried all day! This
not a bird is tru - er to his time of com - ing back Than the
tramp-ing feet for mu - sic in their march-ing can - not lack, While his
know from whence they start- ed on the hap - py home-ward track, But where
morn the first of clack- ers, but a hun- dred know the knack, And to -
p
jol - ly lit - tle clack - er, with his
nim - ble, lit - tle fin - gers play the
all the win - ter, sleep - ing, stays the
- night you'll hear them an - swer with a
clack,clack,clack! Click,click, click,
f
clack,clack,clack! Jol - ly lit - tle clack - er, with your clack,clack,clack!

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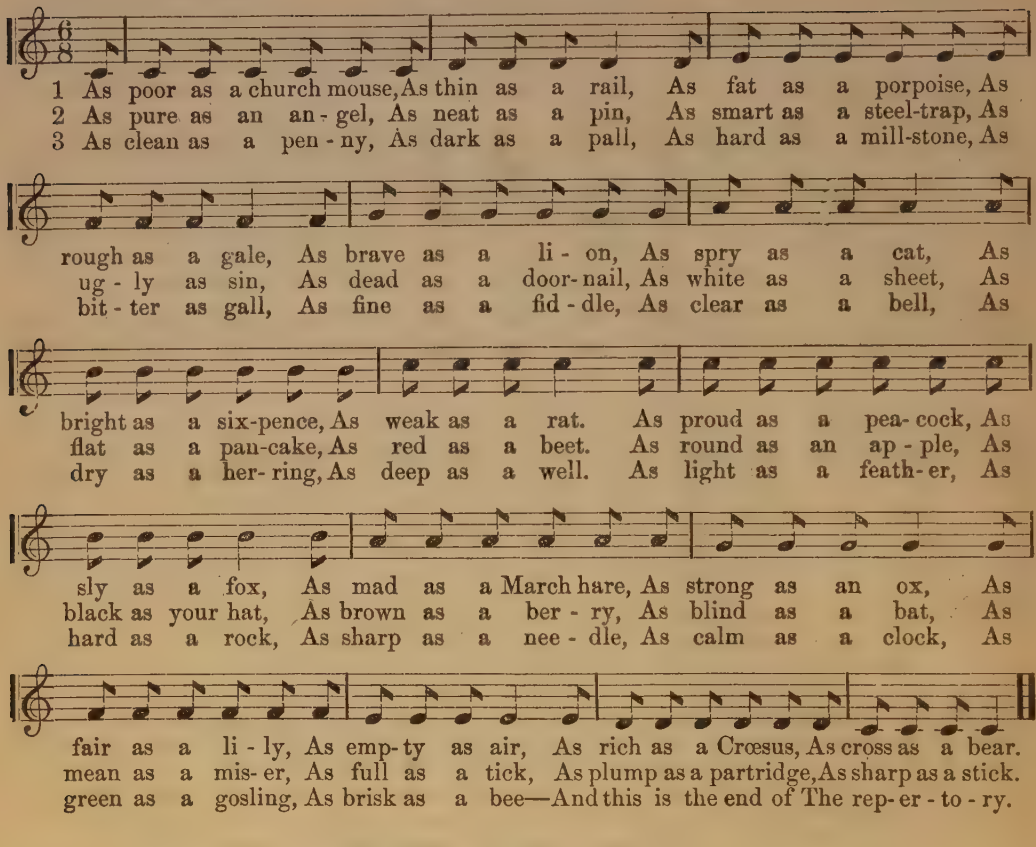
*OLD SAYINGS.

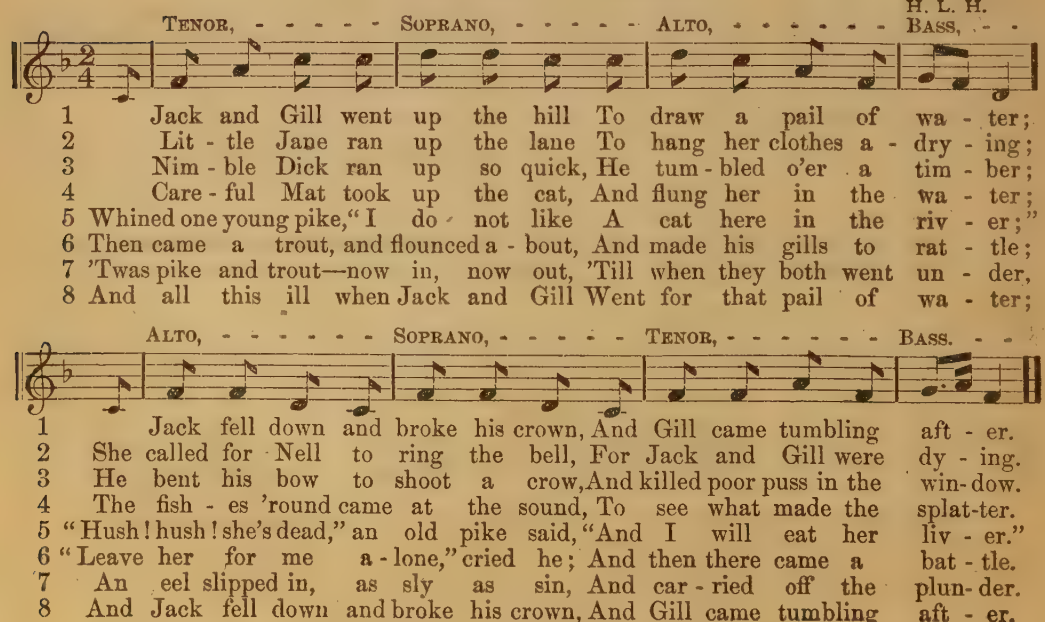
MRS. M. A. KIDDER. N. N. M. I.


1 As poor as a church mouse, As thin as a rail, As fat as a porpoise, As
2 As pure as an an-gel, As neat as a pin, As smart as a steel-trap, As
3 As clean as a pen-ny, As dark as a pall, As hard as a mill-stone, As
rough as a gale, As brave as a li-on, As spry as a cat, As
ug-ly as sin, As dead as a door-nail, As white as a sheet, As
bit-ter as gall, As fine as a fid-dle, As clear as a bell, As
bright as a six-pence, As weak as a rat. As proud as a pea-cock, As
flat as a pan-cake, As red as a beet. As round as an ap-ple, As
dry as a her-ring, As deep as a well. As light as a feath-er, As
sly as a fox, As mad as a March hare, As strong as an ox, As
black as your hat, As brown as a ber-ry, As blind as a bat, As
hard as a rock, As sharp as a nee-dle, As calm as a clock, As
fair as a li-ly, As emp-ty as air, As rich as a Crœsus, As cross as a bear.
mean as a mis-er, As full as a tick, As plump as a partridge, As sharp as a stick.
green as a gosling, As brisk as a bee—And this is the end of The rep-er-to-ry.

*JACK AND GILL.

A RESPONSIVE CHORUS.

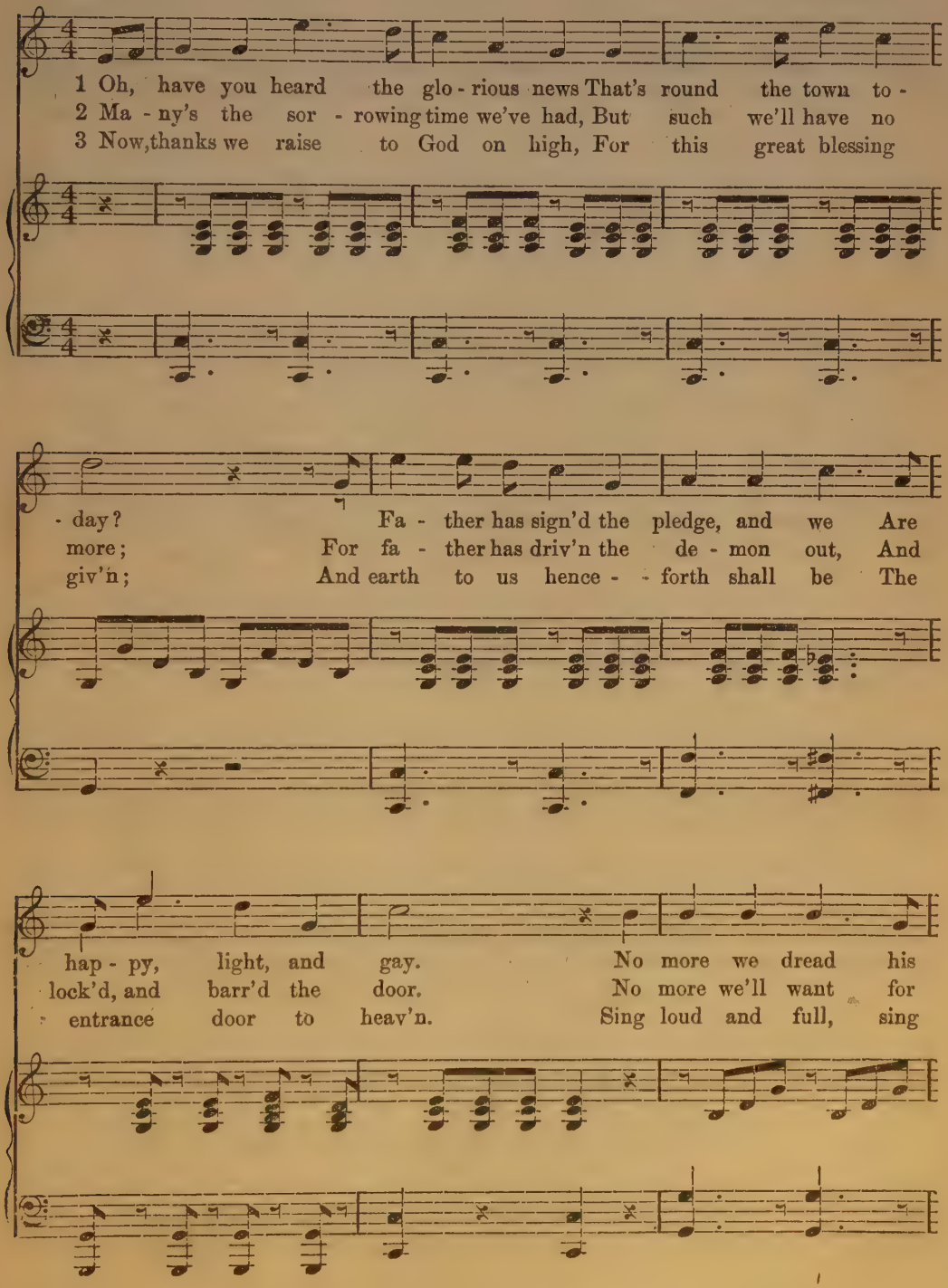
H. L. H.

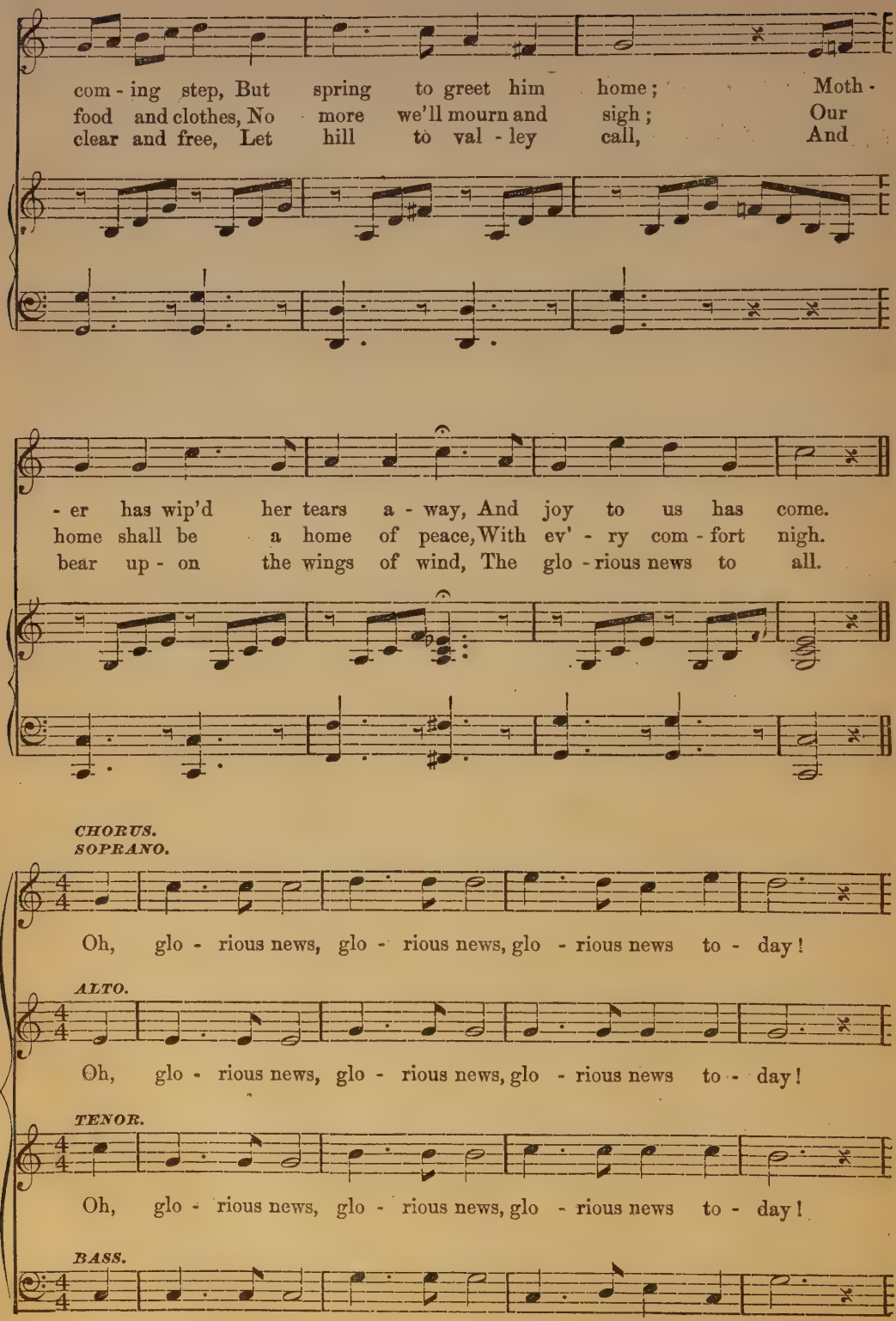

TENOR, - - - - - SOPRANO, - - - - - ALTO, - - - - - - BASS, - - -
1 Jack and Gill went up the hill To draw a pail of wa-ter;
2 Lit-tle Jane ran up the lane To hang her clothes a-dry-ing;
3 Nim-ble Dick ran up so quick, He tum-bled o'er a tim-ber;
4 Care-ful Mat took up the cat, And flung her in the wa-ter;
5 Whined one young pike, "I do not like A cat here in the riv-er;"
6 Then came a trout, and flounced a-bout, And made his gills to rat-tle;
7 'Twas pike and trout—now in, now out, 'Till when they both went un-der,
8 And all this ill when Jack and Gill Went for that pail of wa-ter;
ALTO, - - - - - SOPRANO, - - - - - TENOR, - - - - - - BASS. - -
1 Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tumbling aft-er.
2 She called for Nell to ring the bell, For Jack and Gill were dy-ing.
3 He bent his bow to shoot a crow, And killed poor puss in the win-dow.
4 The fish-es 'round came at the sound, To see what made the splat-ter.
5 "Hush! hush! she's dead," an old pike said, "And I will eat her liv-er."
6 "Leave her for me a-lone," cried he; And then there came a bat-tle.
7 An eel slipped in, as sly as sin, And car-ried off the plun-der.
8 And Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tumbling aft-er.

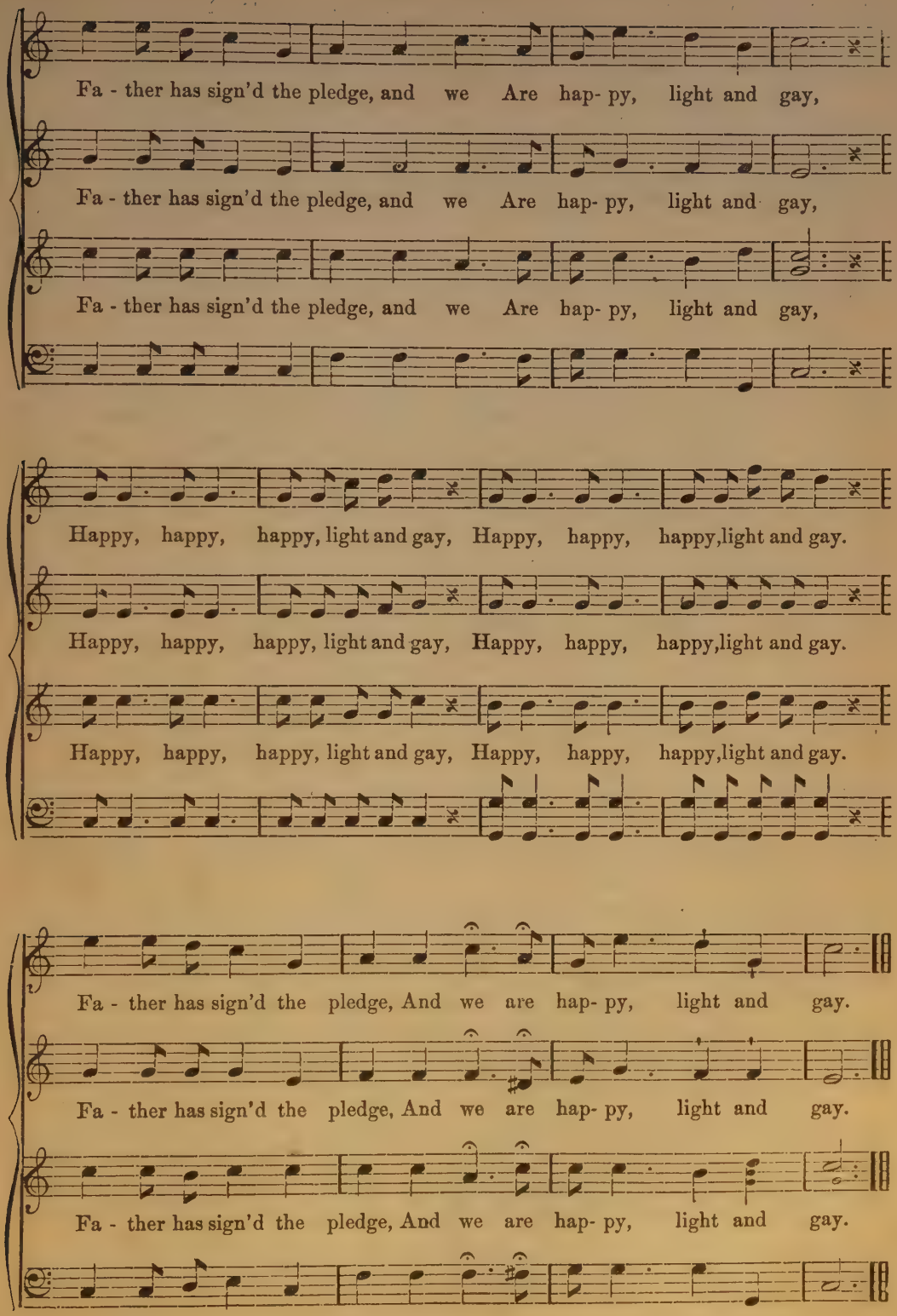
* Copyright, JOHN CHURCH & CO. By per.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

L. O. EMERSON. L. O. EMERSON.

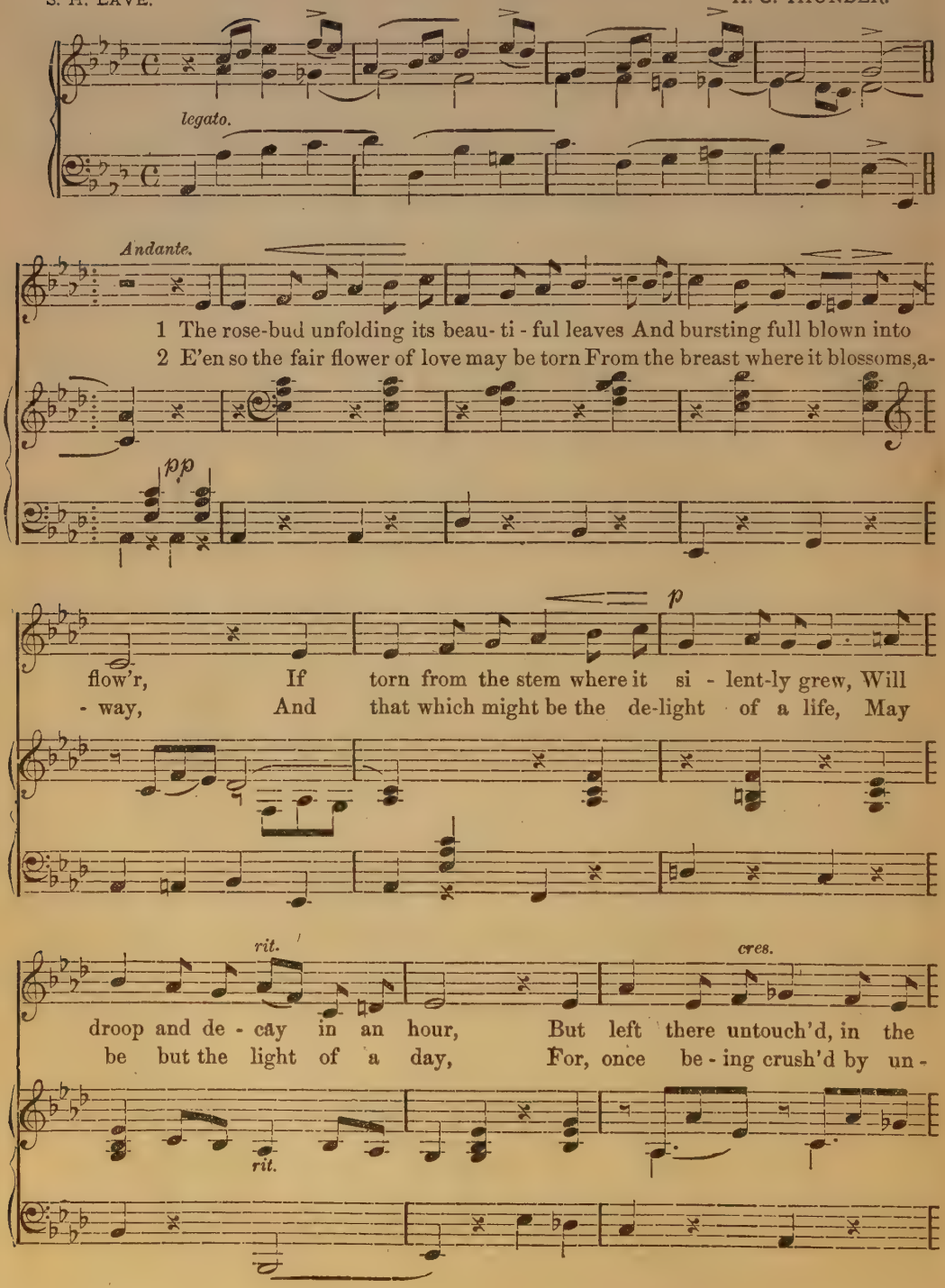

1 Oh, have you heard the glo - rious news That's round the town to - day?
2 Ma - ny's the sor - rowing time we've had, But such we'll have no more;
3 Now, thanks we raise to God on high, For this great blessing giv'n;
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are
For fa - ther has driv'n the de - mon out, And
And earth to us hence - - forth shall be The
hap - py, light, and gay.
lock'd, and barr'd the door.
entrance door to heav'n.
No more we dread his
No more we'll want for
Sing loud and full, sing

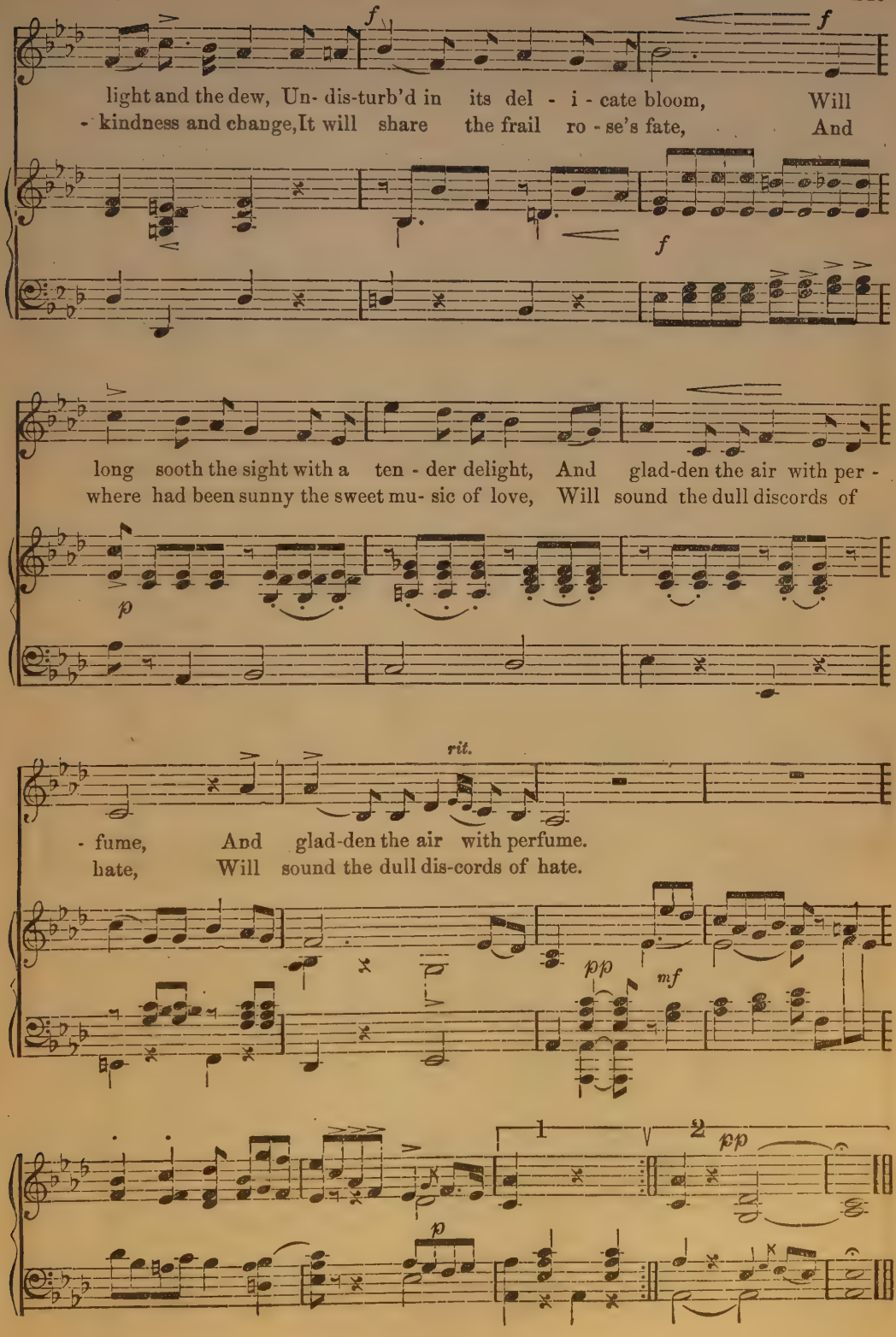

com - ing step, But spring to greet him home; Moth -
food and clothes, No more we'll mourn and sigh; Our
clear and free, Let hill to val - ley call, And
- er has wip'd her tears a - way, And joy to us has come.
home shall be a home of peace, With ev' - ry com - fort nigh.
bear up - on the wings of wind, The glo - rious news to all.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Oh, glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to - day!
ALTO.
Oh, glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to - day!
TENOR.
Oh, glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to - day!
BASS.


Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap- py, light and gay,
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap- py, light and gay,
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap- py, light and gay,
Happy, happy, happy, light and gay, Happy, happy, happy,light and gay.
Happy, happy, happy, light and gay, Happy, happy, happy,light and gay.
Happy, happy, happy, light and gay, Happy, happy, happy,light and gay.
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, And we are hap- py, light and gay.
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, And we are hap- py, light and gay.
Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, And we are hap- py, light and gay.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

S. H. LAVE. H. G. THUNDER.


legato.
Andante.
1 The rose-bud unfolding its beau- ti - ful leaves And bursting full blown into
2 E'en so the fair flower of love may be torn From the breast where it blossoms,a-
pp
p
flow'r, If torn from the stem where it si - lent-ly grew, Will
- way, And that which might be the de-light of a life, May
rit.
cres.
droop and de - cay in an hour, But left there untouch'd, in the
be but the light of a day, For, once be - ing crush'd by un -
rit.


f
f
light and the dew, Un- dis-turb'd in its del - i - cate bloom, Will
- kindness and change, It will share the frail ro - se's fate, And
f
long sooth the sight with a ten - der delight, And glad-den the air with per -
where had been sunny the sweet mu- sic of love, Will sound the dull discords of
p
rit.
- fume, And glad-den the air with perfume.
hate, Will sound the dull dis-cords of hate.
pp
mf
1
2
pp
p

'TIS HOME I LONG TO SEE.

GEO. M. VICKERS. JNO. P. DOUGHERTY.

Andante con espressione.

1 Oh, would that I were home to - night, To feel once more its spell, ... And share the smiles and
2 Oh, would that I could see the cot That hides 'neath ros - - es wild, ... Or hear the songs, now
3 Could I but lay me down to rest, Where years gone by I've lain, ... What bliss - ful peace would

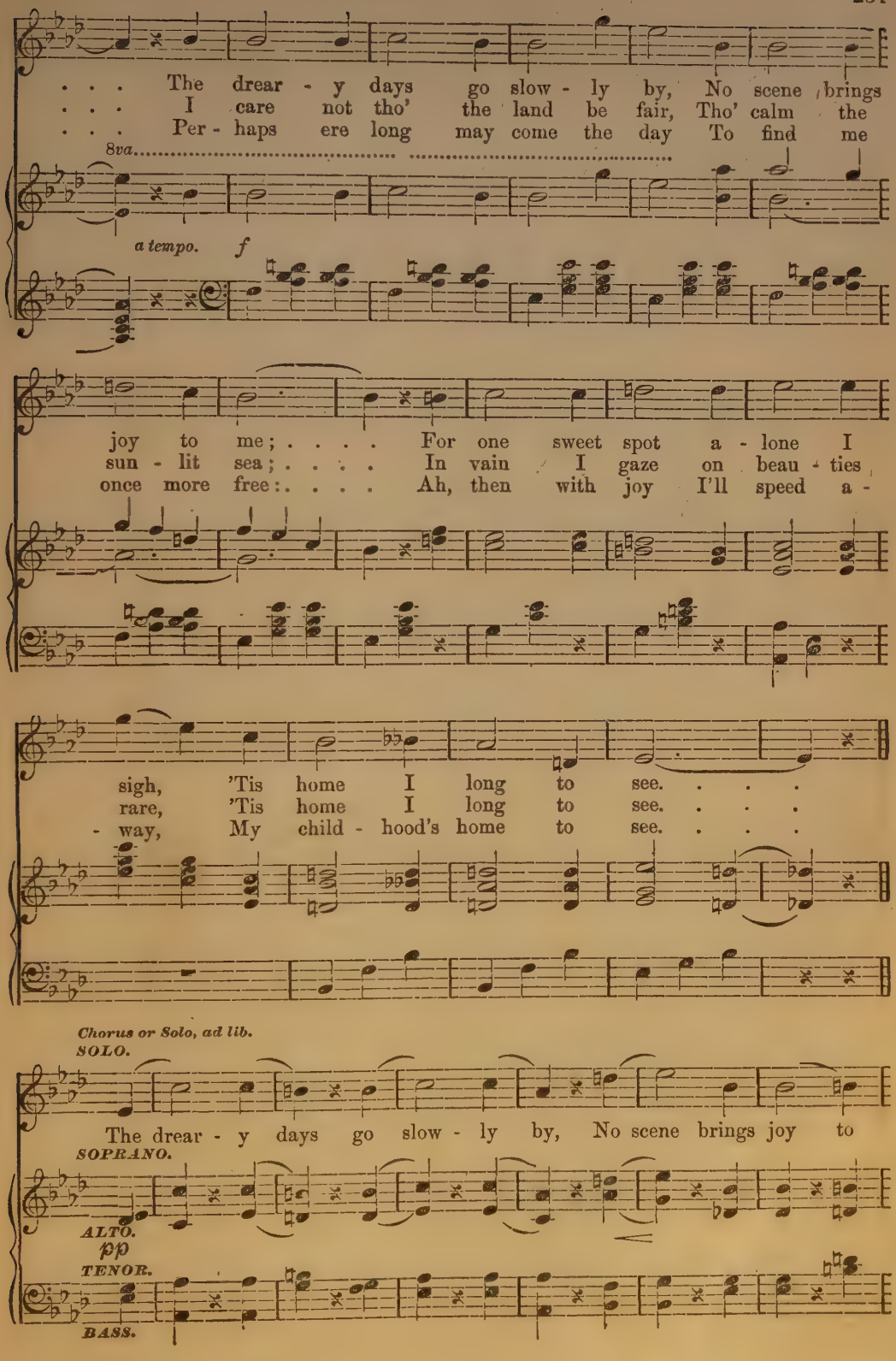
8va

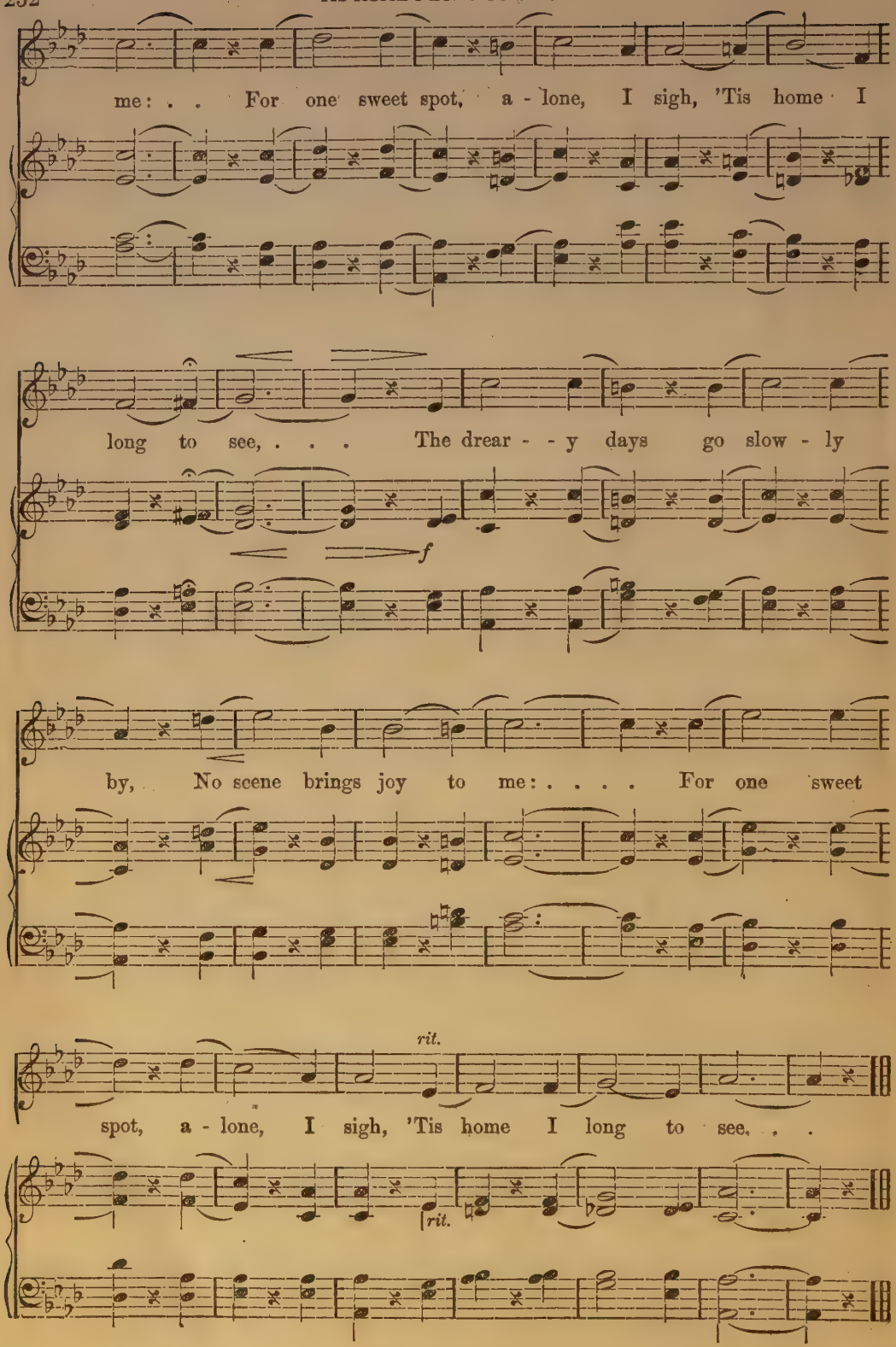
il basso marcato.

glanc - es bright Of those I love so well; . .
half for - got, That lull'd me when a child; . .
soothe the breast That now is torn with pain! . .

8va

cclando. *pp*

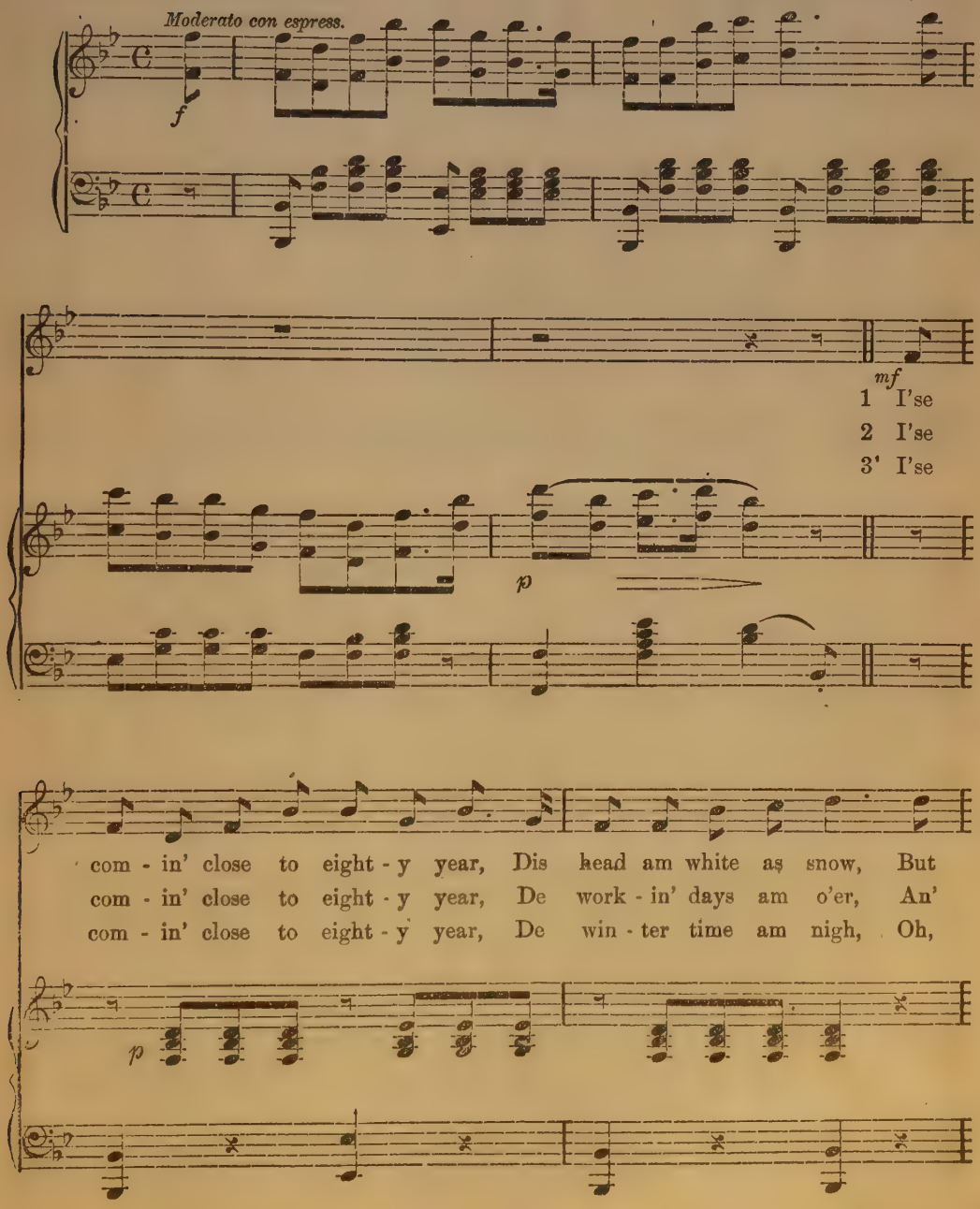

. . . The drear - y days go slow - ly by, No scene brings
. . . I care not tho' the land be fair, Tho' calm the
. . . Per - haps ere long may come the day To find me
8va
a tempo.
f
joy to me; . . . . For one sweet spot a - lone I
sun - lit sea; . . . . In vain I gaze on beau - ties
once more free: . . . . Ah, then with joy I'll speed a -
sigh, 'Tis home I long to see. . . .
rare, 'Tis home I long to see. . . .
- way, My child - hood's home to see. . . .
Chorus or Solo, ad lib.
SOLO.
The drear - y days go slow - ly by, No scene brings joy to
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
pp
TENOR.
BASS.

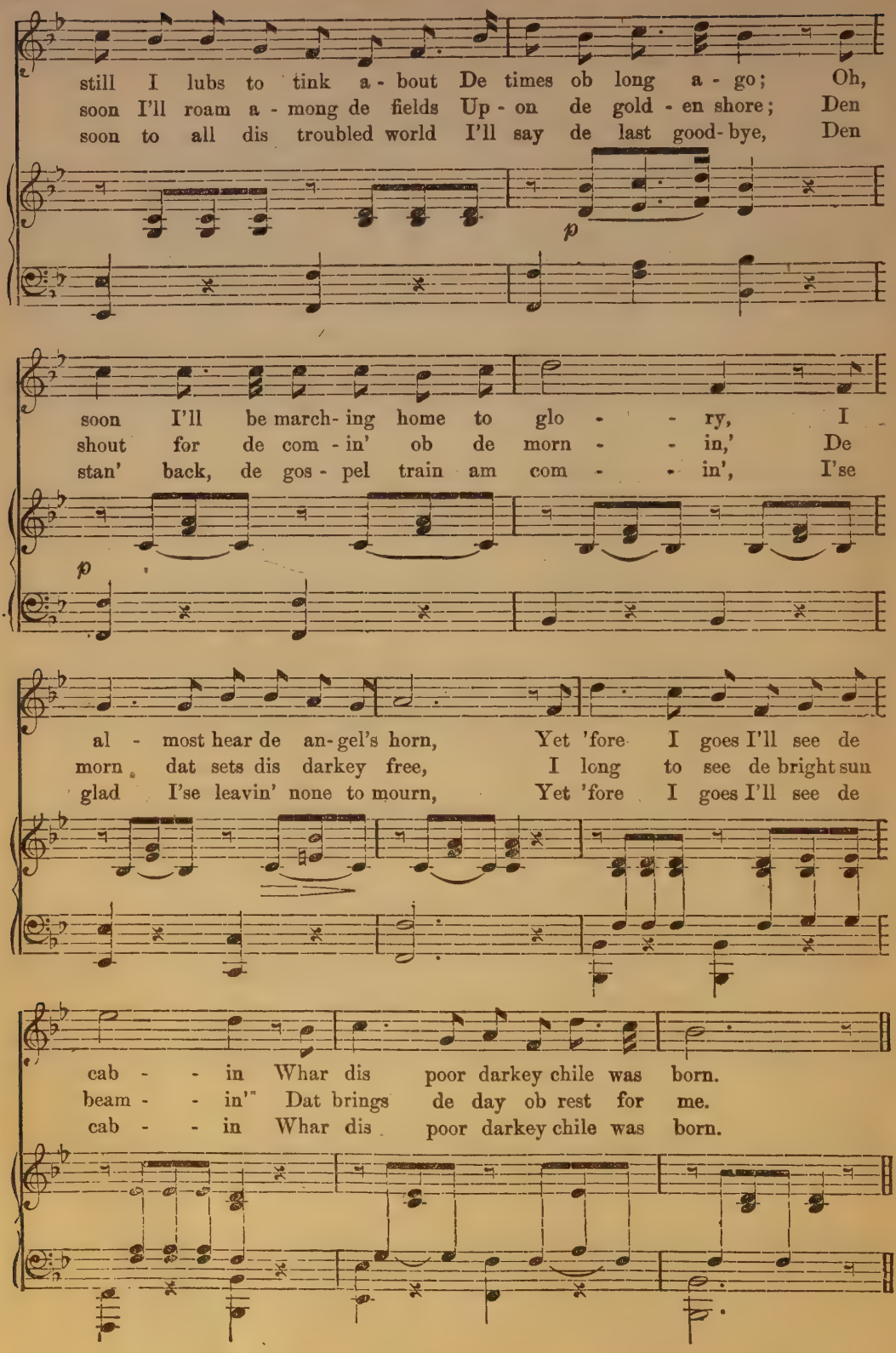

me: . . For one sweet spot, a - lone, I sigh, 'Tis home I
long to see, . . . The drear - - y days go slow - ly
f
by, No scene brings joy to me: . . . . For one sweet
rit.
spot, a - lone, I sigh, 'Tis home I long to see. . .
rit.

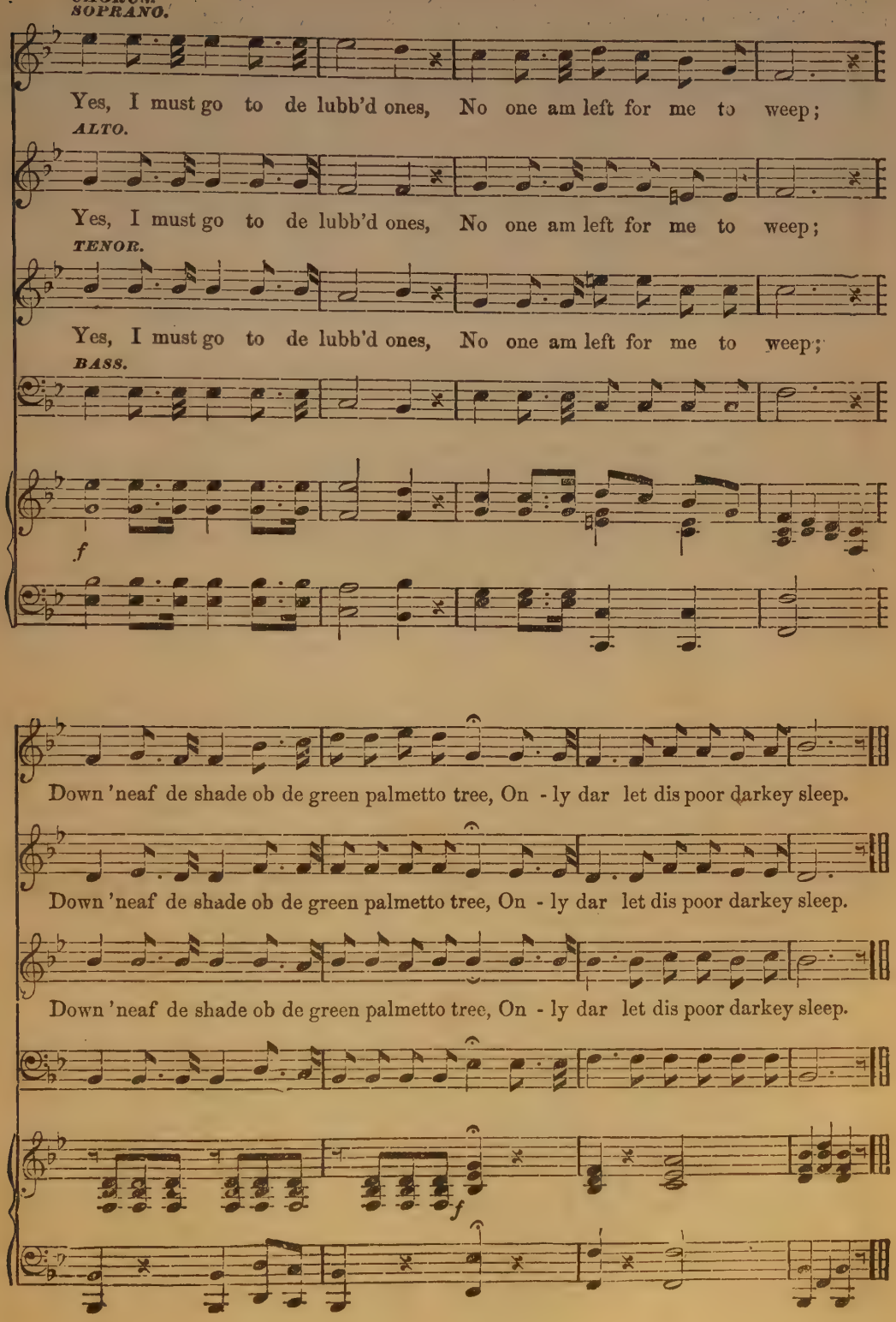
I'SE COMIN' CLOSE TO EIGHTY YEAR.

G. M. V.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.


Moderato con espress.
f
mf
1 I'se
2 I'se
3' I'se
p
com - in' close to eight - y year, Dis head am white as snow, But
com - in' close to eight - y year, De work - in' days am o'er, An'
com - in' close to eight - y year, De win - ter time am nigh, Oh,
p


still I lubs to tink a - bout De times ob long a - go; Oh,
soon I'll roam a - mong de fields Up - on de gold - en shore; Den
soon to all dis troubled world I'll say de last good- bye, Den
p
soon I'll be march- ing home to glo - - ry, I
shout for de com - in' ob de morn - - in,' De
stan' back, de gos - pel train am com - - in', I'se
p
al - most hear de an- gel's horn, Yet 'fore I goes I'll see de
morn dat sets dis darkey free, I long to see de bright sun
glad I'se leavin' none to mourn, Yet 'fore I goes I'll see de
cab - - in Whar dis poor darkey chile was born.
beam - - in'" Dat brings de day ob rest for me.
cab - - in Whar dis poor darkey chile was born.


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Yes, I must go to de lubb'd ones, No one am left for me to weep;
ALTO.
Yes, I must go to de lubb'd ones, No one am left for me to weep;
TENOR.
Yes, I must go to de lubb'd ones, No one am left for me to weep;
BASS.
f
Down 'neaf de shade ob de green palmetto tree, On - ly dar let dis poor darkey sleep.
Down 'neaf de shade ob de green palmetto tree, On - ly dar let dis poor darkey sleep.
Down 'neaf de shade ob de green palmetto tree, On - ly dar let dis poor darkey sleep.
f

WHEN THE CORN IS GATHERED IN.

HENRY. By per.

Andante.

1. When the corn is gather'd in, And the sum - mer days are o'er, And the
2. There's a beau - ty on the land, And a splen - dor on the sea, As we
3. At the fall - ing of the leaves, When No-vem - ber days draw nigh, And the

p legato.

cres - cen - do. *p dolce.*

throngs re-turn a-gain From the mountains and the shore, Then the light of gentle
wan- der hand in hand— For my love comes back to me; There's a si - lence on the
drea-ry north wind grieves, With a more than hu-man cry, I shall clasp her to my

cres - cen - do. *p dolce.*

cres. *p*

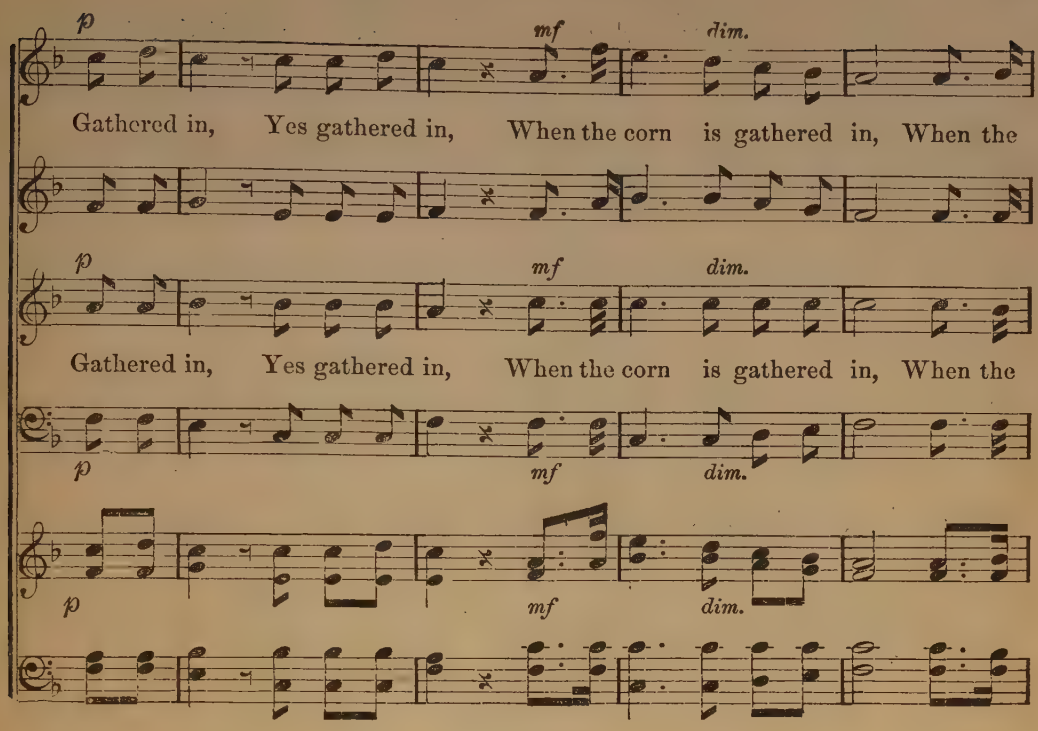
eyes Comes where si-lent homes have been, 'Neath the cool September skies, When the
beach, Where her footsteps late have been, As we whis - per, each to each, When the
heart;— I have woo'd and I shall win; We shall dwell no more a-part, When the

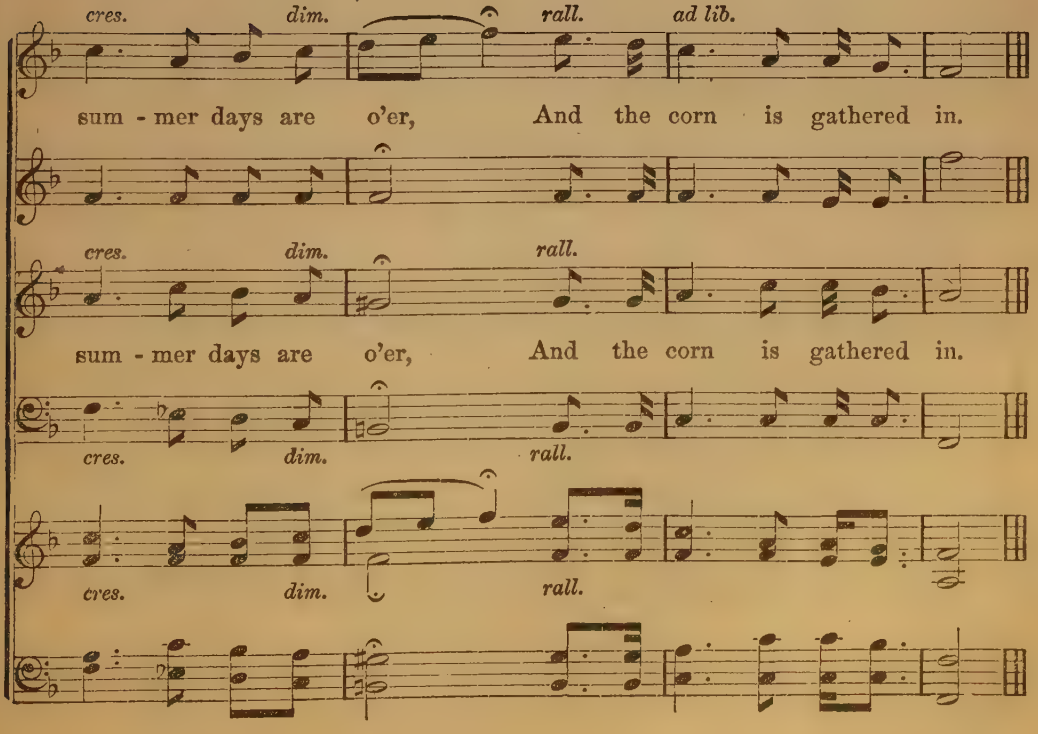
cres. *p*

cres - cen - do. *p poco rall.*

corn is gather'd in; 'Neath the cool September skies, When the corn is gather'd in.
corn is gather'd in; As we whis - per, each to each, When the corn is gather'd in.
corn is gather'd in; We shall dwell no more a- part, When the corn is gather'd in.

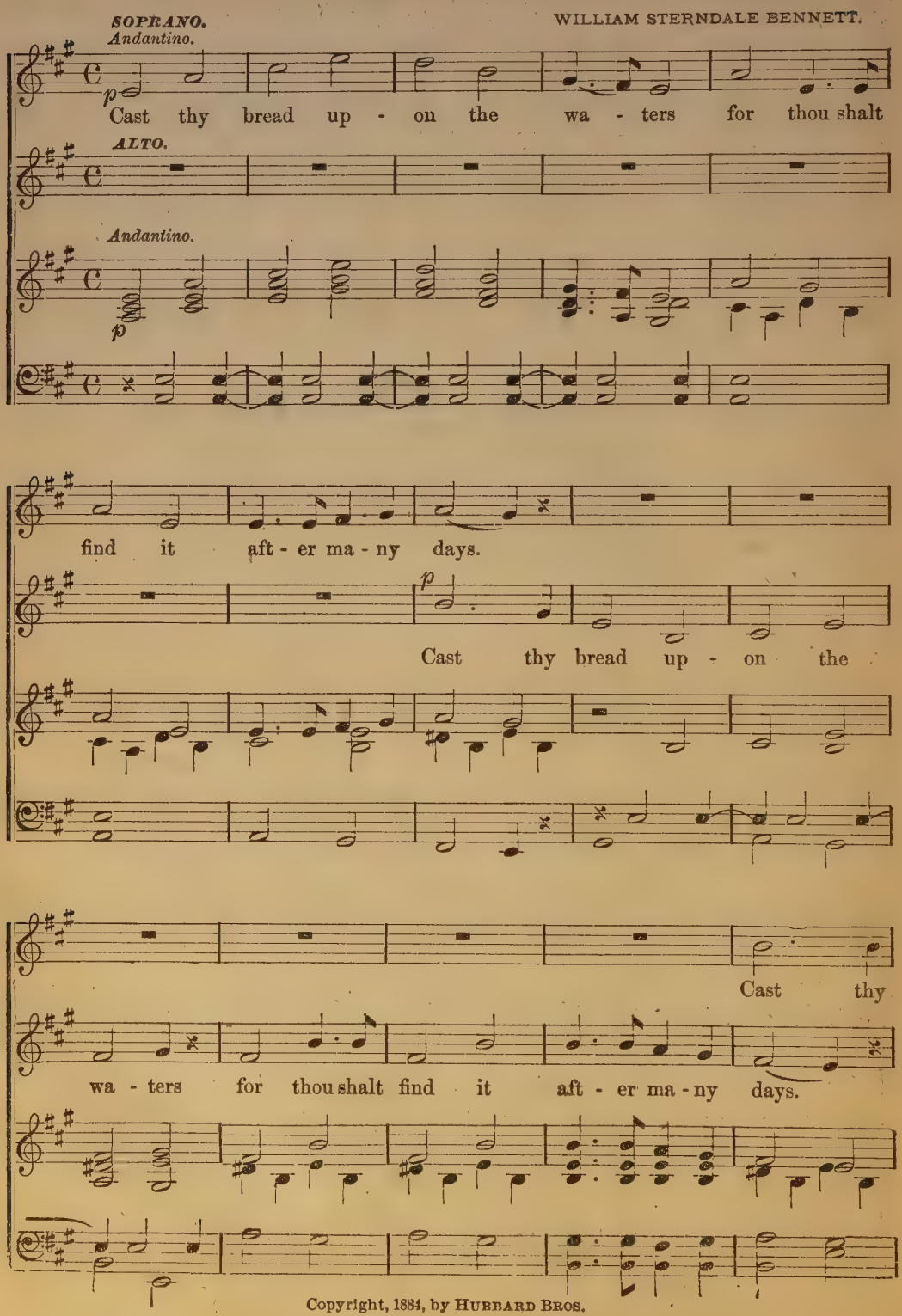
cres - cen - do. *poco rall.* *colla voce.*


p
mf
dim.
Gathered in, Yes gathered in, When the corn is gathered in, When the
p
mf
dim.
Gathered in, Yes gathered in, When the corn is gathered in, When the
p
mf
dim.
p
mf
dim.

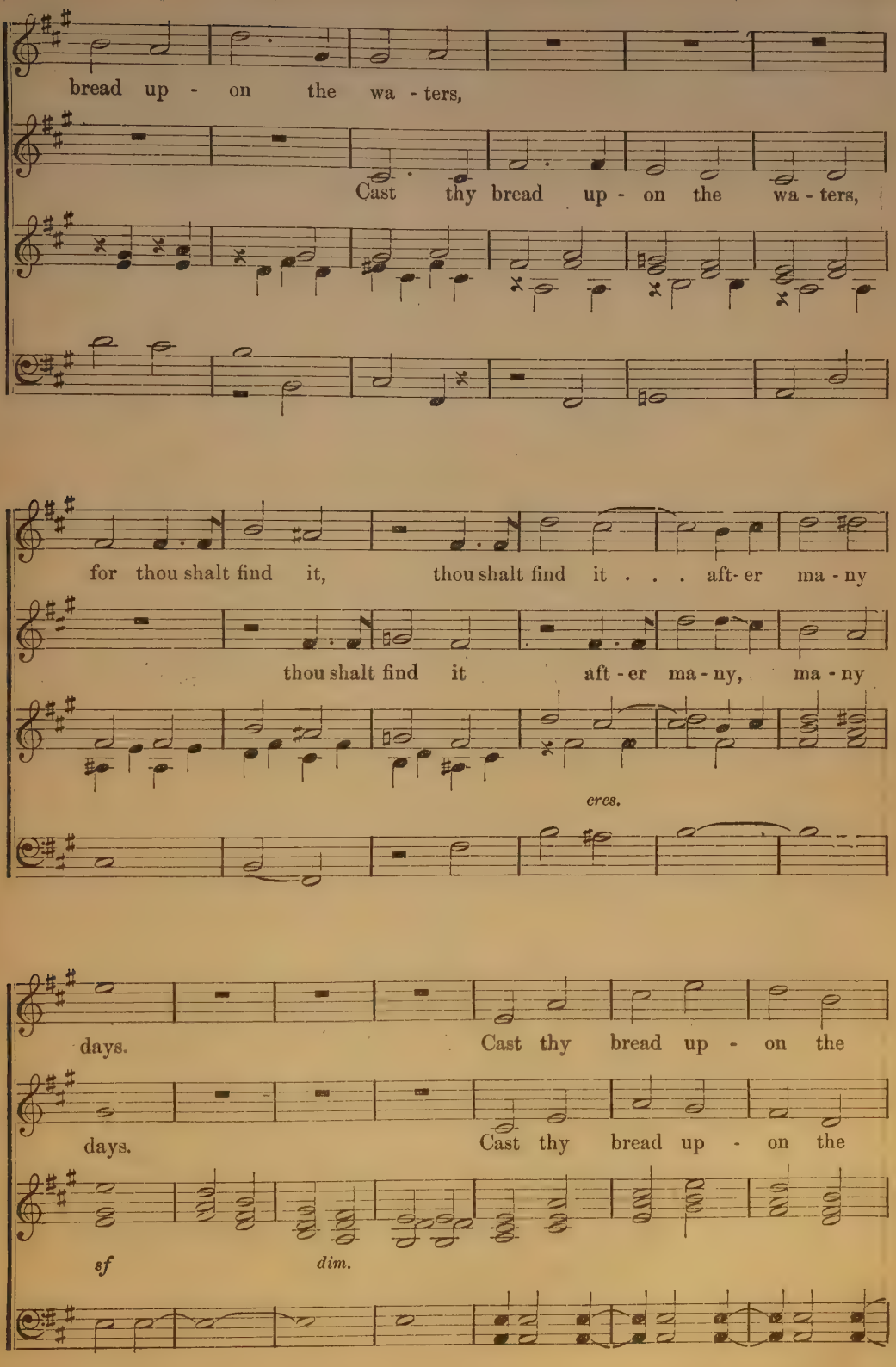

cres.
dim.
rall.
ad lib.
sum - mer days are o'er, And the corn is gathered in.
cres.
dim.
rall.
sum - mer days are o'er, And the corn is gathered in.
cres.
dim.
rall.
cres.
dim.
rall.

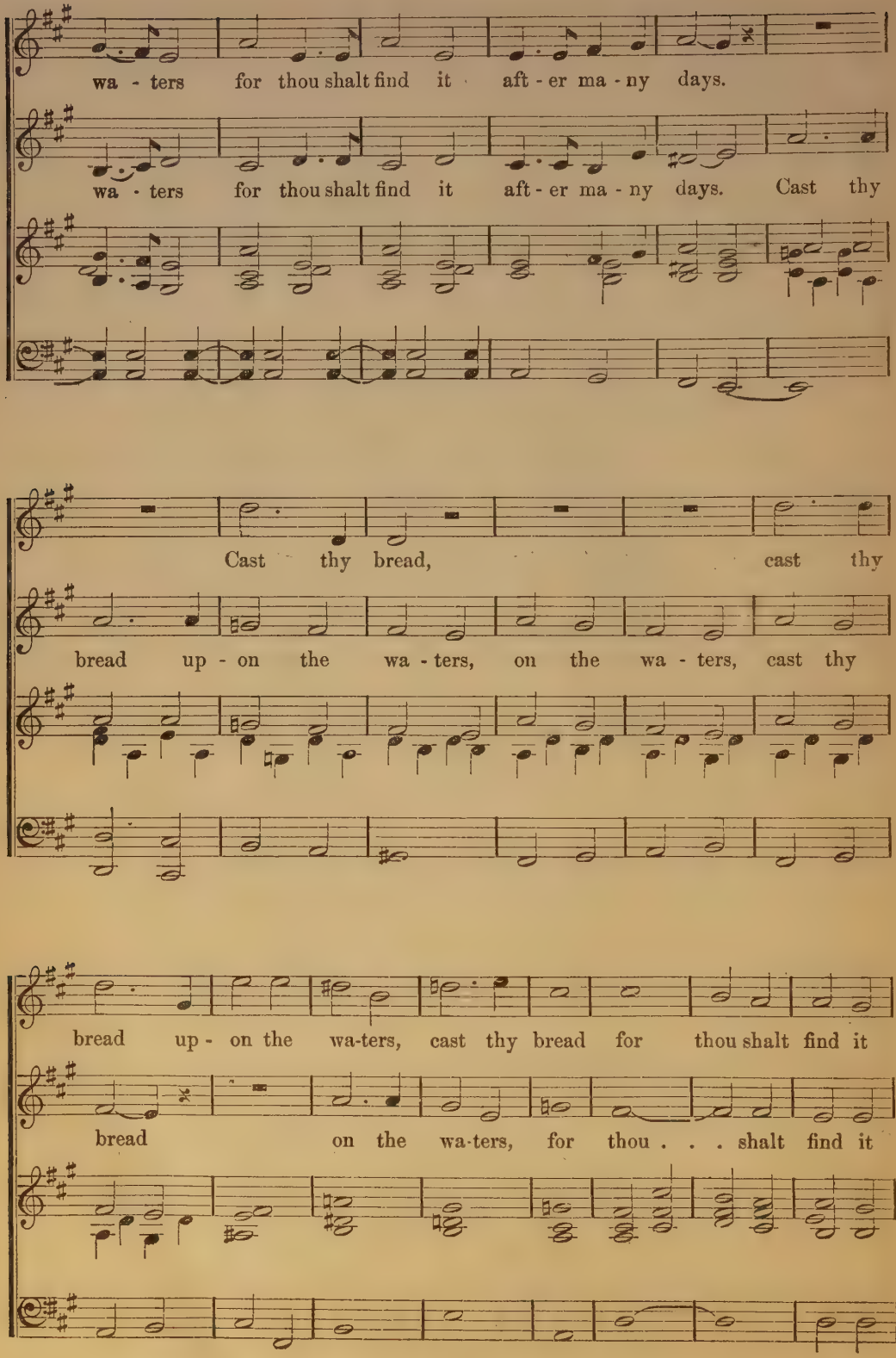
CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

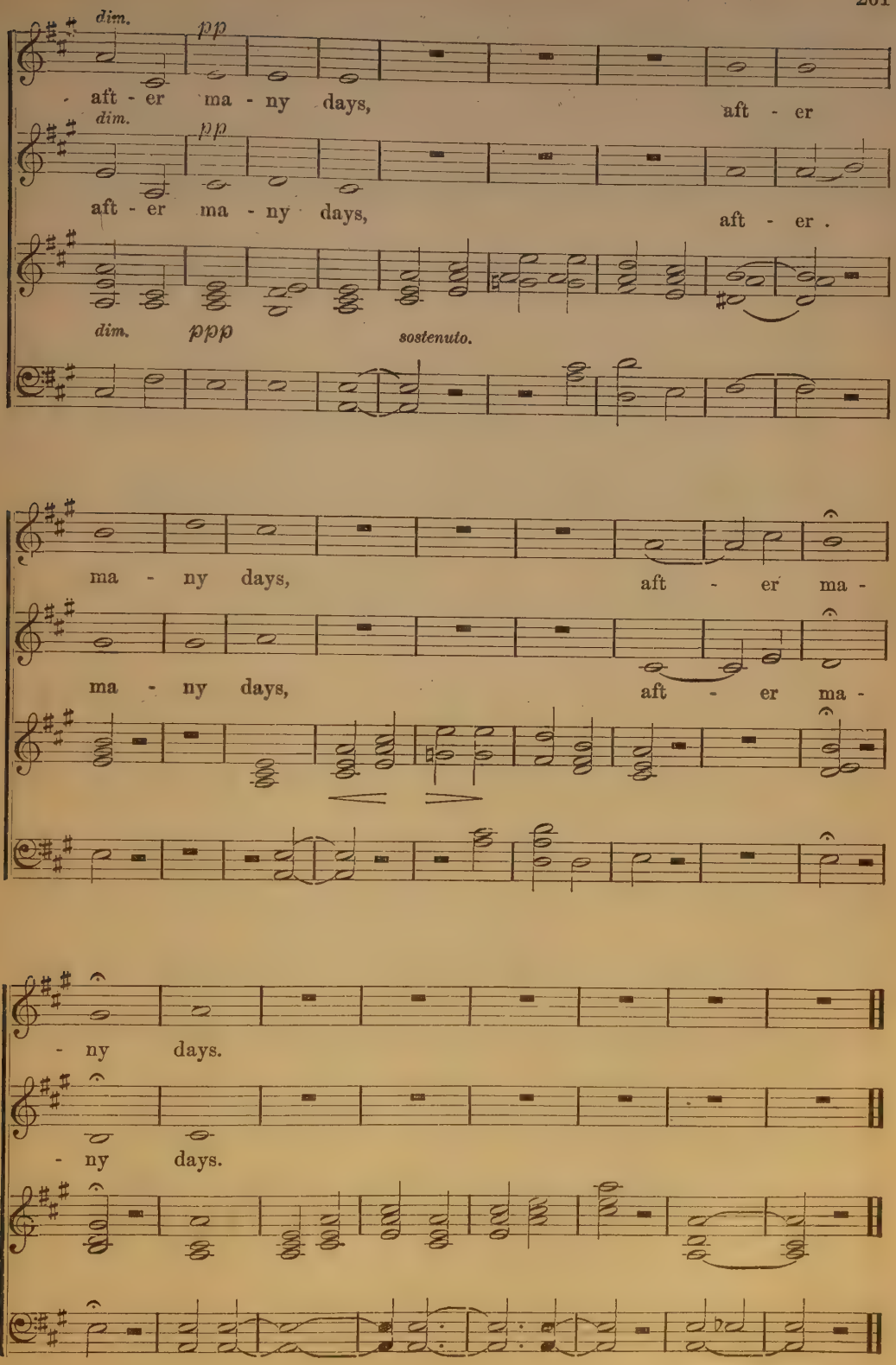
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.


SOPRANO.
Andantino.
Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters for thou shalt
ALTO.
Andantino.
find it aft - er ma - ny days.
Cast thy bread up - on the
Cast thy
wa - ters for thou shalt find it aft - er ma - ny days.

Copyright, 1884, by HUBBARD BROS.

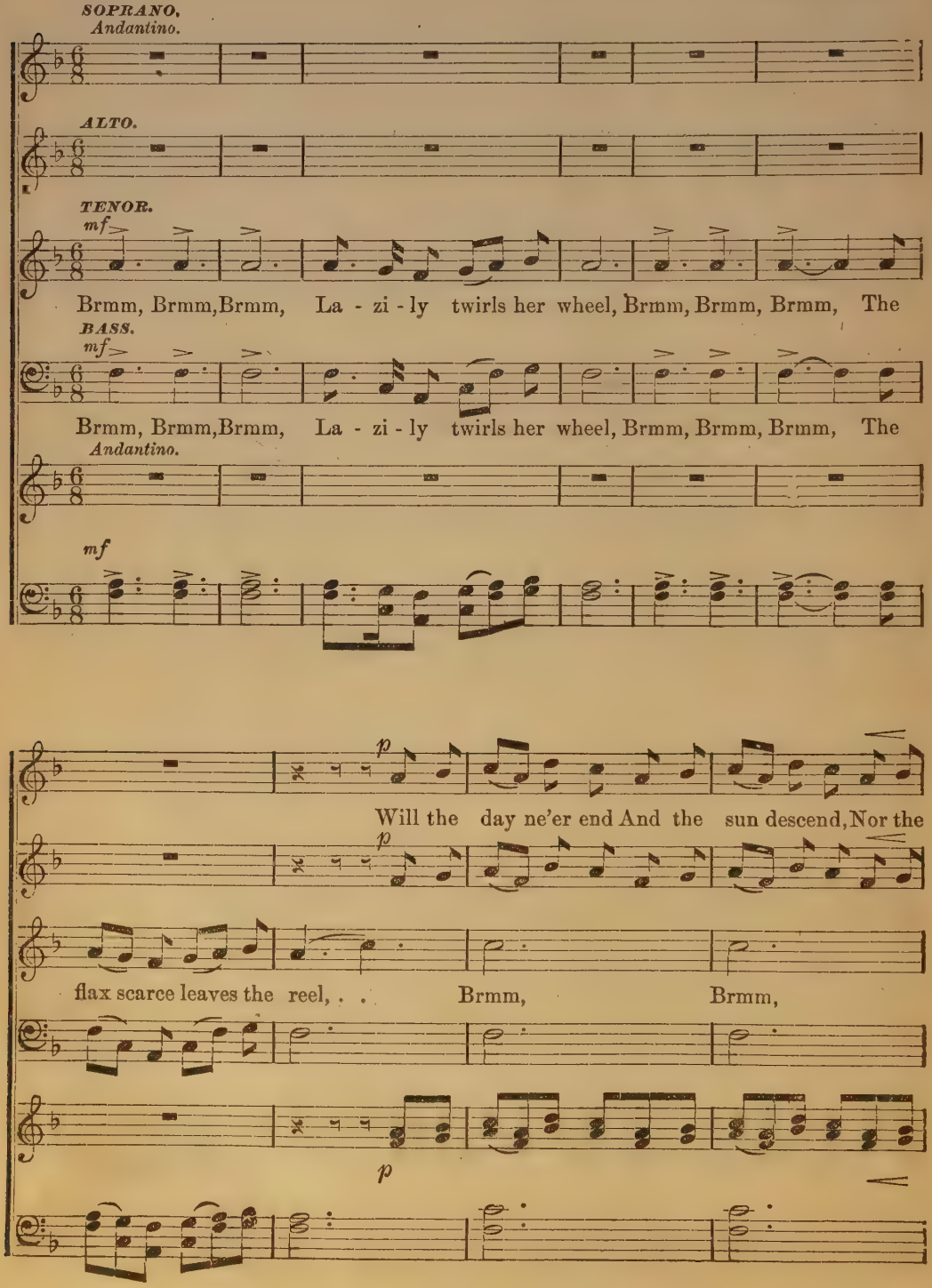

bread up - on the wa - ters,
Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters,
for thou shalt find it, thou shalt find it . . . aft- er ma - ny
thou shalt find it aft - er ma - ny, ma - ny
cres.
days.
Cast thy bread up - on the
days.
Cast thy bread up - on the
sf
dim.

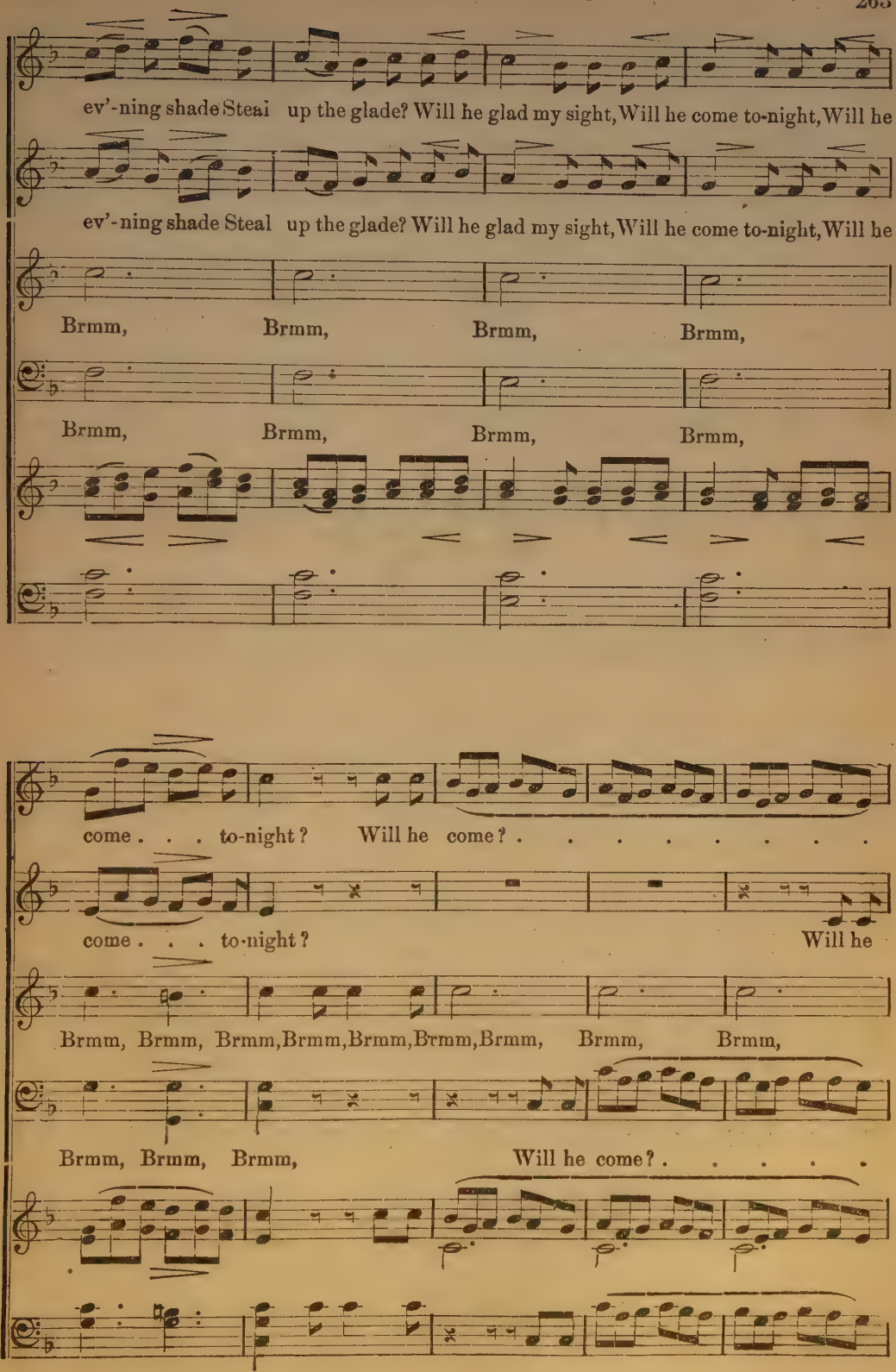

wa - ters for thou shalt find it aft - er ma - ny days.
wa - ters for thou shalt find it aft - er ma - ny days. Cast thy
Cast thy bread, cast thy
bread up - on the wa - ters, on the wa - ters, cast thy
bread up - on the wa-ters, cast thy bread for thou shalt find it
bread on the wa-ters, for thou . . . shalt find it

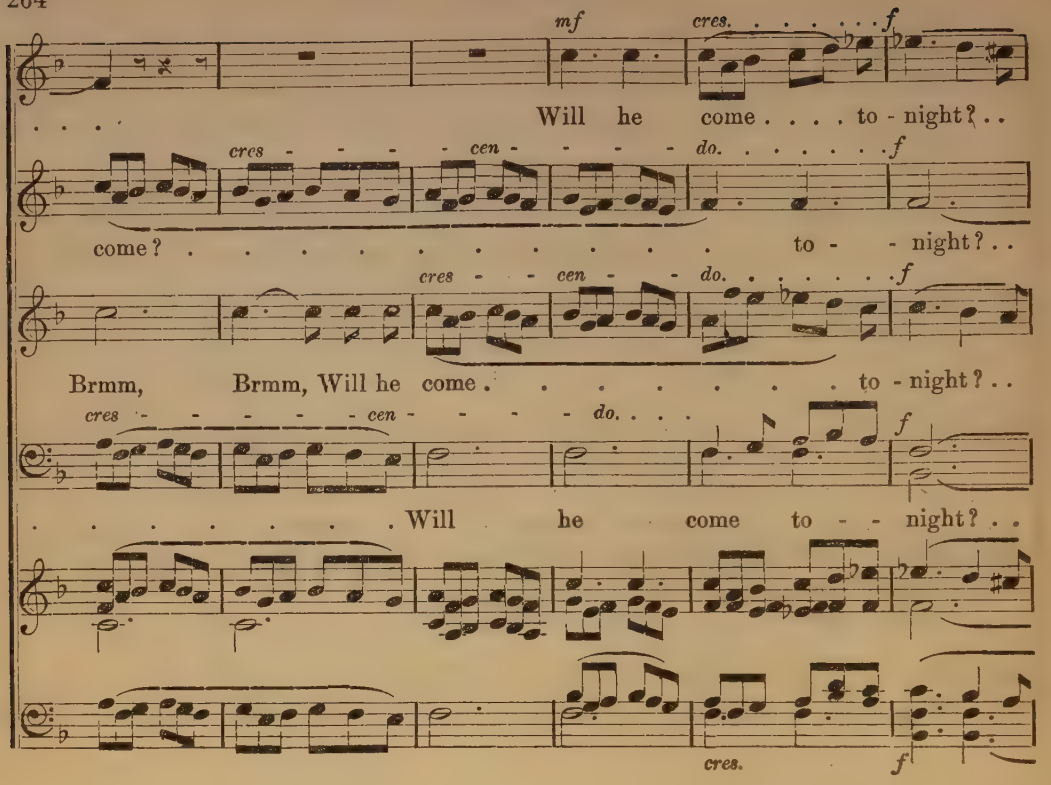

dim.
pp
- aft - er ma - ny days, aft - er
dim.
pp
aft - er ma - ny days, aft - er .
dim.
ppp
sostenuto.
ma - ny days, aft - er ma -
ma - ny days, aft - er ma -
- ny days.
- ny days.

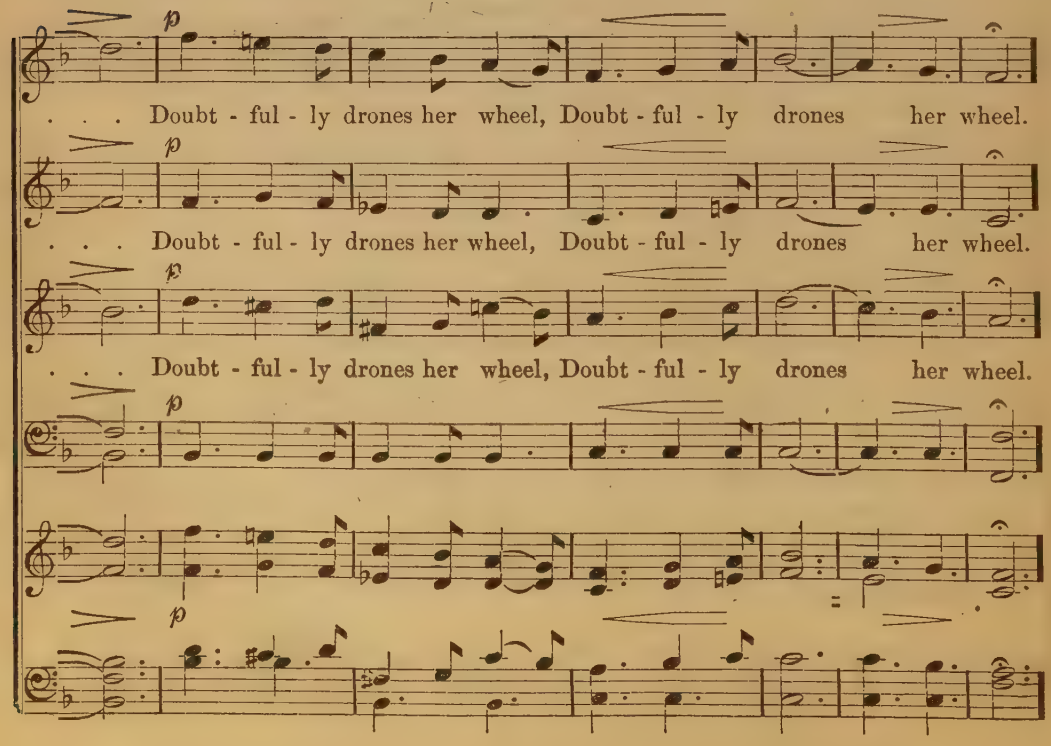
SONG OF THE FLAX SPINNER.

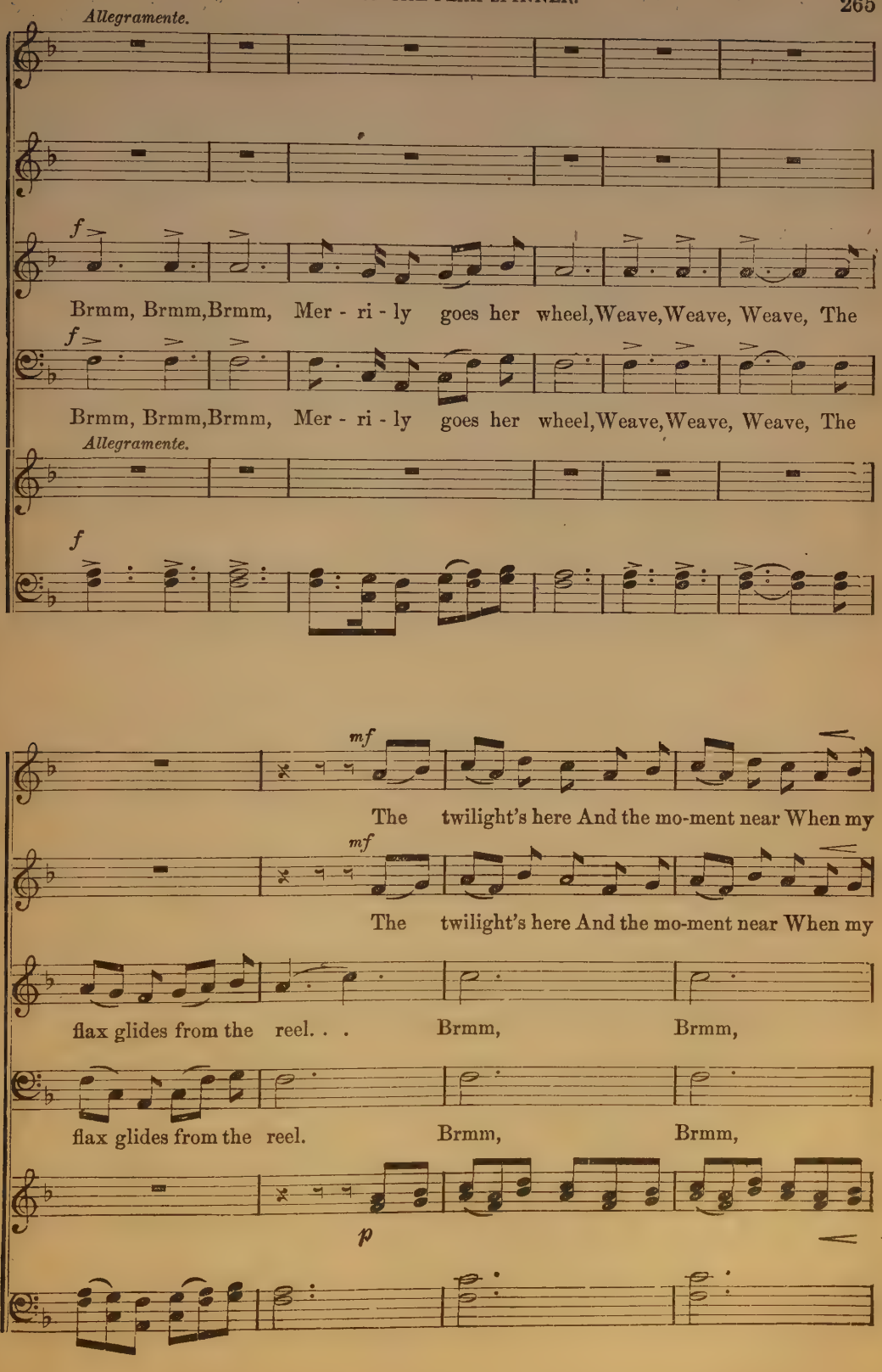
A. MATTHISON. HENRY LESLIE.

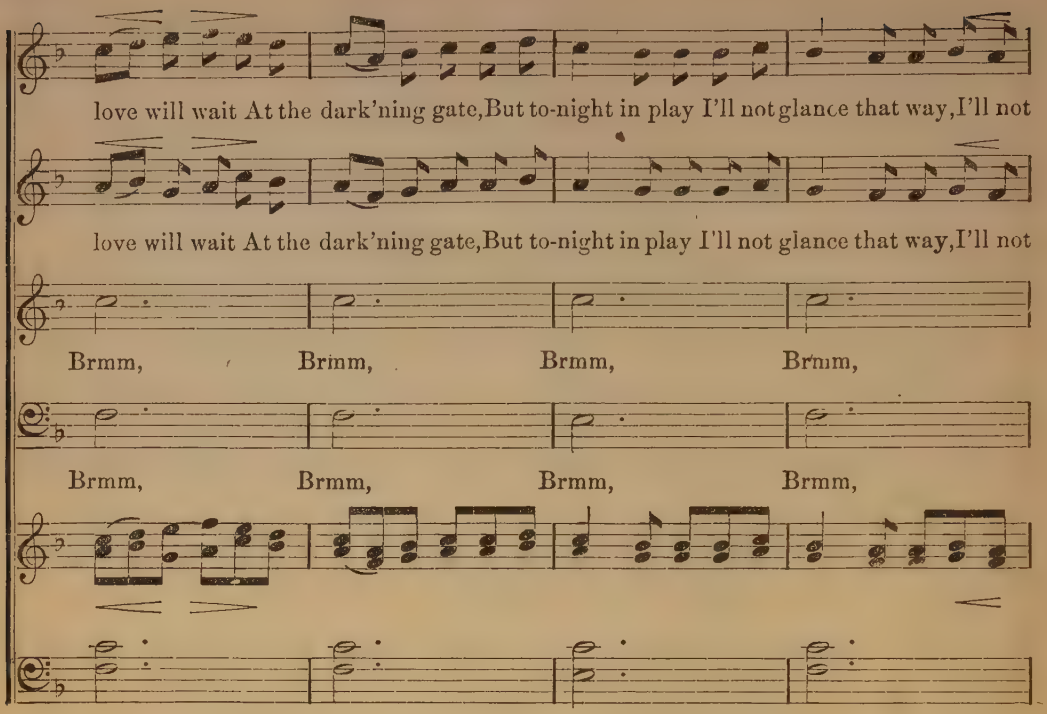


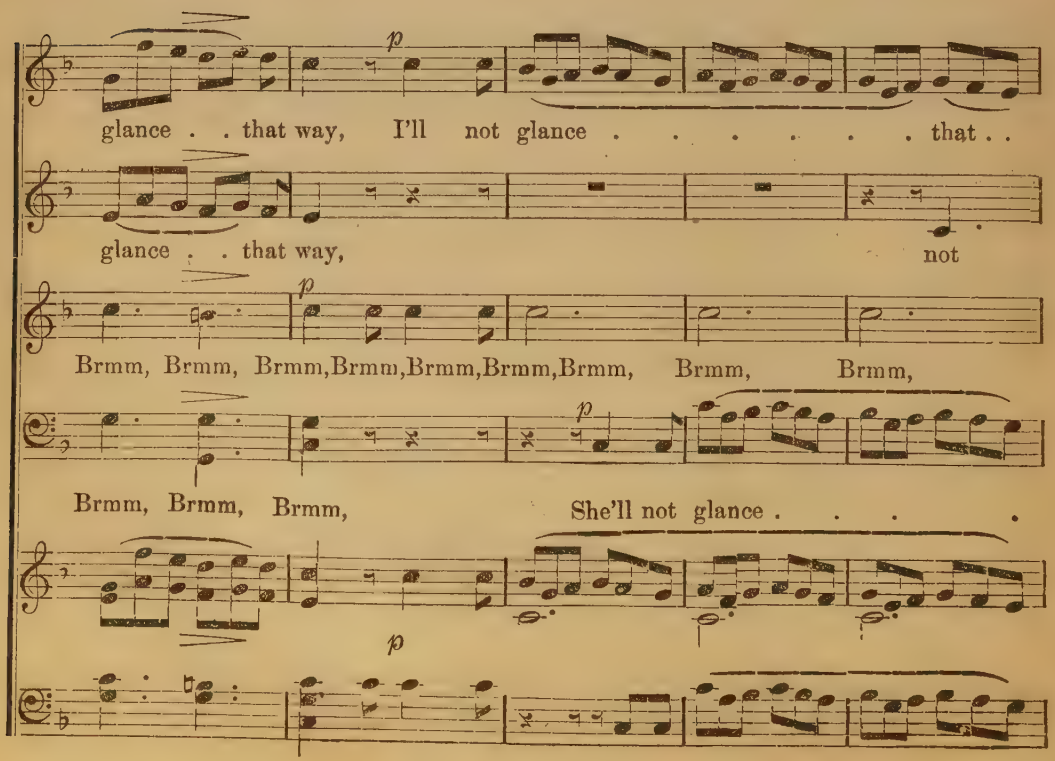

ev'-ning shade Steal up the glade? Will he glad my sight, Will he come to-night, Will he
ev'-ning shade Steal up the glade? Will he glad my sight, Will he come to-night, Will he
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,
come . . . to-night? Will he come? . . . . . .
come . . . to-night? Will he
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Will he come? . . . . .

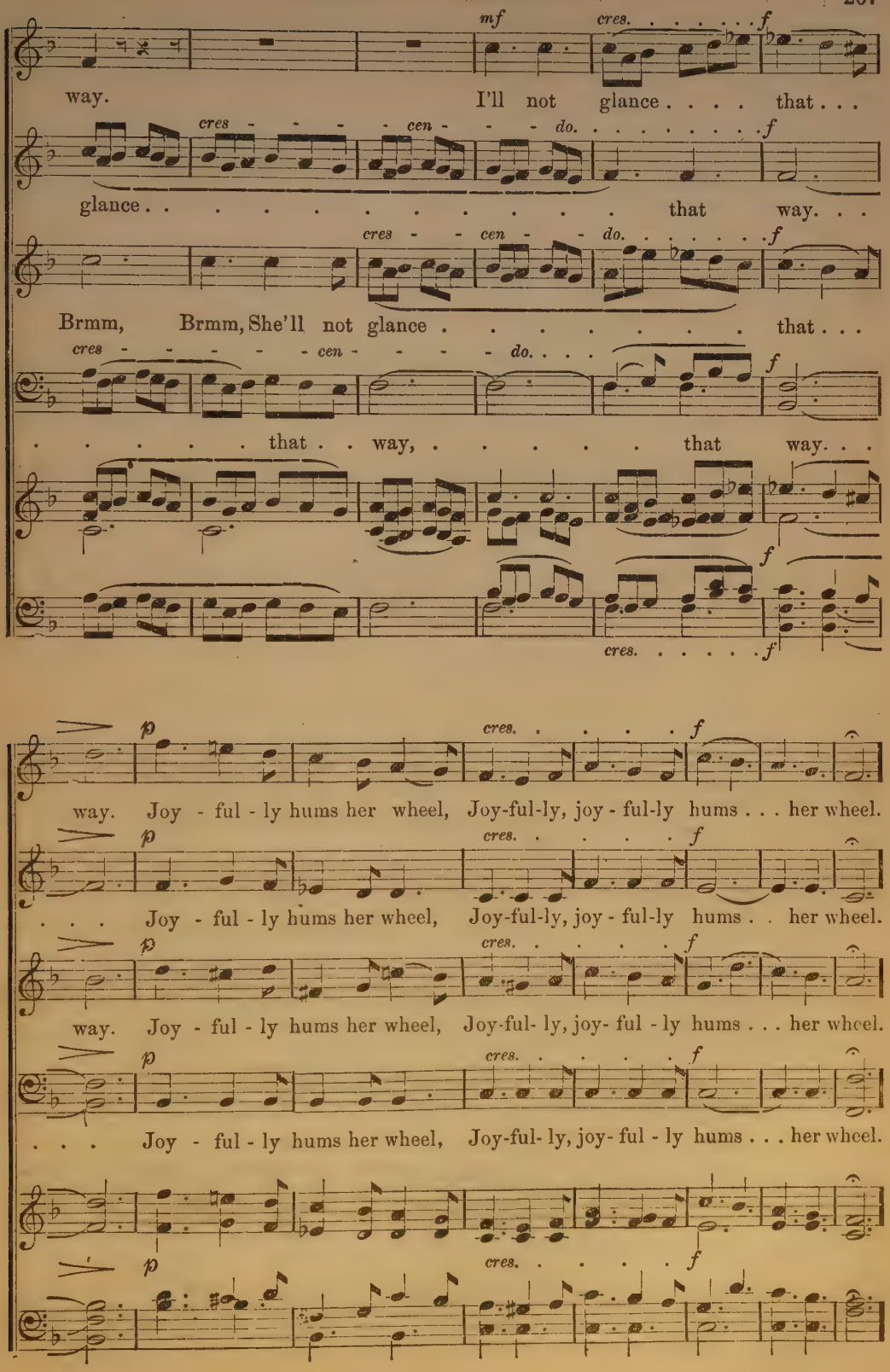

mf
cres. . . . . f
Will he come . . . . to - night? . .
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. . . . . f
come? . . . . . to - - night? . .
cres - - - cen - - - do. . . . . f
Brmm, Brmm, Will he come . . . . . to - night? . .
cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - do. . . . f
. . . . . Will he come to - - night? . .
cres.
f

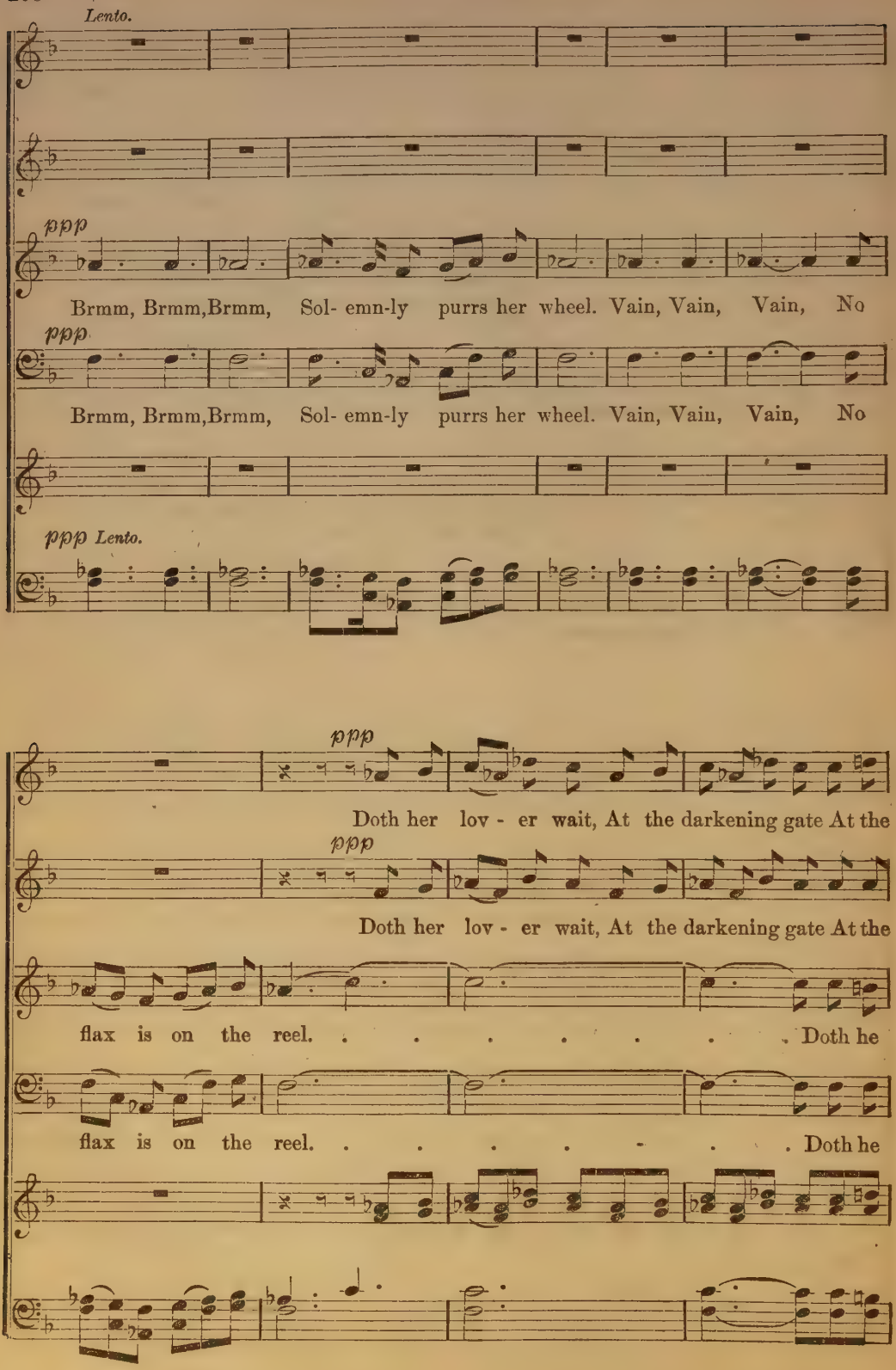

p
. . . Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel, Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel.
p
. . . Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel, Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel.
p
. . . Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel, Doubt - ful - ly drones her wheel.
p
p

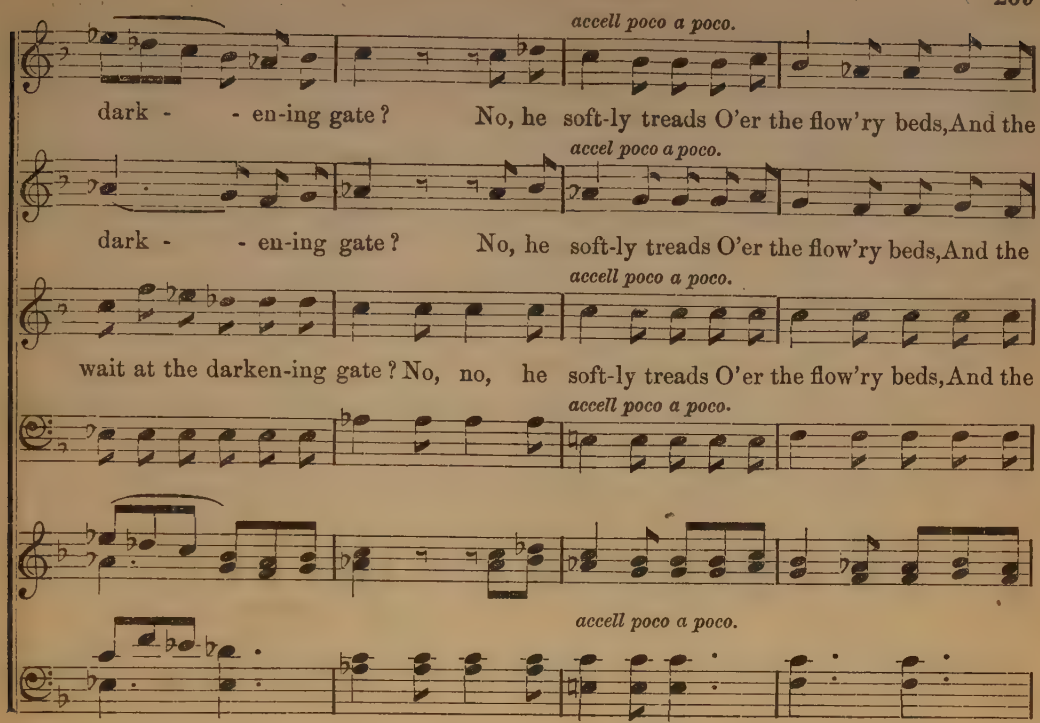

Allegramente.
f
Brmm, Brmm,Brmm, Mer - ri - ly goes her wheel,Weave,Weave, Weave, The
f
Brmm, Brmm,Brmm, Mer - ri - ly goes her wheel,Weave,Weave, Weave, The
Allegramente.
f
mf
The twilight's here And the mo-ment near When my
mf
The twilight's here And the mo-ment near When my
flax glides from the reel. . . Brmm, Brmm,
flax glides from the reel. Brmm, Brmm,
p

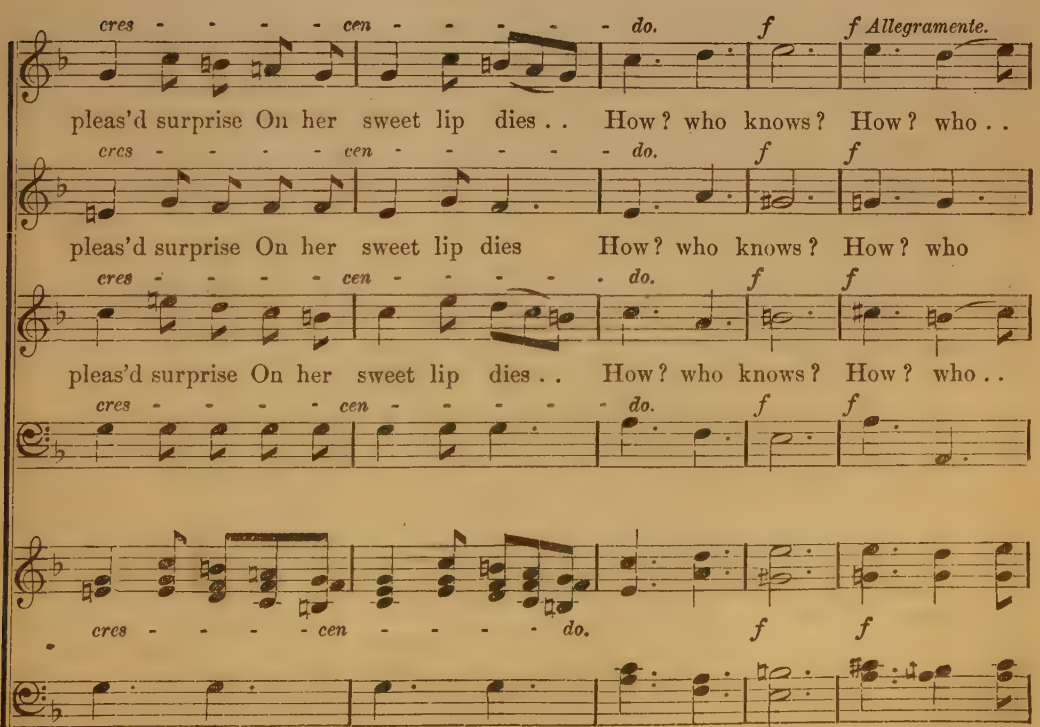

love will wait At the dark'ning gate, But to-night in play I'll not glance that way, I'll not
love will wait At the dark'ning gate, But to-night in play I'll not glance that way, I'll not
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,

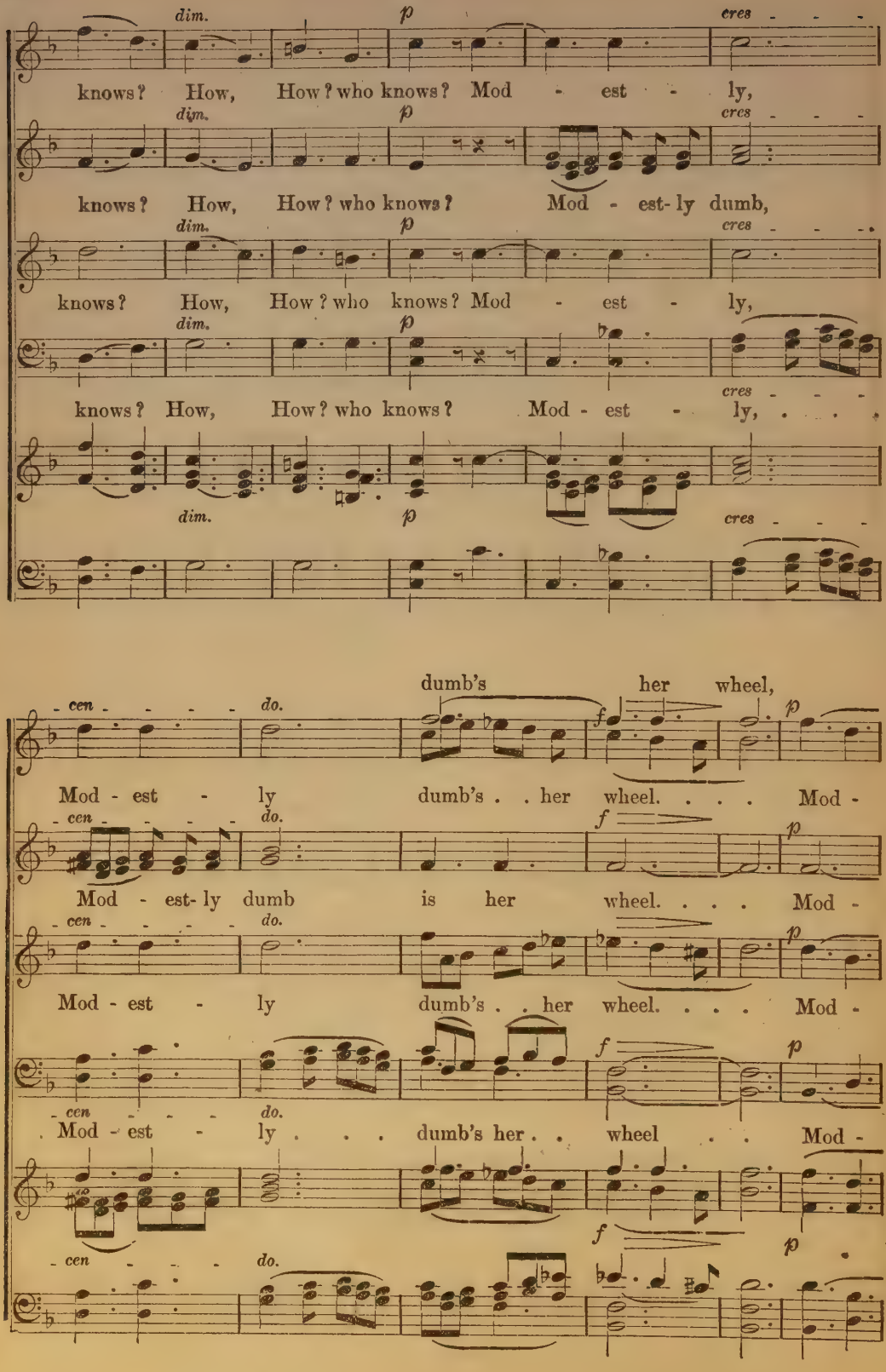

p
glance . . that way, I'll not glance . . . . . that . .
glance . . that way, not
p
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, Brmm,
p
Brmm, Brmm, Brmm, She'll not glance . . .
p

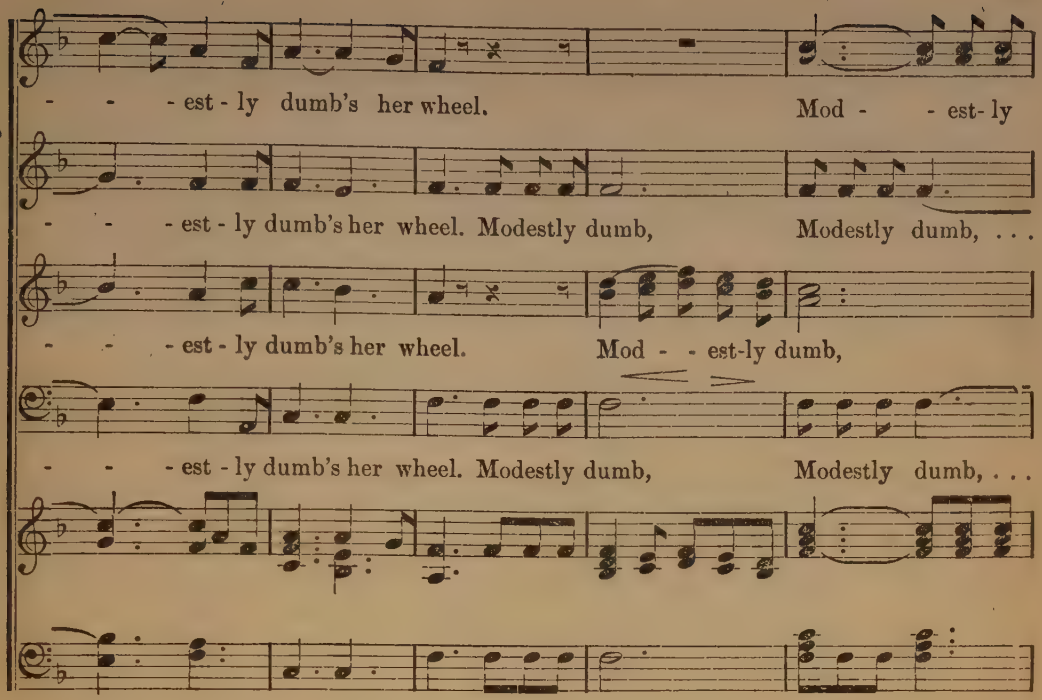

mf
cres. . . . . f
way. I'll not glance . . . . that . . .
cres - - - - cen - - - - do. . . . . f
glance . . . . . that way. . .
cres - - cen - - do. . . . . f
Brmm, Brmm, She'll not glance . . . . . that . . .
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. . . . f
. . . . . that . . way, ... that way. . .
f
cres. . . . . f
p
cres. . . . f
way. Joy - ful - ly hums her wheel, Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful-ly hums . . . her wheel.
. . . Joy - ful - ly hums her wheel, Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful-ly hums . . her wheel.
way. Joy - ful - ly hums her wheel, Joy-ful- ly, joy- ful - ly hums . . . her wheel.
. . . Joy - ful - ly hums her wheel, Joy-ful- ly, joy- ful - ly hums . . . her wheel.

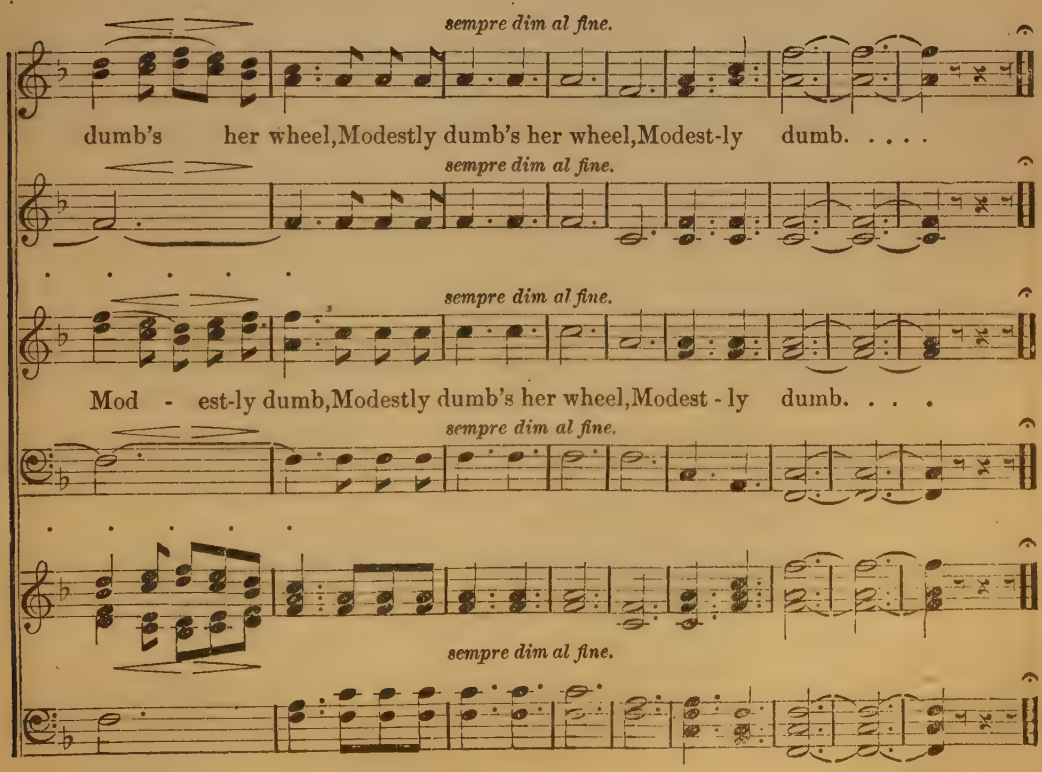

Lento.
ppp
Brmm, Brmm,Brmm, Sol- emn-ly purrs her wheel. Vain, Vain, Vain, No
ppp
Brmm, Brmm,Brmm, Sol- emn-ly purrs her wheel. Vain, Vain, Vain, No
ppp Lento.
ppp
Doth her lov - er wait, At the darkening gate At the
ppp
Doth her lov - er wait, At the darkening gate At the
flax is on the reel. . . . . Doth he
flax is on the reel. . . . . Doth he


accell poco a poco.
dark - - en-ing gate? No, he soft-ly treads O'er the flow'ry beds, And the
accell poco a poco.
dark - - en-ing gate? No, he soft-ly treads O'er the flow'ry beds, And the
accell poco a poco.
wait at the darken-ing gate? No, no, he soft-ly treads O'er the flow'ry beds, And the
accell poco a poco.
accell poco a poco.


cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f f Allegramente.
pleas'd surprise On her sweet lip dies . . How? who knows? How? who . .
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f f
pleas'd surprise On her sweet lip dies How? who knows? How? who
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f f
pleas'd surprise On her sweet lip dies . . How? who knows? How? who . .
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f f
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f f

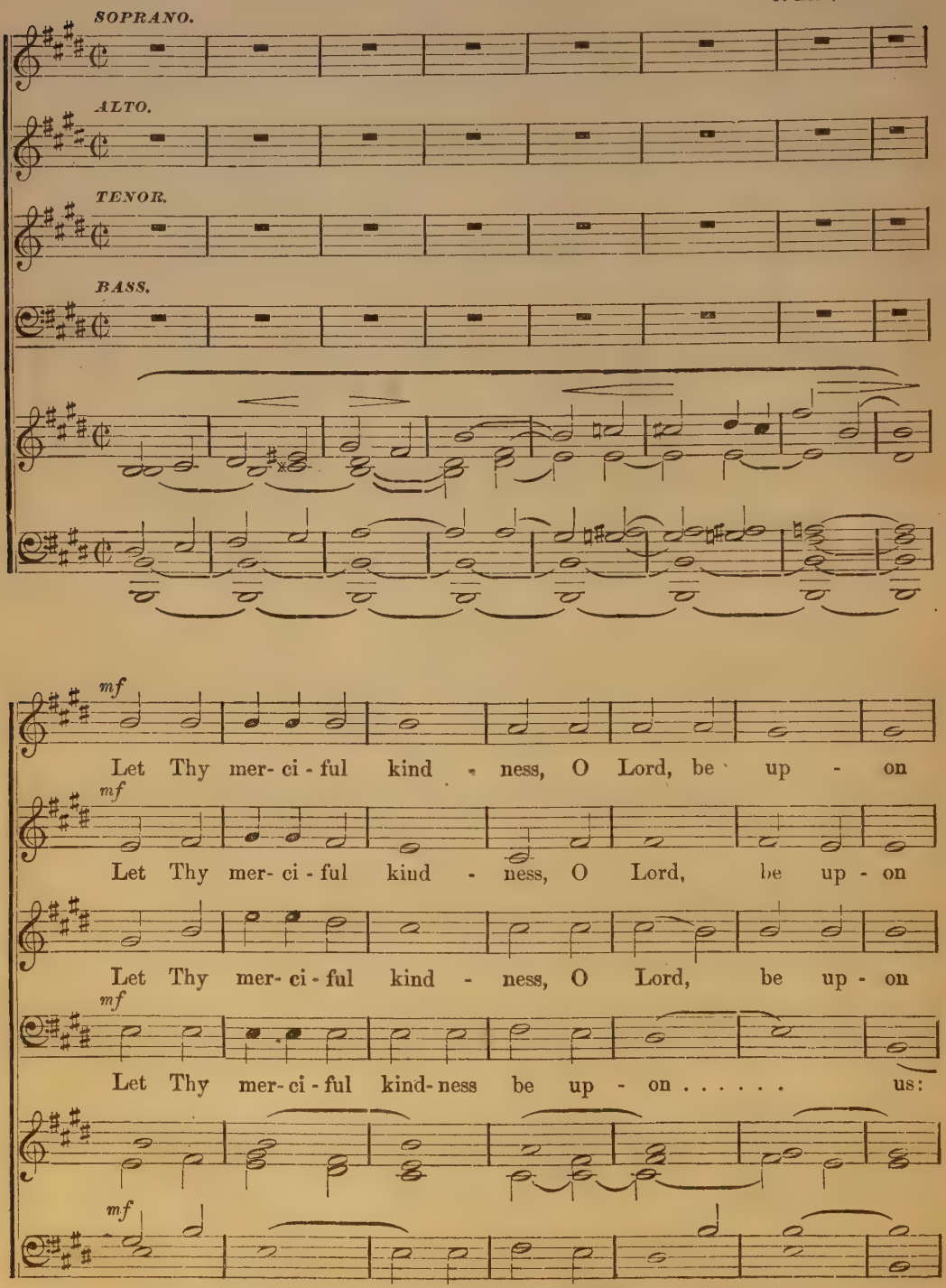

dim. p cres
knows? How, How? who knows? Mod - est - ly,
knows? How, How? who knows? Mod - est- ly dumb,
knows? How, How? who knows? Mod - est - ly,
knows? How, How? who knows? Mod - est - ly,
dumb's her wheel,
cen do.
Mod - est - ly dumb's . her wheel. . . . Mod -
Mod - est- ly dumb is her wheel. . . . Mod -
Mod - est - ly dumb's . her wheel. . . . Mod -
Mod - est - ly . . . dumb's her . . wheel . . Mod -


- - - est - ly dumb's her wheel. Mod - - est- ly
- - - est - ly dumb's her wheel. Modestly dumb, Modestly dumb, . . .
- - - est - ly dumb's her wheel. Mod - - est-ly dumb,
- - - est - ly dumb's her wheel. Modestly dumb, Modestly dumb, . . .

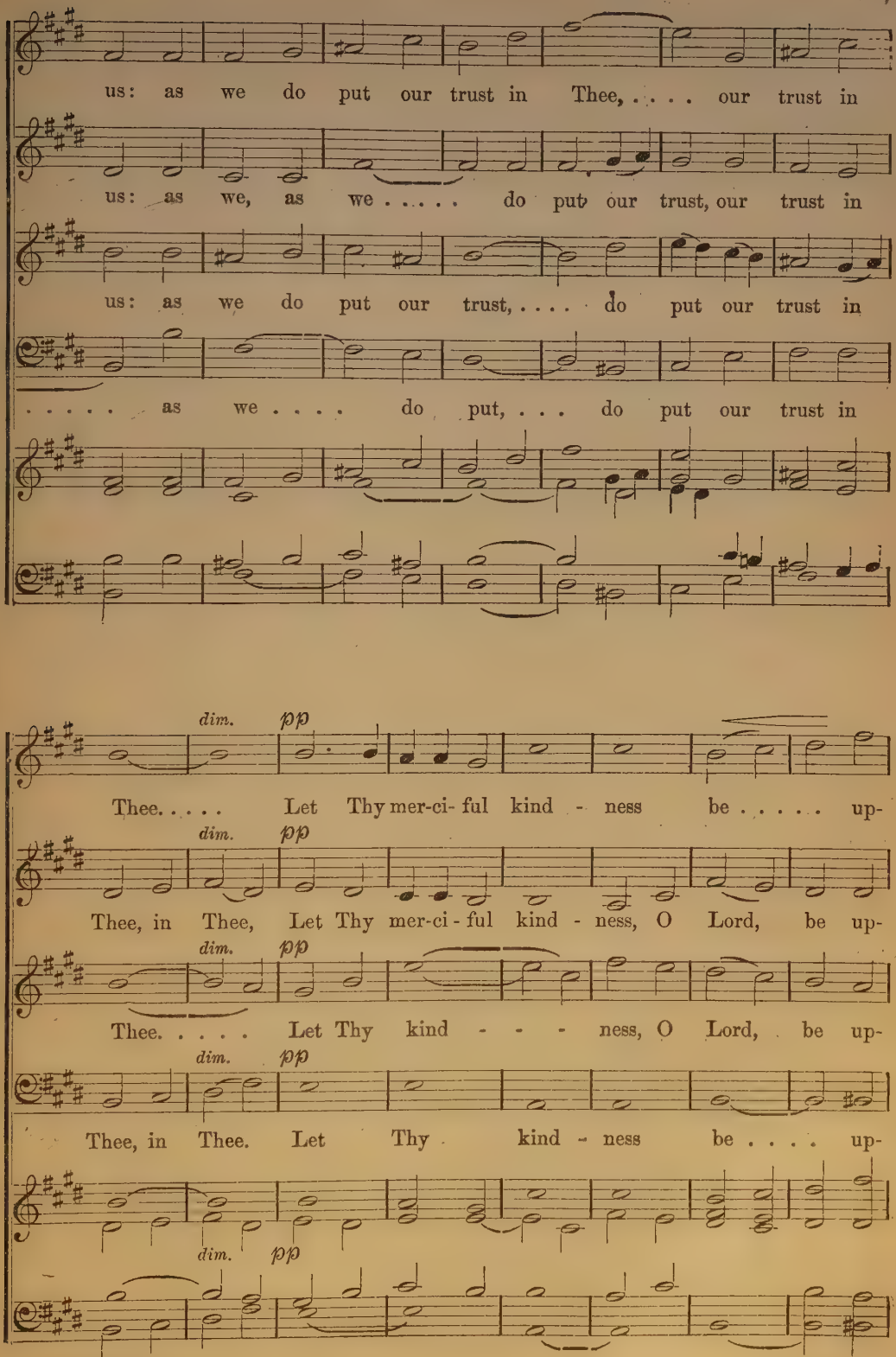

sempre dim al fine.
dumb's her wheel,Modestly dumb's her wheel,Modest-ly dumb. . . . .
sempre dim al fine.
sempre dim al fine.
Mod - est-ly dumb,Modestly dumb's her wheel,Modest - ly dumb. . . .
sempre dim al fine.
sempre dim al fine.

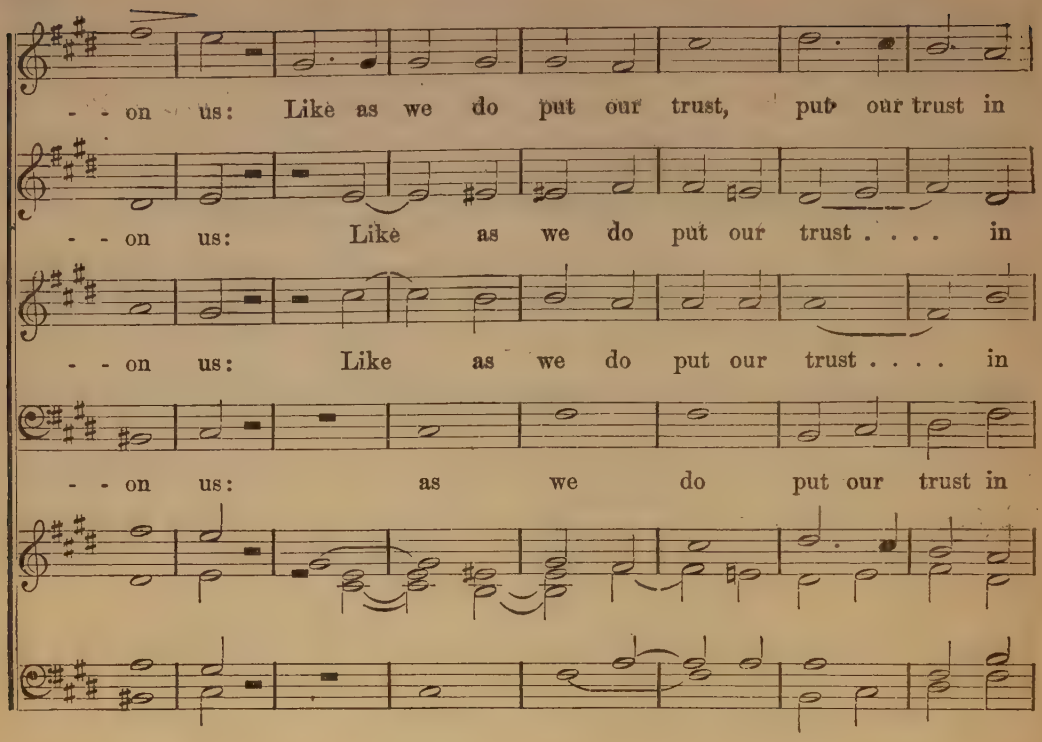
LET THY MERCIFUL KINDNESS, O LORD.

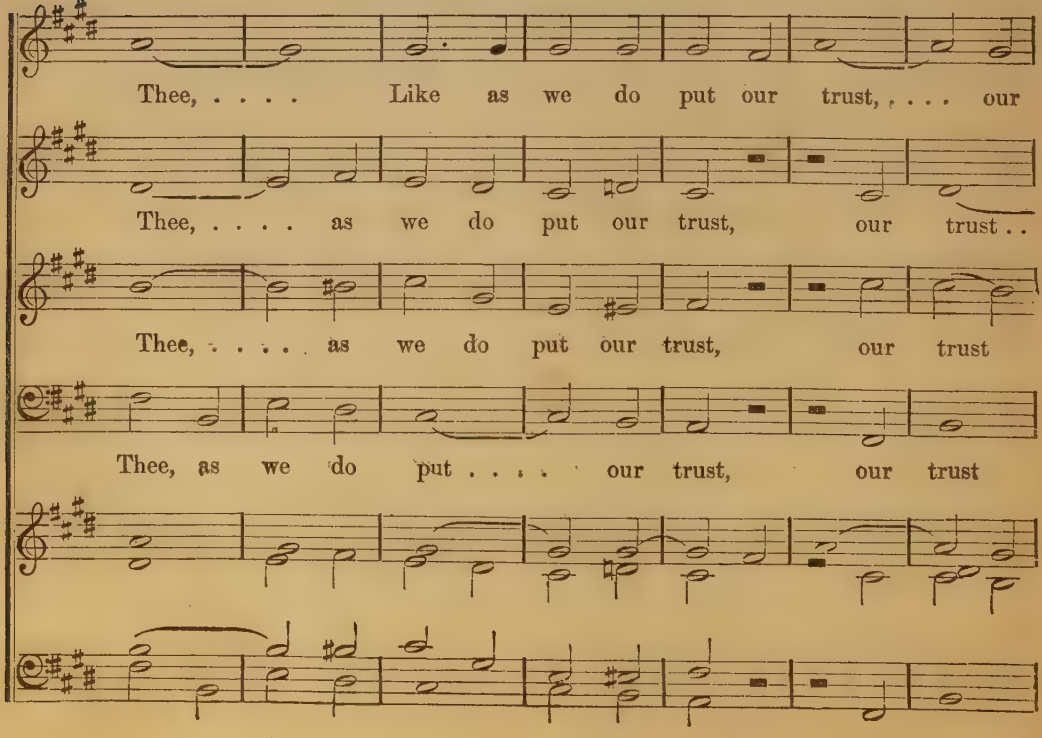
J. BARNBY.

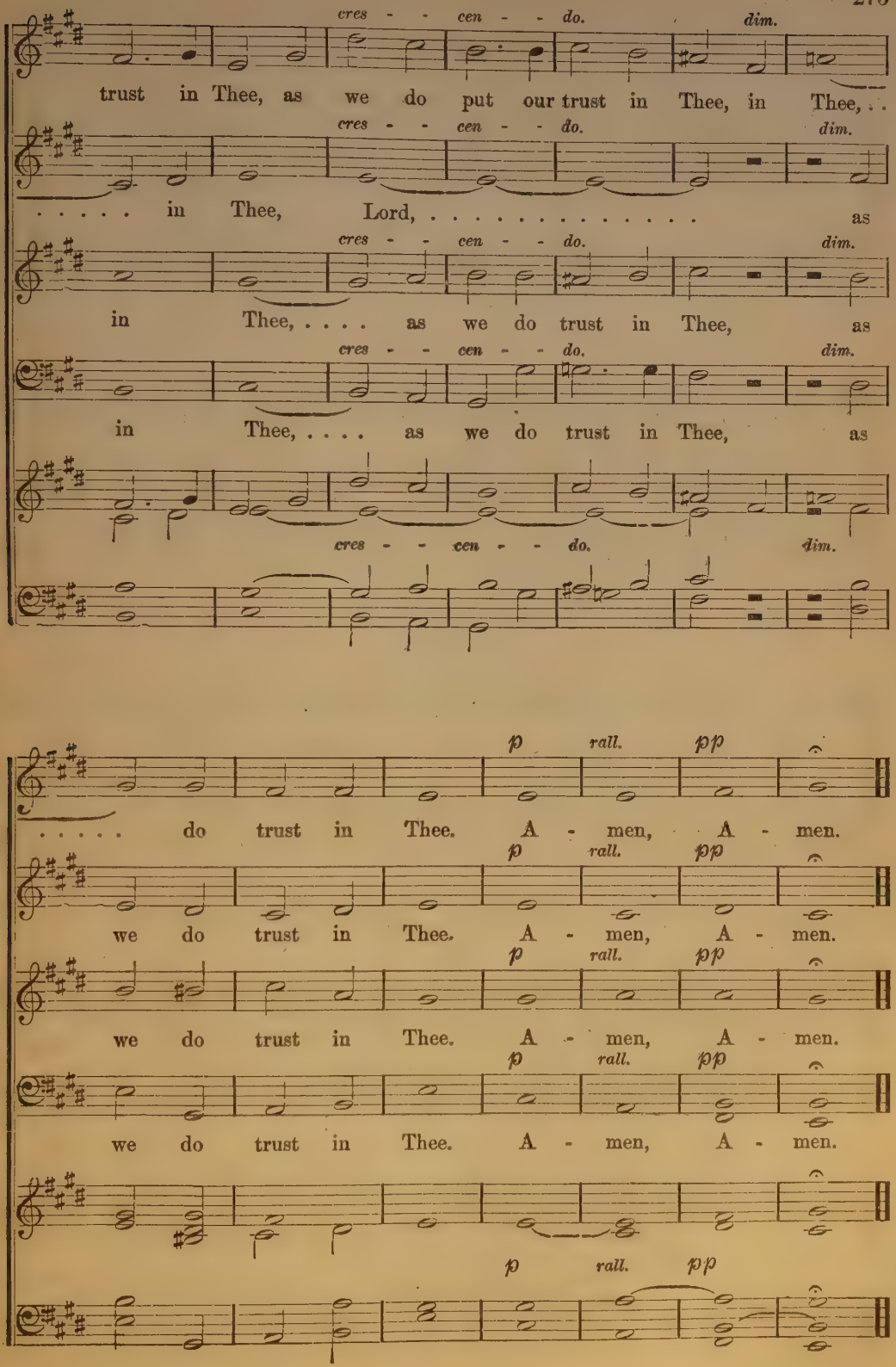

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
mf
Let Thy mer- ci - ful kind - ness, O Lord, be up - on
mf
Let Thy mer- ci - ful kind - ness, O Lord, be up - on
Let Thy mer- ci - ful kind - ness, O Lord, be up - on
mf
Let Thy mer- ci - ful kind-ness be up - on . . . . . us:
mf

Copyright, 1884, by HUBBARD BROS.

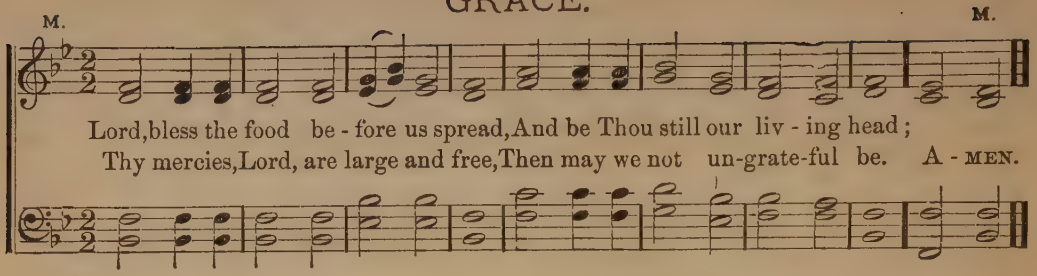

us: as we do put our trust in Thee, ... our trust in
us: as we, as we . . . . . do put our trust, our trust in
us: as we do put our trust, ... do put our trust in
. . . . . as we . . . . do put, . . . do put our trust in
dim. pp
Thee. . . . . Let Thy mer-ci- ful kind - ness be . . . . . up-
dim. pp
Thee, in Thee, Let Thy mer-ci - ful kind - ness, O Lord, be up-
dim. pp
Thee. . . . . Let Thy kind - - - - ness, O Lord, be up-
dim. pp
Thee, in Thee. Let Thy kind - ness be . . . . up-
dim. pp


- - on us: Like as we do put our trust, put our trust in
- - on us: Like as we do put our trust . . . . in
- - on us: Like as we do put our trust . . . . in
- - on us: as we do put our trust in

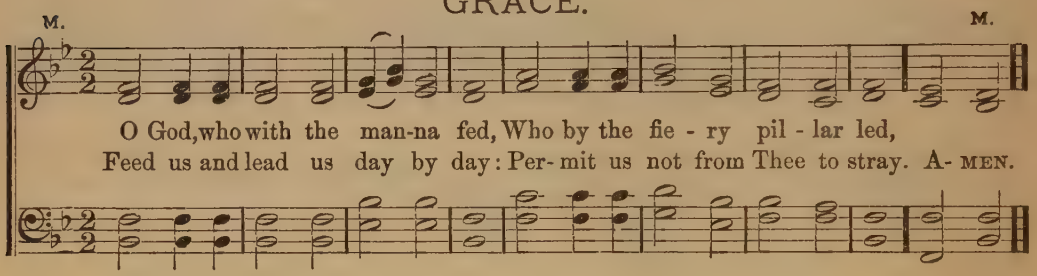

Thee, ... Like as we do put our trust, ... our
Thee, ... as we do put our trust, our trust . .
Thee, ... as we do put our trust, our trust
Thee, as we do put . . . . our trust, our trust


cres - - cen - - do. dim.
trust in Thee, as we do put our trust in Thee, in Thee, . .
cres - - cen - - do. dim.
. . . . . in Thee, Lord, ... as
cres - - cen - - do. dim.
in Thee, ... as we do trust in Thee, as
cres - - cen - - do. dim.
in Thee, ... as we do trust in Thee, as
cres - - cen - - do. dim.
p rall. pp
. . . . . do trust in Thee. A - men, A - men.
p rall. pp
we do trust in Thee. A - men, A - men.
p rall. pp
we do trust in Thee. A - men, A - men.
p rall. pp
we do trust in Thee. A - men, A - men.
p rall. pp

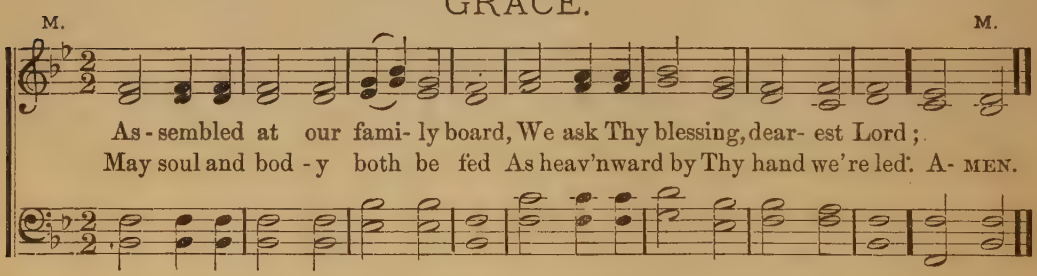
GRACE.


M.
M.
Lord, bless the food be - fore us spread, And be Thou still our liv - ing head;
Thy mercies, Lord, are large and free, Then may we not un-grate-ful be. A - MEN.

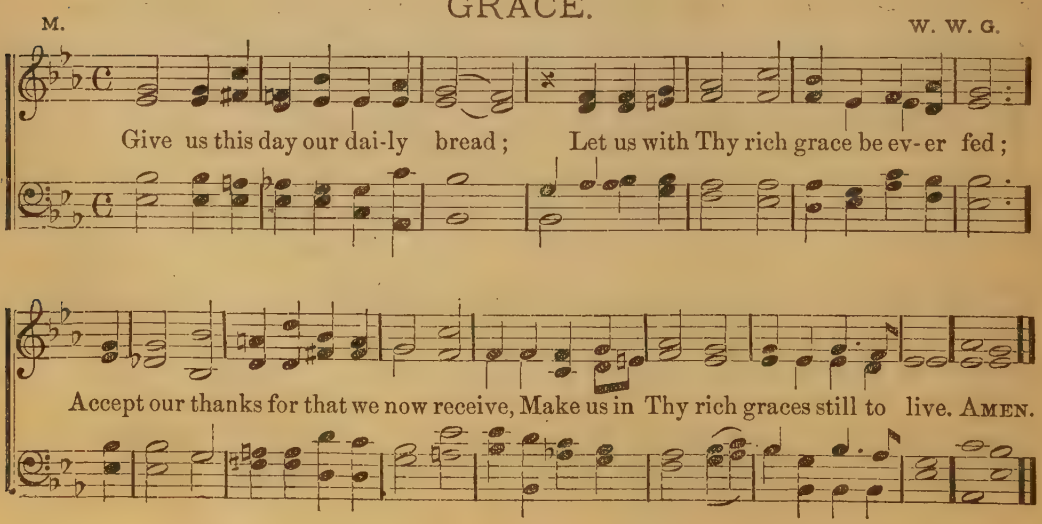
GRACE.



GRACE.

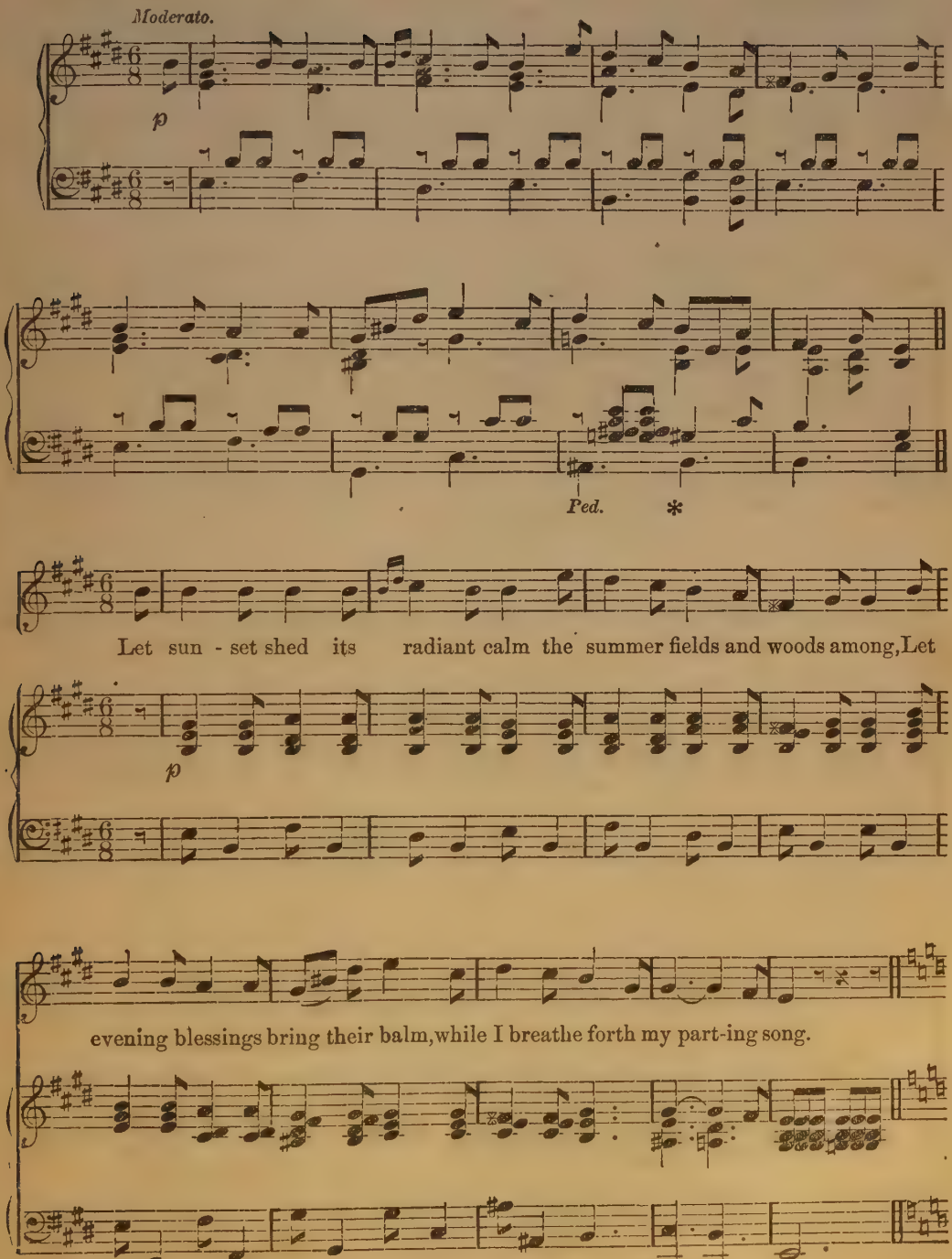

M.
M.
As - sembled at our fami- ly board, We ask Thy blessing, dear- est Lord;
May soul and bod - y both be fed As heav'nward by Thy hand we're led. A- MEN.

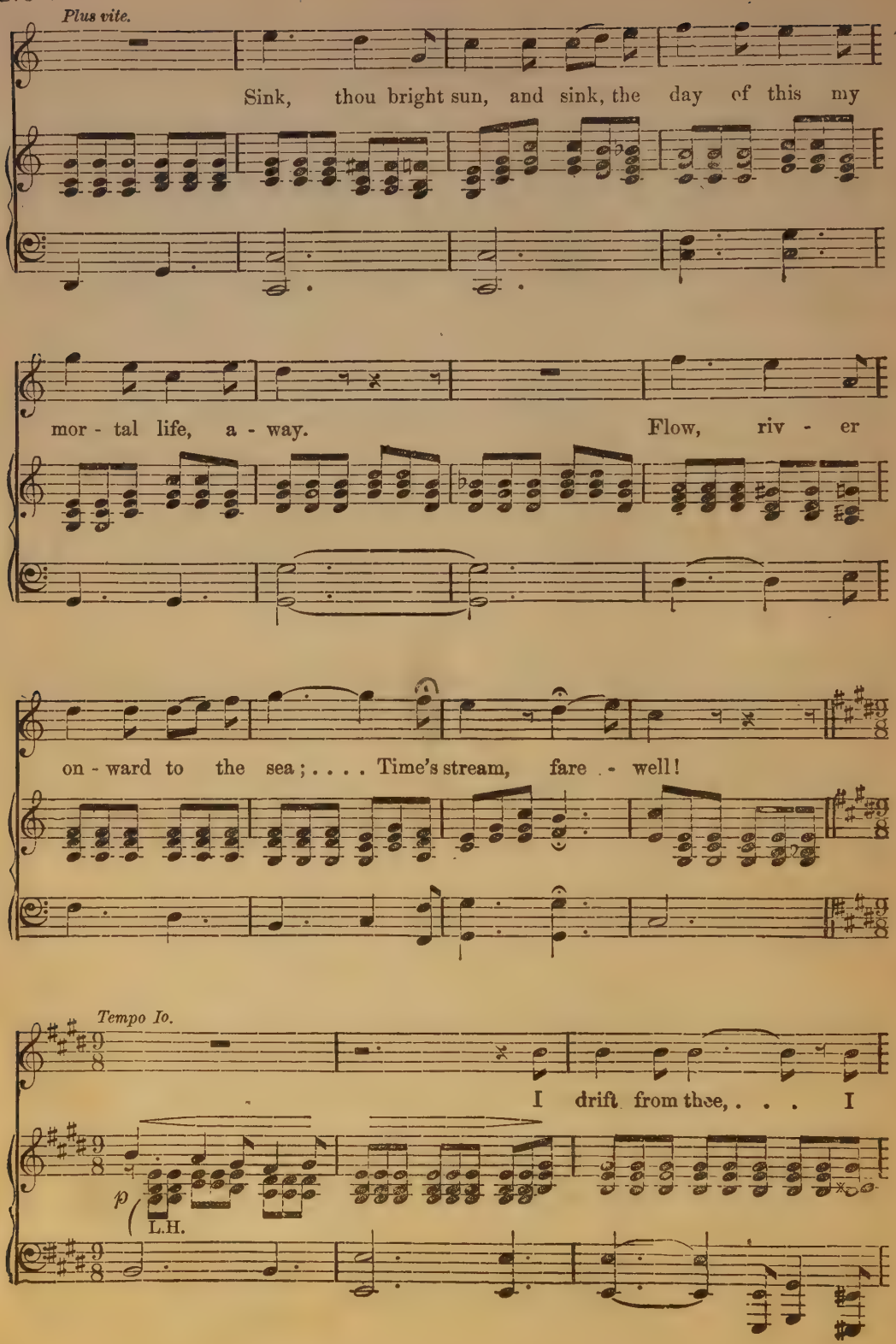
GRACE.

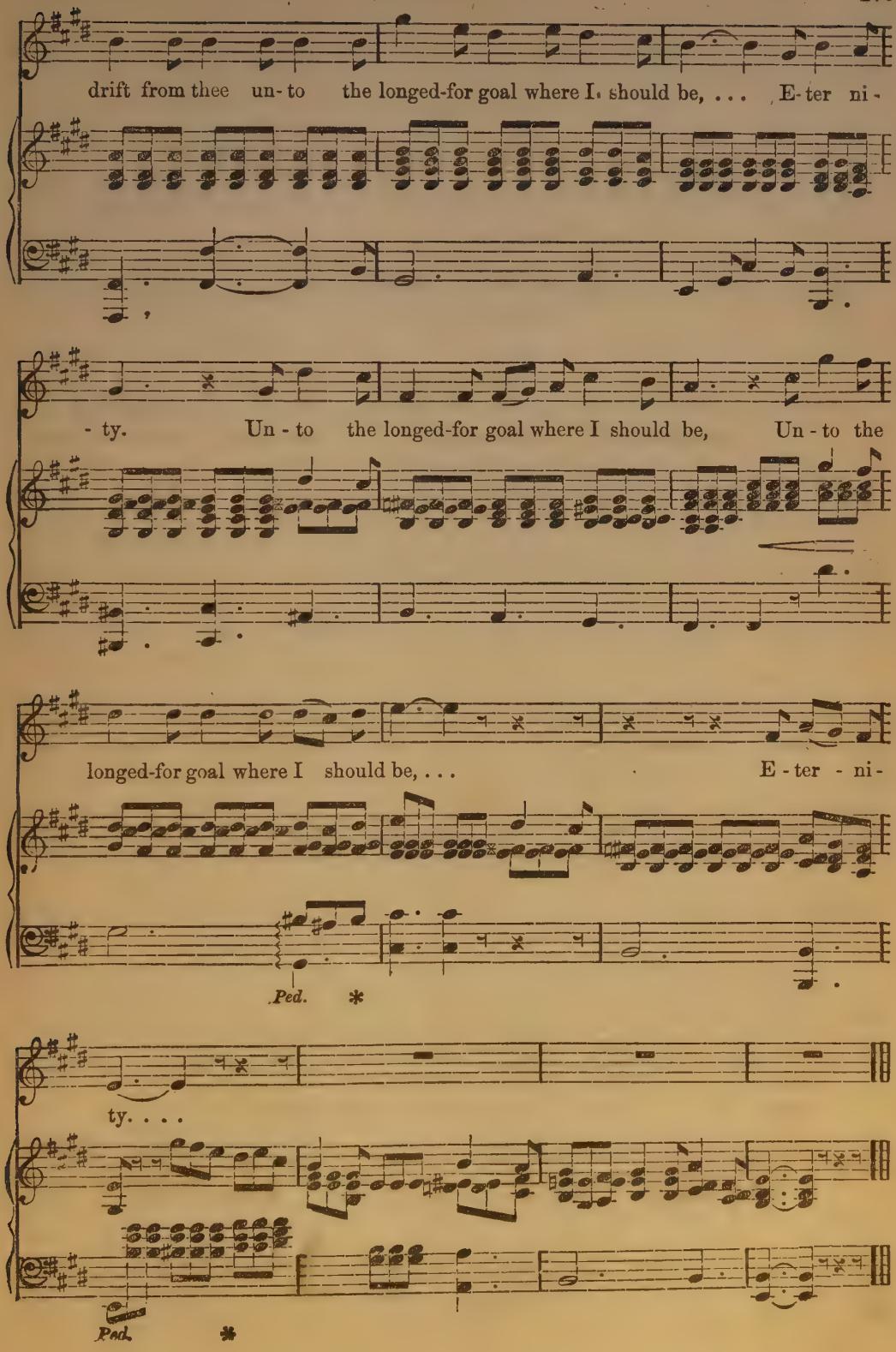

M.
W. W. G.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread; Let us with Thy rich grace be ev-er fed;
Accept our thanks for that we now receive, Make us in Thy rich graces still to live. AMEN.

ETERNITY.

C. E. FLINTOFF. W. D. HALL.


Moderato.
p
Ped. *
Let sun - set shed its radiant calm the summer fields and woods among, Let
p
evening blessings bring their balm, while I breathe forth my part-ing song.

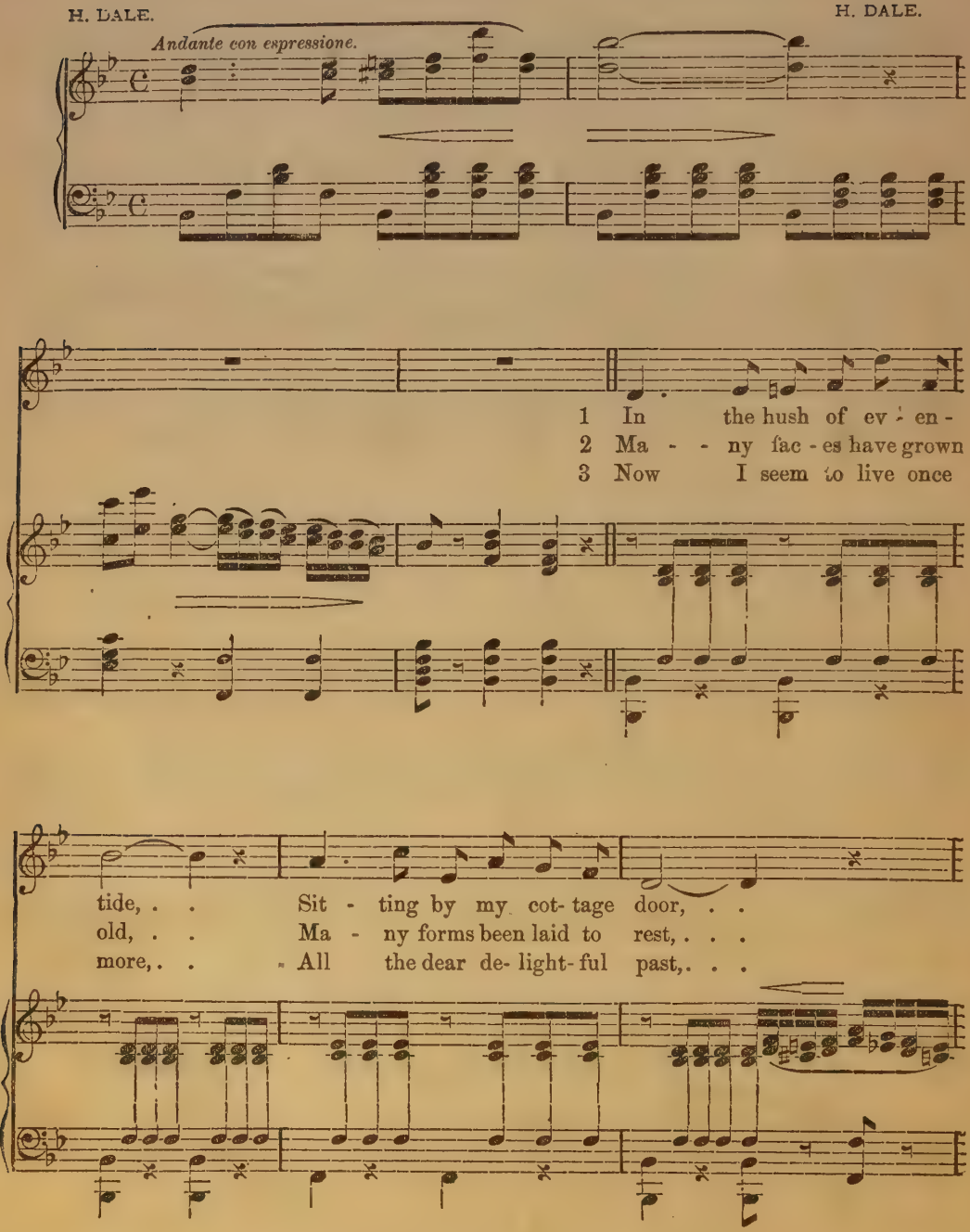

Plus vite.
Sink, thou bright sun, and sink, the day of this my
mor - tal life, a - way. Flow, riv - er
on - ward to the sea; . . . . Time's stream, fare - well!
Tempo Io.
I drift from thee, . . . I
p
L.H.

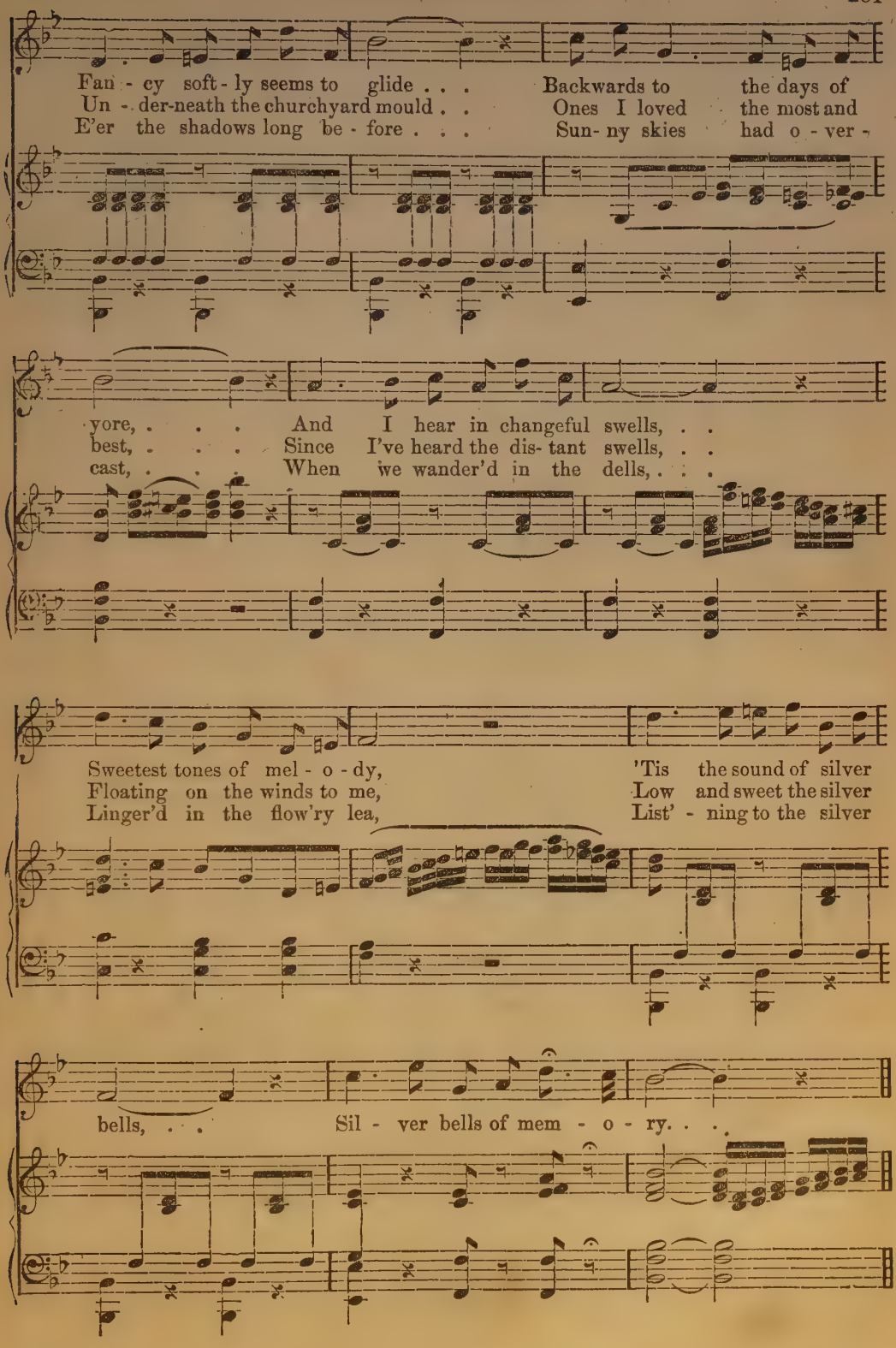

drift from thee un-to the longed-for goal where I should be, . . . E-ter ni-
-ty. Un-to the longed-for goal where I should be, Un-to the
longed-for goal where I should be, . . . E-ter-ni-
Ped. *
ty. . . .
Ped. *

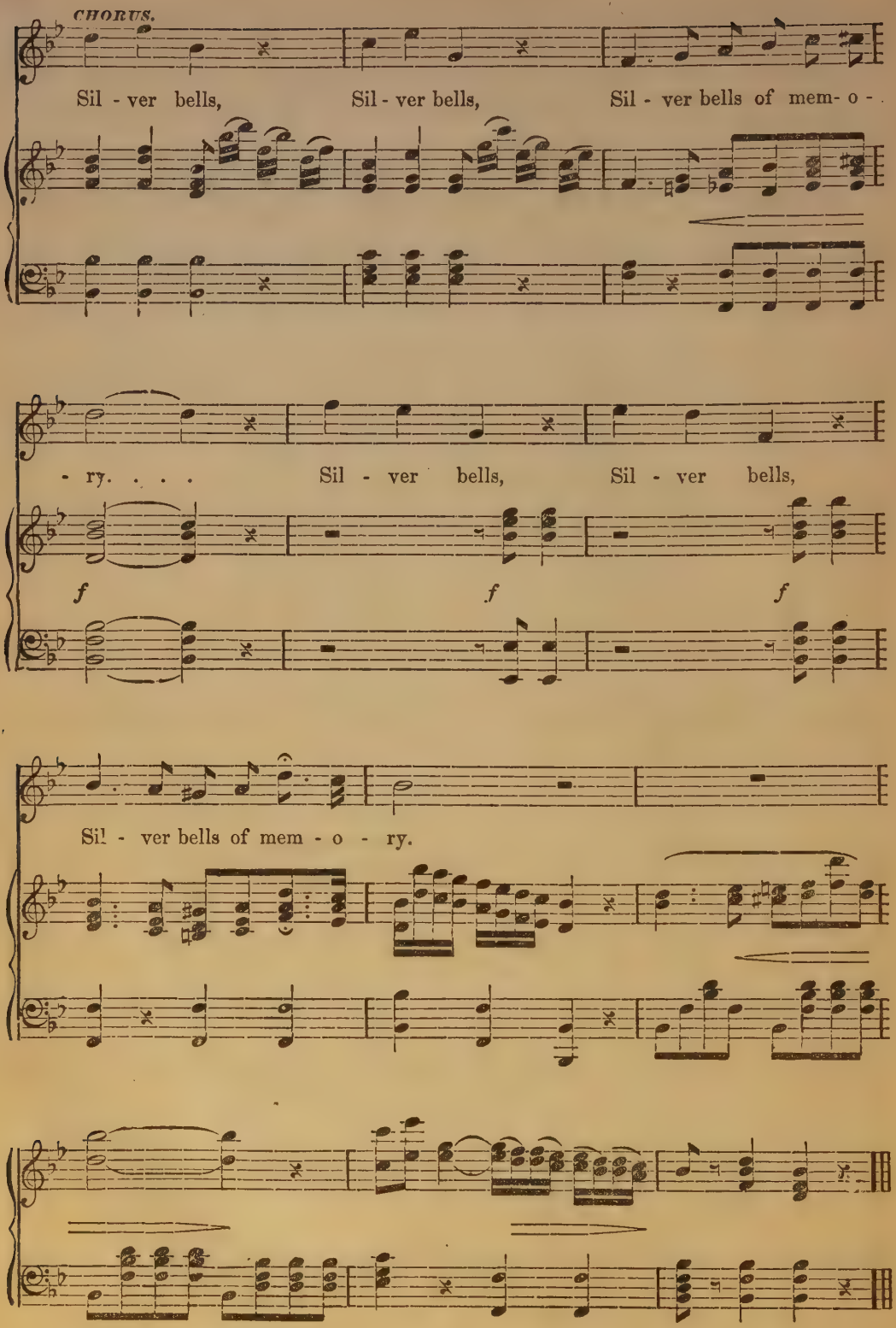
SILVER BELLS OF MEMORY.

H. DALE. H. DALE.

Andante con espressione.


1 In the hush of ev - en -
2 Ma - - ny fac - es have grown
3 Now I seem to live once
tide, . . Sit - ting by my cot- tage door, . .
old, . . Ma - ny forms been laid to rest, . . .
more, . . All the dear de- light- ful past, . . .


Fan - cy soft - ly seems to glide . . . Backwards to the days of
Un - der-neath the churchyard mould . . Ones I loved the most and
E'er the shadows long be - fore . . . Sun- ny skies had o - ver -
yore, . . . And I hear in changeful swells, . .
best, . . . Since I've heard the dis- tant swells, . .
cast, . . . When we wander'd in the dells, . .
Sweetest tones of mel - o - dy, 'Tis the sound of silver
Floating on the winds to me, Low and sweet the silver
Linger'd in the flow'ry lea, List' - ning to the silver
bells, . . Sil - ver bells of mem - o - ry. . .


CHORUS.
Sil - ver bells, Sil - ver bells, Sil - ver bells of mem- o -
- ry. . . . Sil - ver bells, Sil - ver bells,
f f f
Sil - ver bells of mem - o - ry.

THE SONGS MY DARLING SANG.

FLORENCE L. CARTER. HARRISON MILLARD.

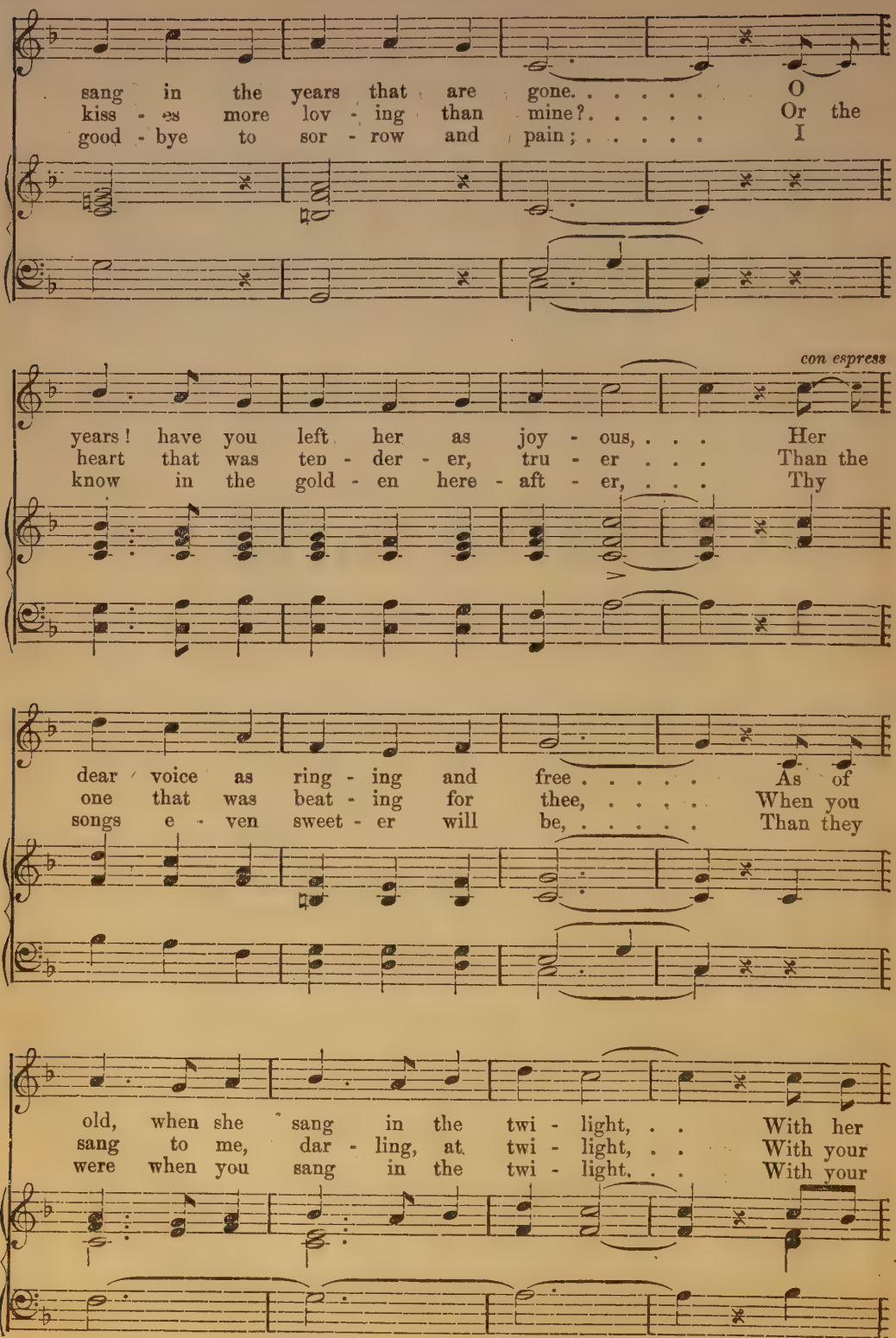
Tranquillo.

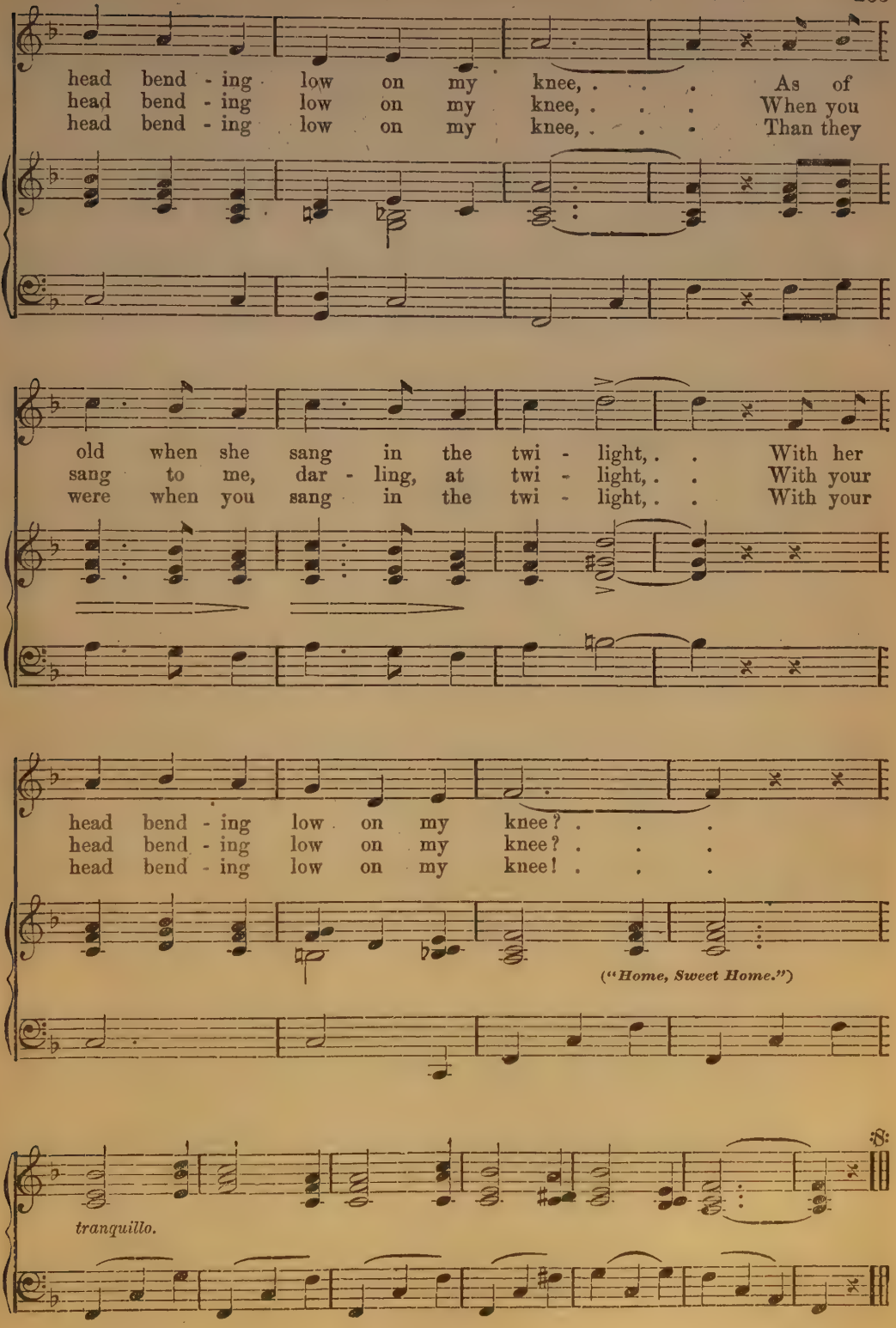
mf

1 The wild rain is stead - i - ly fall - ing, ... And the
2 And tell me, my song - bird, my bless - ing, ... Have you
3 That heart is but wait - ing, my own one, ... To

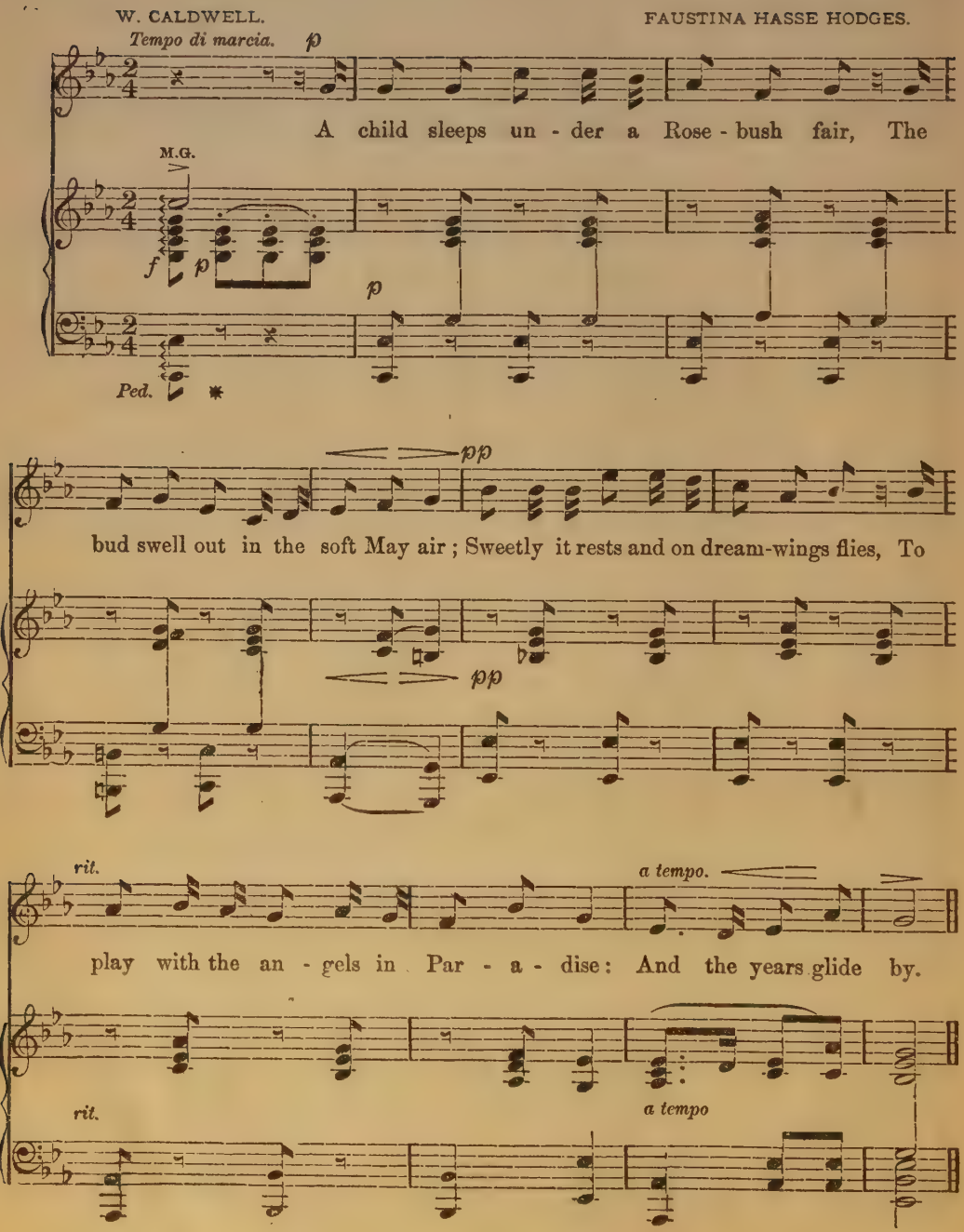
des - o - late day . . is done; . . . . . I am
found thro' the shad - ow and shine, ... A
pil - low thy dear head a - gain! . . . . And

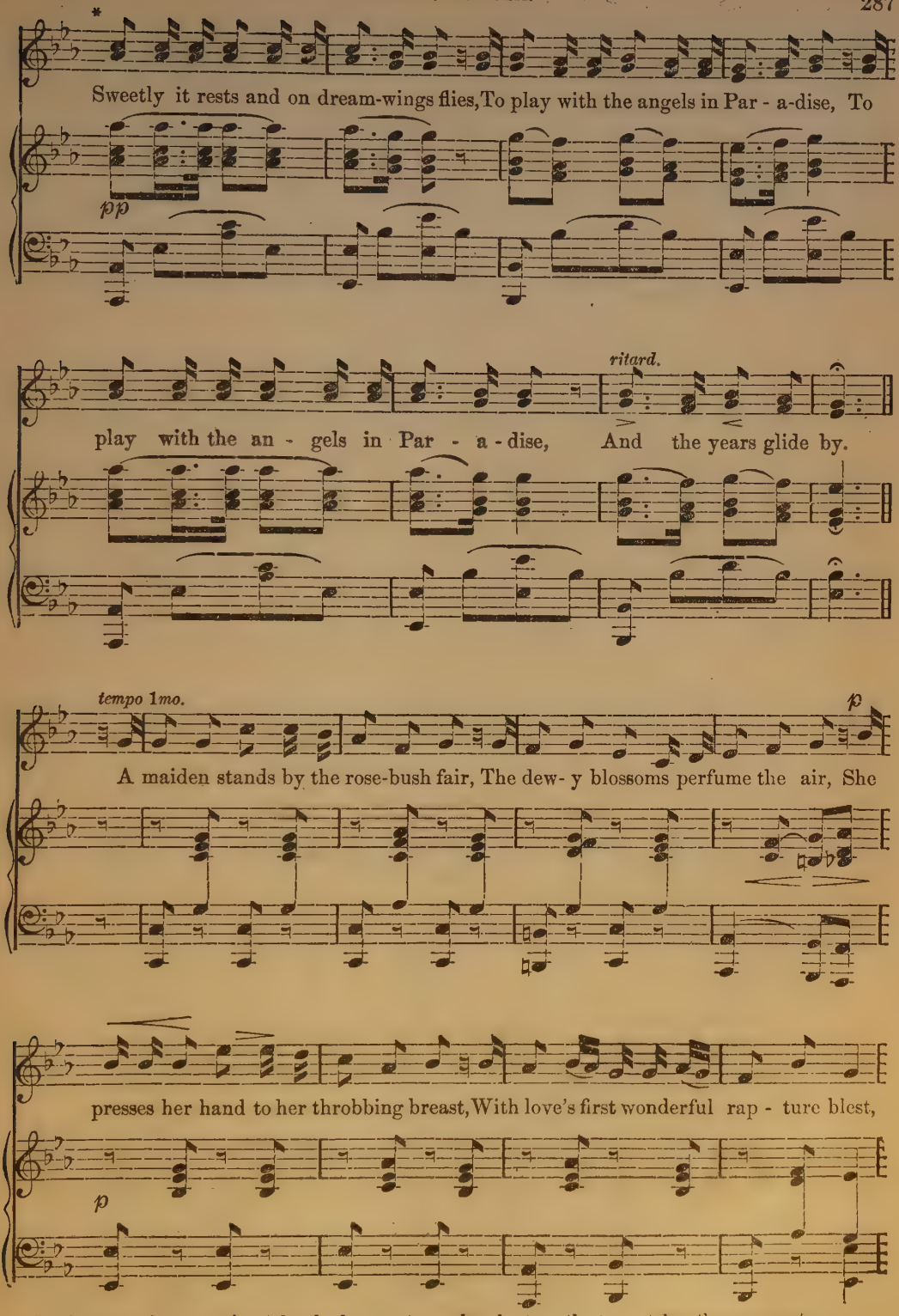
think - ing to - night of my dar - - - ling, Who
hand that gave fond - er ca - - ress - - - ing, Or
if it grows si - lent in wait - - - ing, Then


sang in the years that are gone. . . . . O
kiss - es more lov - ing than mine? . . . . Or the
good - bye to sor - row and pain; I
con espress
years! have you left her as joy - ous, . . . Her
heart that was ten - der - er, tru - er . . . Than the
know in the gold - en here - aft - er, . . . Thy
dear voice as ring - ing and free . . . . As of
one that was beat - ing for thee, ... When you
songs e - ven sweet - er will be, ... Than they
old, when she sang in the twi - light, . . With her
sang to me, dar - ling, at twi - light, . . With your
were when you sang in the twi - light, . . With your

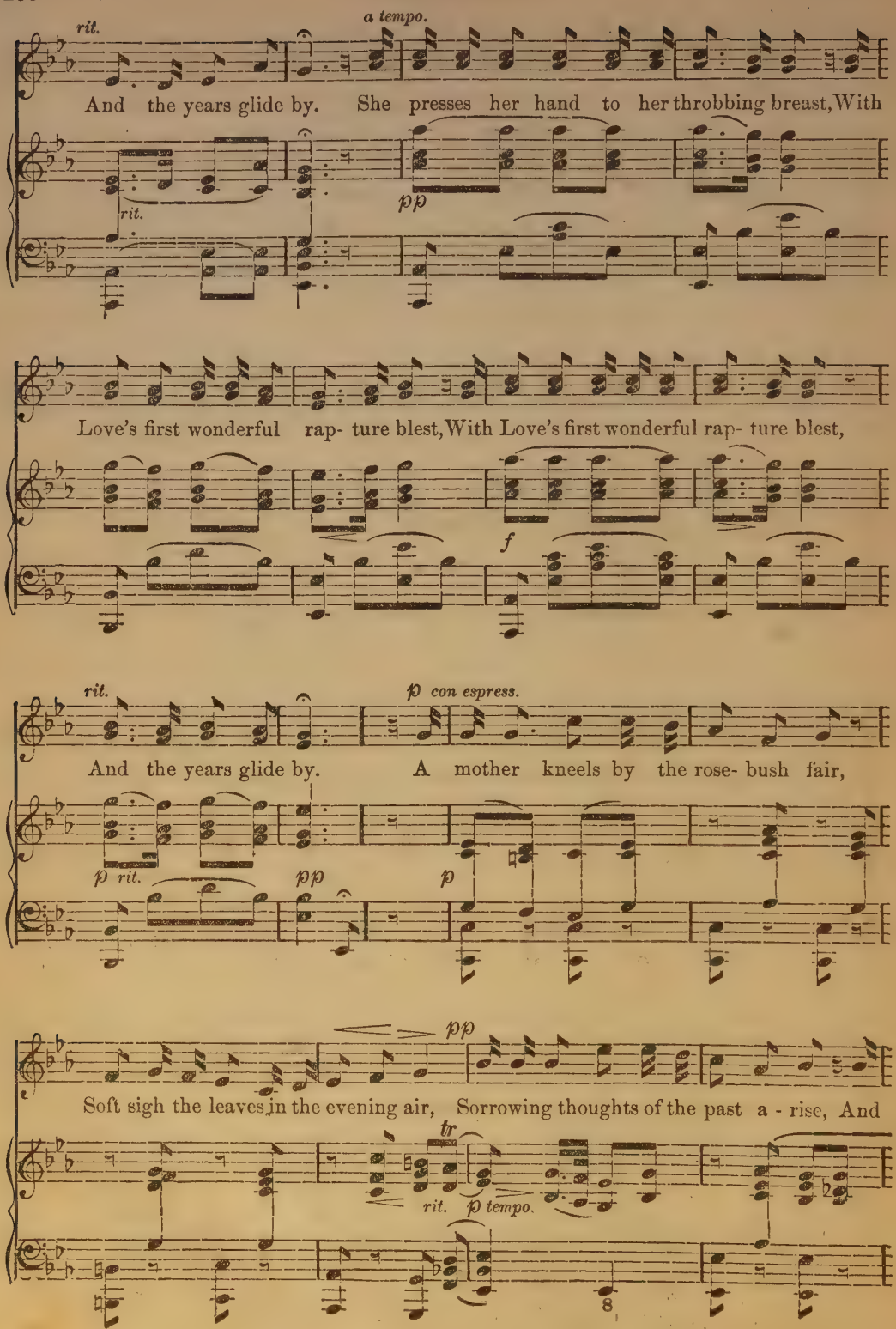

head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . As of
head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . When you
head bend - ing low on my knee, . . . Than they
old when she sang in the twi - light, . . With her
sang to me, dar - ling, at twi - light, . . With your
were when you sang in the twi - light, . . With your
head bend - ing low on my knee? . . .
head bend - ing low on my knee? . . .
head bend - ing low on my knee! . . .
("Home, Sweet Home.")
tranquillo.

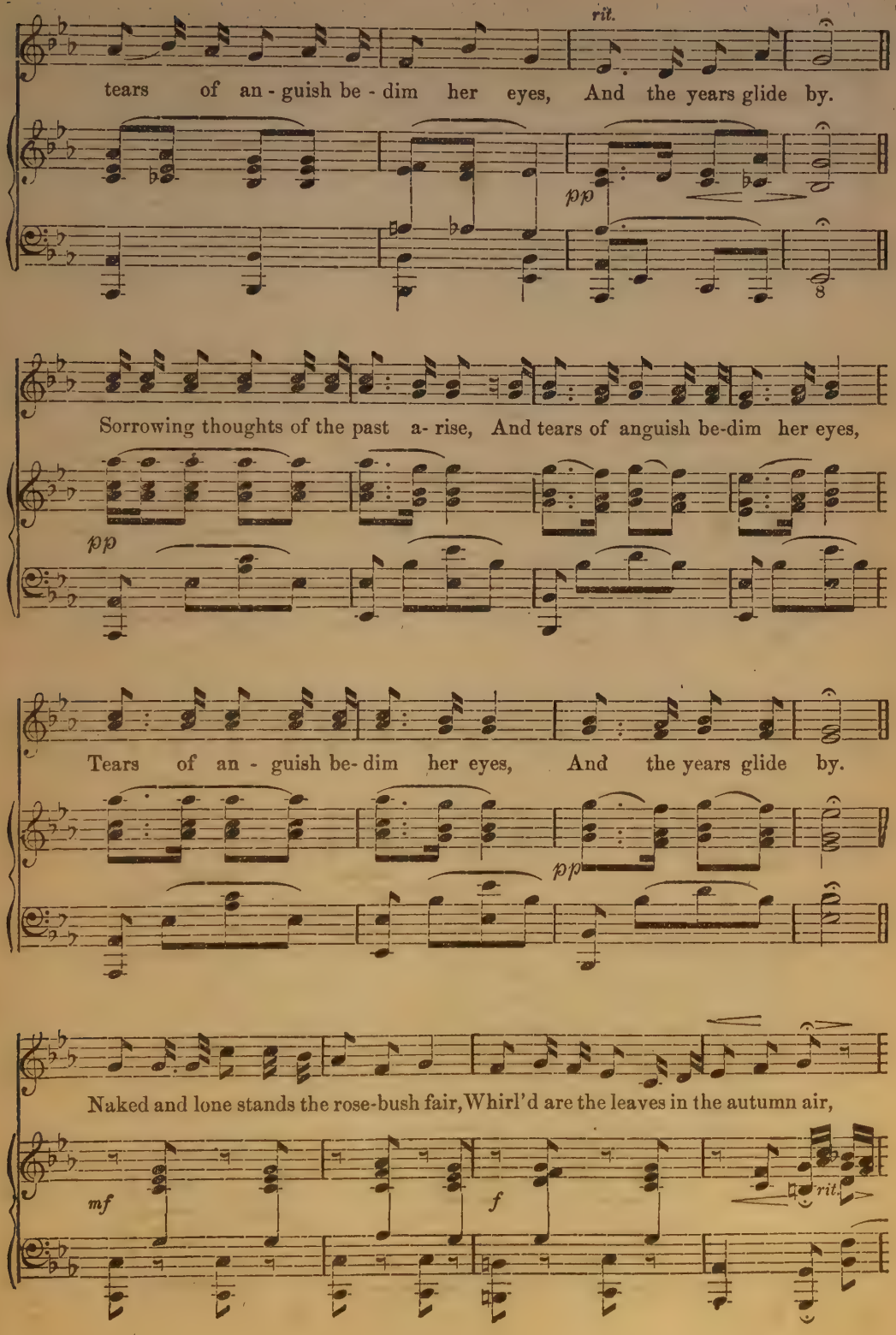
THE ROSE-BUSH.

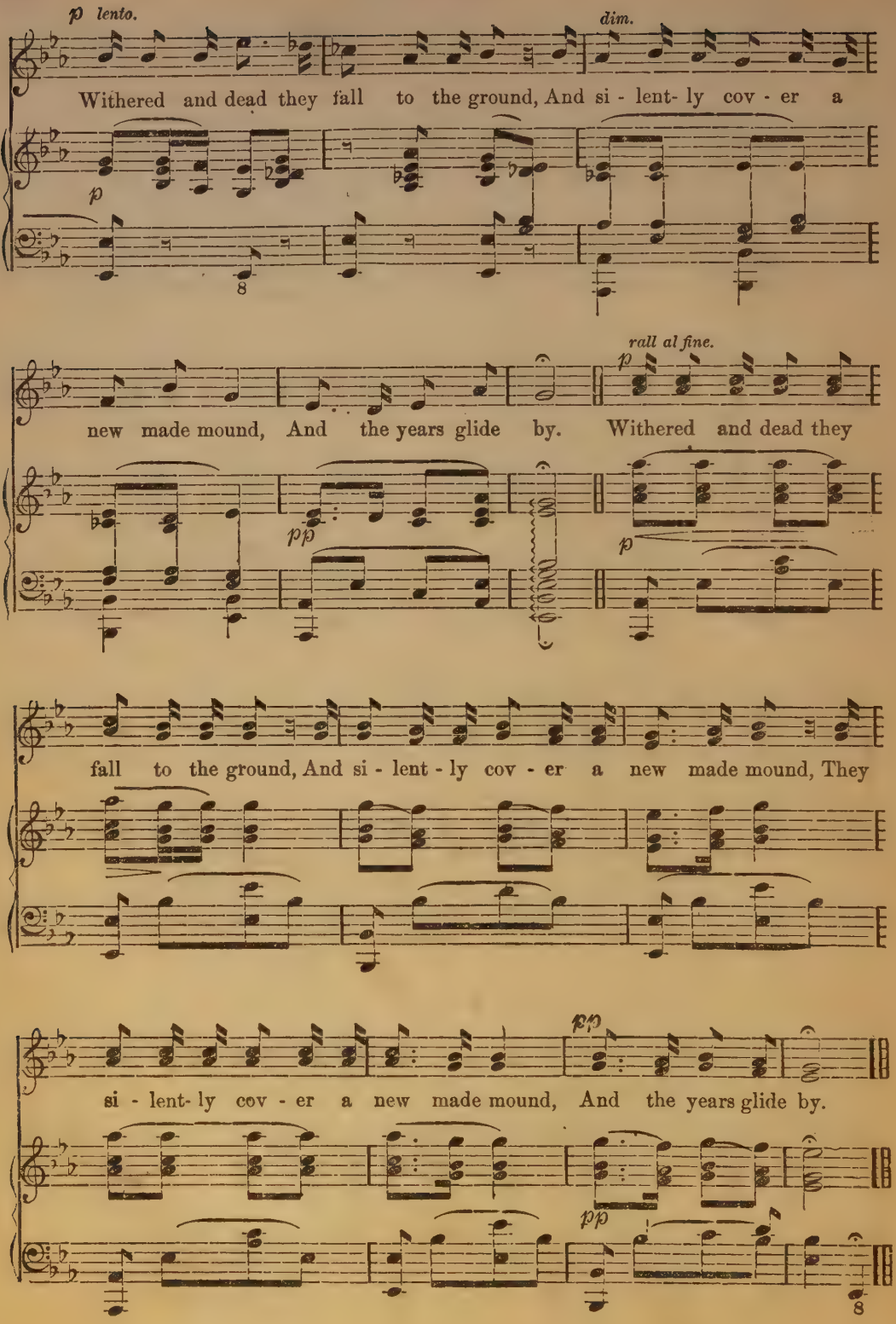



*
Sweetly it rests and on dream-wings flies, To play with the angels in Par - a-dise, To
pp
ritard.
play with the an - gels in Par - a - dise, And the years glide by.
tempo 1mo.
p
A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair, The dew- y blossoms perfume the air, She
presses her hand to her throbbing breast, With love's first wonderful rap - ture blest,
p

* When sung by one voice, take the *lower* notes; when by two, the tenor takes the *upper* notes.


rit.
a tempo.
And the years glide by. She presses her hand to her throbbing breast, With
rit.
pp
Love's first wonderful rap- ture blest, With Love's first wonderful rap- ture blest,
f
rit.
p con espress.
And the years glide by. A mother kneels by the rose- bush fair,
p rit.
pp
p
pp
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air, Sorrowing thoughts of the past a - rise, And
tr
rit. p tempo.
2
8

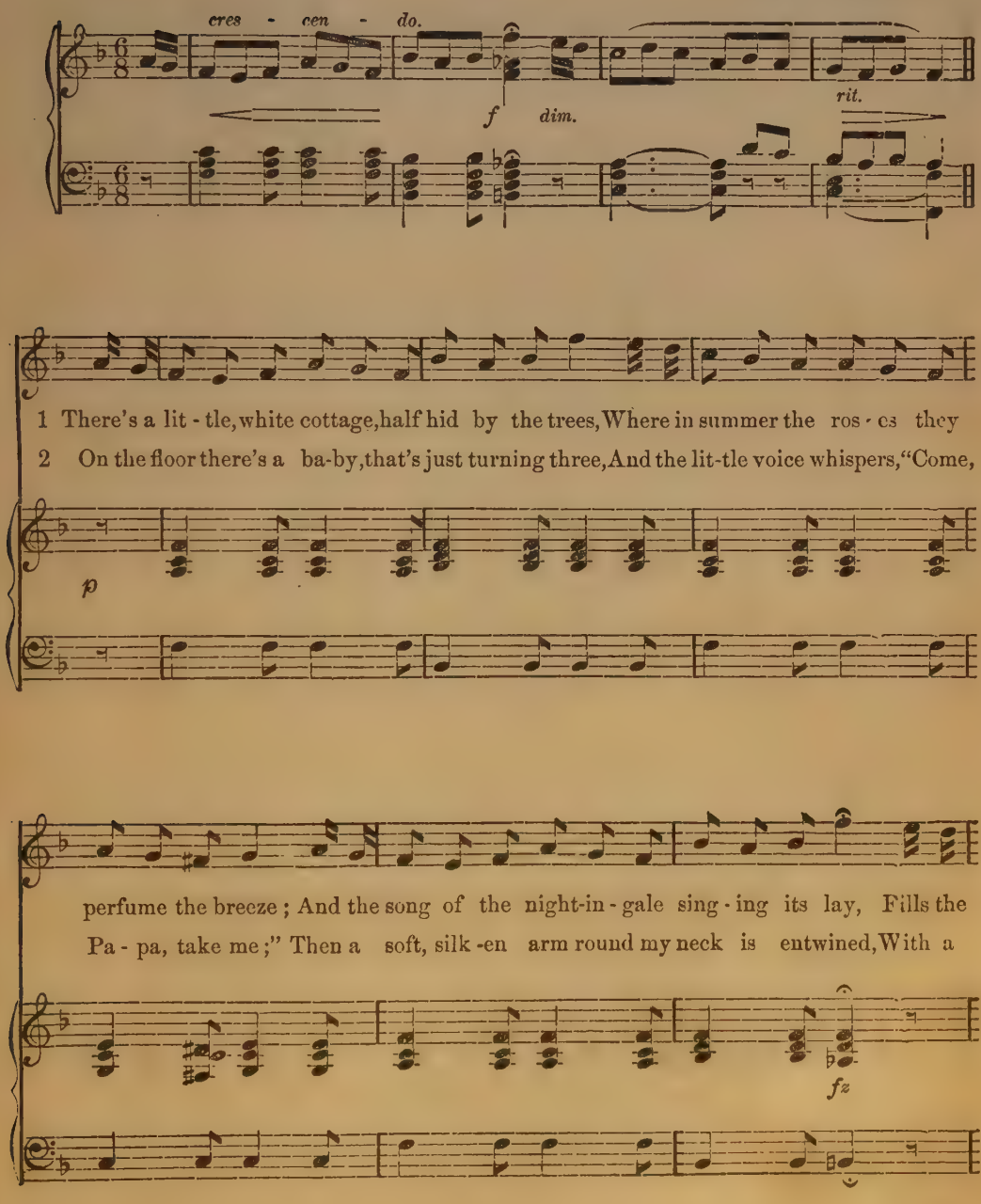

rit.
tears of an - guish be - dim her eyes, And the years glide by.
pp
Sorrowing thoughts of the past a- rise, And tears of anguish be-dim her eyes,
pp
Tears of an - guish be- dim her eyes, And the years glide by.
pp
Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair, Whirl'd are the leaves in the autumn air,
mf
f
rit.

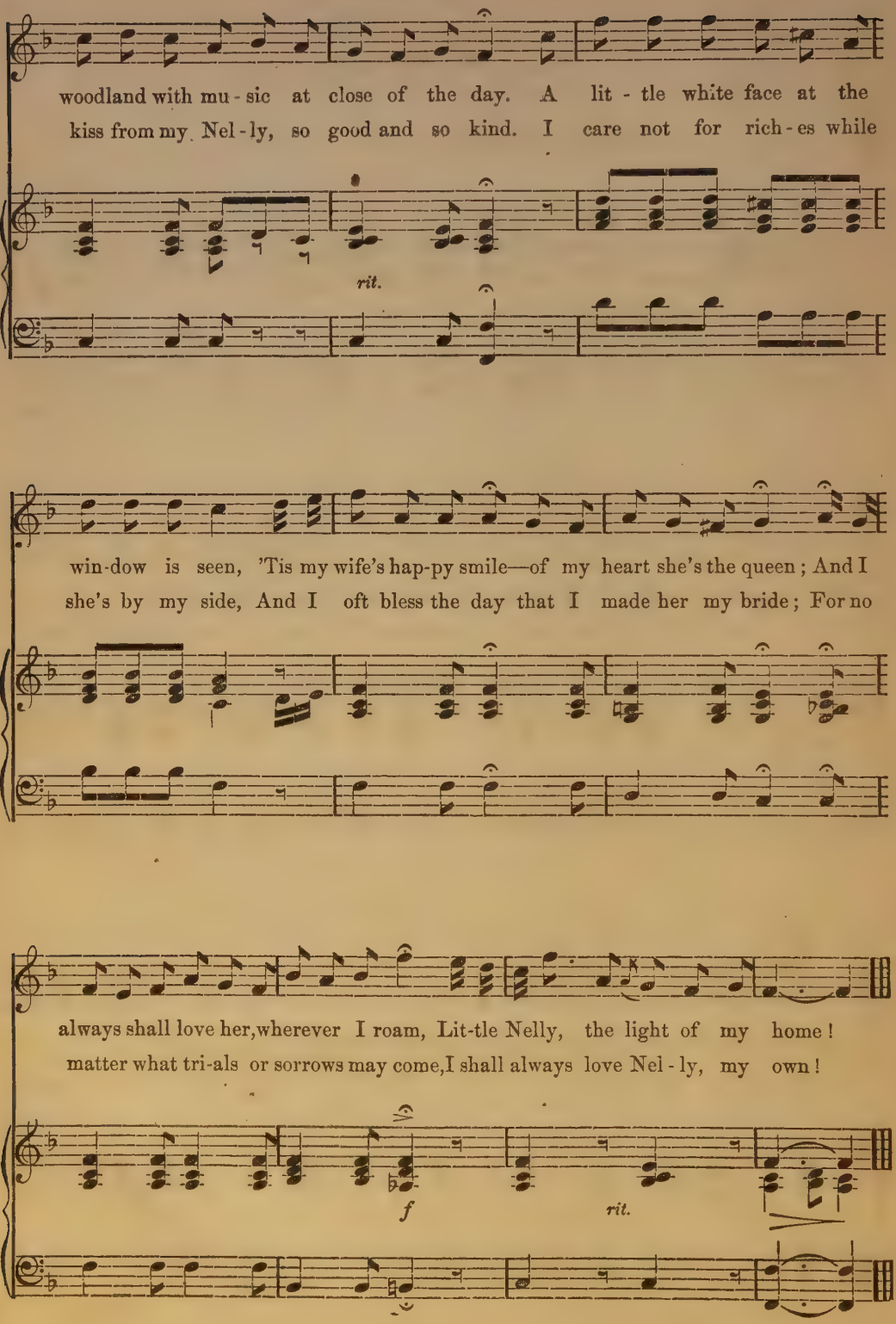

p lento.
dim.
Withered and dead they fall to the ground, And si - lent- ly cov - er a
p
8
rall al fine.
p
new made mound, And the years glide by. Withered and dead they
pp
p
fall to the ground, And si - lent - ly cov - er a new made mound, They
pp
si - lent- ly cov - er a new made mound, And the years glide by.
pp
8

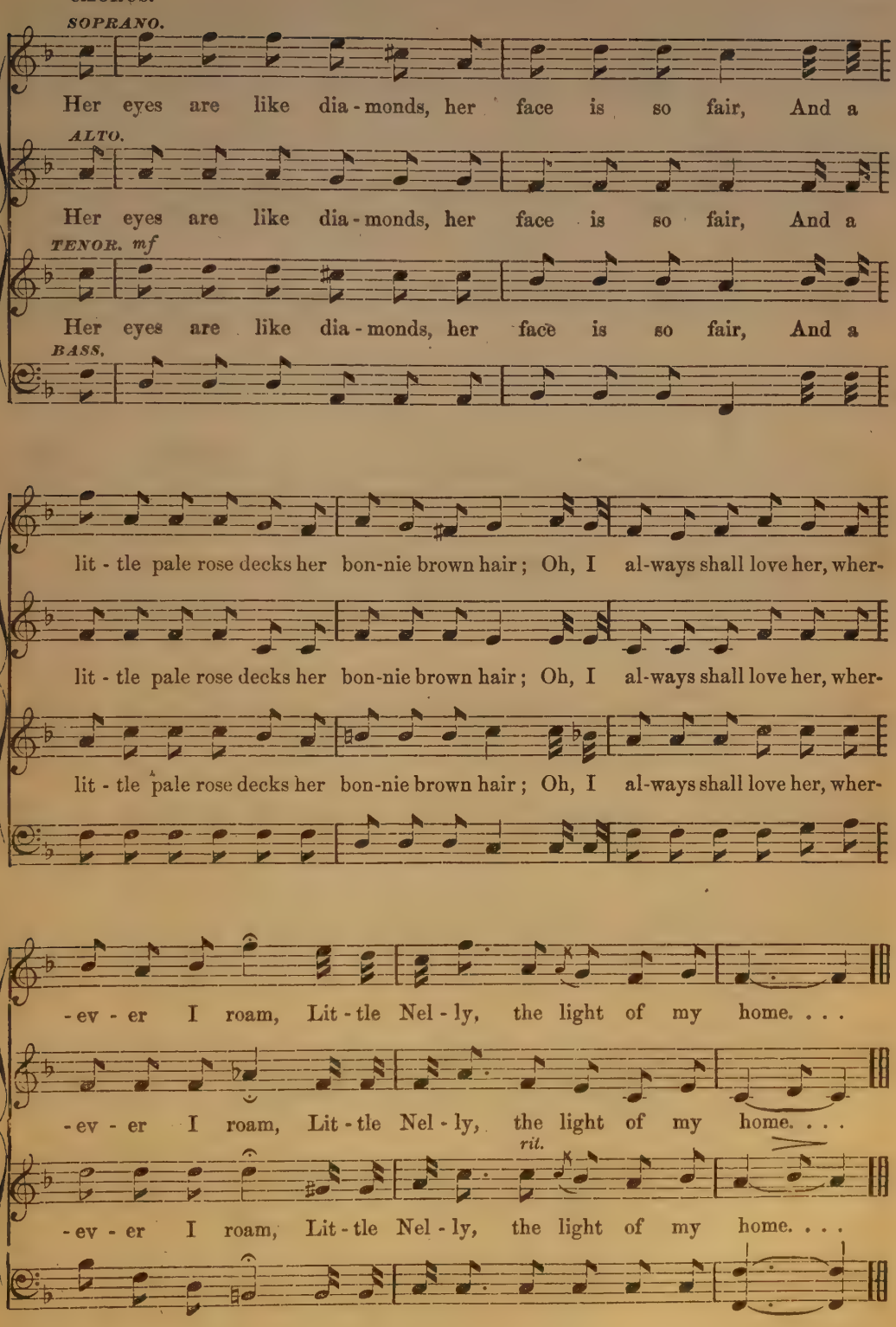
LITTLE WIFE NELLY.

"THE LIGHT OF MY HOME."

HARRY KENNEDY.

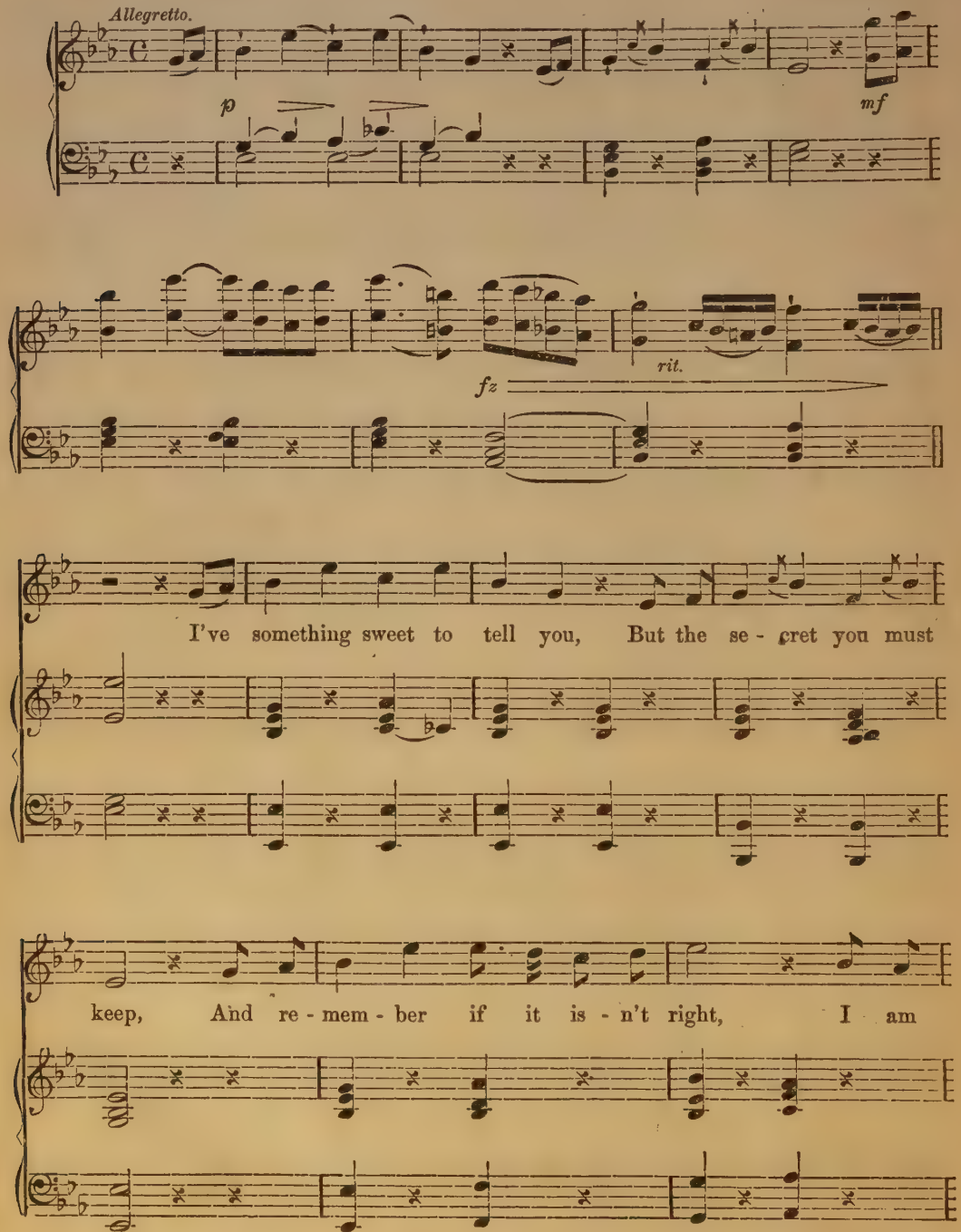

cres - cen - do.
f
dim.
rit.
1 There's a lit - tle, white cottage, half hid by the trees, Where in summer the ros - es they
2 On the floor there's a ba-by, that's just turning three, And the lit-tle voice whispers, "Come,
p
perfume the breeze ; And the song of the night-in - gale sing - ing its lay, Fills the
Pa - pa, take me ;" Then a soft, silk -en arm round my neck is entwined, With a
fz

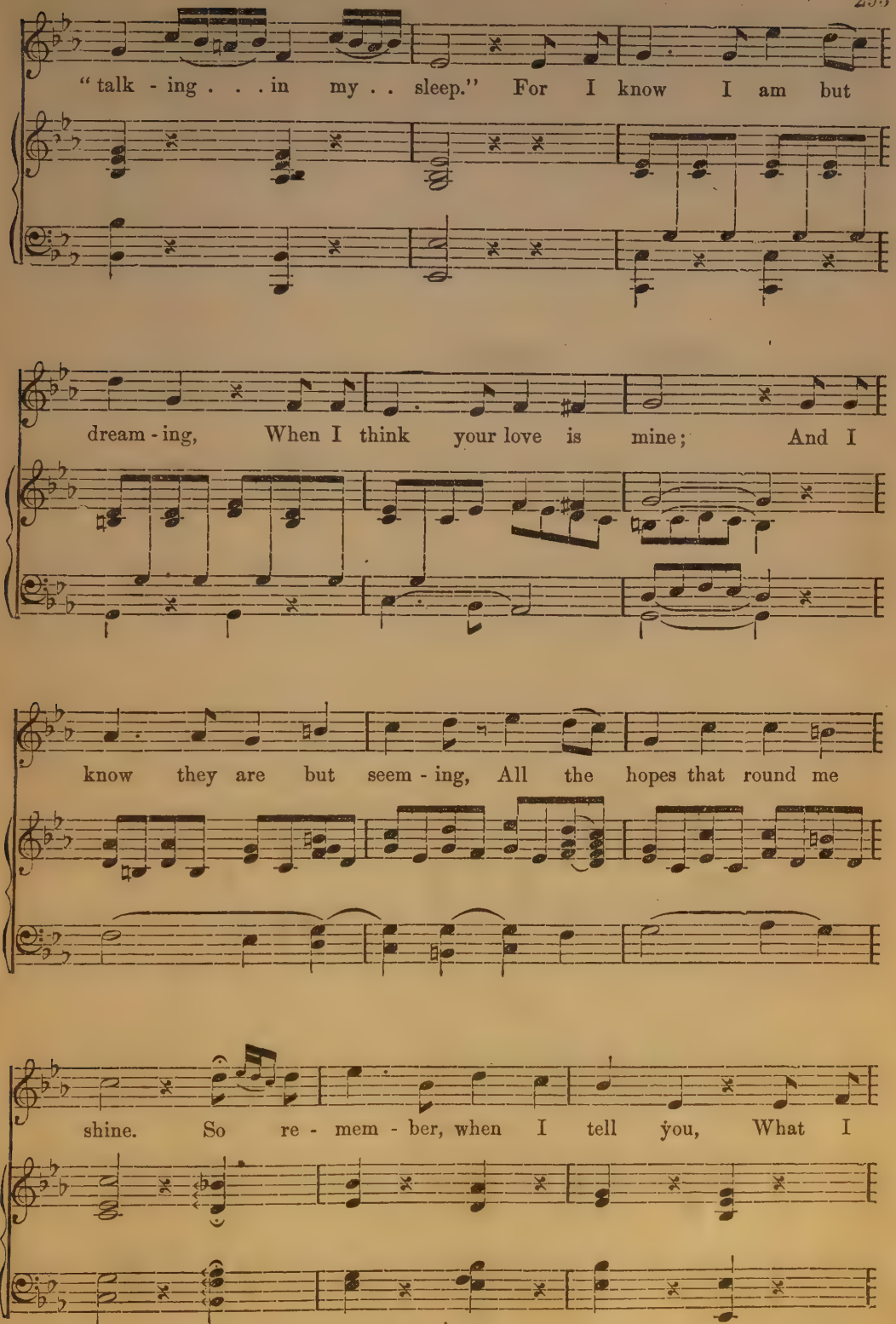

woodland with mu - sic at close of the day. A lit - tle white face at the
kiss from my Nel - ly, so good and so kind. I care not for rich - es while
rit.
win-dow is seen, 'Tis my wife's hap-py smile—of my heart she's the queen; And I
she's by my side, And I oft bless the day that I made her my bride; For no
always shall love her, wherever I roam, Lit-tle Nelly, the light of my home!
matter what tri-als or sorrows may come, I shall always love Nel - ly, my own!
f
rit.

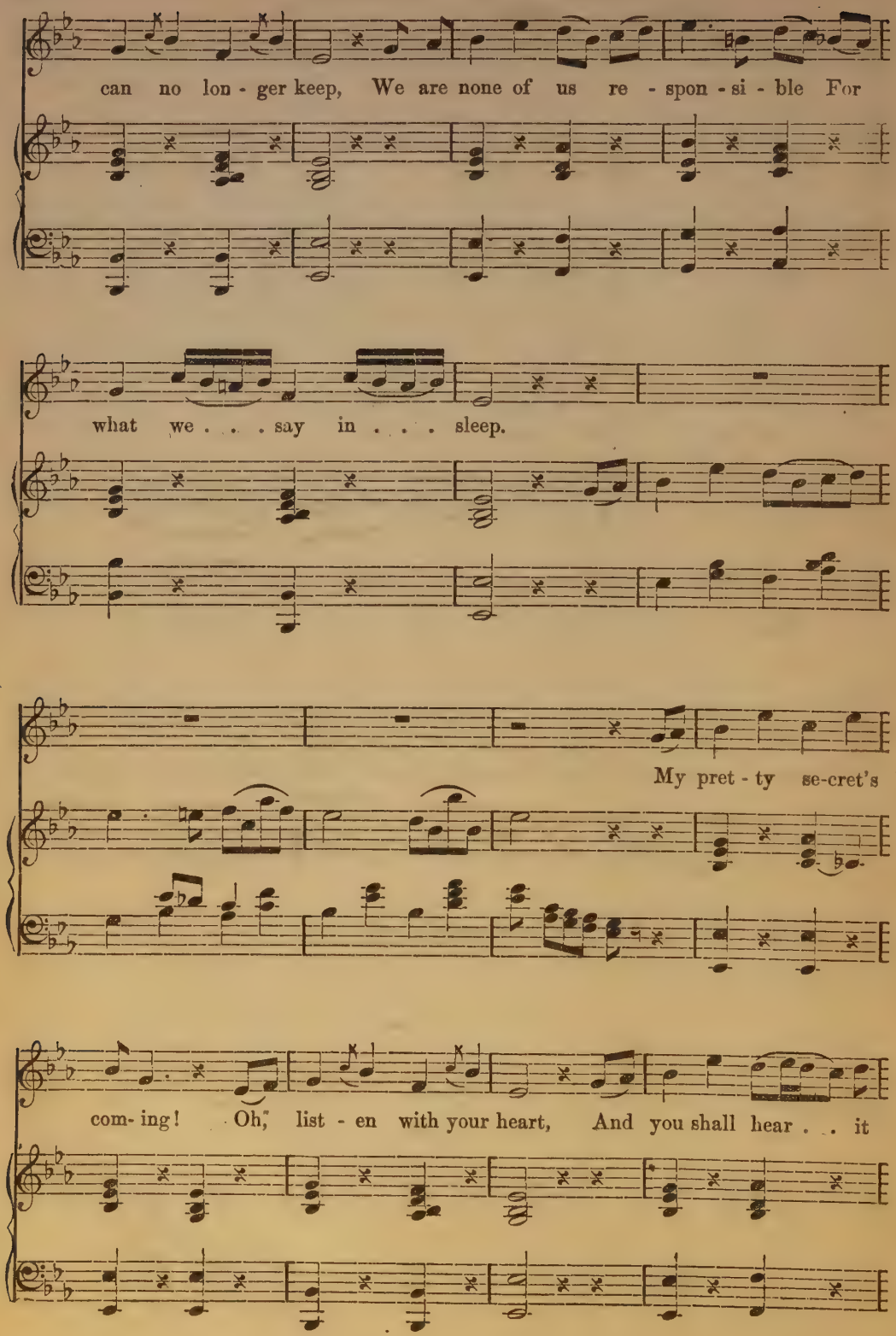

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Her eyes are like dia-monds, her face is so fair, And a
ALTO.
Her eyes are like dia-monds, her face is so fair, And a
TENOR. mf
Her eyes are like dia-monds, her face is so fair, And a
BASS.
lit-tle pale rose decks her bon-nie brown hair; Oh, I al-ways shall love her, wher-
lit-tle pale rose decks her bon-nie brown hair; Oh, I al-ways shall love her, wher-
lit-tle pale rose decks her bon-nie brown hair; Oh, I al-ways shall love her, wher-
-ev-er I roam, Lit-tle Nel-ly, the light of my home. . . .
-ev-er I roam, Lit-tle Nel-ly, the light of my home. . . .
rit.
-ev-er I roam, Lit-tle Nel-ly, the light of my home. . . .

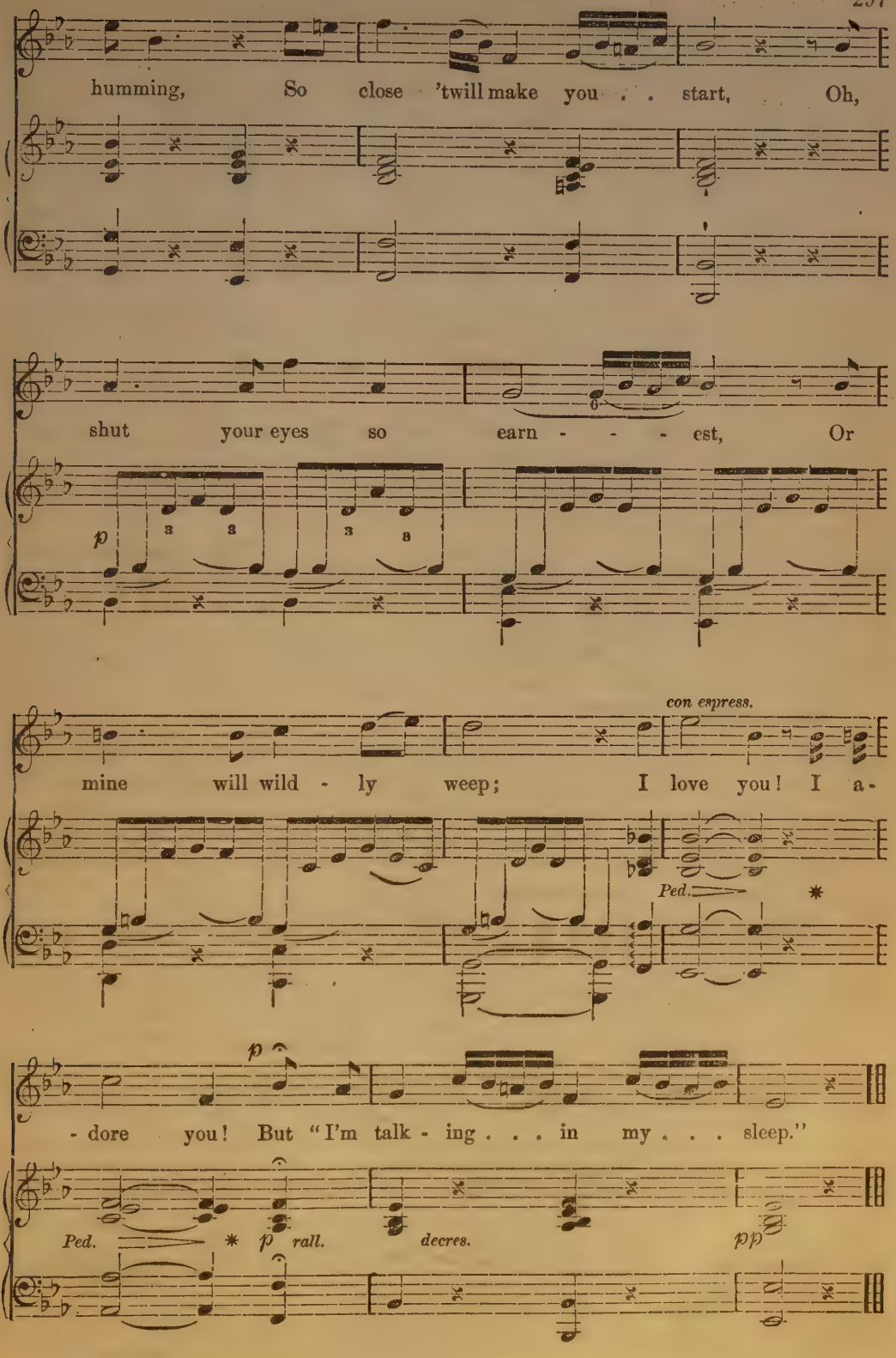
I'VE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

FRANCIS S. OSGOOD. T. S. LLOYD.




"talk - ing . . . in my . . sleep." For I know I am but
dream - ing, When I think your love is mine; And I
know they are but seem - ing, All the hopes that round me
shine. So re - mem - ber, when I tell you, What I

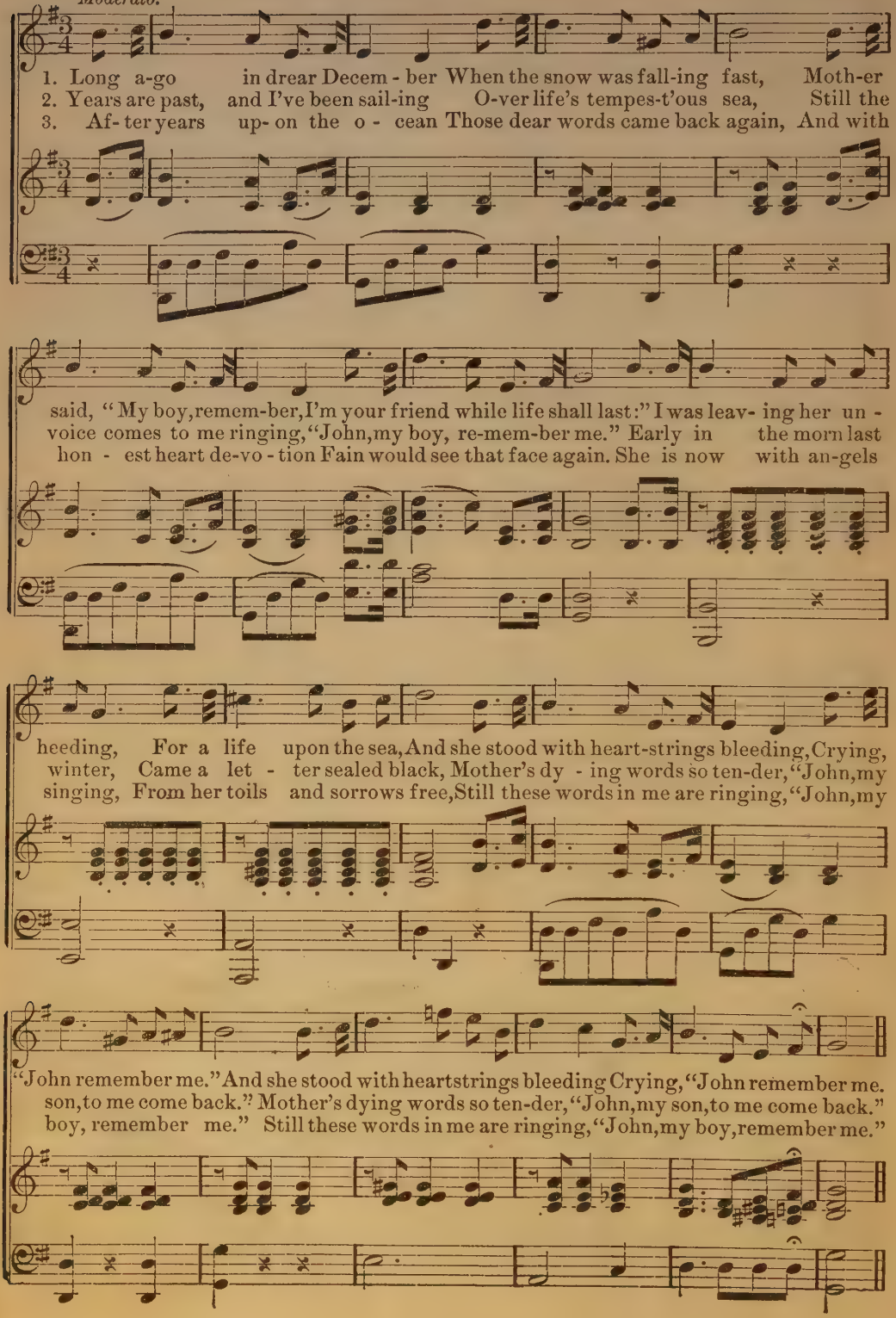

can no lon - ger keep, We are none of us re - spon - si - ble For
what we . . . say in . . . sleep.
My pret - ty se-cret's
com- ing! Oh, list - en with your heart, And you shall hear . . it

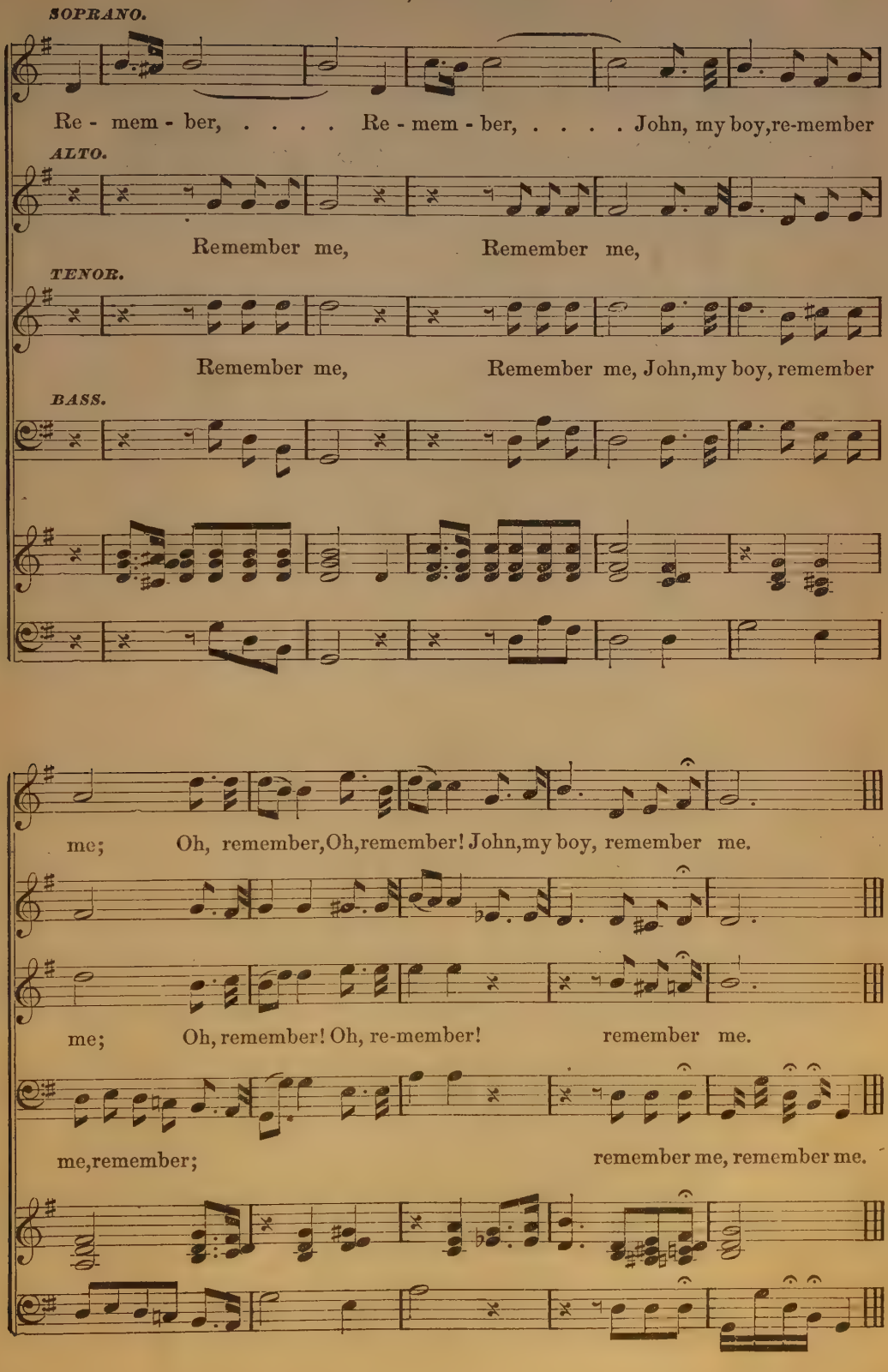

humming, So close 'twill make you . . start, Oh,
shut your eyes so earn - - - est, Or
p
con espress.
mine will wild - ly weep; I love you! I a-
Ped.
p
- dore you! But "I'm talk - ing . . . in my . . . sleep."
Ped.
p rall.
decres.
pp

MY BOY, REMEMBER ME.

BAKER. BAKER. By per.

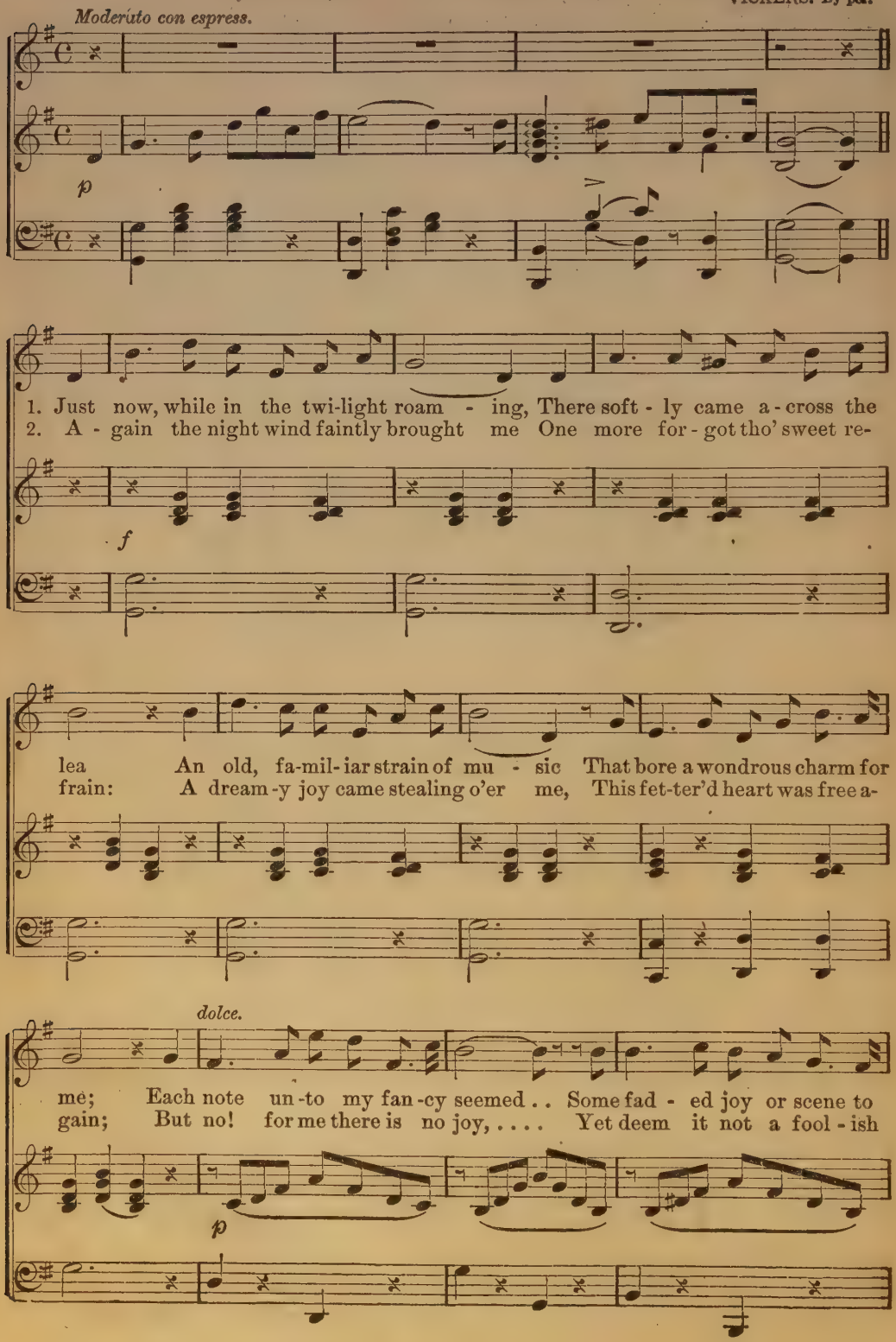
Moderato.

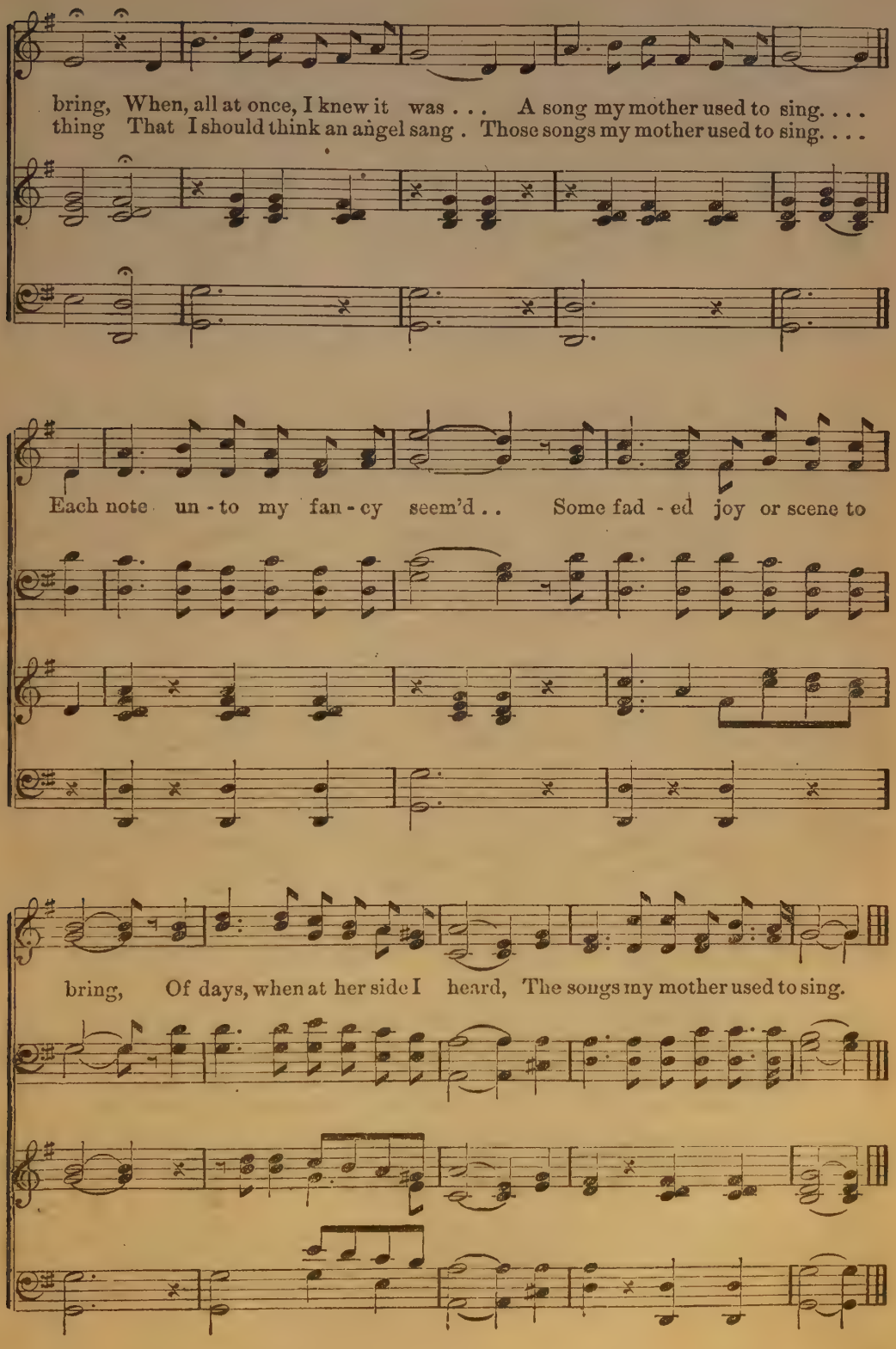

1. Long a-go in drear Decem - ber When the snow was fall-ing fast, Moth-er
2. Years are past, and I've been sail-ing O-ver life's tempes-t'ous sea, Still the
3. Af- ter years up- on the o - cean Those dear words came back again, And with
said, "My boy, remem-ber, I'm your friend while life shall last:" I was leav- ing her un -
voice comes to me ringing, "John, my boy, re-mem-ber me." Early in the morn last
hon - est heart de-vo - tion Fain would see that face again. She is now with an-gels
heeding, For a life upon the sea, And she stood with heart-strings bleeding, Crying,
winter, Came a let - ter sealed black, Mother's dy - ing words so ten-der, "John, my
singing, From her toils and sorrows free, Still these words in me are ringing, "John, my
"John remember me." And she stood with heartstrings bleeding Crying, "John remember me.
son, to me come back." Mother's dying words so ten-der, "John, my son, to me come back."
boy, remember me." Still these words in me are ringing, "John, my boy, remember me."


SOPRANO.
Re - mem - ber, ... Re - mem - ber, ... John, my boy, re-member
ALTO.
Remember me, Remember me,
TENOR.
Remember me, Remember me, John, my boy, remember
BASS.
me; Oh, remember, Oh, remember! John, my boy, remember me.
me; Oh, remember! Oh, re-member! remember me.
me, remember; remember me, remember me.

IT WAS A SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

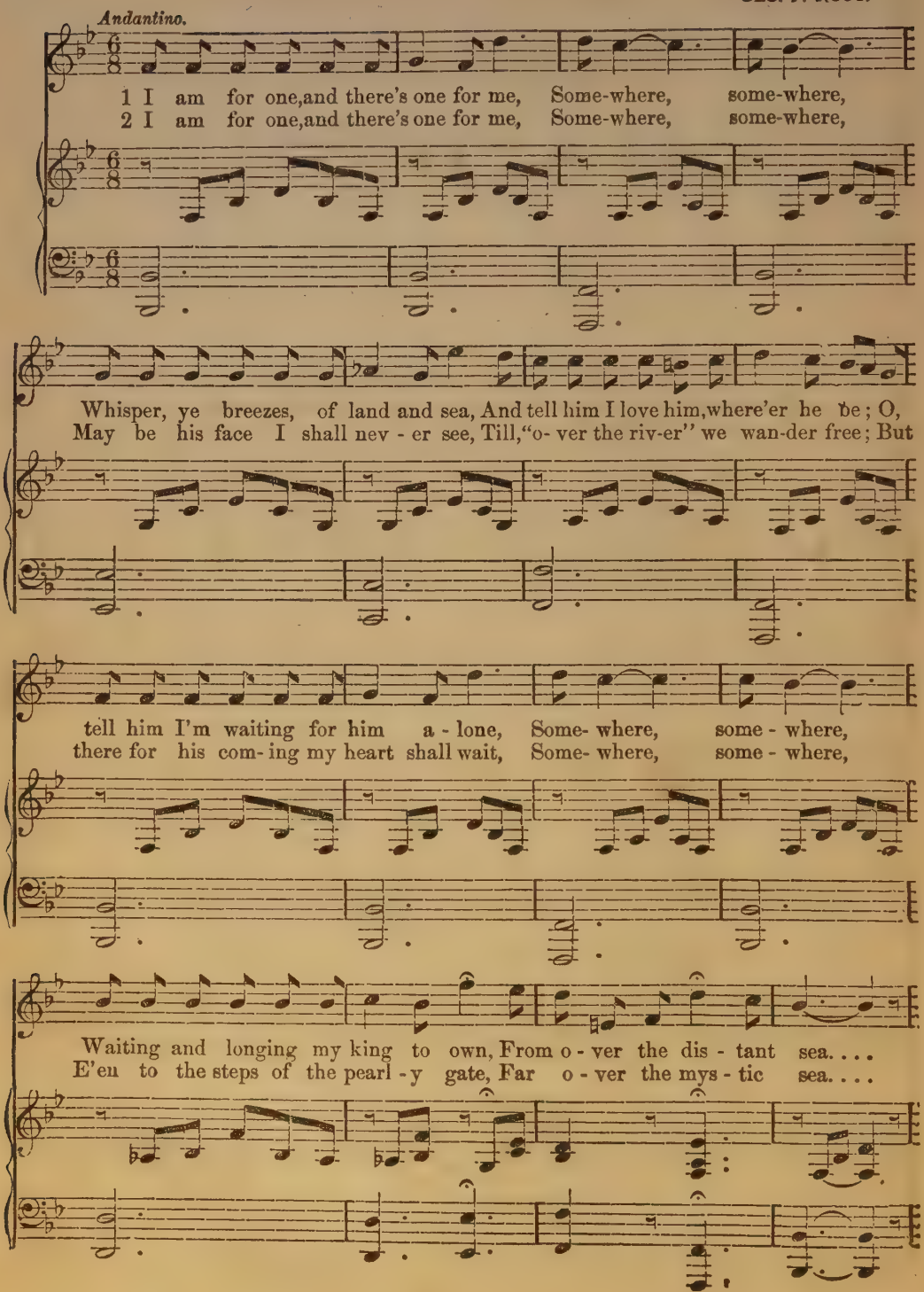
VICKERS. By per.


Moderato con espress.
p
1. Just now, while in the twi-light roam - ing, There soft - ly came a - cross the
2. A - gain the night wind faintly brought me One more for - got tho' sweet re-
f
lea An old, fa-mil-iar strain of mu - sic That bore a wondrous charm for
frain: A dream-y joy came stealing o'er me, This fet-ter'd heart was free a-
dolce.
me; Each note un-to my fan-cy seemed . . Some fad - ed joy or scene to
gain; But no! for me there is no joy, ... Yet deem it not a fool - ish
p


bring, When, all at once, I knew it was . . . A song my mother used to sing. . . .
thing That I should think an angel sang . Those songs my mother used to sing. . . .
Each note un - to my fan - cy seem'd . . Some fad - ed joy or scene to
bring, Of days, when at her side I heard, The songs my mother used to sing.

SOMEWHERE!

GEO. F. ROOT.

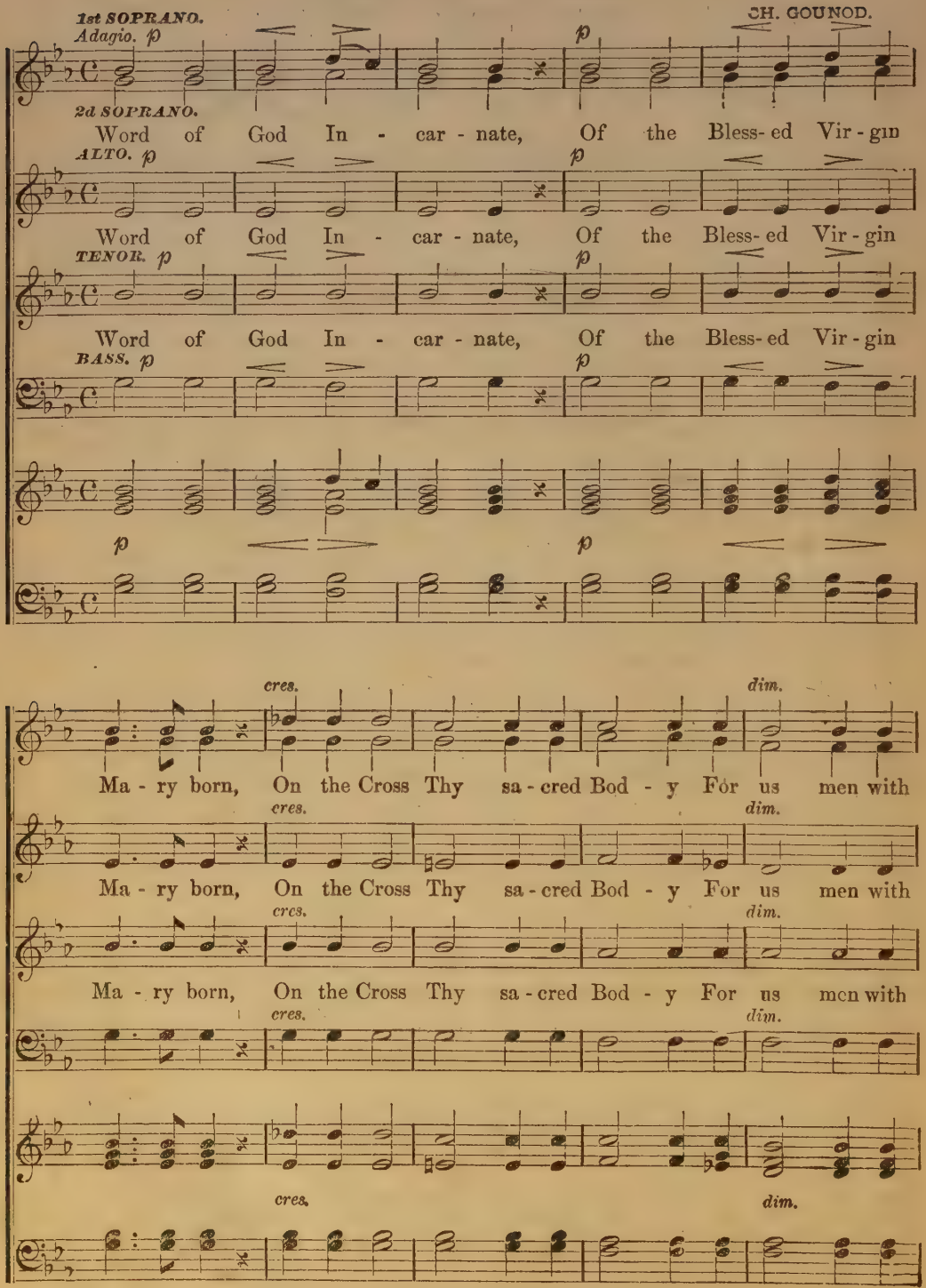

Andantino.
1 I am for one,and there's one for me, Some-where, some-where,
2 I am for one,and there's one for me, Some-where, some-where,
Whisper, ye breezes, of land and sea, And tell him I love him,where'er he be; O,
May be his face I shall nev - er see, Till,"o- ver the riv-er" we wan-der free; But
tell him I'm waiting for him a - lone, Some- where, some - where,
there for his com- ing my heart shall wait, Some- where, some - where,
Waiting and longing my king to own, From o - ver the dis - tant sea....
E'en to the steps of the pearl - y gate, Far o - ver the mys - tic sea....

What tho' our path-ways may farther go, Some - where, some - where,
He will be faith-ful, and so shall I, Some - where, some - where,
cadenza ad lib.
Still, at the last we shall meet, I know. And nev - er-more parted be. . . .
Hope will grow brighter, as time flies by, For he will come home to me. . .
Yes, he is coming for me a - lone, Some- where, some - where,
Yes, he is coming for me a - lone, Some- where, some - where,
And I am longing my king to own, From o - ver the si - lent sea. . . .
And I am longing my king to own, From o - ver the mys - tic sea. . . .

WORD OF GOD INCARNATE.

MOTETT FOR FIVE VOICES.

CH. GOUNOD.


1st SOPRANO.
Adagio. p
2d SOPRANO.
Word of God In - car - nate, Of the Bless- ed Vir - gin
ALTO. p
Word of God In - car - nate, Of the Bless- ed Vir - gin
TENOR. p
Word of God In - car - nate, Of the Bless- ed Vir - gin
BASS. p
cres.
dim.
Ma - ry born, On the Cross Thy sa - cred Bod - y For us men with
Ma - ry born, On the Cross Thy sa - cred Bod - y For us men with
Ma - ry born, On the Cross Thy sa - cred Bod - y For us men with

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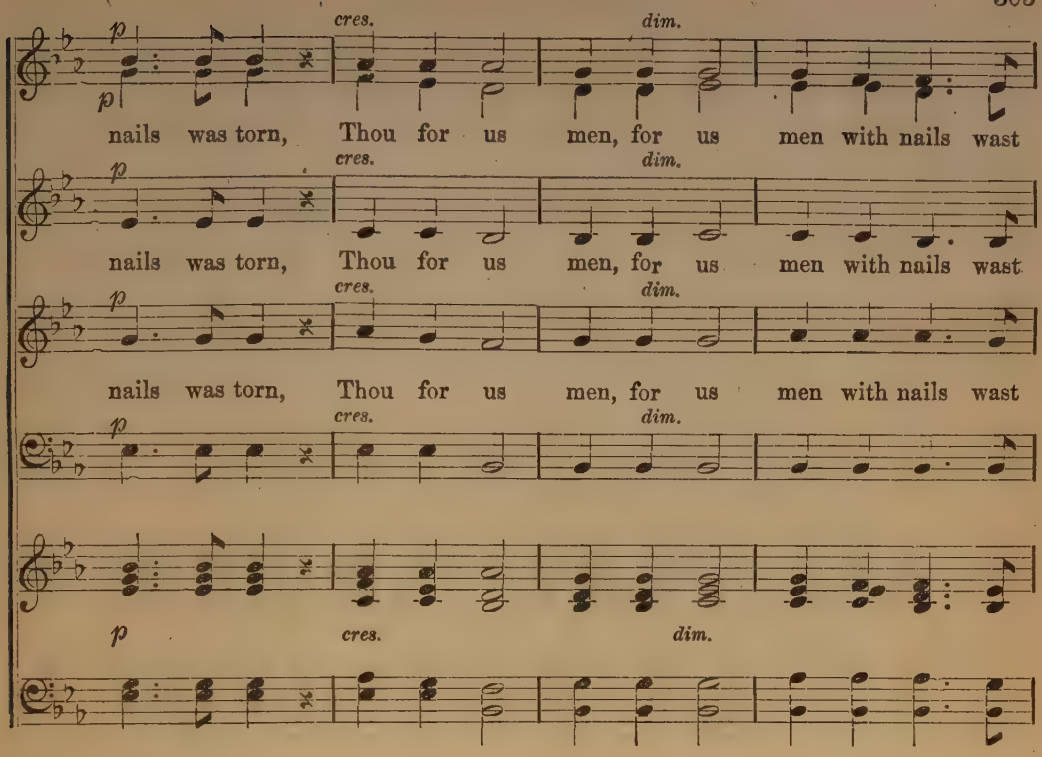
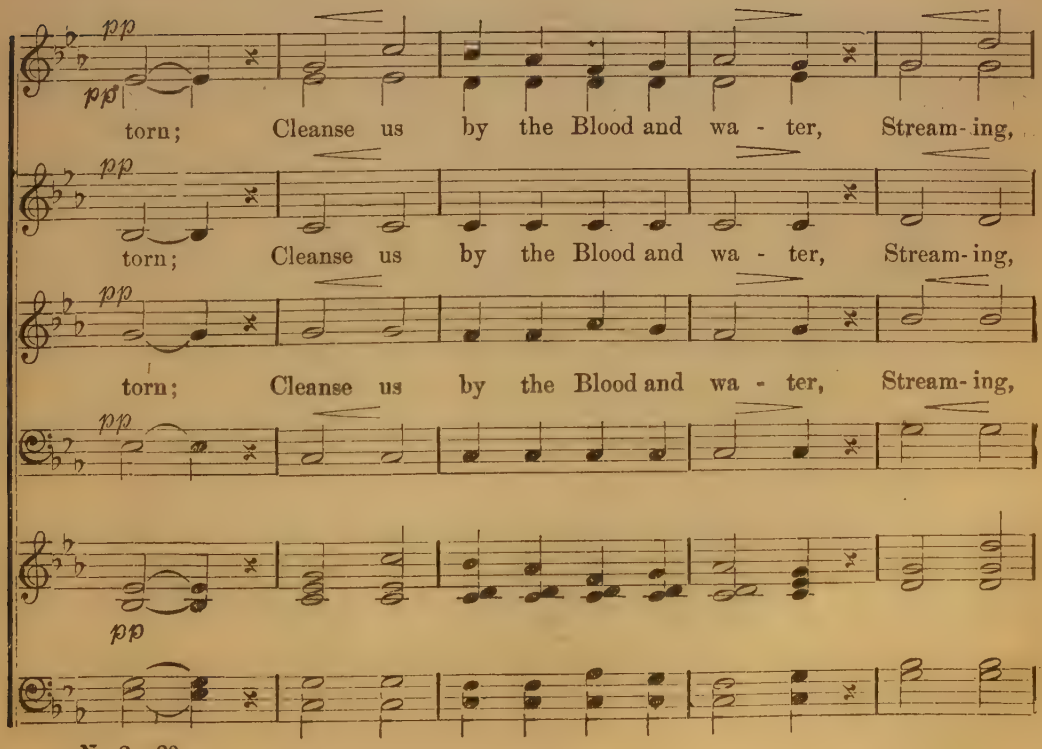
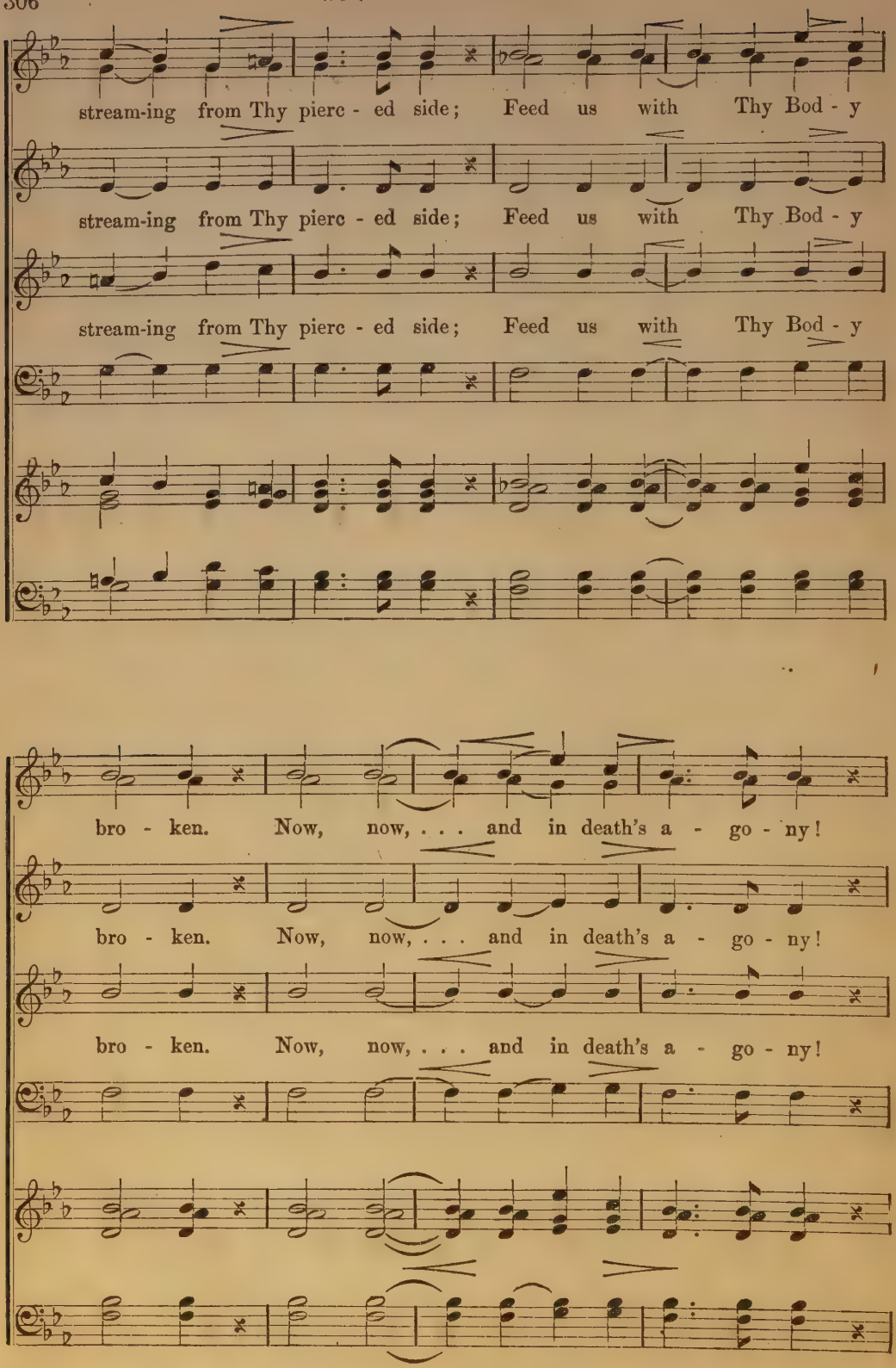
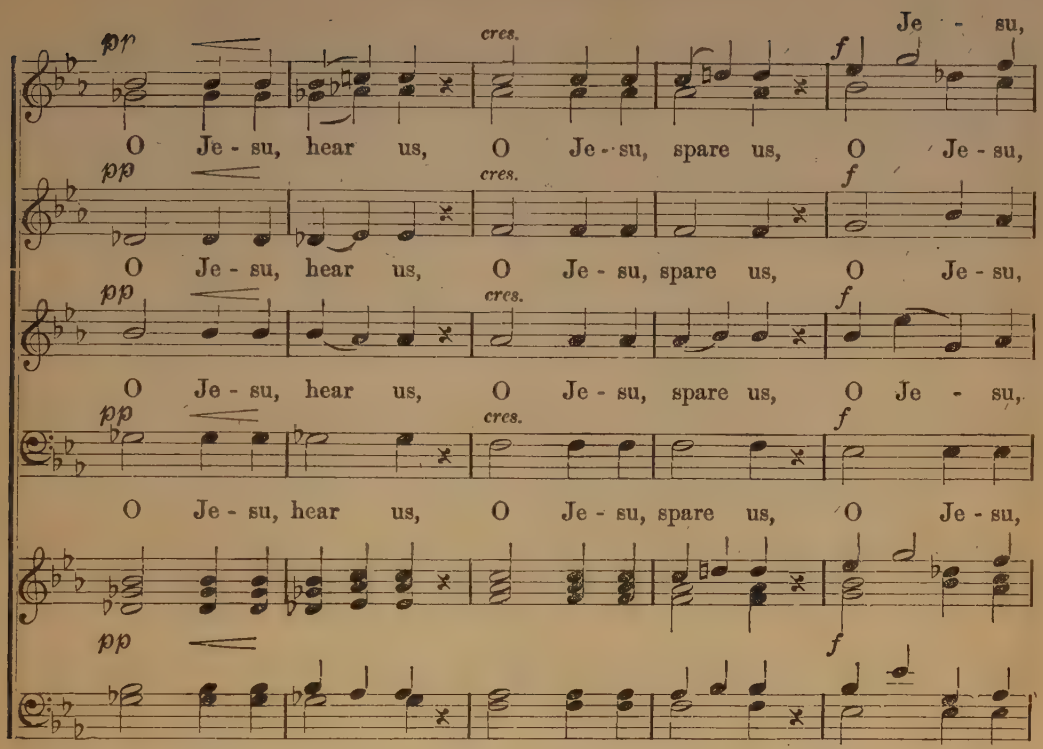
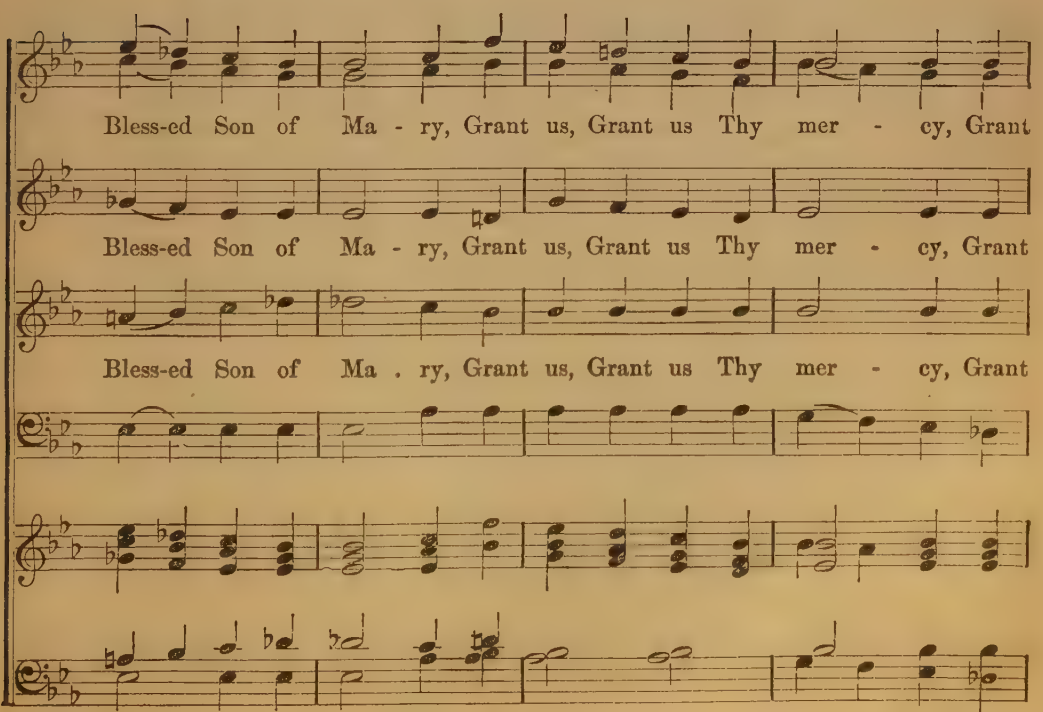
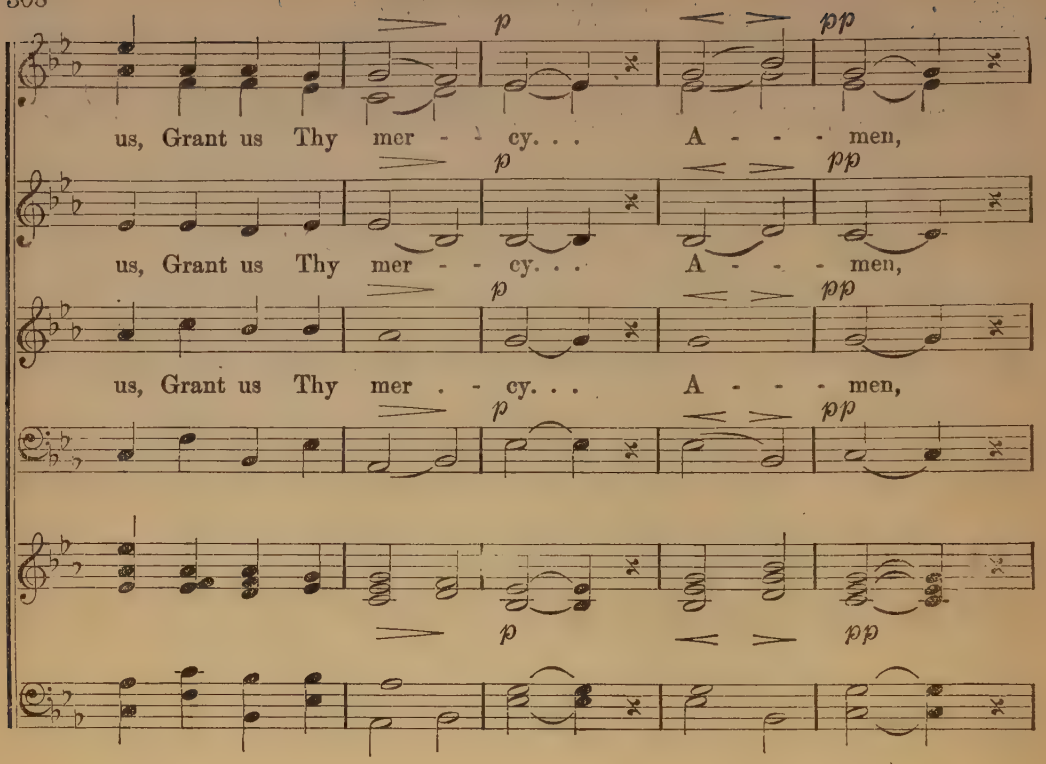

p
cres.
dim.
nails was torn, Thou for us men, for us men with nails wast
p
cres.
dim.
nails was torn, Thou for us men, for us men with nails wast
p
cres.
dim.
nails was torn, Thou for us men, for us men with nails wast
p
cres.
dim.
p
cres.
dim.

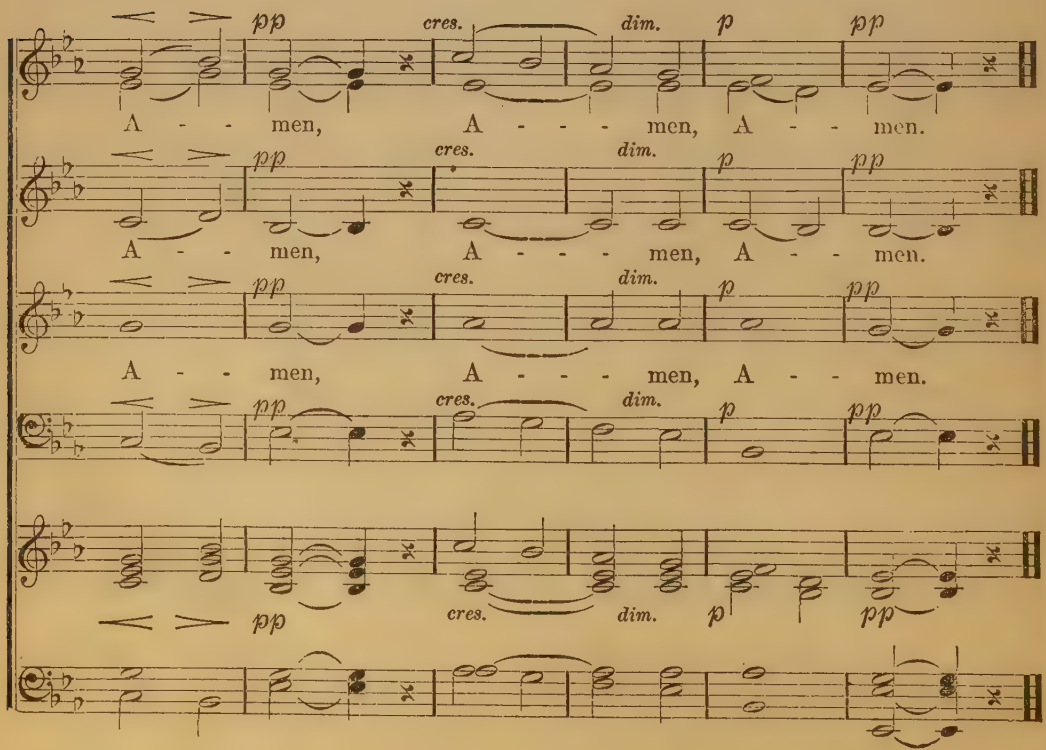

pp
pp
torn; Cleanse us by the Blood and wa - ter, Stream-ing,
pp
torn; Cleanse us by the Blood and wa - ter, Stream-ing,
pp
torn; Cleanse us by the Blood and wa - ter, Stream-ing,
pp
pp


stream-ing from Thy pierc - ed side; Feed us with Thy Bod - y
stream-ing from Thy pierc - ed side; Feed us with Thy Bod - y
stream-ing from Thy pierc - ed side; Feed us with Thy Bod - y
bro - ken. Now, now, . . . and in death's a - go - ny!
bro - ken. Now, now, . . . and in death's a - go - ny!
bro - ken. Now, now, . . . and in death's a - go - ny!


Je - su,
pp
cres.
f
O Je - su, hear us, O Je - su, spare us, O Je - su,
O Je - su, hear us, O Je - su, spare us, O Je - su,
O Je - su, hear us, O Je - su, spare us, O Je - su,
O Je - su, hear us, O Je - su, spare us, O Je - su,

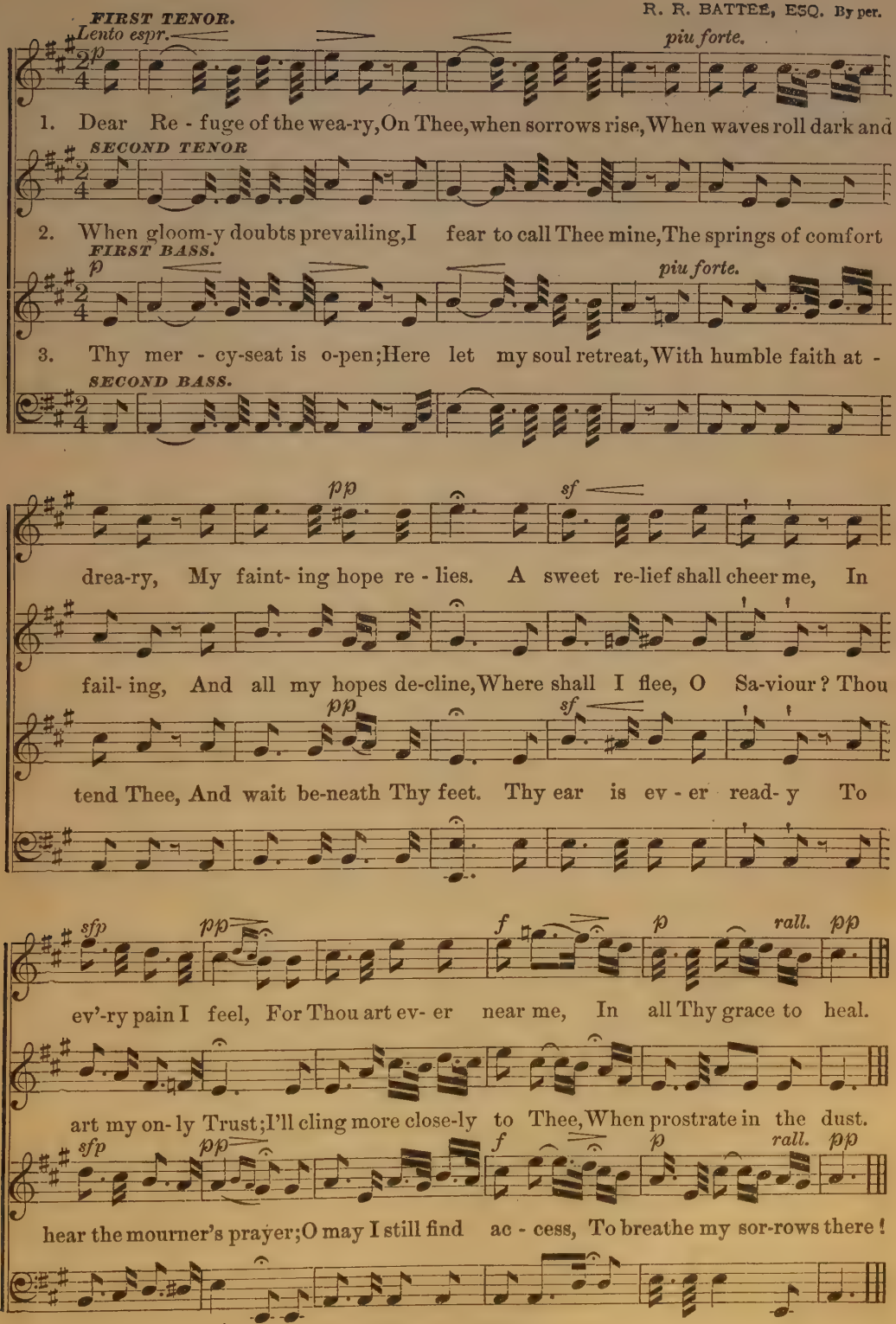

Bless-ed Son of Ma - ry, Grant us, Grant us Thy mer - cy, Grant
Bless-ed Son of Ma - ry, Grant us, Grant us Thy mer - cy, Grant
Bless-ed Son of Ma . ry, Grant us, Grant us Thy mer - cy, Grant


p pp
us, Grant us Thy mer - cy. . . A - - - men,
us, Grant us Thy mer - - cy. . . A - - - men,
us, Grant us Thy mer . - cy. . . A - - - men,


pp cres. dim. p pp
A - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.

DEAR REFUGE.

R. R. BATTEE, ESQ. By per.


FIRST TENOR.
Lento espr.
p
piu forte.
1. Dear Re - fuge of the wea-ry, On Thee, when sorrows rise, When waves roll dark and
SECOND TENOR
2. When gloom-y doubts prevailing, I fear to call Thee mine, The springs of comfort
FIRST BASS.
p
piu forte.
3. Thy mer - cy-seat is o-pen; Here let my soul retreat, With humble faith at -
SECOND BASS.
pp
sf
drea-ry, My faint- ing hope re - lies. A sweet re-lief shall cheer me, In
fail- ing, And all my hopes de-cline, Where shall I flee, O Sa-viour? Thou
pp
sf
tend Thee, And wait be-neath Thy feet. Thy ear is ev - er read- y To
sfp
pp
f
p
rall.
pp
ev'-ry pain I feel, For Thou art ev- er near me, In all Thy grace to heal.
art my on- ly Trust; I'll cling more close-ly to Thee, When prostrate in the dust.
sfp
pp
f
p
rall.
pp
hear the mourner's prayer; O may I still find ac - cess, To breathe my sor-rows there!

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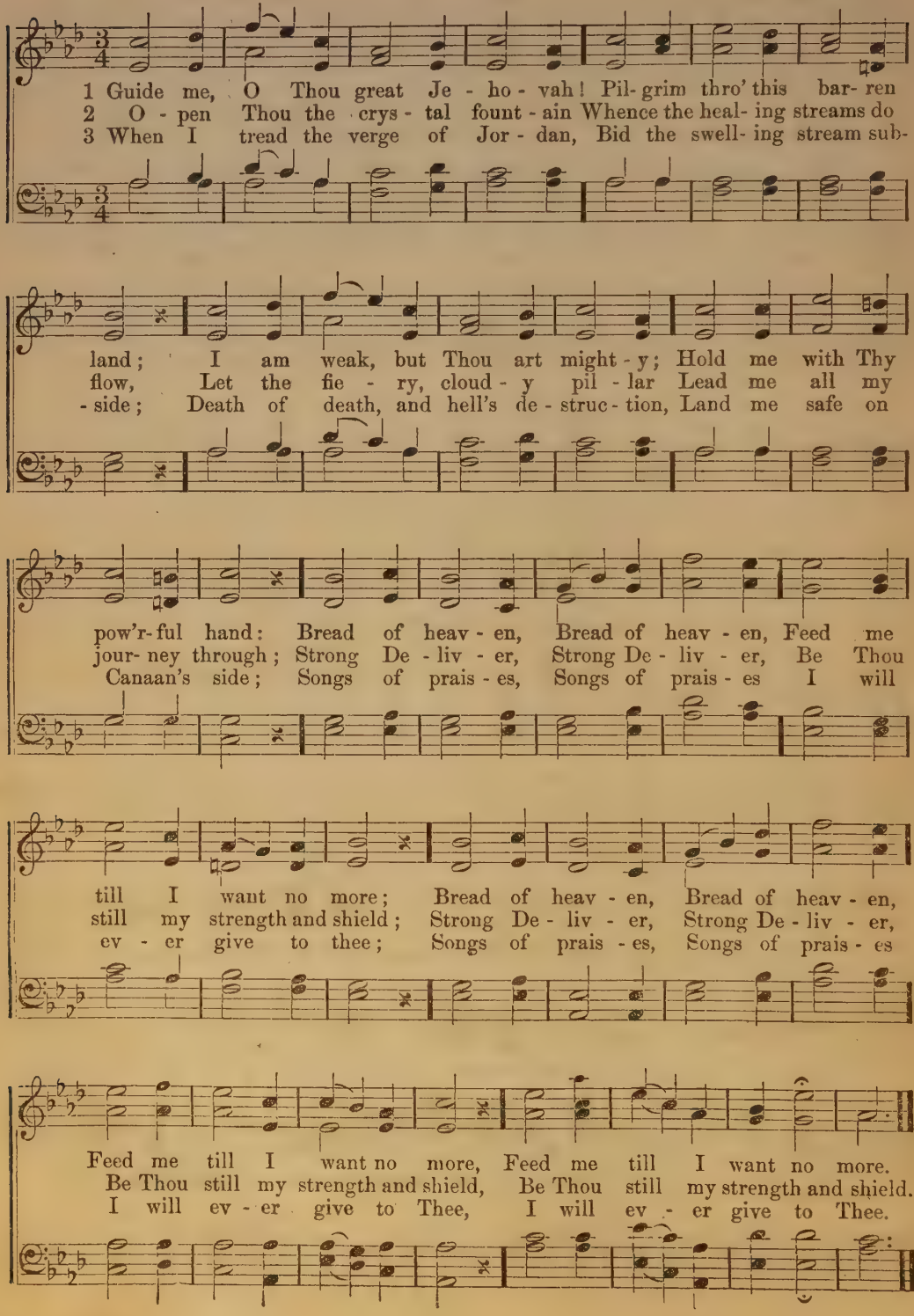
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

FLOTOW.


1 Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil- grim thro' this bar- ren land;
2 O - pen Thou the crys - tal fount - ain Whence the heal- ing streams do flow,
3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid the swell- ing stream sub- - side;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand:
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour- ney through;
Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
Strong De - liv - er, Strong De - liv - er, Be Thou still my strength and shield;
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
Strong De - liv - er, Strong De - liv - er,
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es
Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

WEAVER JOHN.

B. R. H.

1 Down in that cot - tage lives Wea - ver John, And a hap - py old John is
2 Close by his side is this gen - tle wife, And she's twirl-ing the flax - en
3 Pus - sy is frisk - ing a - bout the room With her kit - tens one, two, three,
4 Soft as the hum of the dame's low wheel Does the mu - sic of time roll
he: Maud is the name of his dear old dame, And a
thread; Sweet to his ear is the low wheel's hum, It was
four; Tow - ser is tak - ing his want - ed nap On the
on: Morn - ing and noon of a use - ful life Bring a
Chorus.
bless - ed old dame is she. . . . .
pur-chased when they were wed. . . . .
set - tle be - hind the door. . . .
peace - ful - ly set - ting sun. . . . .
Whick - it - y, whack - it - y,
click and clack, How the shut-tles do glance and ring! Here they go,
there they go, forth and back, and a stac - ca - to song they sing.

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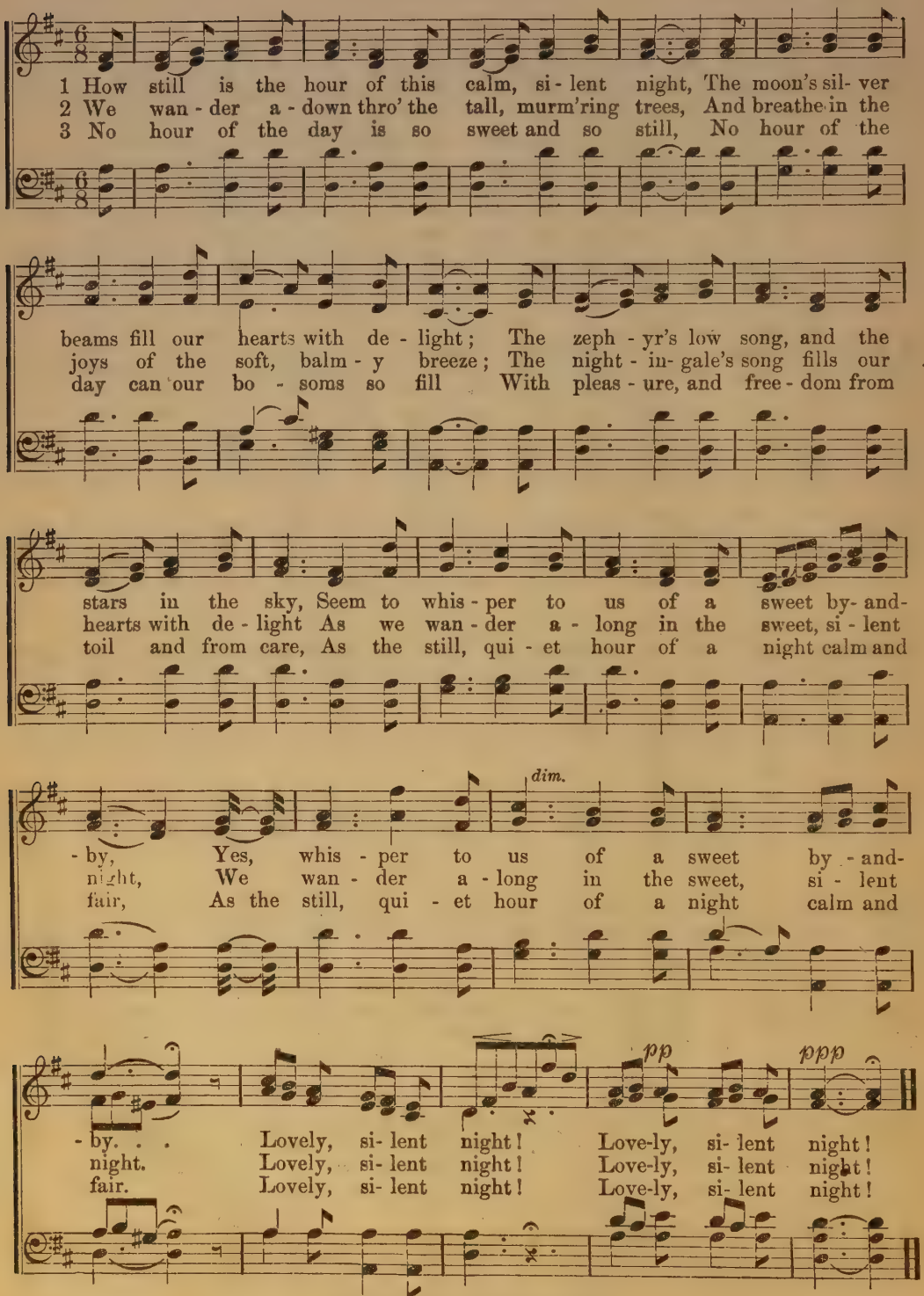
LOVELY, SILENT NIGHT.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1 How still is the hour of this calm, si - lent night, The moon's sil- ver
2 We wan - der a - down thro' the tall, murm'ring trees, And breathe in the
3 No hour of the day is so sweet and so still, No hour of the
beams fill our hearts with de - light; The zeph - yr's low song, and the
joys of the soft, balm - y breeze; The night - in- gale's song fills our
day can our bo - soms so fill With pleas - ure, and free - dom from
stars in the sky, Seem to whis - per to us of a sweet by- and-
hearts with de - light As we wan - der a - long in the sweet, si - lent
toil and from care, As the still, qui - et hour of a night calm and
dim.
- by, Yes, whis - per to us of a sweet by - and-
night, We wan - der a - long in the sweet, si - lent
fair, As the still, qui - et hour of a night calm and
pp
ppp
- by. . Lovely, si- lent night! Love-ly, si- lent night!
night. Lovely, si- lent night! Love-ly, si- lent night!
fair. Lovely, si- lent night! Love-ly, si- lent night!

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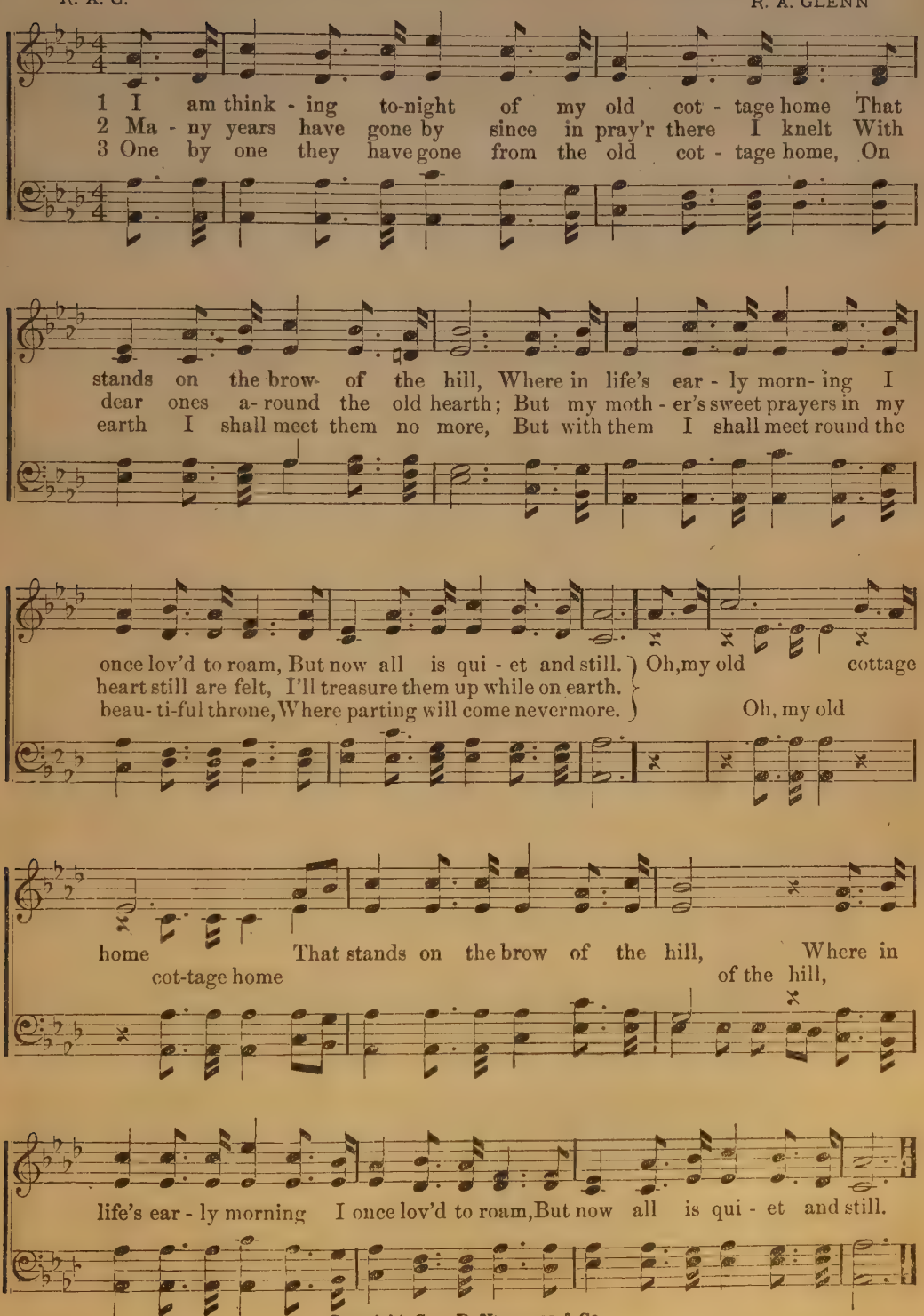
MY OLD COTTAGE HOME.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN


1 I am think - ing to-night of my old cot - tage home That
2 Ma - ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt With
3 One by one they have gone from the old cot - tage home, On
stands on the brow- of the hill, Where in life's ear - ly morn- ing I
dear ones a- round the old hearth; But my moth - er's sweet prayers in my
earth I shall meet them no more, But with them I shall meet round the
once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.
heart still are felt, I'll treasure them up while on earth.
beau- ti-ful throne, Where parting will come nevermore.
Oh, my old cottage
Oh, my old
home That stands on the brow of the hill, Where in
cot-tage home of the hill,
life's ear - ly morning I once lov'd to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

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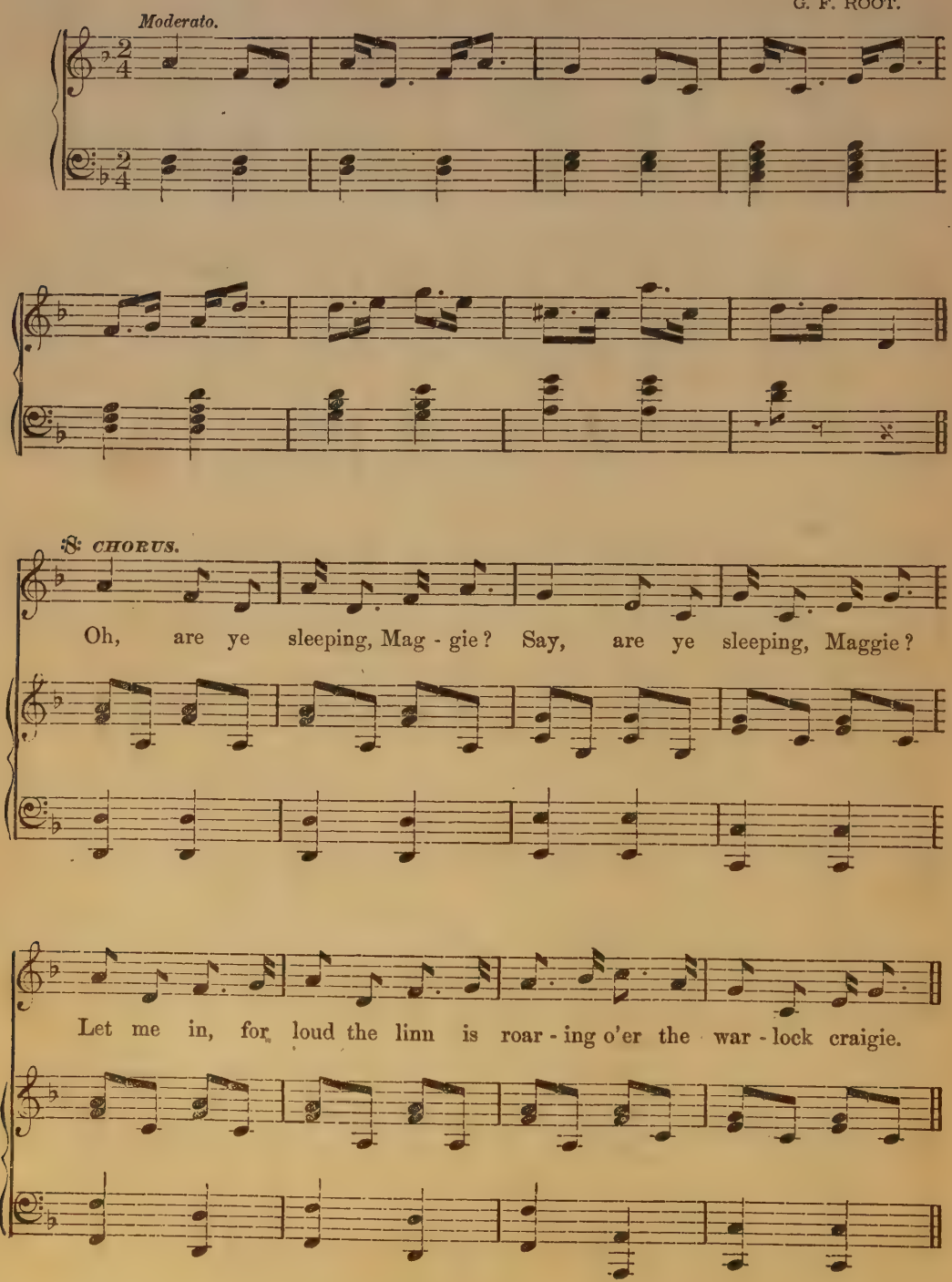
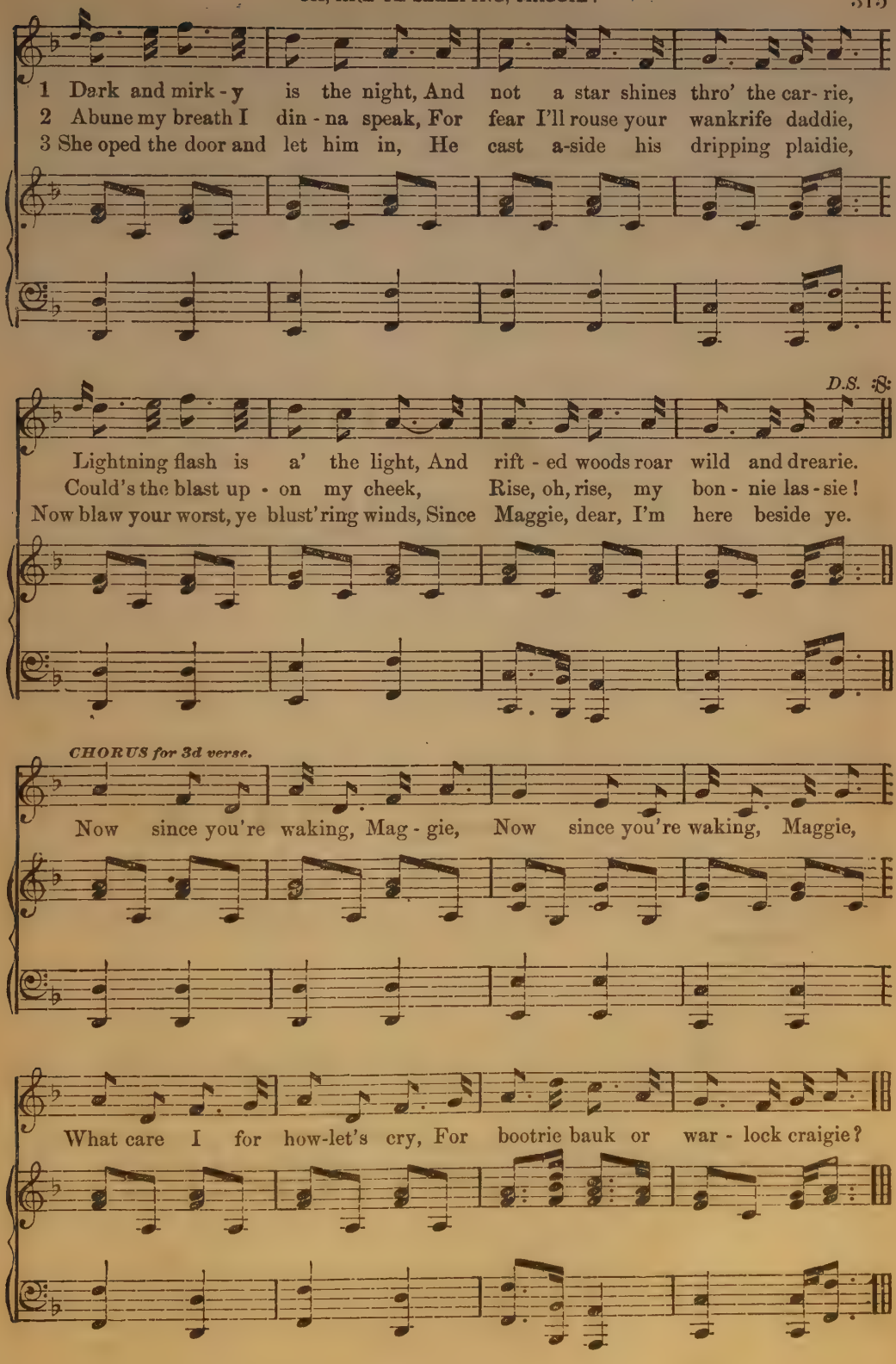
OH, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

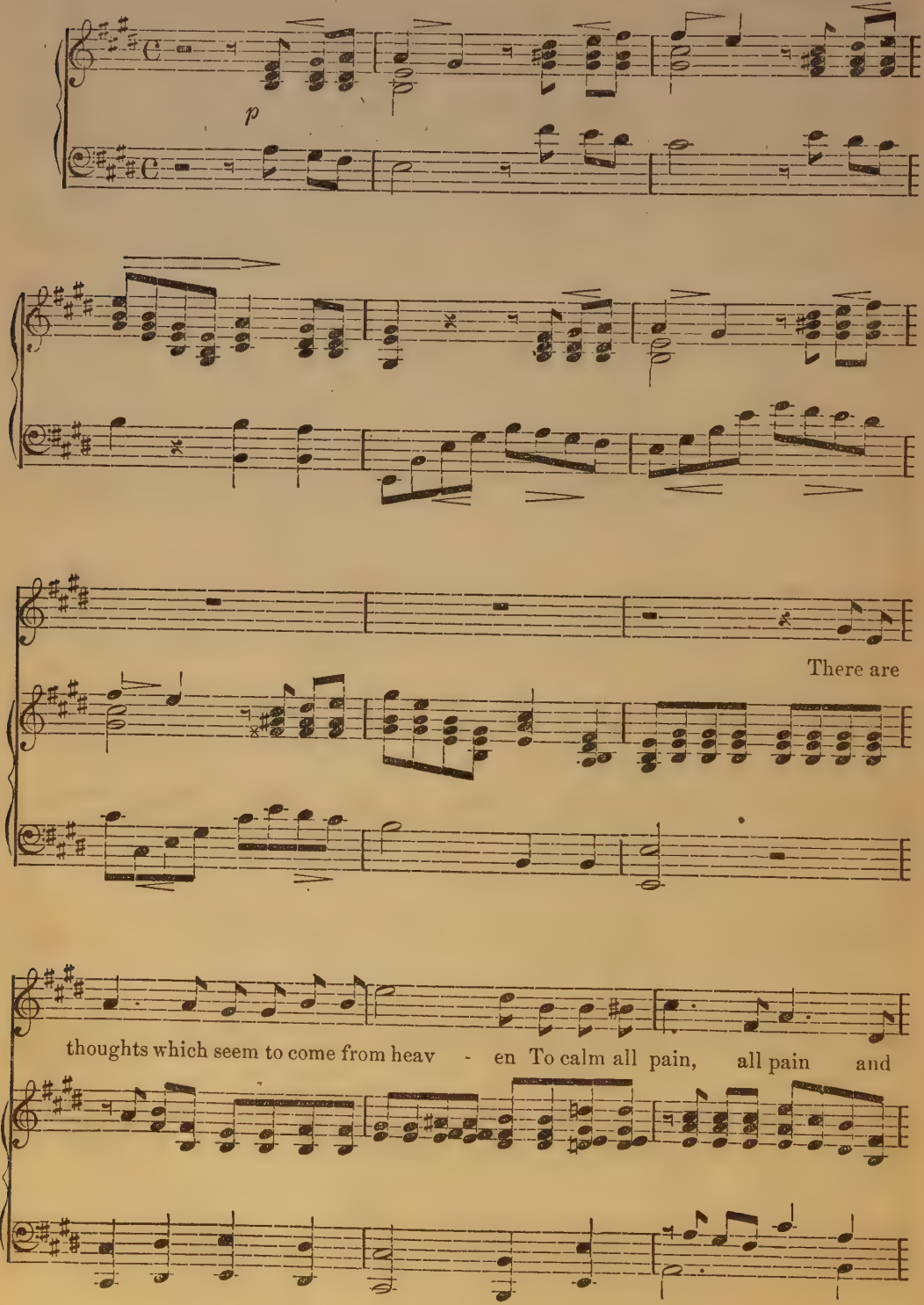
G. F. ROOT.

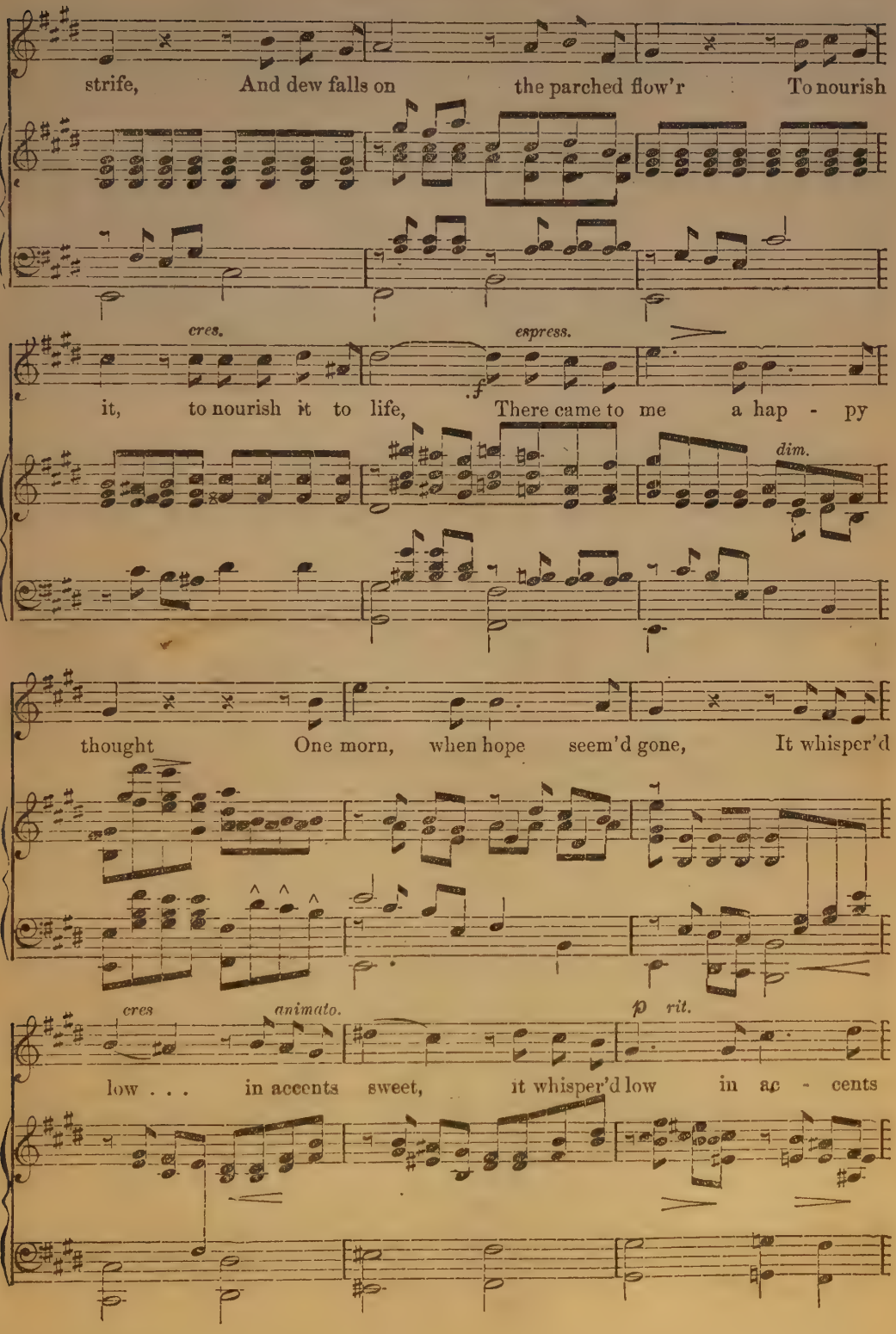

Moderato.
CHORUS.
Oh, are ye sleeping, Mag - gie? Say, are ye sleeping, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn is roar - ing o'er the war - lock craigie.

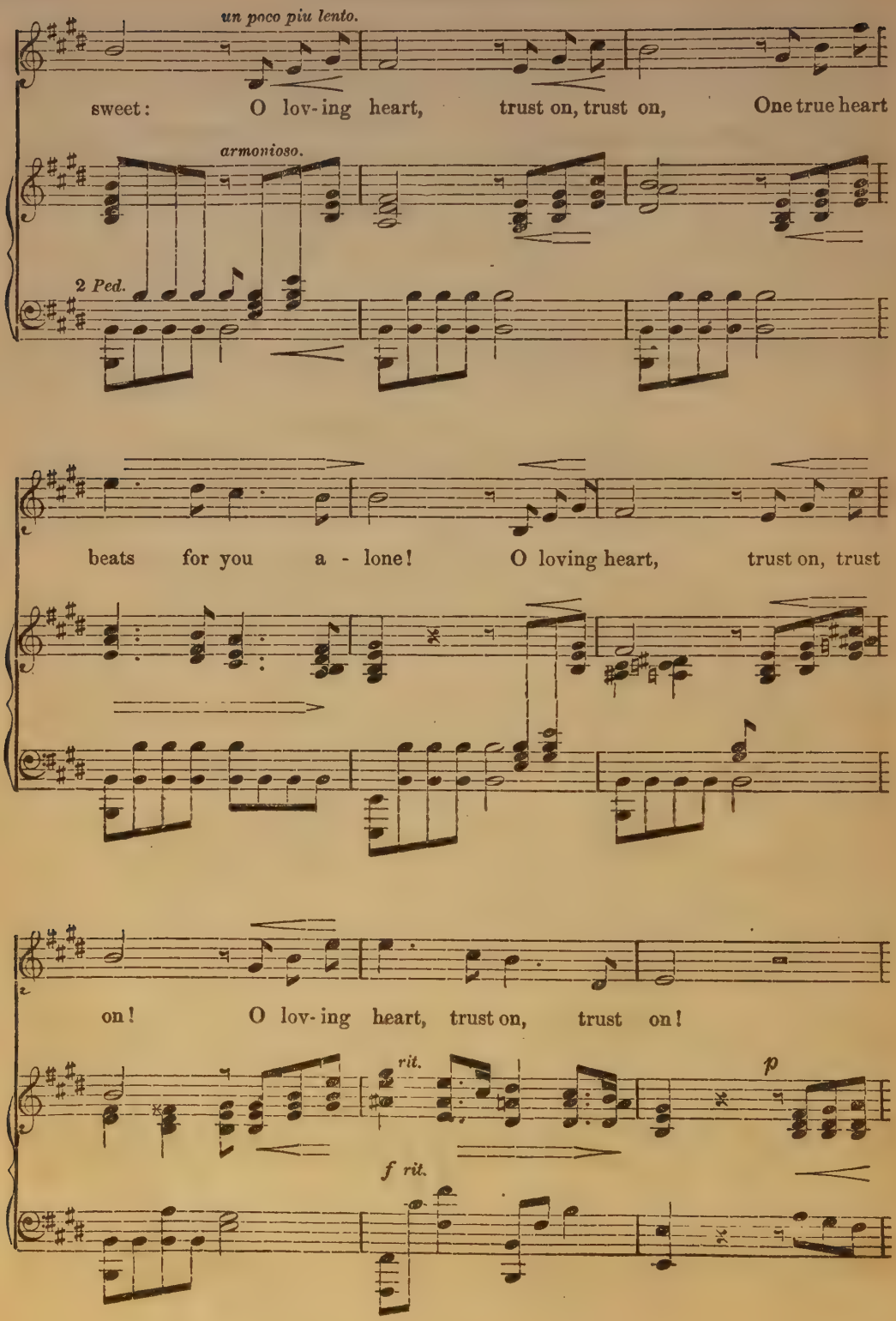

1 Dark and mirk - y is the night, And not a star shines thro' the car - rie,
2 Abune my breath I din - na speak, For fear I'll rouse your wankrife daddie,
3 She oped the door and let him in, He cast a-side his dripping plaidie,
D.S.
Lightning flash is a' the light, And rift - ed woods roar wild and drearie.
Could's the blast up - on my cheek, Rise, oh, rise, my bon - nie las - sie!
Now blaw your worst, ye blust'ring winds, Since Maggie, dear, I'm here beside ye.
CHORUS for 3d verse.
Now since you're waking, Mag - gie, Now since you're waking, Maggie,
What care I for how-let's cry, For bootrie bauk or war - lock craigie?

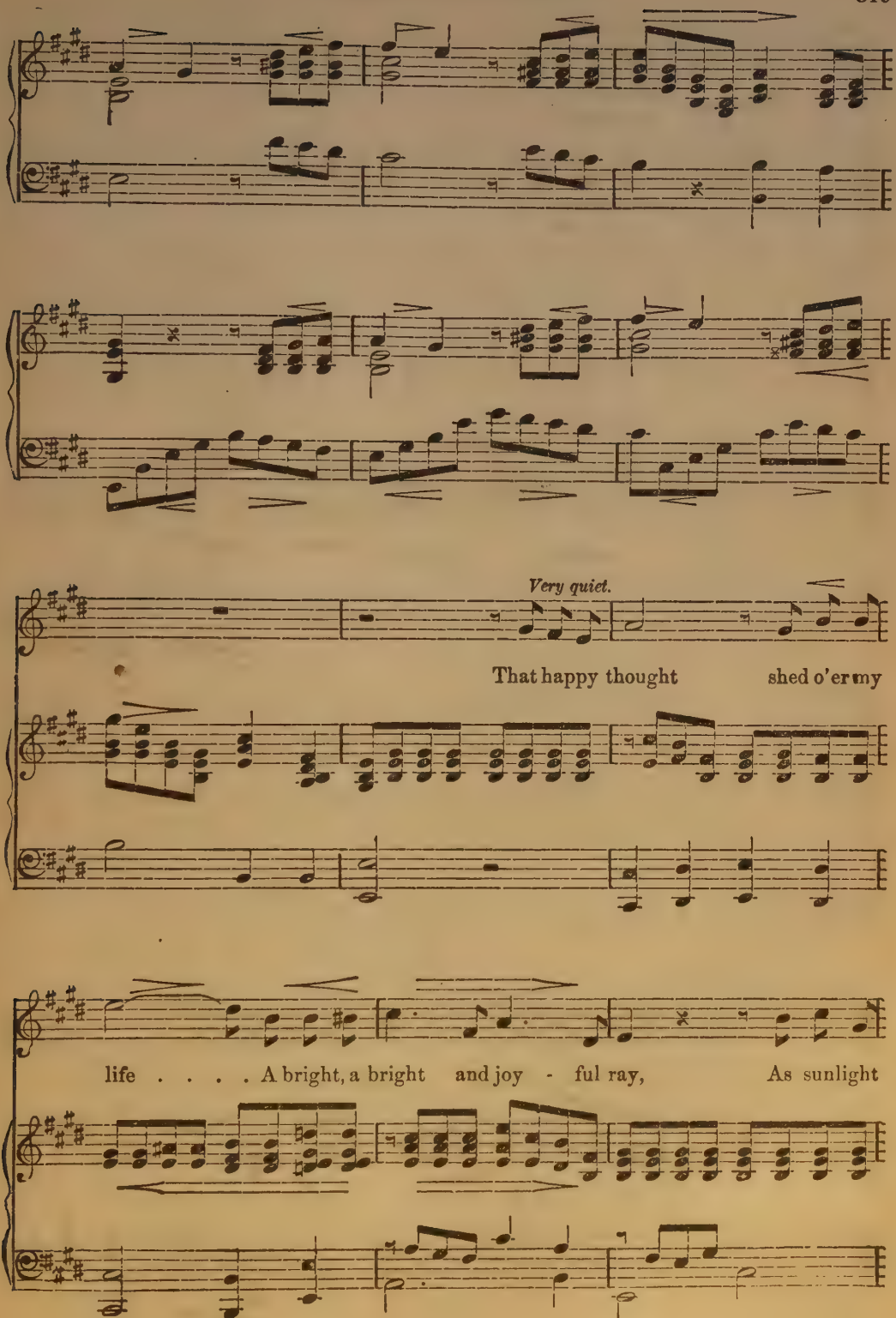
"O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON!"

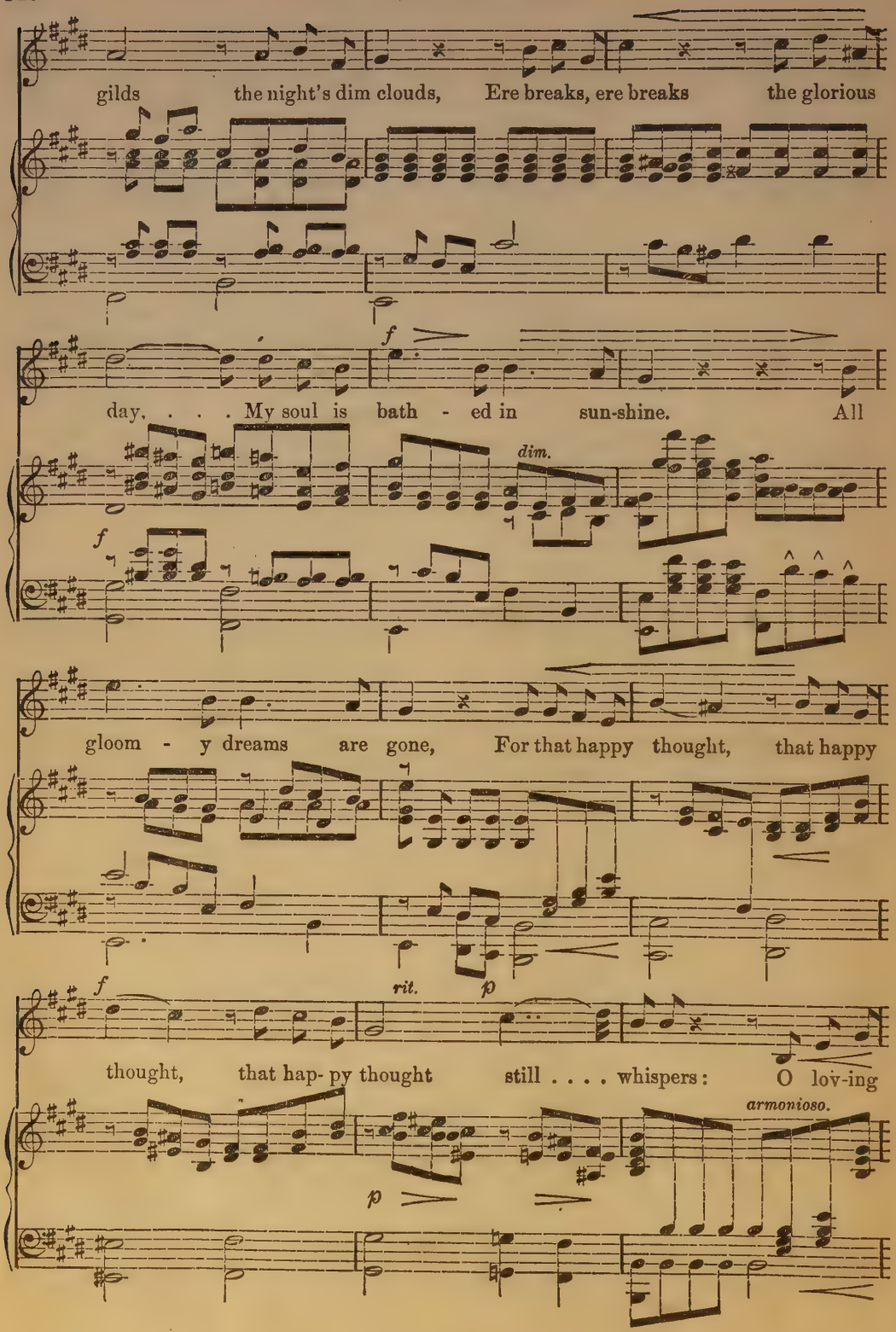
HENRY G. WATSON. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

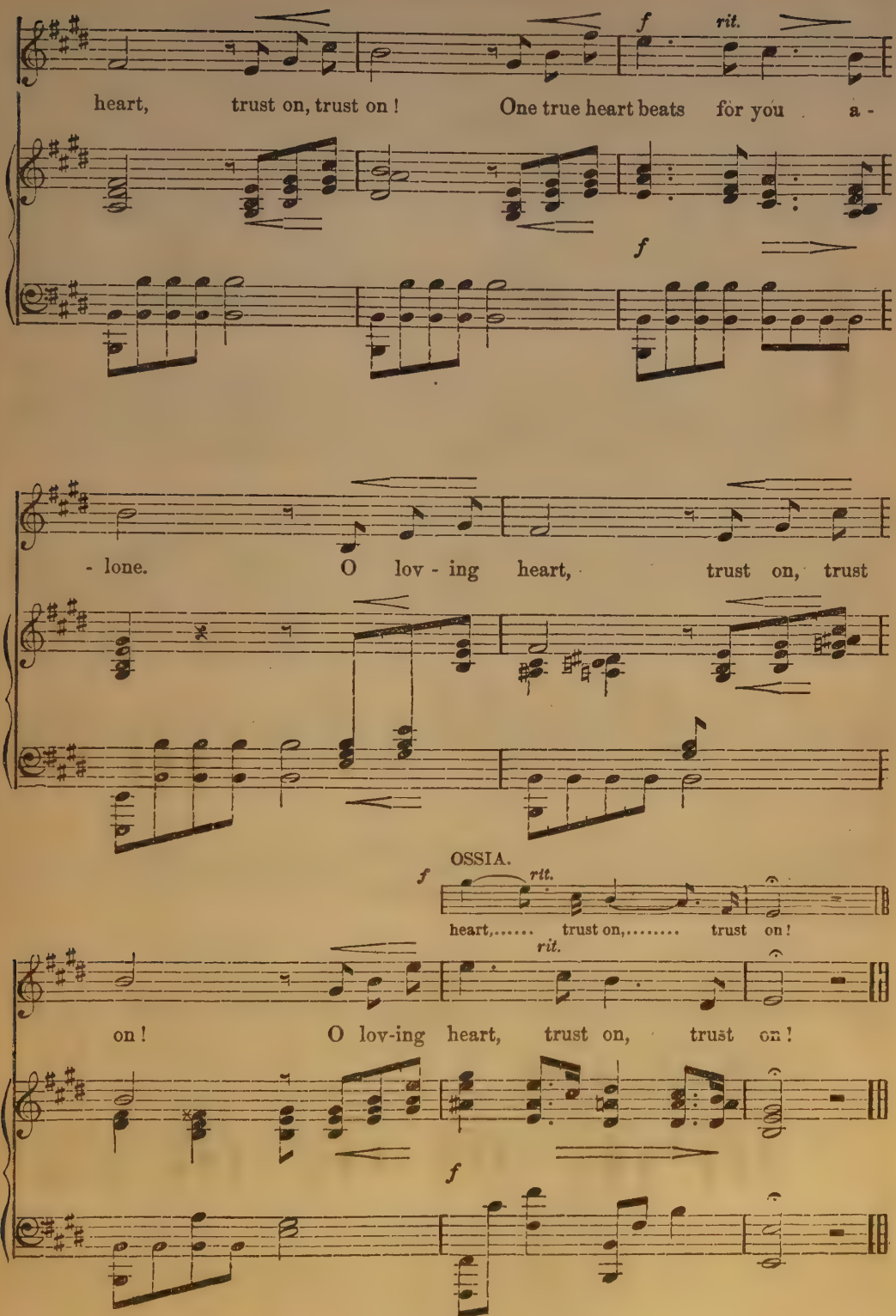



strife, And dew falls on the parched flow'r To nourish
cres.
express.
it, to nourish it to life, There came to me a hap - py
dim.
thought One morn, when hope seem'd gone, It whisper'd
cres
animato.
p rit.
low . . . in accents sweet, it whisper'd low in ac - cents


un poco piu lento.
sweet: O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on, One true heart
armonioso.
2 Ped.
beats for you a - lone! O loving heart, trust on, trust
on! O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on!
rit.
p
f rit.


Very quiet.
That happy thought shed o'er my
life . . . . A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sunlight

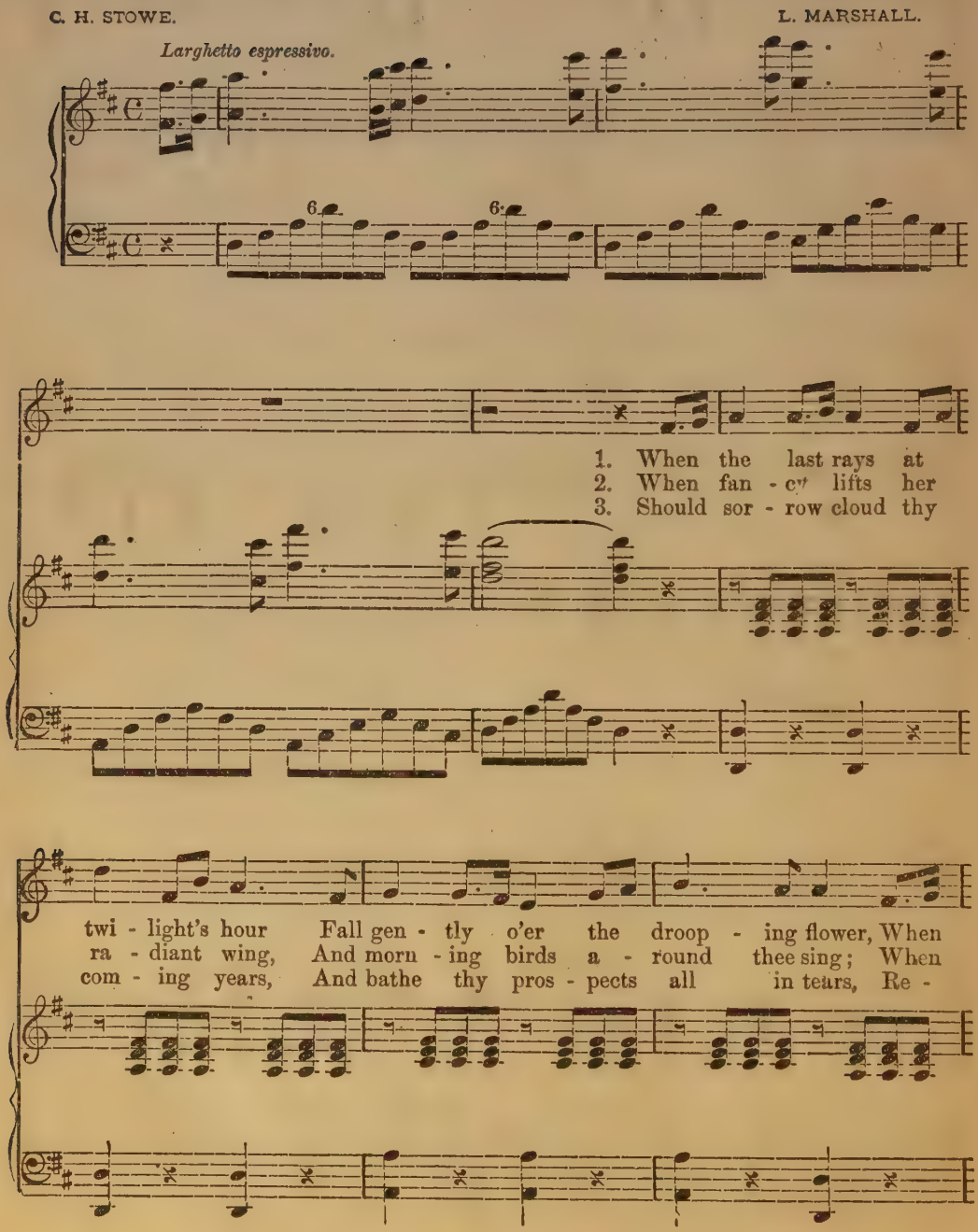

gilds the night's dim clouds, Ere breaks, ere breaks the glorious
f
day, . . . My soul is bath - ed in sun-shine. All
dim.
f
gloom - y dreams are gone, For that happy thought, that happy
f
rit.
p
thought, that hap- py thought still . . . . whispers: O lov-ing
armonioso.
p

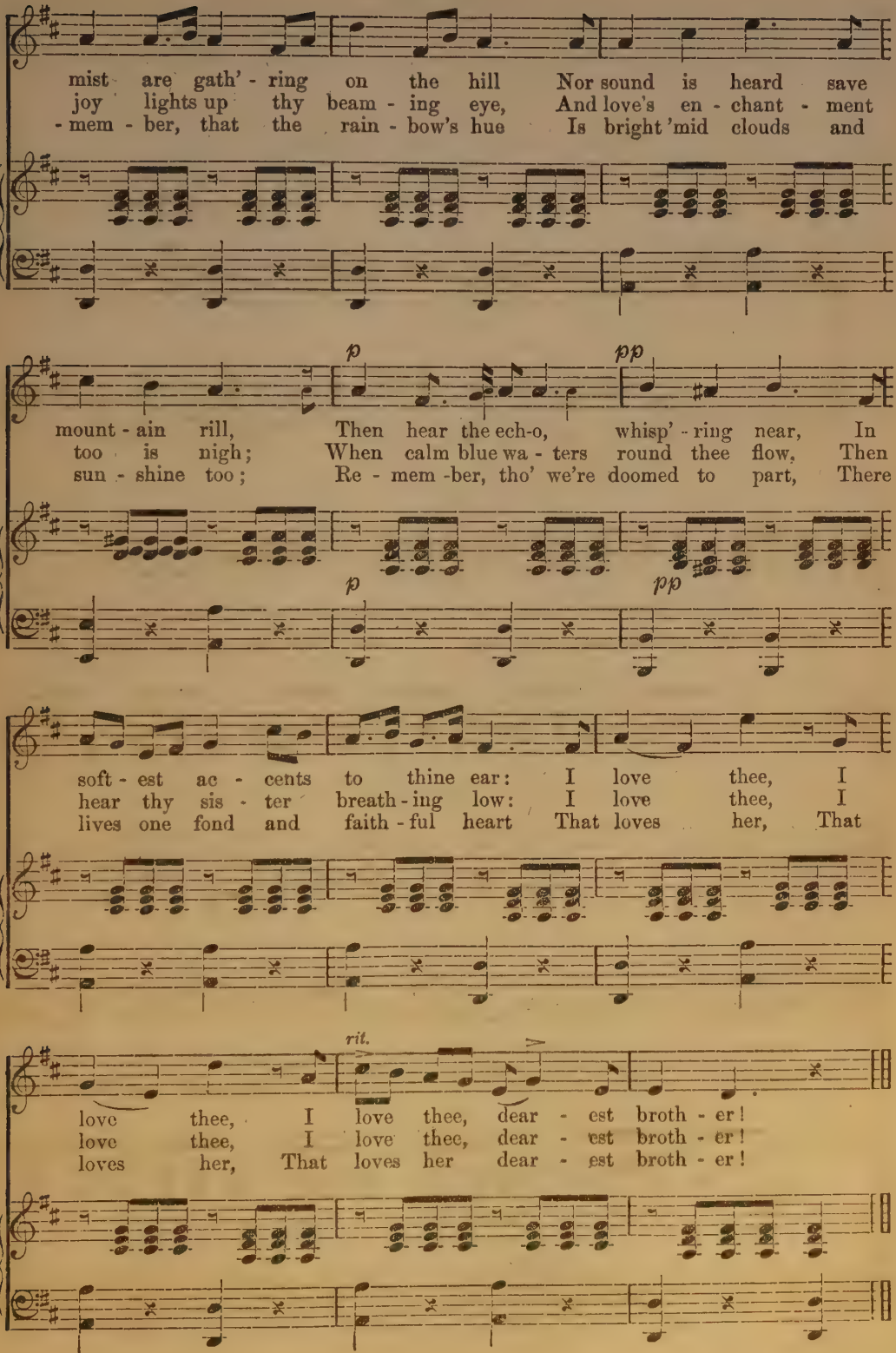

heart, trust on, trust on! One true heart beats for you a-
f
rit.
f
-lone. O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
OSSIA.
f
rit.
heart,..... trust on,..... trust on!
rit.
on! O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on!
f

A SISTER'S LOVE.

C. H. STOWE. L. MARSHALL.

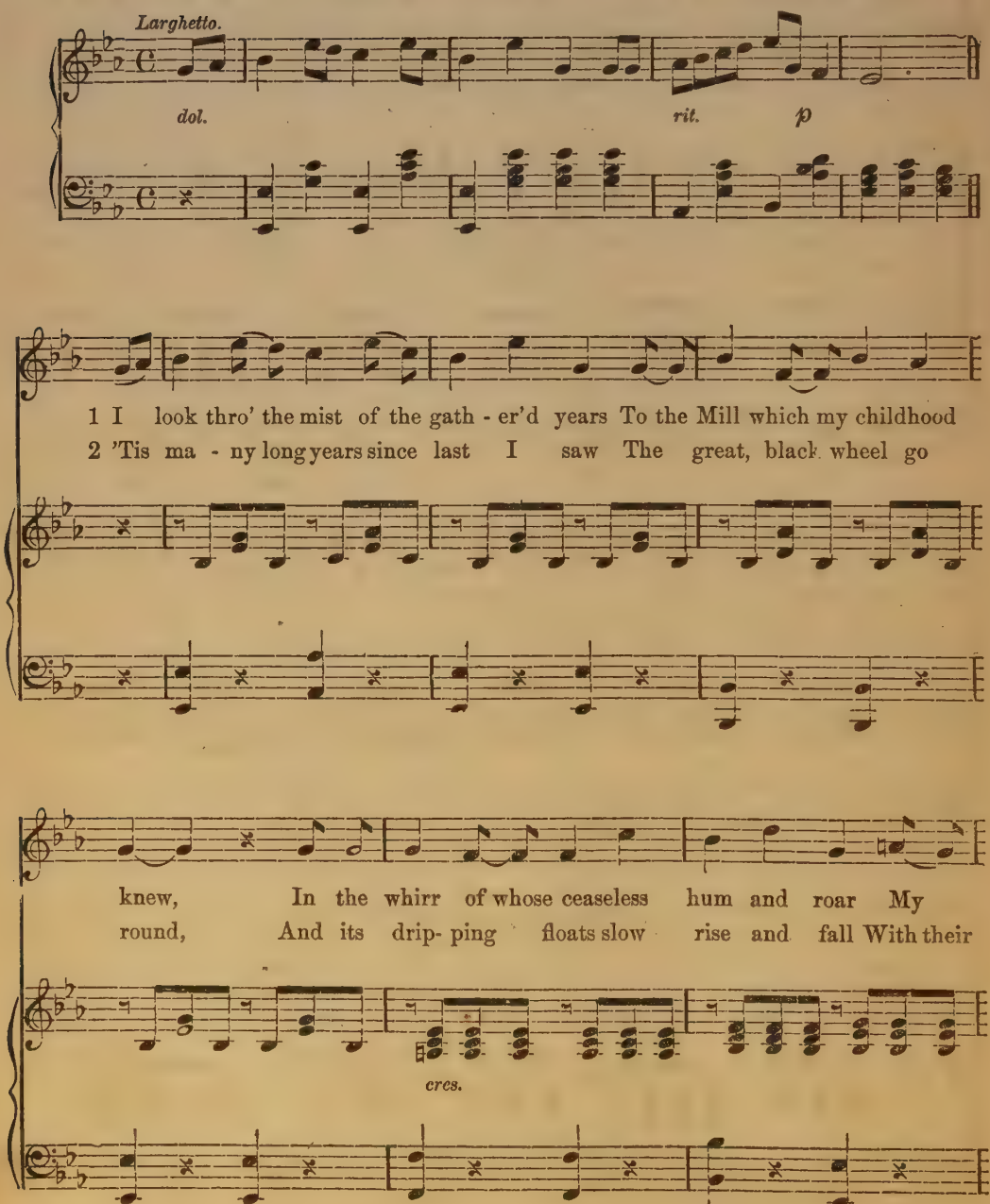
Larghetto espressivo.

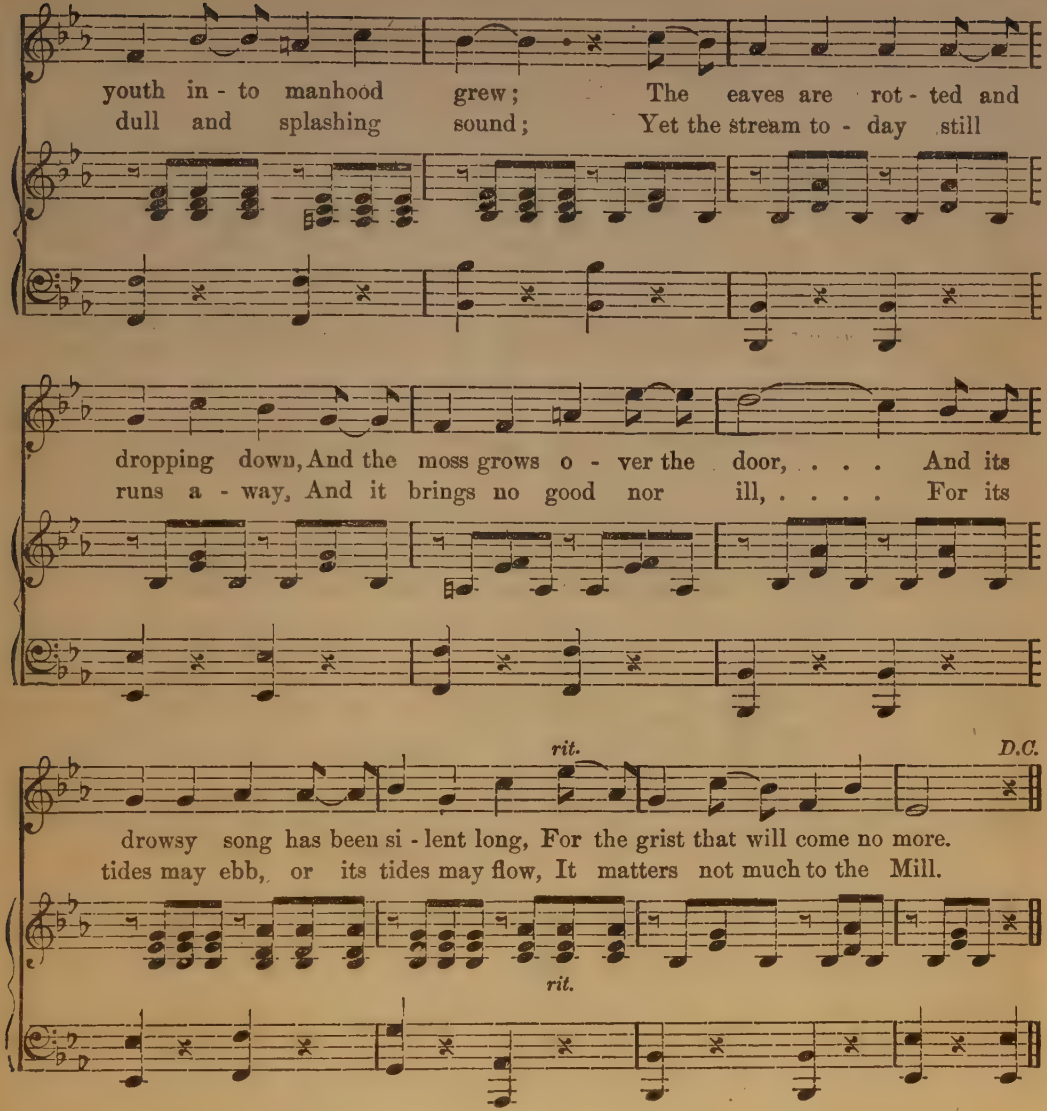

1. When the last rays at
2. When fan - cy lifts her
3. Should sor - row cloud thy
twi - light's hour Fall gen - tly o'er the droop - ing flower, When
ra - diant wing, And morn - ing birds a - round thee sing; When
com - ing years, And bathe thy pros - pects all in tears, Re -


mist - are gath' - ring on the hill Nor sound is heard save
joy lights up thy beam - ing eye, And love's en - chant - ment
- mem - ber, that the rain - bow's hue Is bright 'mid clouds and
p pp
mount - ain rill, Then hear the ech-o, whisp' - ring near, In
too is nigh; When calm blue wa - ters round thee flow, Then
sun - shine too; Re - mem -ber, tho' we're doomed to part, There
p pp
soft - est ac - cents to thine ear: I love thee, I
hear thy sis - ter breath - ing low: I love thee, I
lives one fond and faith - ful heart That loves her, That
rit.
love thee, I love thee, dear - est broth - er!
love thee, I love thee, dear - est broth - er!
loves her, That loves her dear - est broth - er!

THE OLD STONE MILL.

WILL. M. S. BROWN.


Larghetto.
dol.
rit.
p
1 I look thro' the mist of the gath - er'd years To the Mill which my childhood
2 'Tis ma - ny long years since last I saw The great, black wheel go
knew, In the whirr of whose ceaseless hum and roar My
round, And its drip- ping floats slow rise and fall With their
cres.


youth in - to manhood grew; The eaves are rot - ted and
dull and splashing sound; Yet the stream to - day still
dropping down, And the moss grows o - ver the door, . . . And its
runs a - way, And it brings no good nor ill, ... For its
rit.
D.C.
drowsy song has been si - lent long, For the grist that will come no more.
tides may ebb, or its tides may flow, It matters not much to the Mill.
rit.

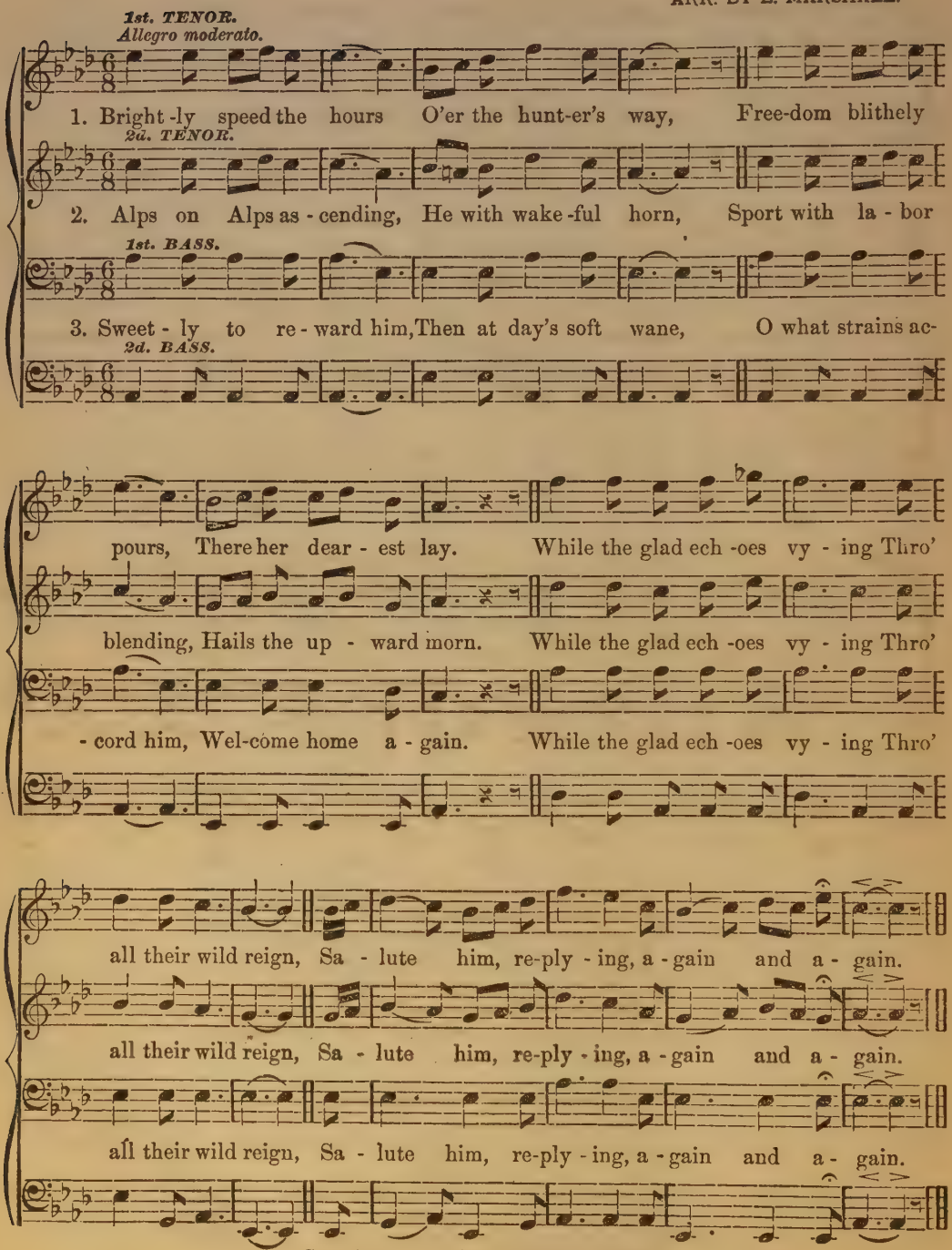
3 'Twas there I wrought in honest toil
Above the bubbling water,
'Twas there I strove with falt'ring heart,
And won the miller's daughter;
We laid her to-day by the side of the Mill,
'Tis where she wished to be;
And the years may come and the years may go,
But she'll come no more to me.

4 The Mill and I are wrecks of time,
Fast falling to decay,
Its crumbling stones are green with mould,
And I am bent and gray;
We've served the world for many years,
How well, it knoweth best,
And soon the Mill will totter down,
And I be laid to rest.

THE SWIFT HUNTER.

QUARTETTE.

ARR. BY L. MARSHALL.


1st. TENOR.
Allegro moderato.
1. Bright-ly speed the hours O'er the hunt-er's way, Free-dom blithely
2d. TENOR.
2. Alps on Alps as-cending, He with wake-ful horn, Sport with la-bor
1st. BASS.
3. Sweet-ly to re-ward him, Then at day's soft wane, O what strains ac-
2d. BASS.
pours, There her dear-est lay. While the glad ech-oes vy-ing Thro'
blending, Hails the up-ward morn. While the glad ech-oes vy-ing Thro'
-cord him, Wel-come home a-gain. While the glad ech-oes vy-ing Thro'
all their wild reign, Sa-lute him, re-ply-ing, a-gain and a-gain.
all their wild reign, Sa-lute him, re-ply-ing, a-gain and a-gain.
all their wild reign, Sa-lute him, re-ply-ing, a-gain and a-gain.

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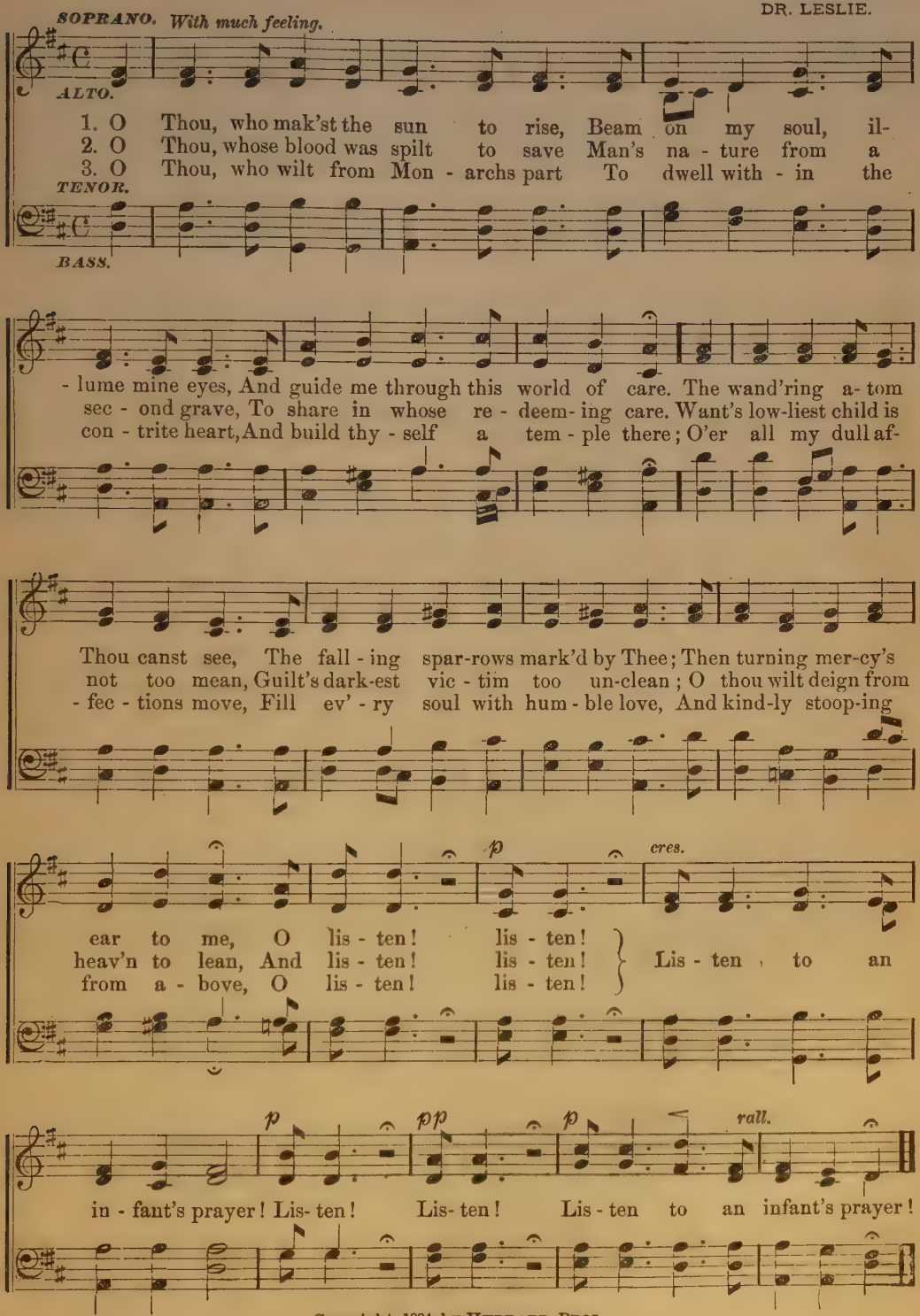
O THOU, WHO MAKEST THE SUN TO RISE.

DR. LESLIE.


SOPRANO. With much feeling.
ALTO.
1. O Thou, who mak'st the sun to rise, Beam on my soul, il-
2. O Thou, whose blood was spilt to save Man's na - ture from a
3. O Thou, who wilt from Mon - archs part To dwell with - in the
TENOR.
BASS.
- lume mine eyes, And guide me through this world of care. The wand'ring a- tom
sec - ond grave, To share in whose re - deem- ing care. Want's low-liest child is
con - trite heart, And build thy - self a tem - ple there; O'er all my dull af-
Thou canst see, The fall - ing spar-rows mark'd by Thee; Then turning mer-cy's
not too mean, Guilt's dark-est vic - tim too un-clean; O thou wilt deign from
- fec - tions move, Fill ev' - ry soul with hum - ble love, And kind-ly stoop-ing
p
cres.
ear to me, O lis - ten! lis - ten!
heav'n to lean, And lis - ten! lis - ten!
from a - bove, O lis - ten! lis - ten!
Lis - ten to an
p
pp
p
rall.
in - fant's prayer! Lis- ten! Lis- ten! Lis - ten to an infant's prayer!

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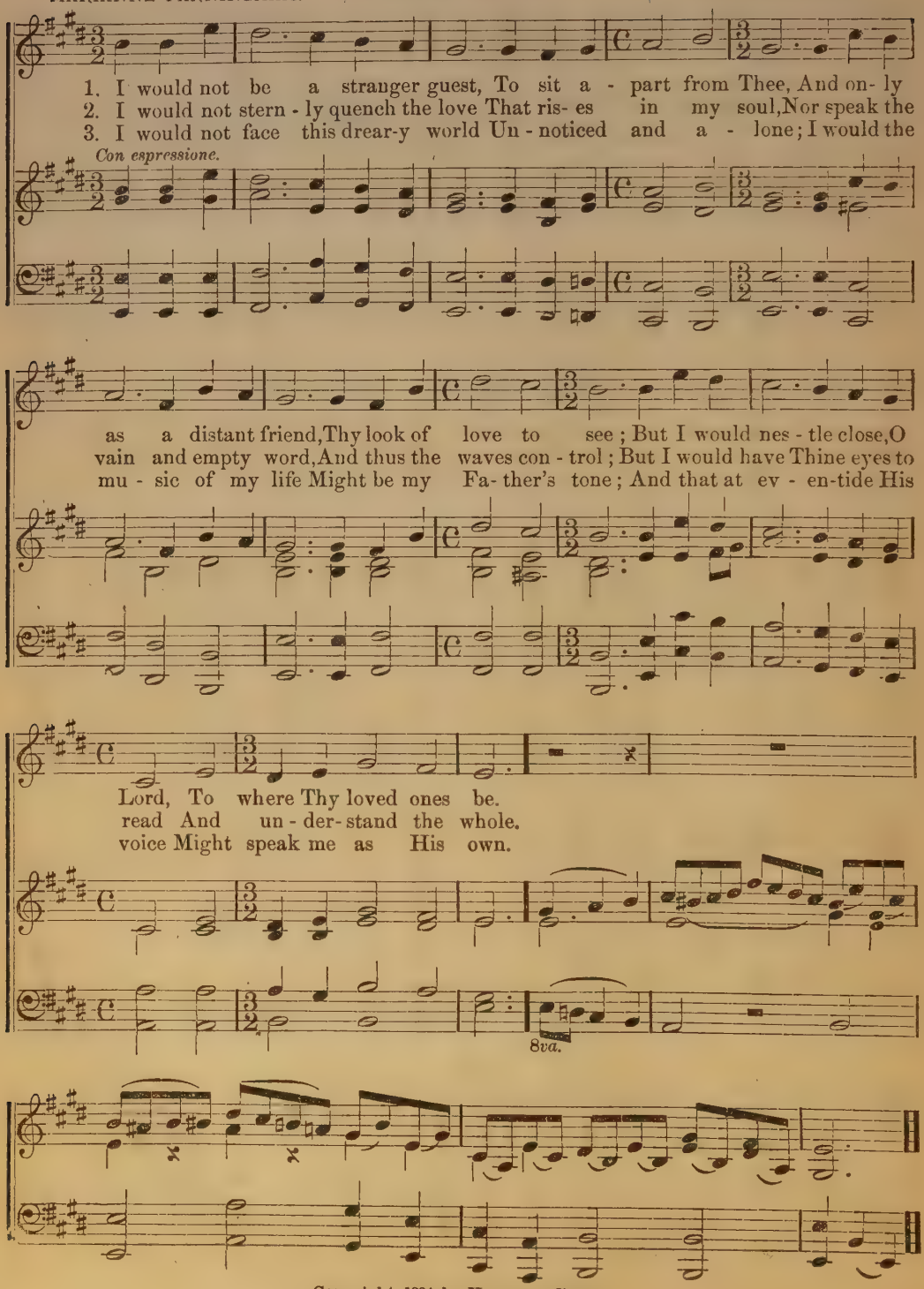
NEARER.

SACRED SONG.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. DR. H. T. LESLIE.


1. I would not be a stranger guest, To sit a - part from Thee, And on- ly
2. I would not stern - ly quench the love That ris- es in my soul, Nor speak the
3. I would not face this drear-y world Un - noticed and a - lone; I would the
Con espressione.
as a distant friend, Thy look of love to see; But I would nes - tle close, O
vain and empty word, And thus the waves con - trol; But I would have Thine eyes to
mu - sic of my life Might be my Fa- ther's tone; And that at ev - en-tide His
Lord, To where Thy loved ones be.
read And un - der- stand the whole.
voice Might speak me as His own.
8va.

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HARK! THE ANGELS' SONG IS SINGING.

DR. LESLIE.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
1. Hark! the An - gels' song is sing - ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear,
2. Lord, while these thy hosts are bless - ing, Prais - ing and a - dor - ing Thee,
Joy with - in those hearts is springing, O'er re- pent - ant sin - ners here.
Hum - bly we our sins con - fess - ing, Con - trite pen - i - tents would be.
Ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! A - men.
Ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! ju - bi - la - te! A - men.
pp
p
cres.
Hush! the gates of Heav'n are bring-ing Sweet - est sounds that earth can hear.
Then the glo - ry nev - er ceas - ing, All thy pardoning mer - cy see.
f
rall.
pp
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A - men.

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THOU ART WITH ME, O MY FATHER.

SACRED PART TONG.

DR. LESLIE.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
1. Thou art with me, O my Fa - ther, At ear - ly dawn of day; It is thy glo - ry bright-en- eth The up-ward streaming ray. It calls me by its
2. Thou art with me, O my Fa - ther, In the changing scenes of life, In the low - li - ness of spir - it, In wea - ri - ness of strife. My suf - fer-ing, my
3. Thou art with me, O my Fa - ther, In the evening's dark'ning gloom; When night enclouds the sleep-ing earth Thy pres-ence fills my room. The lit - tle stars bring
Unis.
love - li- ness To rise and worship Thee; I feel thy glo- rious pre-sence, Thy face I may not see, I feel thy glorious presence, Tho' thy face I may not see.
com - fortings, Al - ter - nate at thy will; I trust Thee, O my Fa- ther, I trust Thee and am still, I trust Thee, O my Fa-ther, And I trust Thee and am still.
mes - sag- es Of kind-ness from a - bove; I love Thee, O my Fa- ther, I feel that Thou art love, I love Thee, O my Fa-ther, And I feel that Thou art love.
Sym.
cres.
rall.

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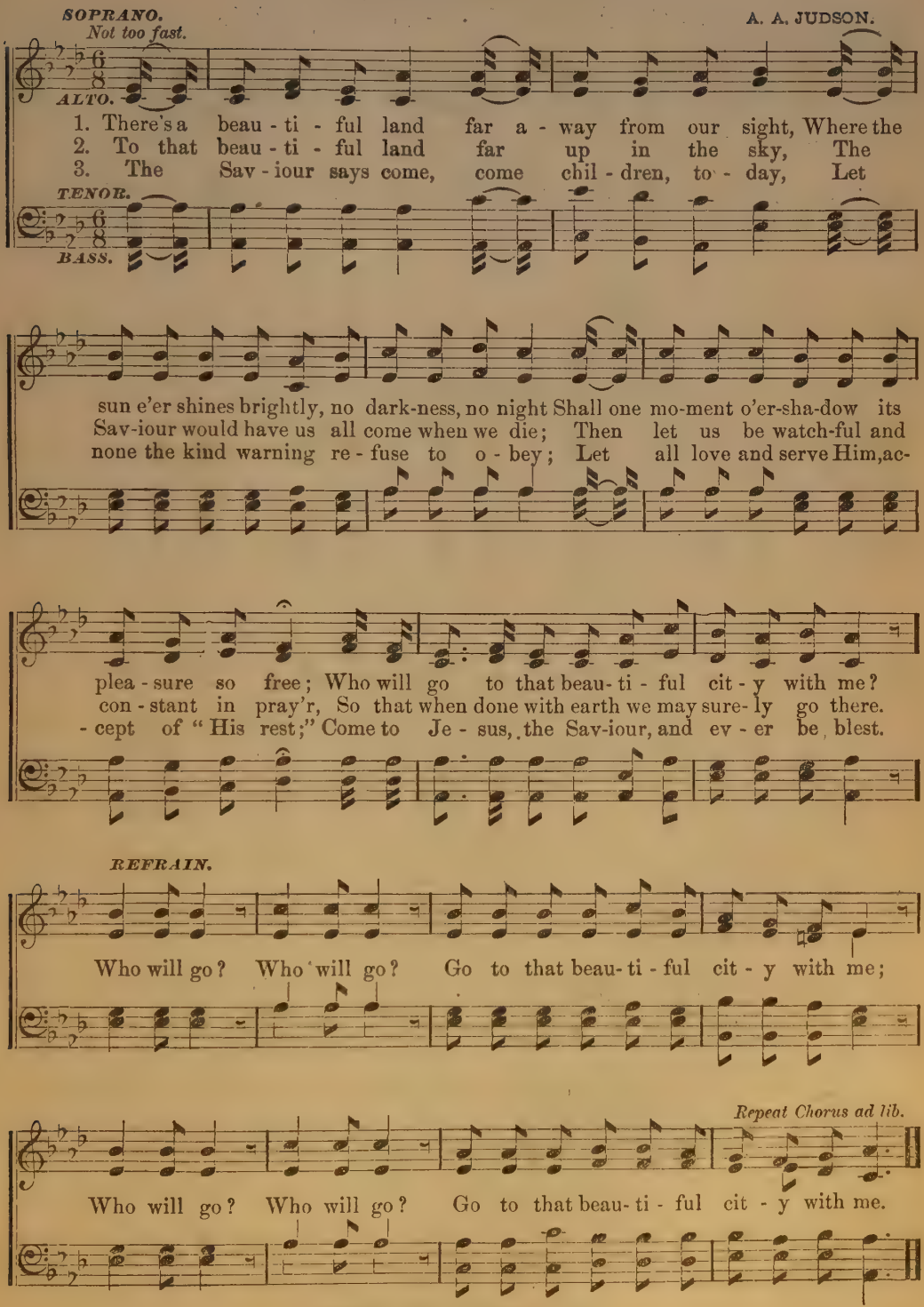
THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.


SOPRANO.
Not too fast.
A. A. JUDSON.
ALTO.
1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far a - way from our sight, Where the
2. To that beau - ti - ful land far up in the sky, The
3. The Sav - iour says come, come chil - dren, to - day, Let
TENOR.
BASS.
sun e'er shines brightly, no dark-ness, no night Shall one mo-ment o'er-sha-dow its
Sav-iour would have us all come when we die; Then let us be watch-ful and
none the kind warning re - fuse to o - bey; Let all love and serve Him, ac-
plea - sure so free; Who will go to that beau - ti - ful cit - y with me?
con - stant in pray'r, So that when done with earth we may sure - ly go there.
- cept of "His rest;" Come to Je - sus, the Sav-iour, and ev - er be blest.
REFRAIN.
Who will go? Who will go? Go to that beau - ti - ful cit - y with me;
Repeat Chorus ad lib.
Who will go? Who will go? Go to that beau - ti - ful cit - y with me.

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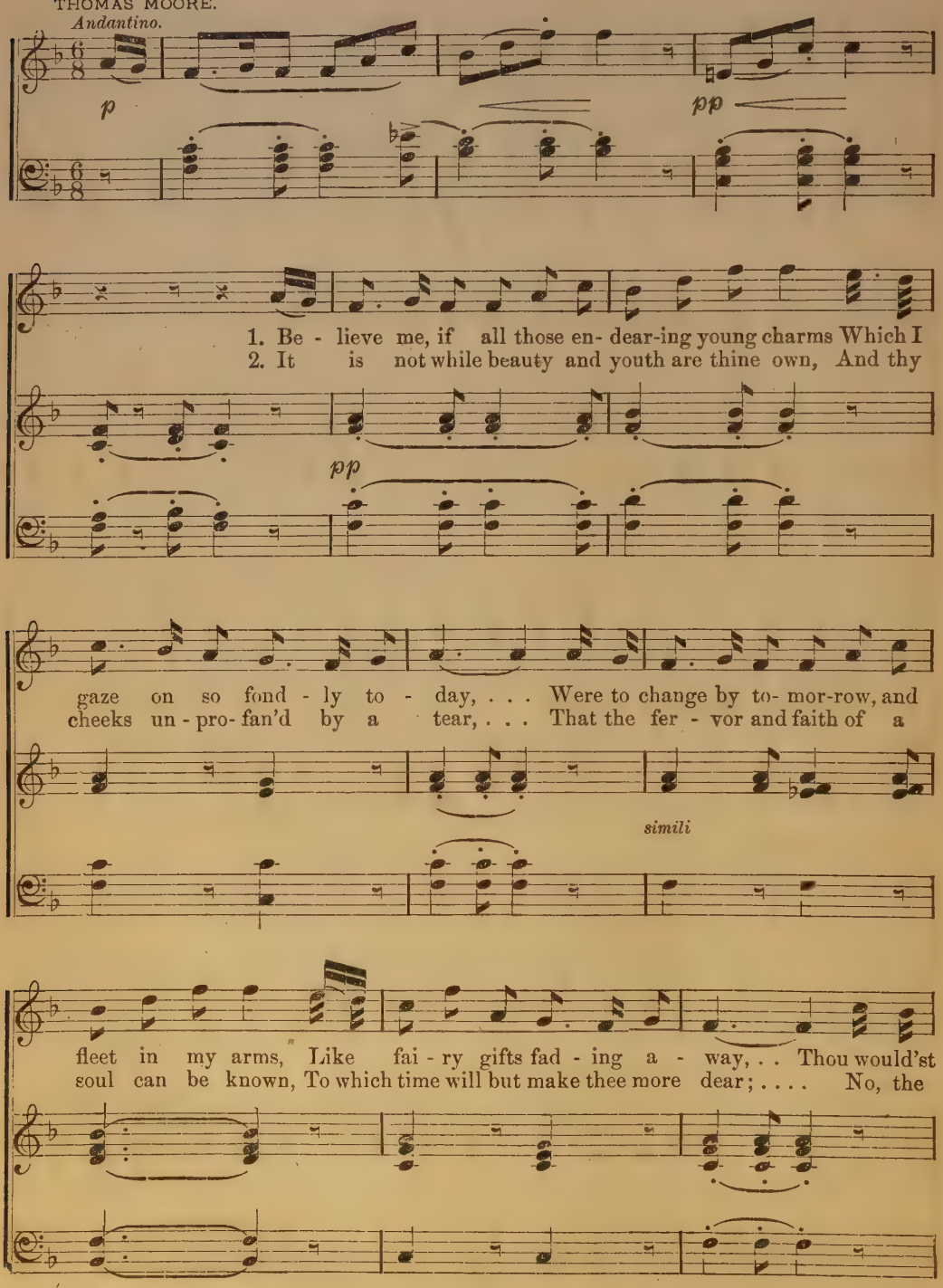
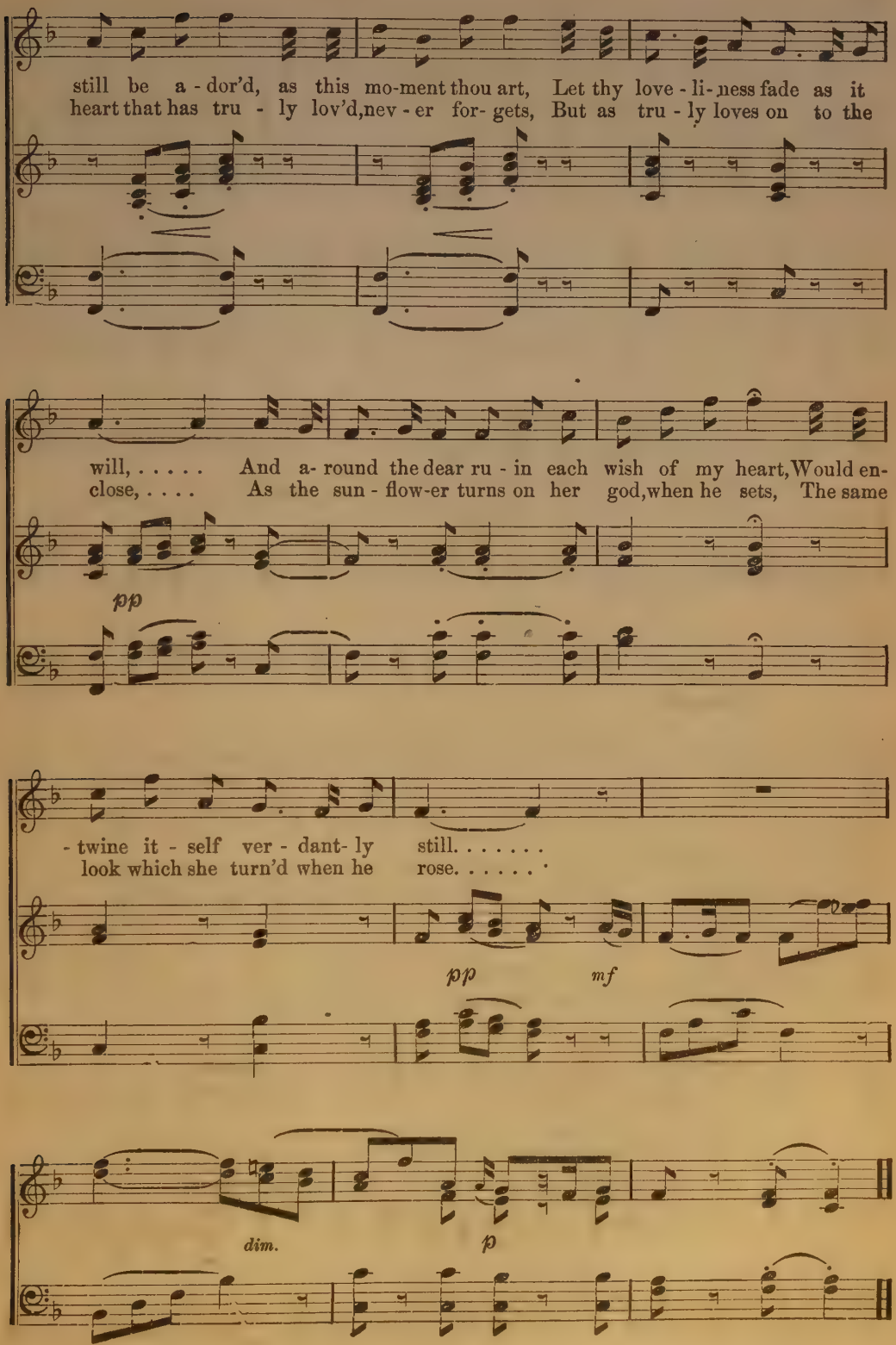
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

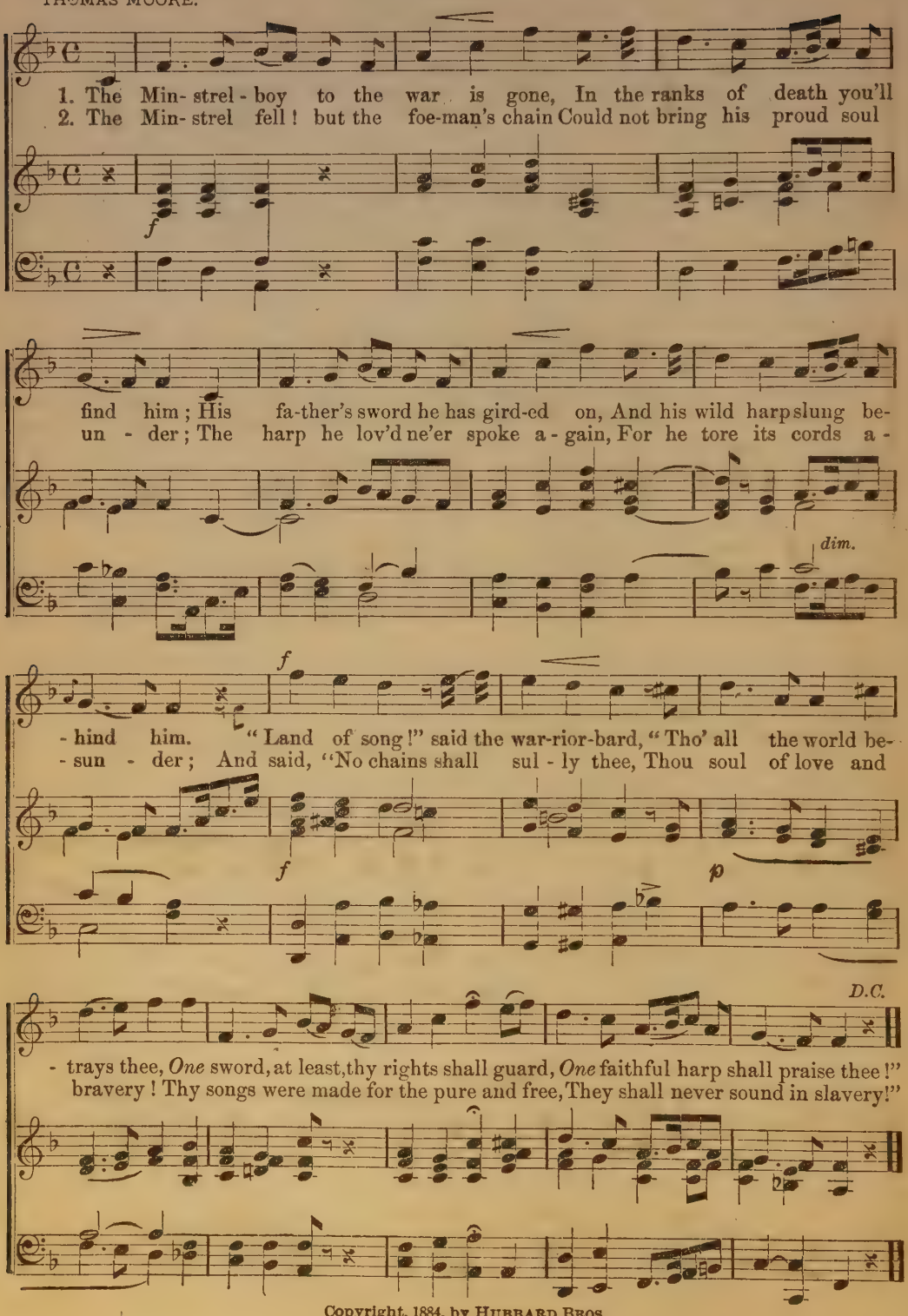
THOMAS MOORE.


Andantino.
p
pp
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en- dear-ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy
pp
gaze on so fond - ly to - day, . . . Were to change by to- mor-row, and
cheeks un - pro- fan'd by a tear, . . . That the fer - vor and faith of a
simili
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, . . Thou would'st
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear; . . . . No, the


still be a - dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love - li- ness fade as it
heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for- gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the
will, ... And a- round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en-
close, ... As the sun - flow-er turns on her god, when he sets, The same
pp
- twine it - self ver - dant- ly still. . . . . .
look which she turn'd when he rose. . . . . .
pp
mf
dim.
p

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THOMAS MOORE.


1. The Min- strel - boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The Min- strel fell ! but the foe-man's chain Could not bring his proud soul
f
find him ; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
un - der ; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a -
dim.
f
- hind him. "Land of song !" said the war-rior-bard, "Tho' all the world be-
- sun - der ; And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
f
p
D.C.
- trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee !"
bravery ! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery!"

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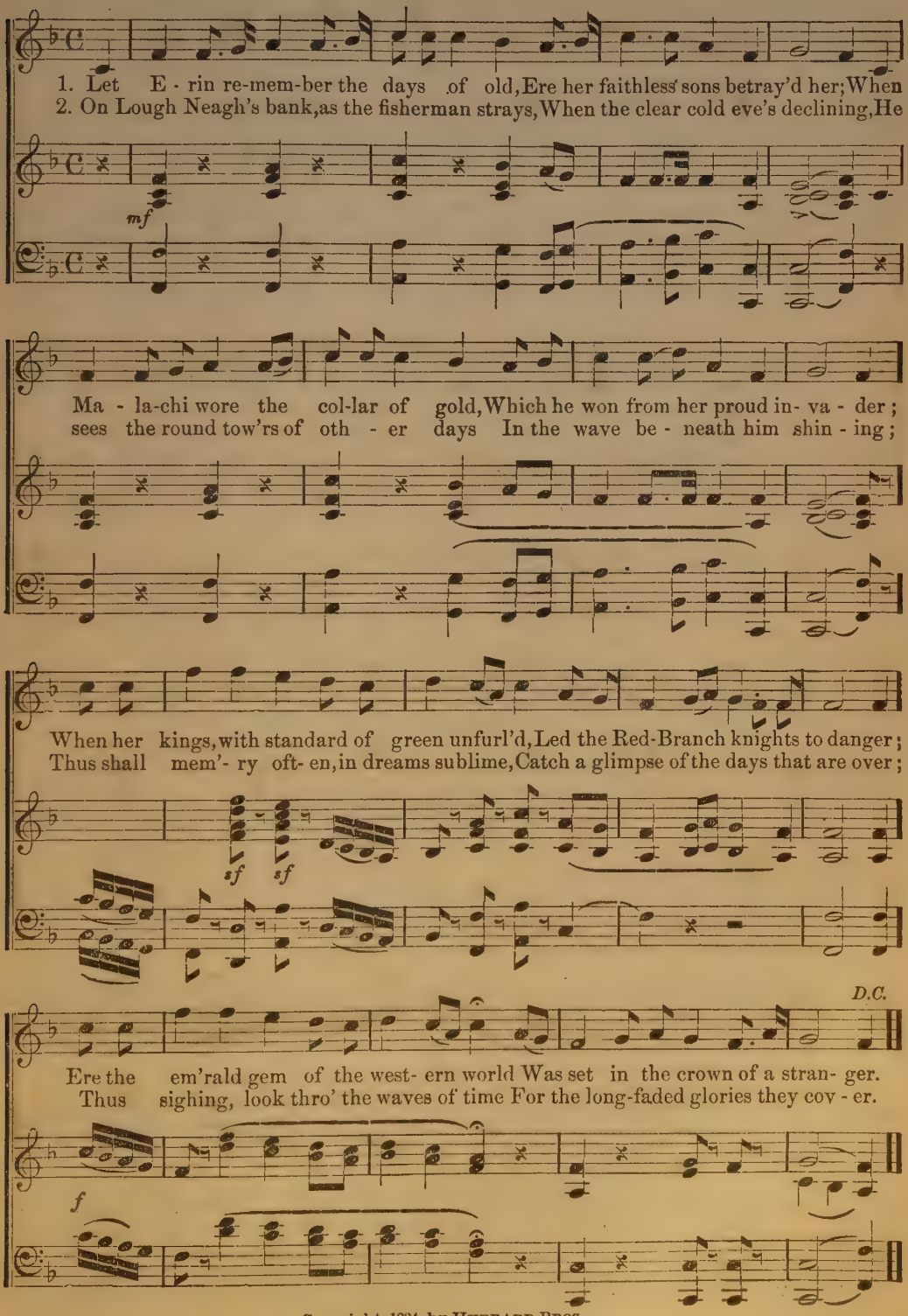
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

THOMAS MOORE.


1. Let E - rin re-mem-ber the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betray'd her; When
2. On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declining, He
mf
Ma - la-chi wore the col-lar of gold, Which he won from her proud in- va - der;
sees the round tow'rs of oth - er days In the wave be - neath him shin - ing;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch knights to danger;
Thus shall mem'- ry oft- en, in dreams sublime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
sf sf
D.C.
Ere the em'rald gem of the west- ern world Was set in the crown of a stran- ger.
Thus sighing, look thro' the waves of time For the long-faded glories they cov - er.
f

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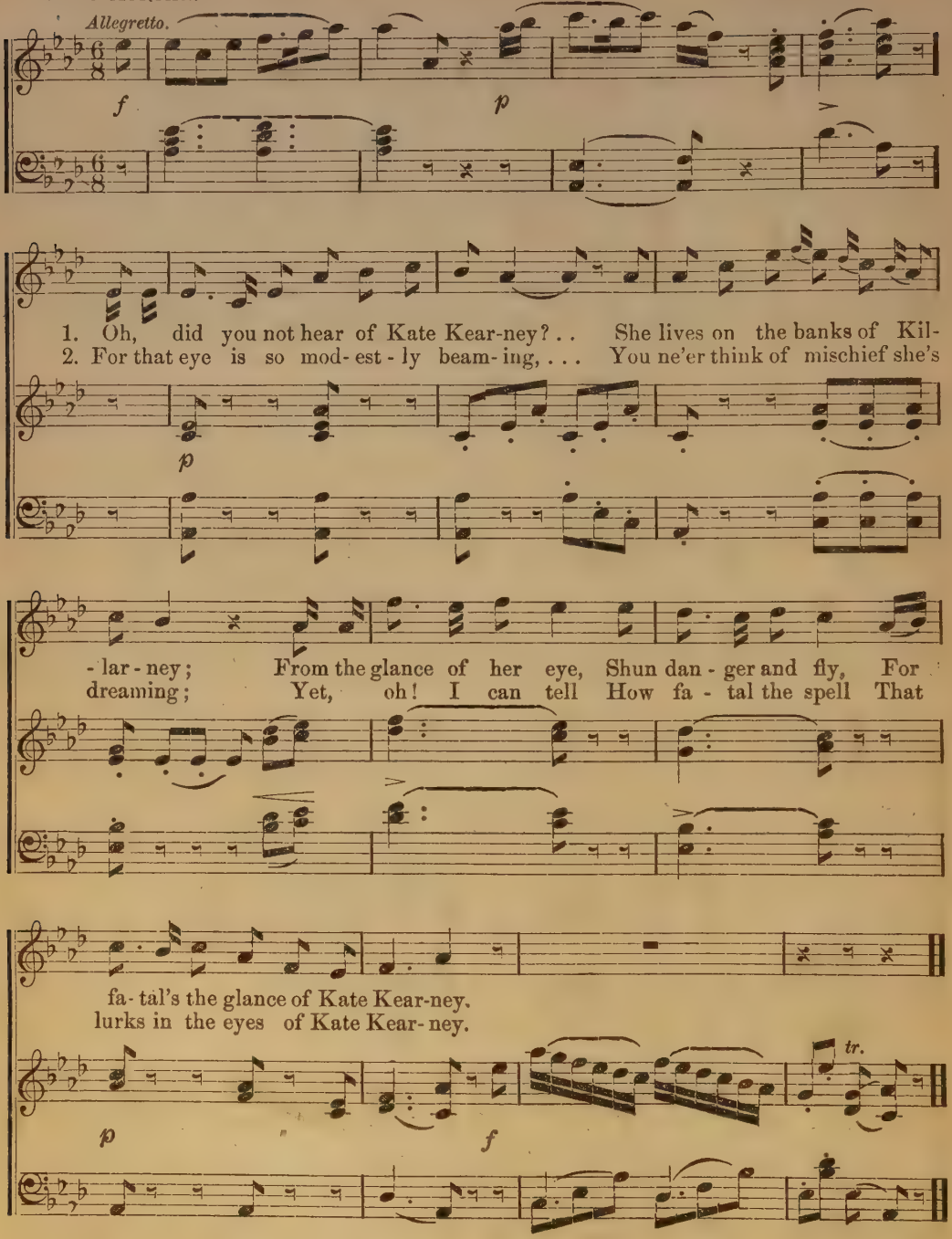
KATE KEARNEY.

LADY MORGAN. ALEXANDER LEE.


Allegretto.
f
p
1. Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kear-ney? . . She lives on the banks of Kil-
2. For that eye is so mod-est-ly beam-ing, . . . You ne'er think of mischief she's
p
-lar-ney; From the glance of her eye, Shun dan-ger and fly, For
dreaming; Yet, oh! I can tell How fa-tal the spell That
fa-tal's the glance of Kate Kear-ney.
lurks in the eyes of Kate Kear-ney.
tr.
p
f

3.

Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

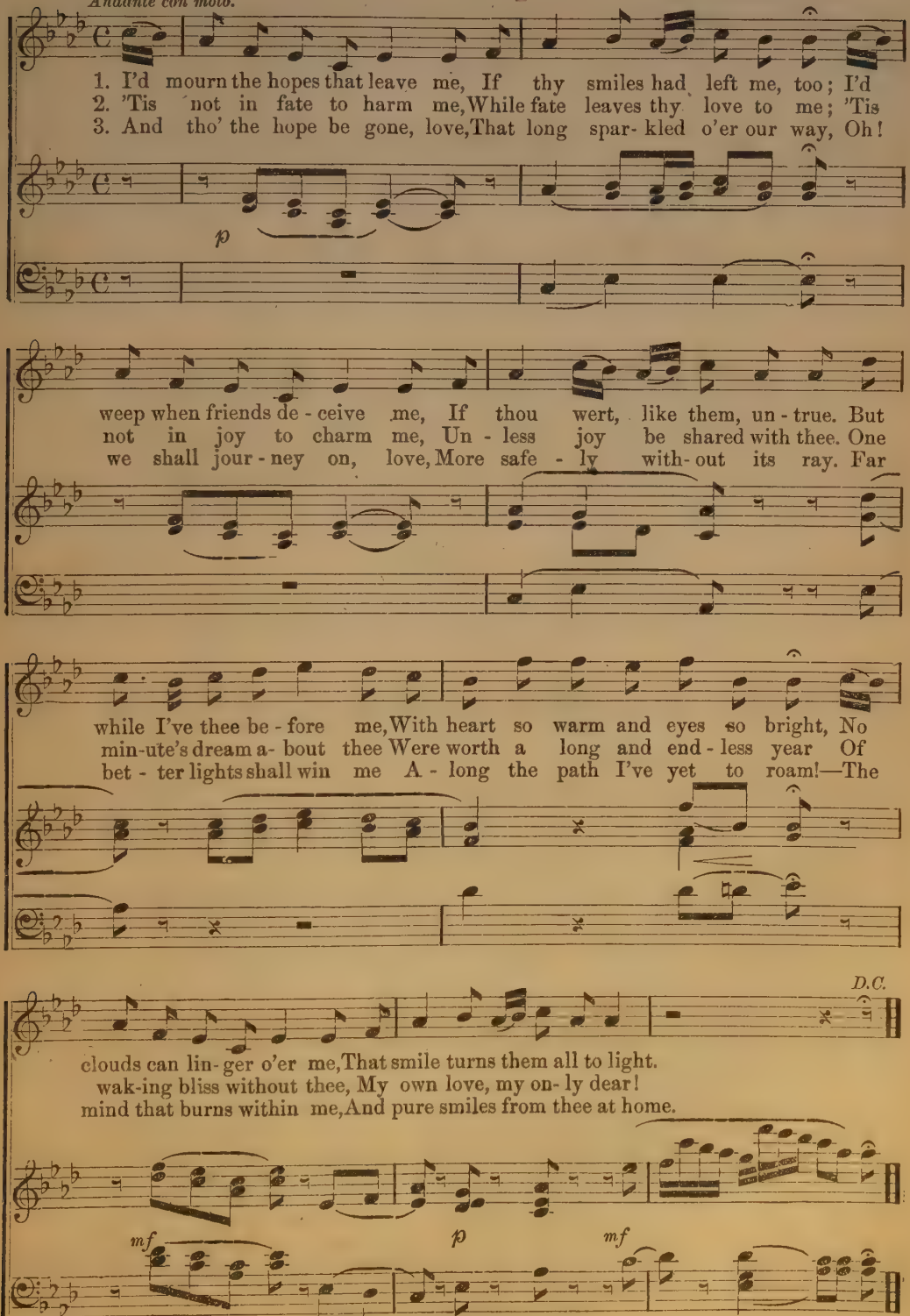
4.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale,
He sighs spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.


1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me, too; I'd
2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis
3. And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spar- kled o'er our way, Oh!
p
weep when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true. But
not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shared with thee. One
we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly with- out its ray. Far
while I've thee be - fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No
min-ute's dream a- bout thee Were worth a long and end - less year Of
bet - ter lights shall win me A - long the path I've yet to roam!—The
D.C.
clouds can lin- ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light.
wak-ing bliss without thee, My own love, my on- ly dear!
mind that burns within me, And pure smiles from thee at home.
mf
p
mf

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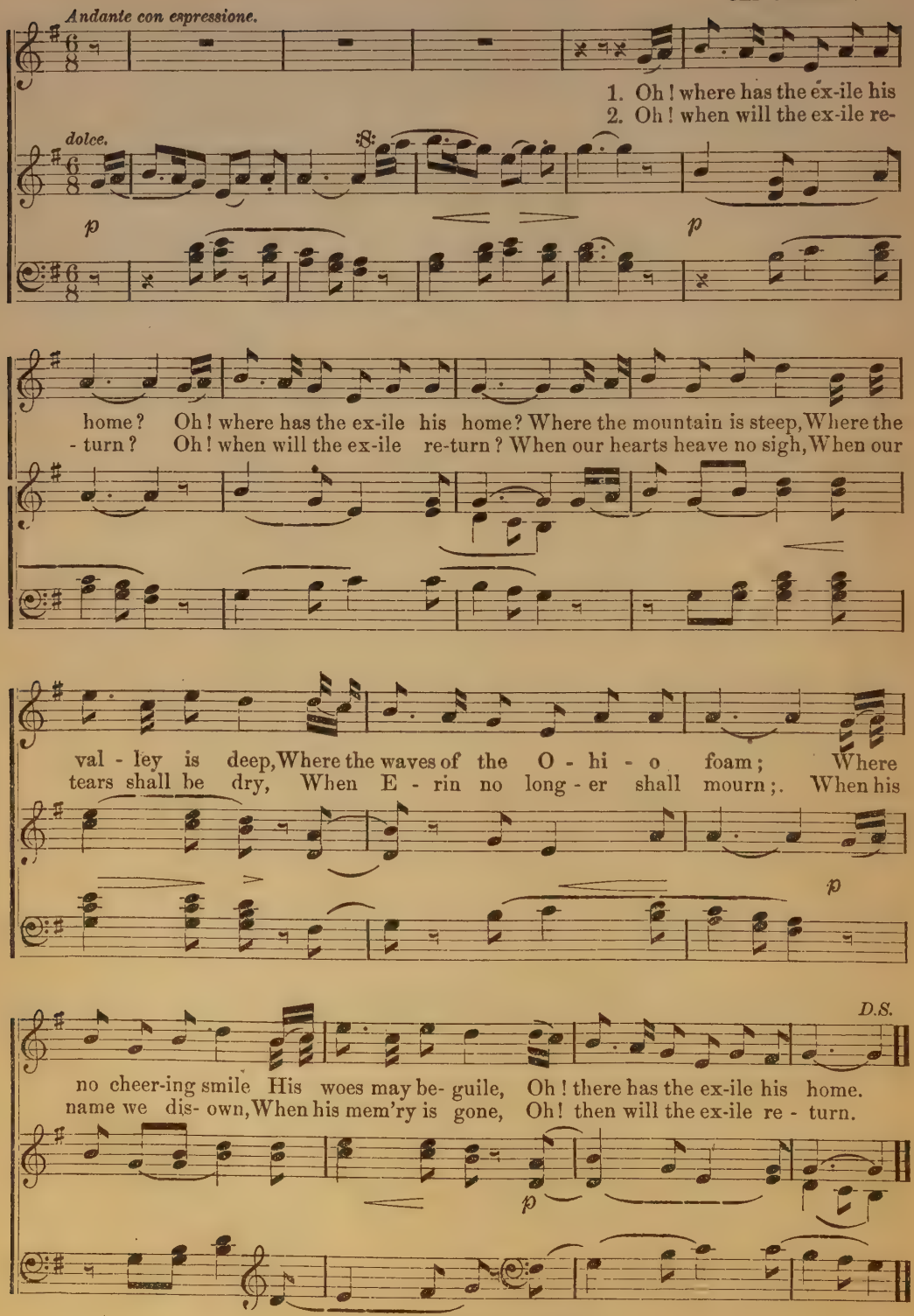
THE IRISH EXILE.

OLD MELODY.


Andante con espressione.
1. Oh! where has the ex-ile his
2. Oh! when will the ex-ile re-
dolce.
p
p
home? Oh! where has the ex-ile his home? Where the mountain is steep, Where the
-turn? Oh! when will the ex-ile re-turn? When our hearts heave no sigh, When our
val - ley is deep, Where the waves of the O - hi - o foam; Where
tears shall be dry, When E - rin no long - er shall mourn;. When his
p
D.S.
no cheer-ing smile His woes may be- guile, Oh! there has the ex-ile his home.
name we dis- own, When his mem'ry is gone, Oh! then will the ex-ile re - turn.
p

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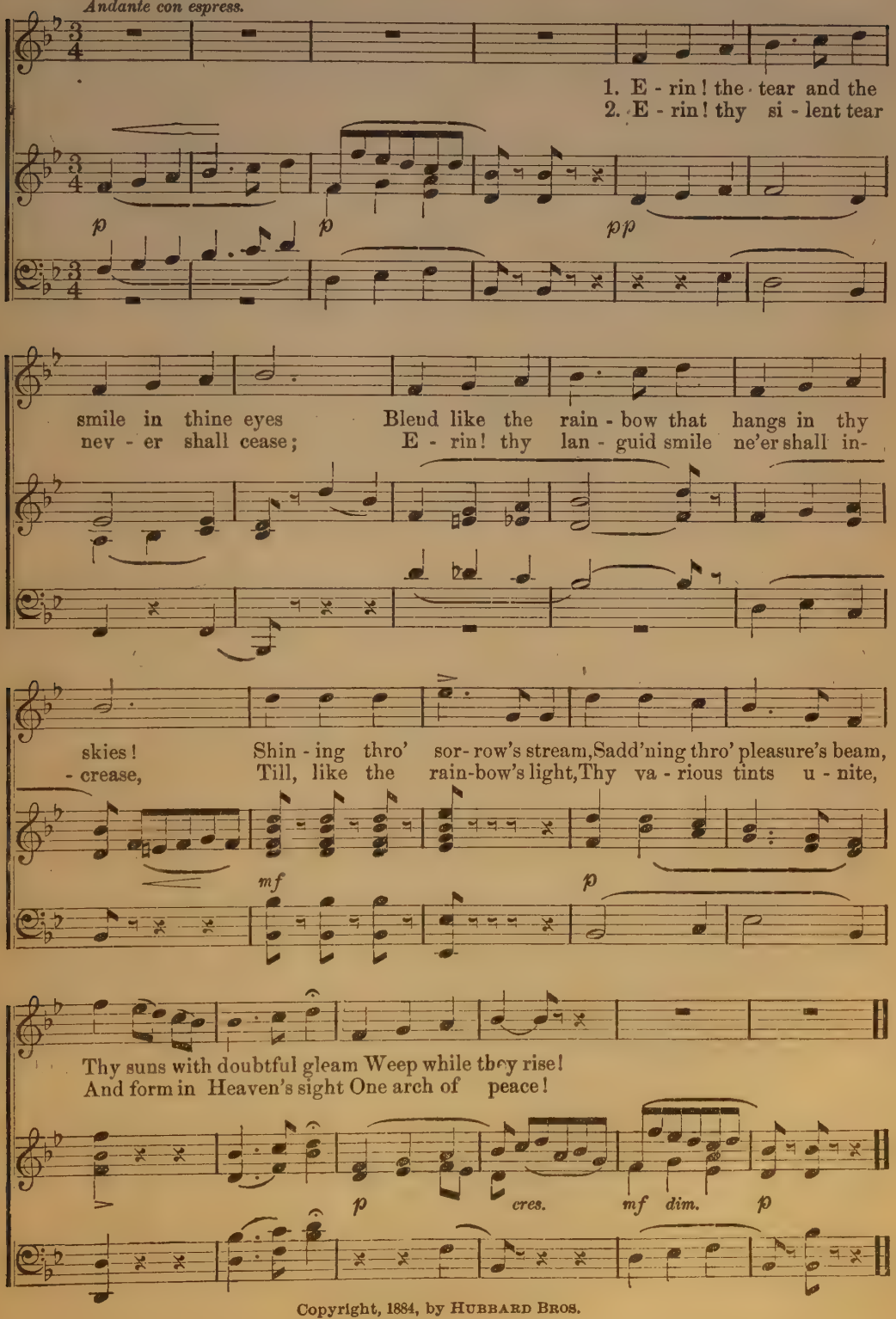
ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con espress.


1. E - rin! the tear and the
2. E - rin! thy si - lent tear
p
p
pp
smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy
nev - er shall cease; E - rin! thy lan - guid smile ne'er shall in-
skies! Shin - ing thro' sor - row's stream, Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
- crease, Till, like the rain-bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,
mf
p
Thy suns with doubtful gleam Weep while they rise!
And form in Heaven's sight One arch of peace!
p
cres.
mf
dim.
p

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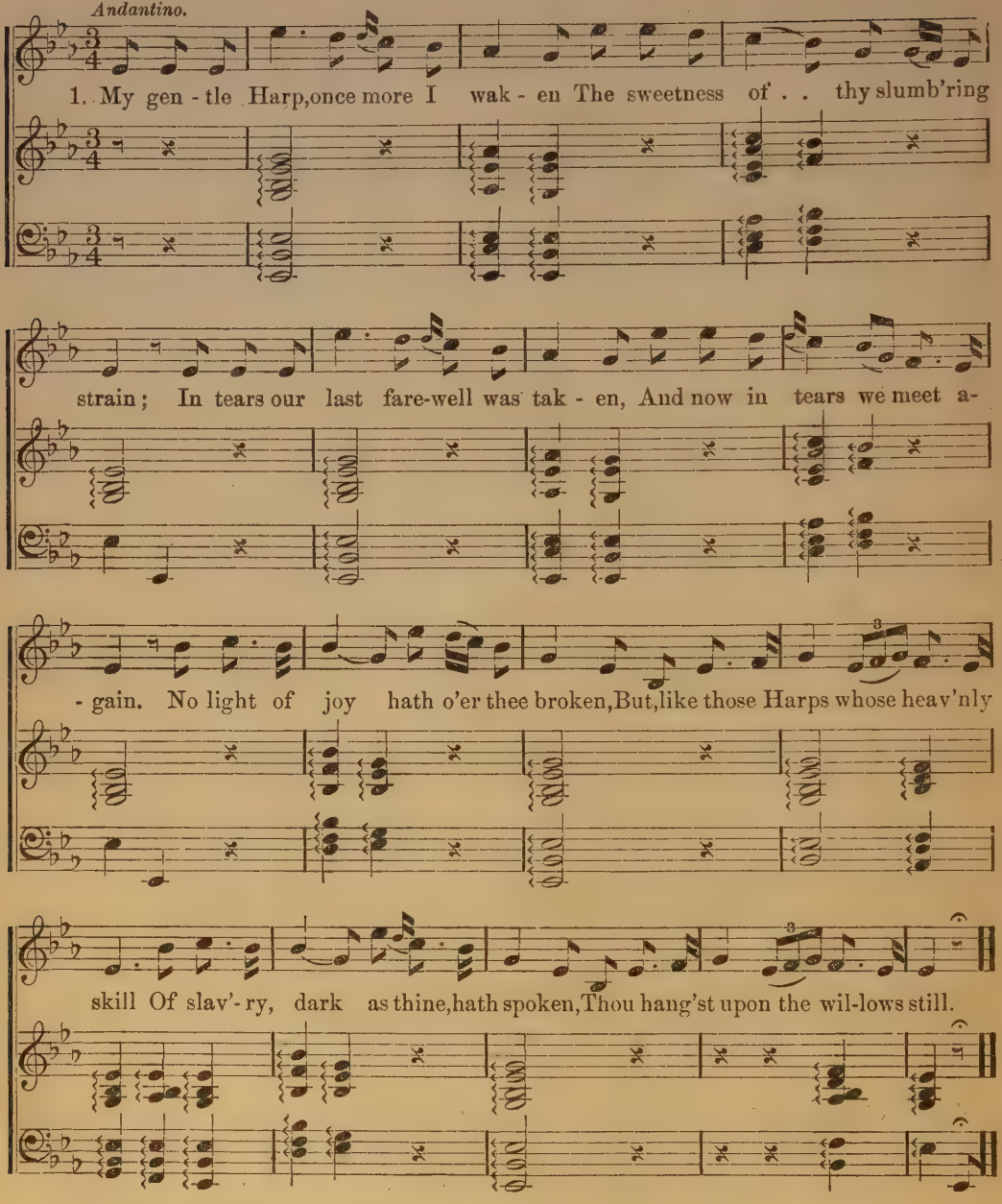
MY GENTLE HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andantino.


1. My gen - tle Harp, once more I wak - en The sweetness of . . thy slumb'ring
strain; In tears our last fare-well was tak - en, And now in tears we meet a-
- gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps whose heav'nly
skill Of slav'- ry, dark as thine, hath spoken, Thou hang'st upon the wil-lows still.

2.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turned to shame.
Yet even then, while peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

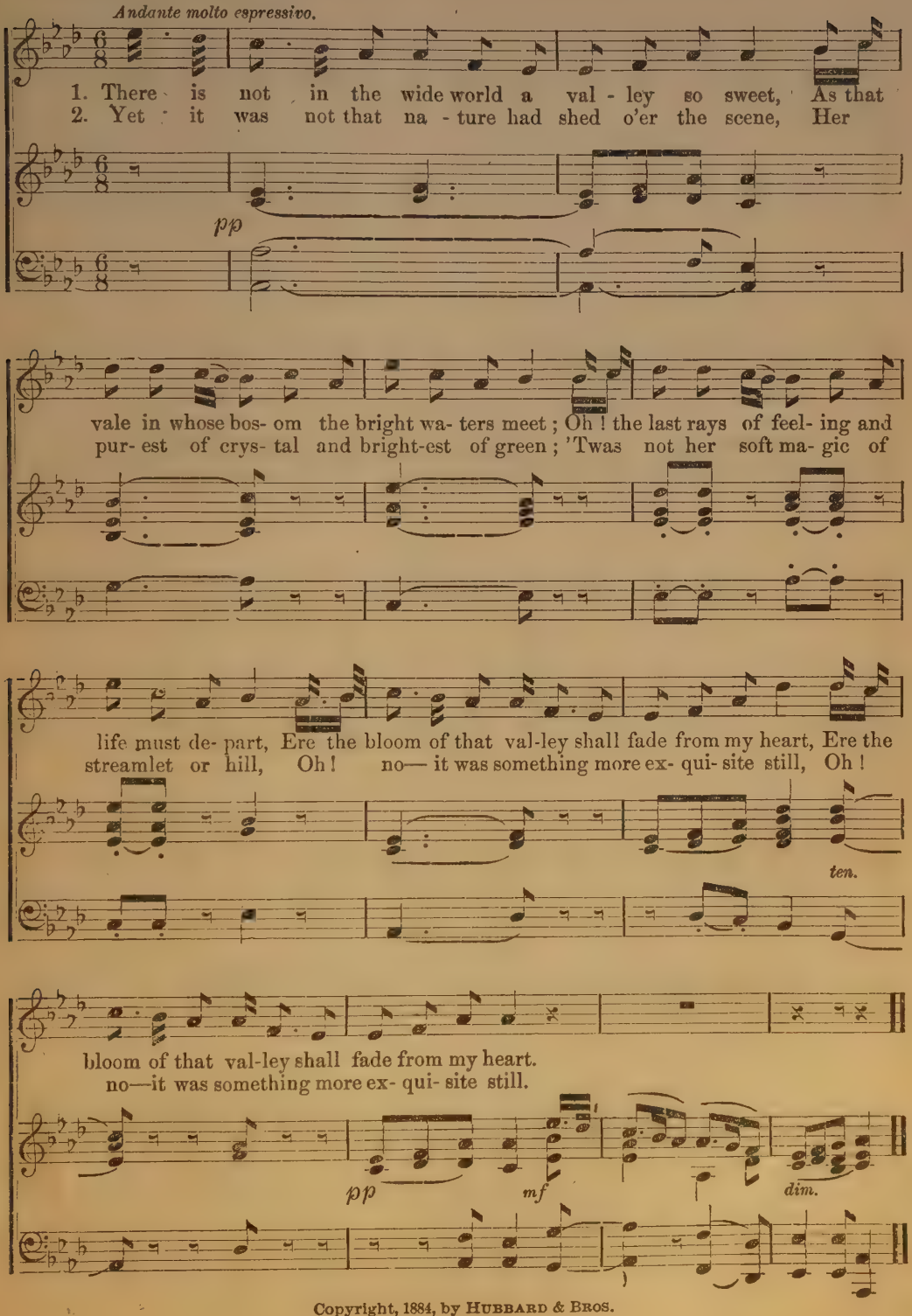
3.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreathes in which I dress thee
Are sadly mixed—half flowers, half chains?

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THOMAS MOORE

Andante molto espressivo.


1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that
2. Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene, Her
pp
vale in whose bos- om the bright wa- ters meet ; Oh ! the last rays of feel- ing and
pur- est of crys- tal and bright-est of green ; 'Twas not her soft ma- gic of
life must de- part, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
streamlet or hill, Oh ! no— it was something more ex- qui- site still, Oh !
ten.
bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.
no—it was something more ex- qui- site still.
pp
mf
dim.

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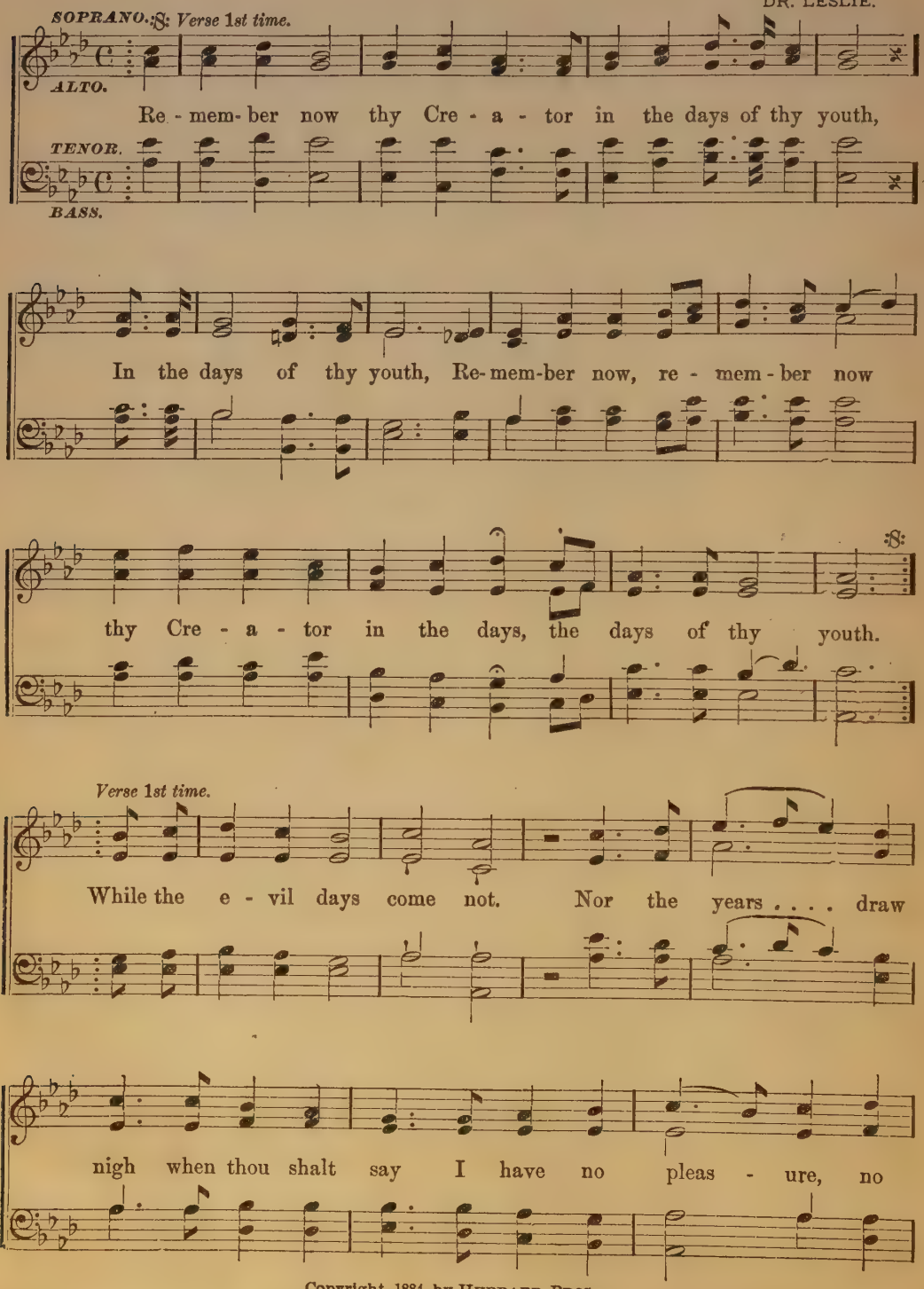
REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

DR. LESLIE.


SOPRANO.
Verse 1st time.
ALTO.
Re - mem - ber now thy Cre - a - tor in the days of thy youth,
TENOR.
BASS.
In the days of thy youth, Re-mem-ber now, re - mem - ber now
thy Cre - a - tor in the days, the days of thy youth.
Verse 1st time.
While the e - vil days come not. Nor the years . . . . draw
nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleas - ure, no

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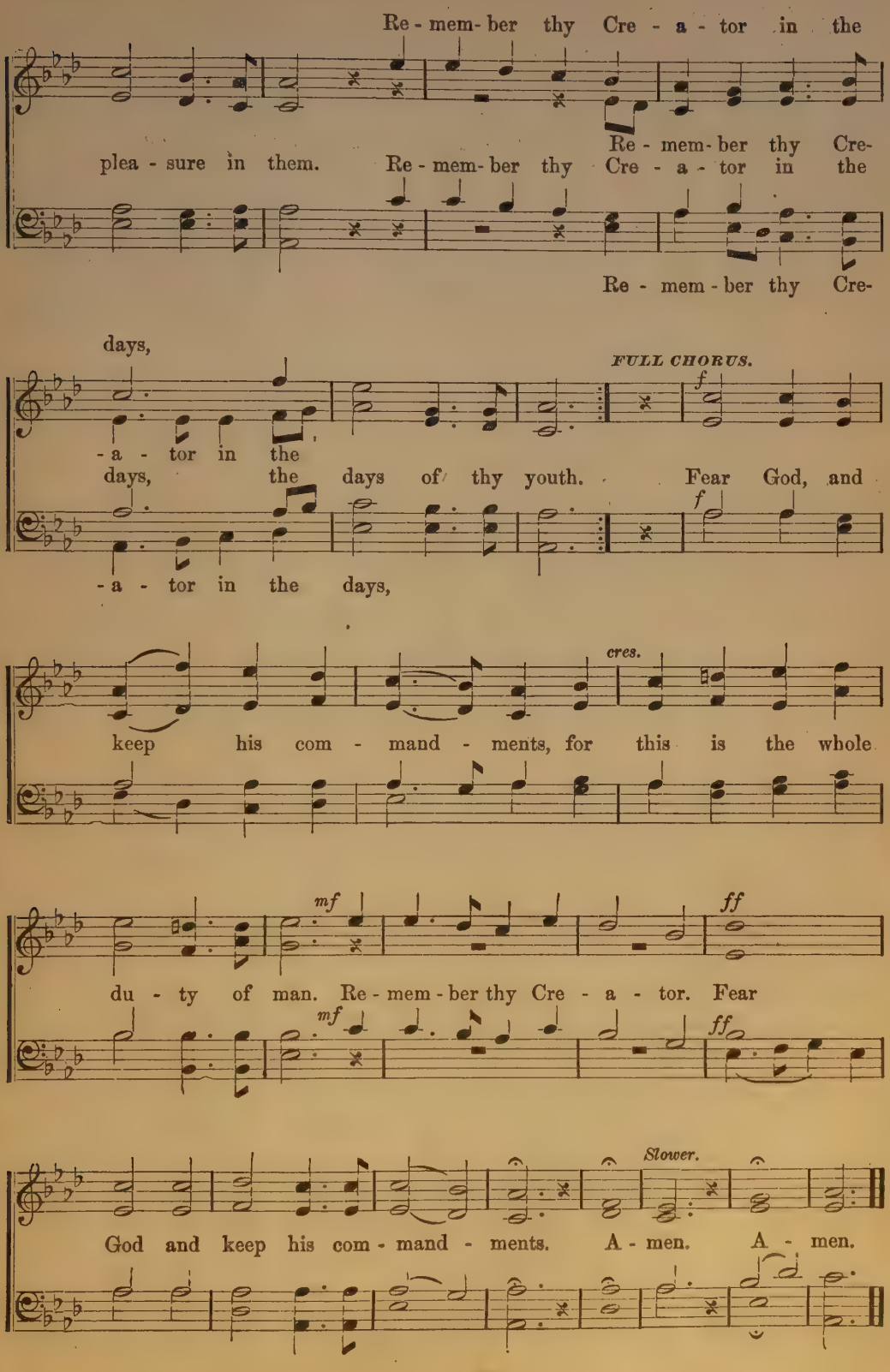
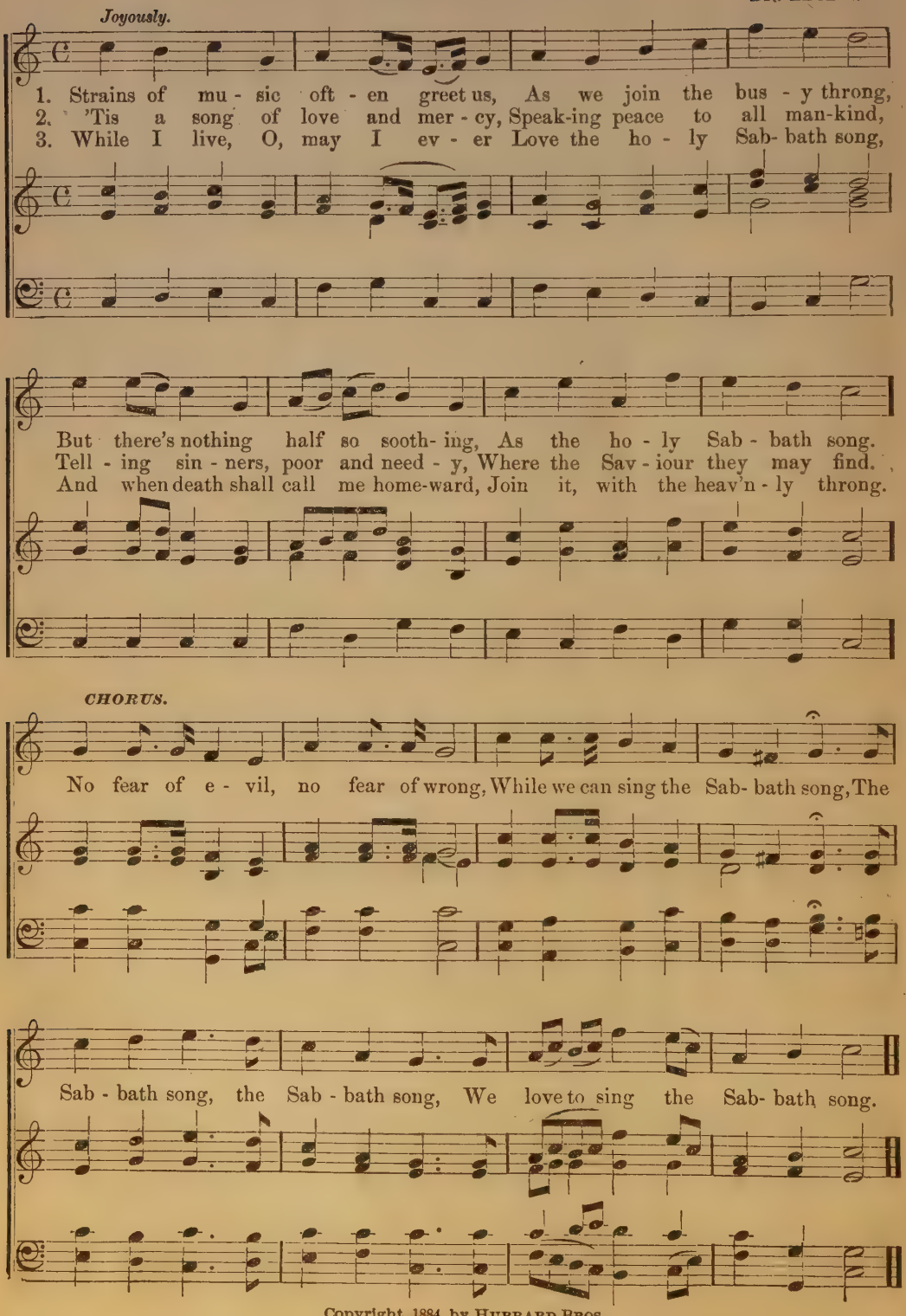

Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor in the
plea - sure in them.
Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor in the
Re - mem - ber thy Cre-
days,
-a - tor in the
FULL CHORUS.
f
days, the days of thy youth.
Fear God, and
f
-a - tor in the days,
cres.
keep his com - mand - ments, for this is the whole
mf
ff
du - ty of man. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor. Fear
mf
ff
Slower.
God and keep his com - mand - ments.
A - men.
A - men.

THE SABBATH SONG.

DR. LESLIE.


Joyously.
1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet us, As we join the bus - y throng,
2. 'Tis a song of love and mer - cy, Speak-ing peace to all man-kind,
3. While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the ho - ly Sab- bath song,
But there's nothing half so sooth- ing, As the ho - ly Sab - bath song.
Tell - ing sin - ners, poor and need - y, Where the Sav - iour they may find.
And when death shall call me home-ward, Join it, with the heav'n - ly throng.
CHORUS.
No fear of e - vil, no fear of wrong, While we can sing the Sab- bath song, The
Sab - bath song, the Sab - bath song, We love to sing the Sab- bath song.

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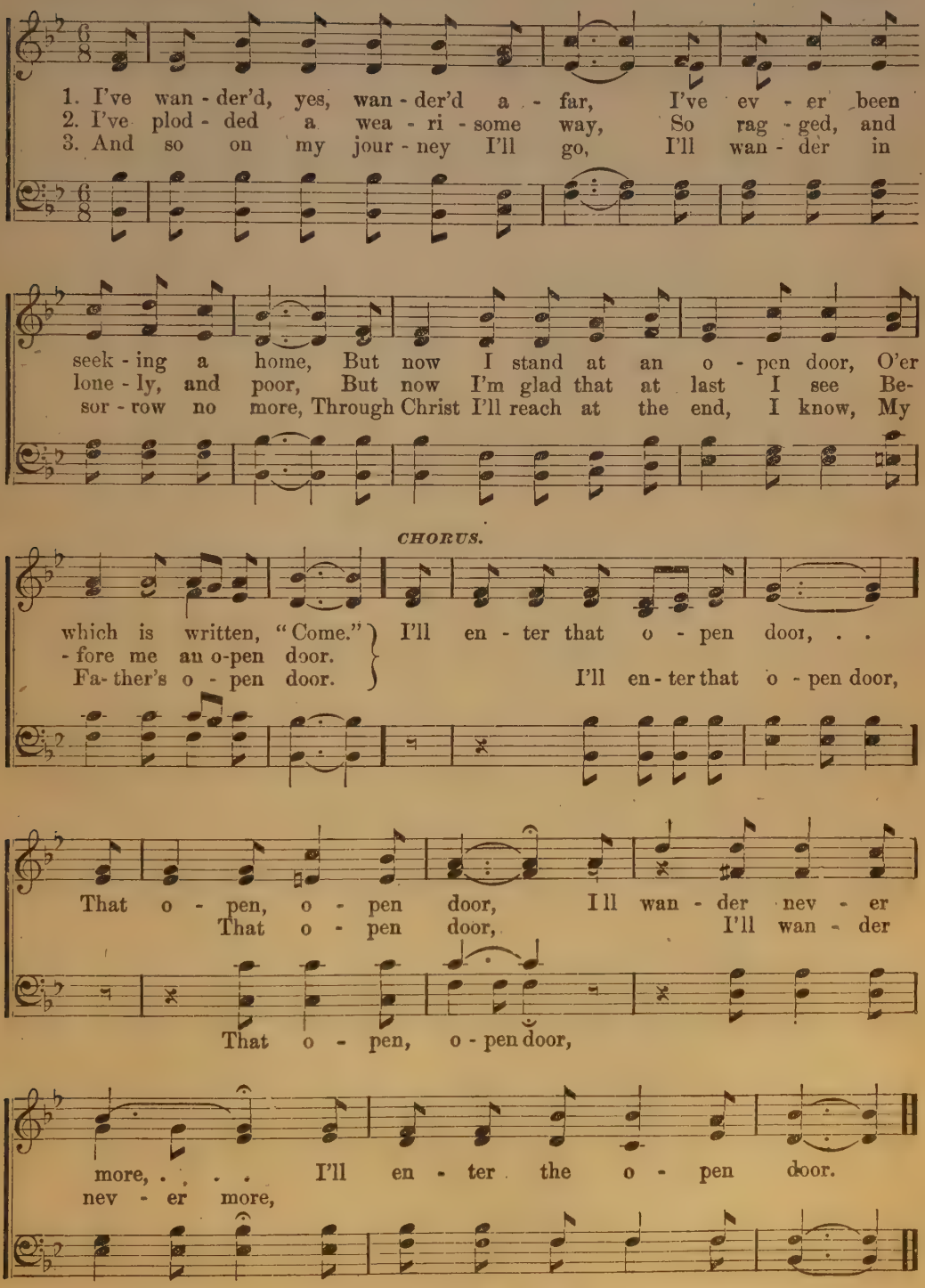
THE OPEN DOOR.

REV. A. B. EMMONS. A. J. ABBEY.


1. I've wan - der'd, yes, wan - der'd a - far, I've ev - er been
2. I've plod - ded a wea - ri - some way, So rag - ged, and
3. And so on my jour - ney I'll go, I'll wan - der in
seek - ing a home, But now I stand at an o - pen door, O'er
lone - ly, and poor, But now I'm glad that at last I see Be-
sor - row no more, Through Christ I'll reach at the end, I know, My
CHORUS.
which is written, "Come." I'll en - ter that o - pen door, . .
- fore me an o-pen door.
Fa-ther's o - pen door. I'll en - ter that o - pen door,
That o - pen, o - pen door, I'll wan - der nev - er
That o - pen door, I'll wan - der
That o - pen, o - pen door,
more, . . . I'll en - ter the o - pen door.
nev - er more,

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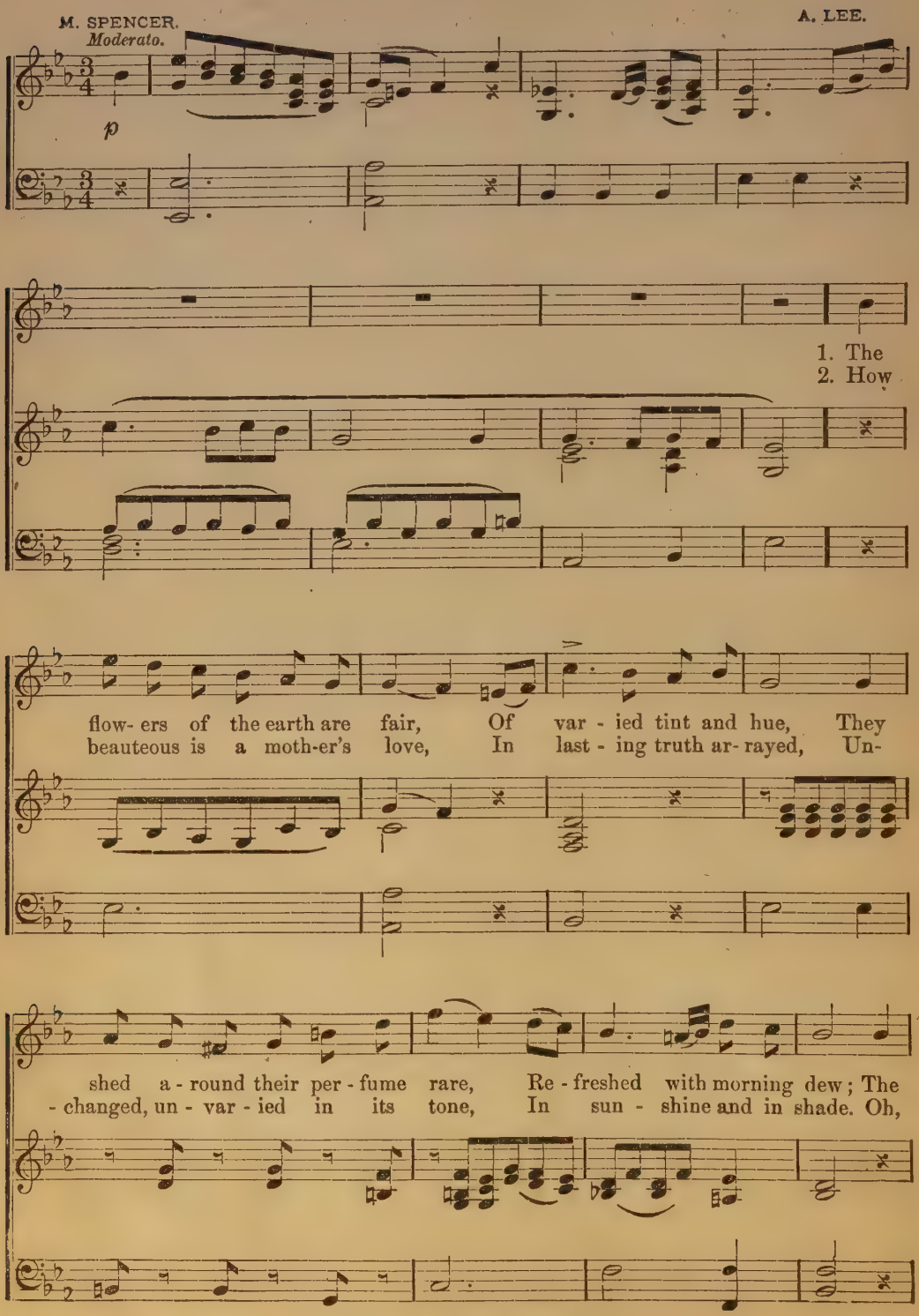
A MOTHER'S GENTLE LOVE.


M. SPENCER.
Moderato.
A. LEE.
p
1. The
2. How
flow- ers of the earth are fair, Of var - ied tint and hue, They
beauteous is a moth-er's love, In last - ing truth ar- rayed, Un-
shed a - round their per - fume rare, Re - freshed with morning dew; The
- changed, un - var - ied in its tone, In sun - shine and in shade. Oh,

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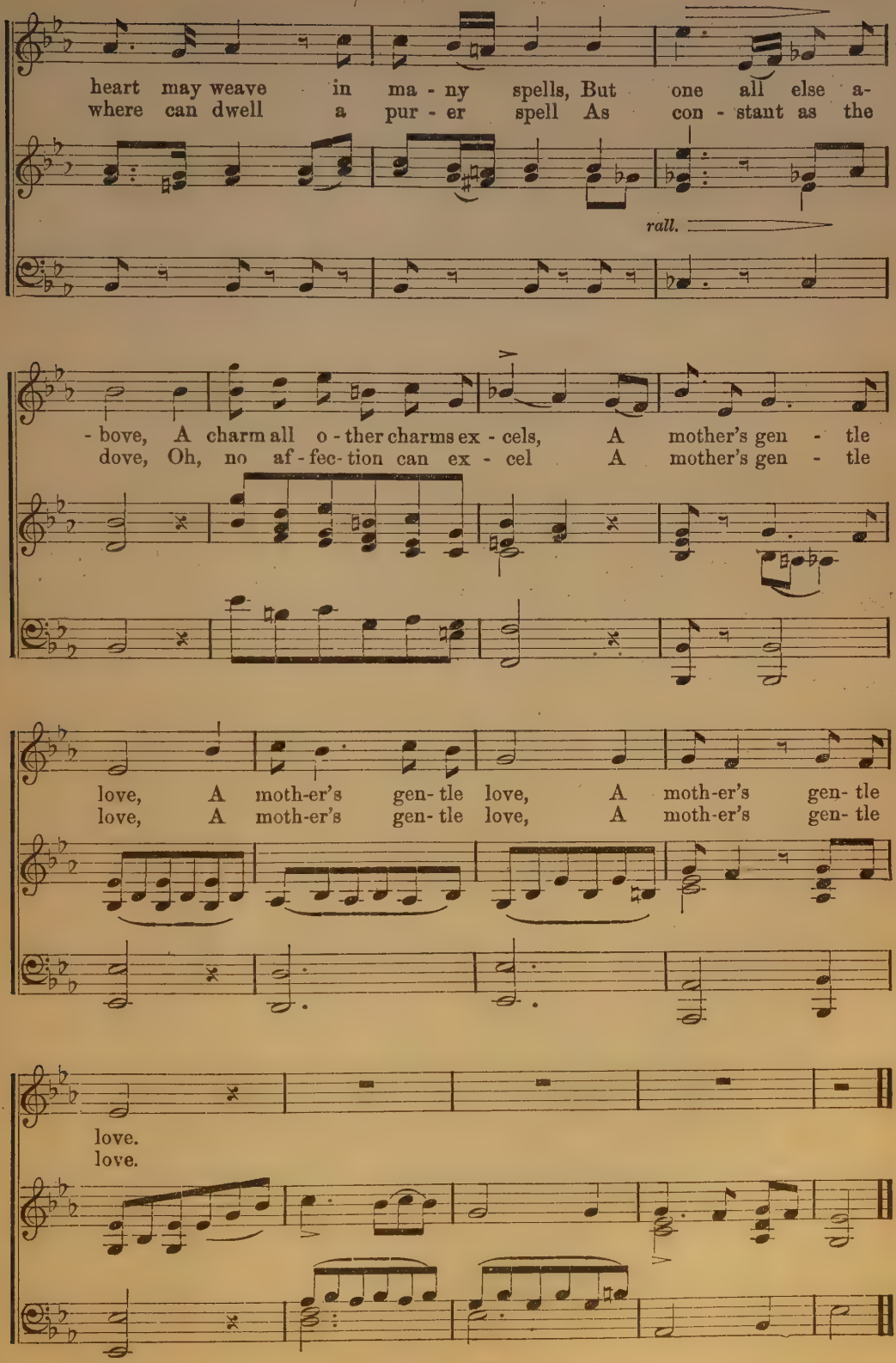
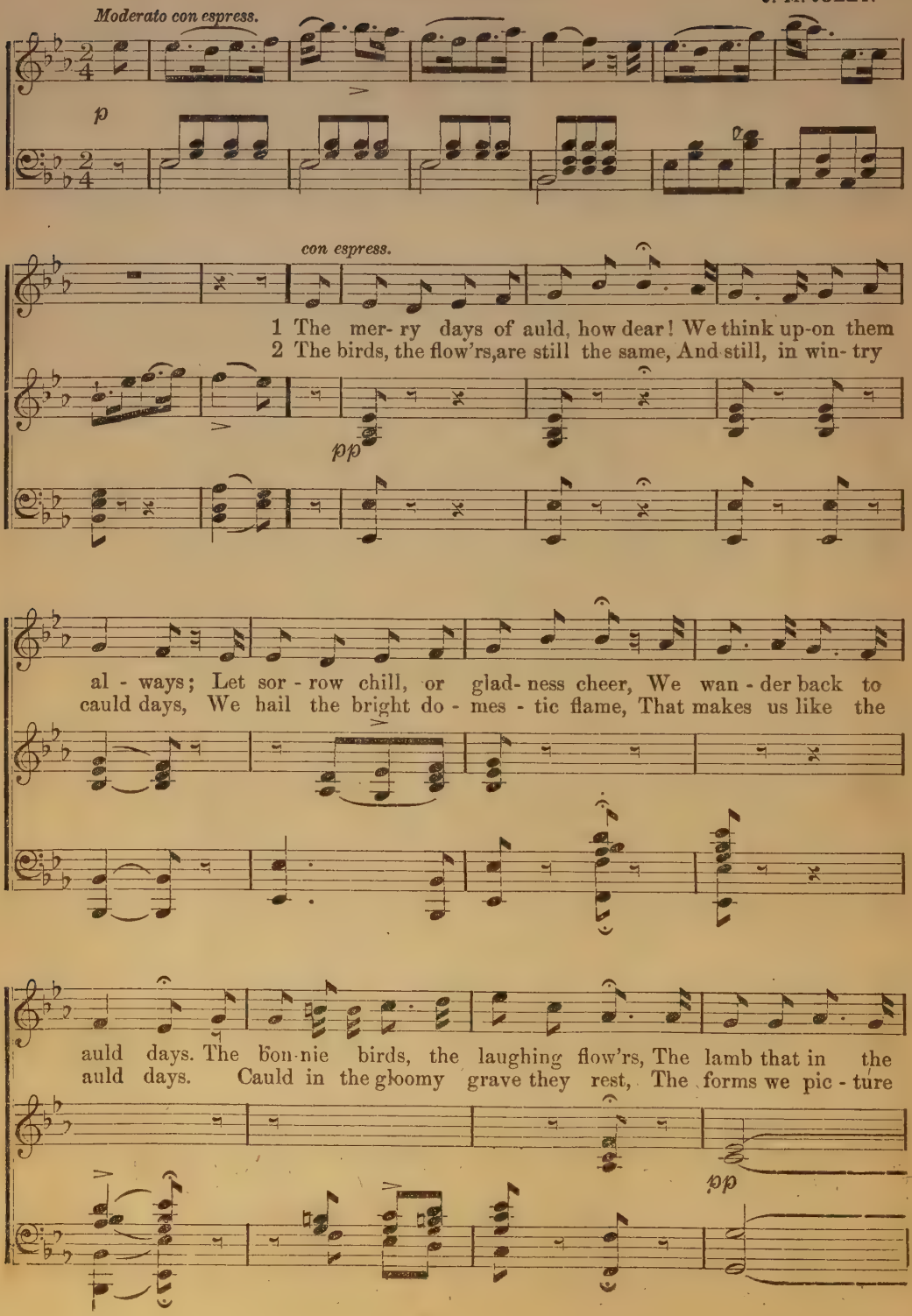
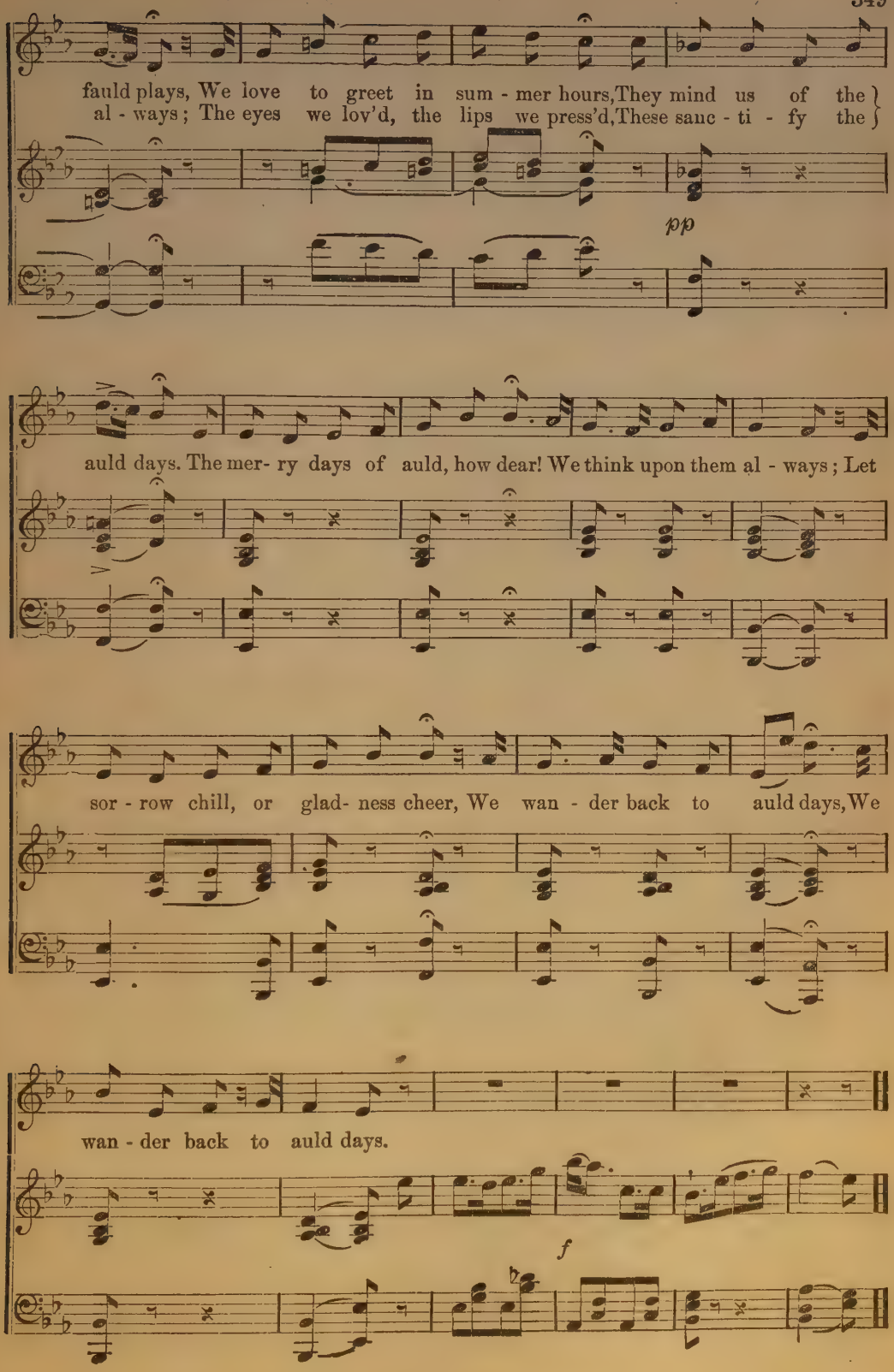

heart may weave in ma - ny spells, But one all else a-
where can dwell a pur - er spell As con - stant as the
rall.
- bove, A charm all o - ther charms ex - cels, A mother's gen - tle
dove, Oh, no af - fec - tion can ex - cel A mother's gen - tle
love, A moth-er's gen- tle love, A moth-er's gen- tle
love, A moth-er's gen- tle love, A moth-er's gen- tle
love.
love.

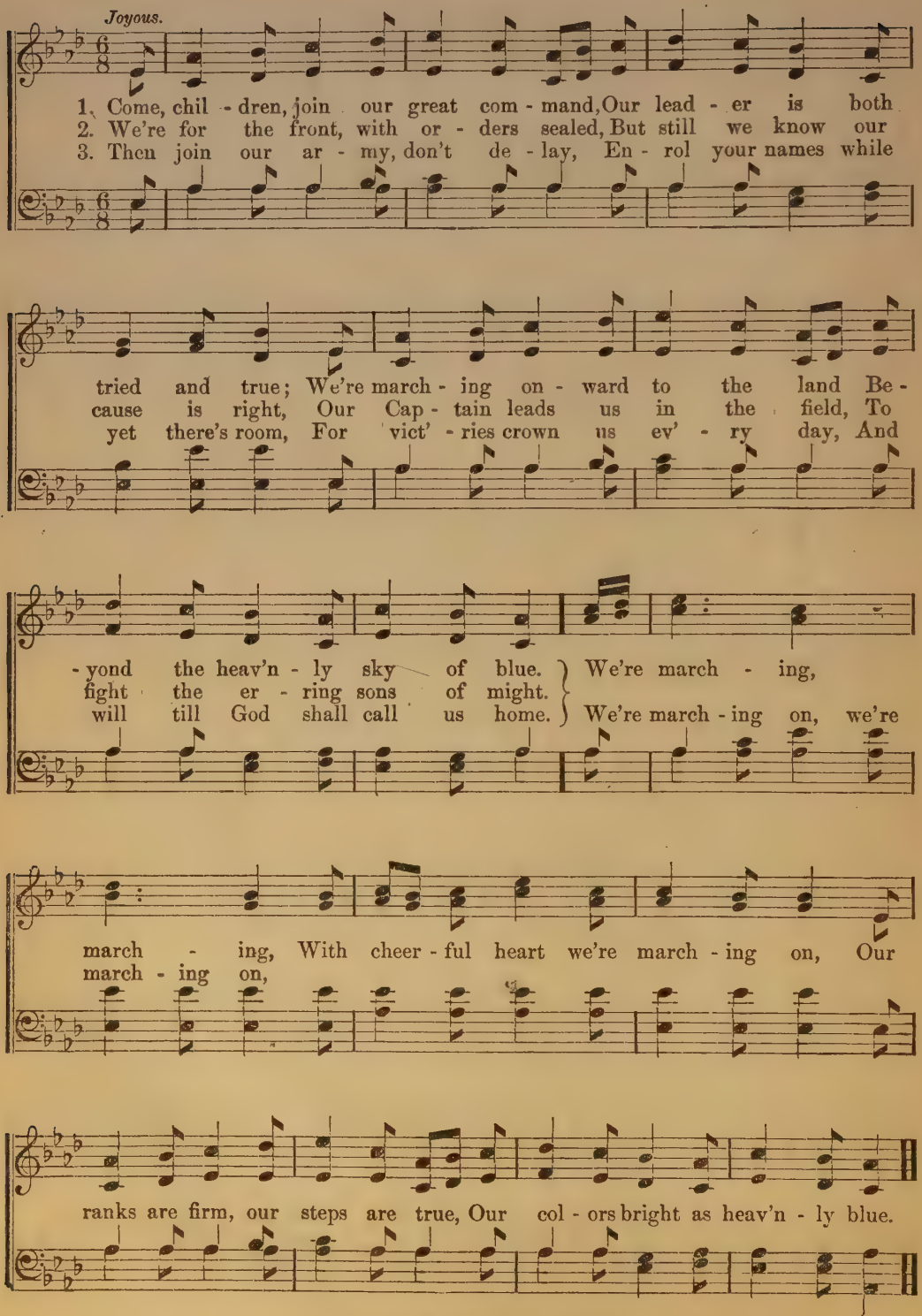
AULD DAYS.

J. M. JOLLY.


Moderato con espress.
p
con espress.
1 The mer- ry days of auld, how dear! We think up-on them
2 The birds, the flow'rs, are still the same, And still, in win- try
pp
al - ways; Let sor - row chill, or glad- ness cheer, We wan - der back to
cauld days, We hail the bright do - mes - tic flame, That makes us like the
auld days. The bon-nie birds, the laughing flow'rs, The lamb that in the
auld days. Cauld in the gloomy grave they rest, The forms we pic - ture
pp


fauld plays, We love to greet in sum - mer hours, They mind us of the
al - ways; The eyes we lov'd, the lips we press'd, These sanc - ti - fy the
pp
auld days. The mer- ry days of auld, how dear! We think upon them al - ways; Let
sor - row chill, or glad- ness cheer, We wan - der back to auld days, We
wan - der back to auld days.
f

THE LITTLE VOLUNTEERS.


Joyous.
1. Come, chil - dren, join our great com - mand, Our lead - er is both
2. We're for the front, with or - ders sealed, But still we know our
3. Then join our ar - my, don't de - lay, En - rol your names while
tried and true; We're march - ing on - ward to the land Be -
cause is right, Our Cap - tain leads us in the field, To
yet there's room, For vict' - ries crown us ev' - ry day, And
- yond the heav'n - ly sky of blue.
fight the er - ring sons of might.
will till God shall call us home.
We're march - ing,
We're march - ing on, we're
march - ing, With cheer - ful heart we're march - ing on, Our
march - ing on,
ranks are firm, our steps are true, Our col - ors bright as heav'n - ly blue.

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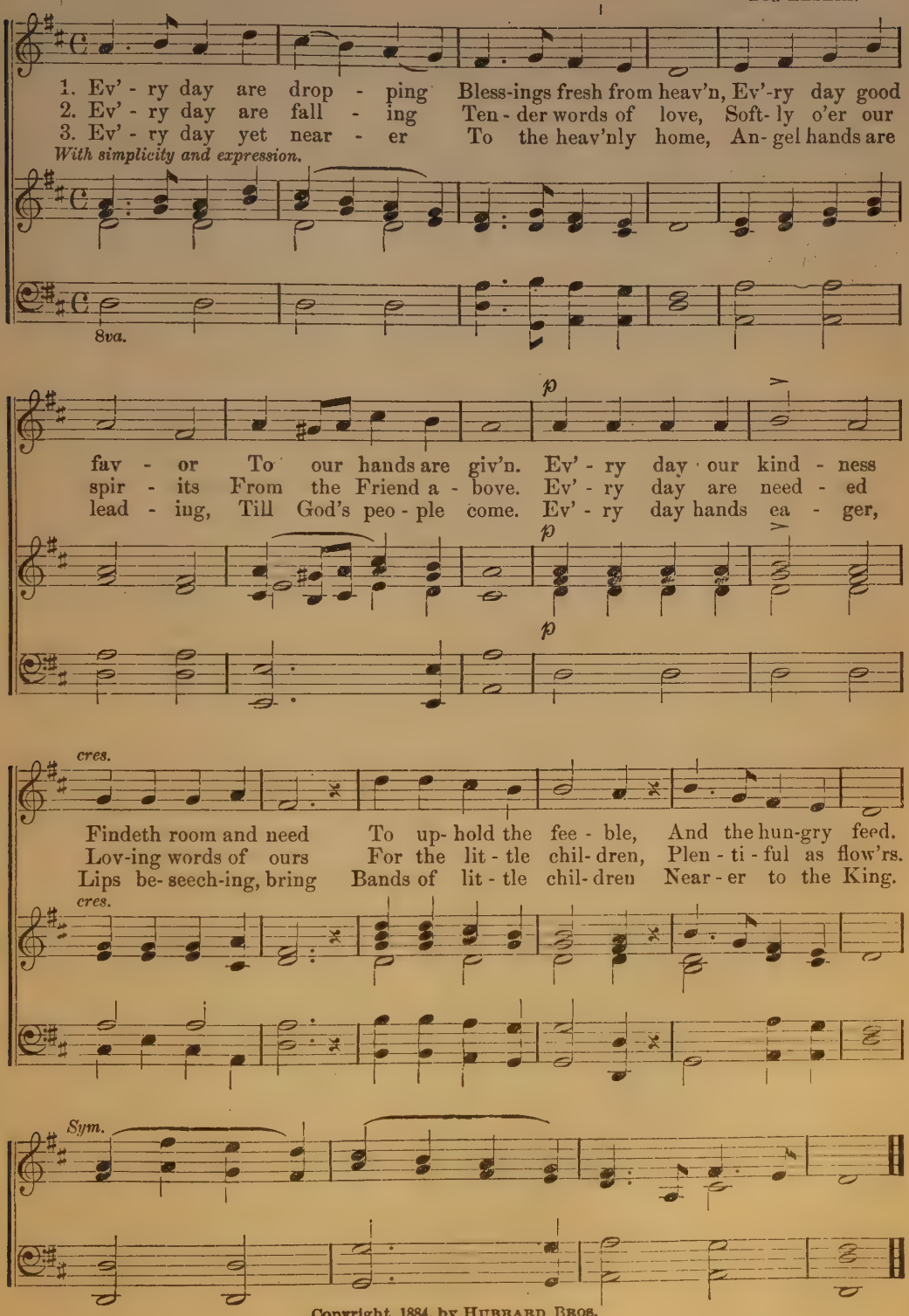
EVERY DAY BLESSINGS.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. DR. LESLIE.


1. Ev' - ry day are drop - ping Bless-ings fresh from heav'n, Ev'-ry day good
2. Ev' - ry day are fall - ing Ten - der words of love, Soft- ly o'er our
3. Ev' - ry day yet near - er To the heav'nly home, An- gel hands are
With simplicity and expression.
8va.
fav - or To our hands are giv'n. Ev' - ry day our kind - ness
spir - its From the Friend a - bove. Ev' - ry day are need - ed
lead - ing, Till God's peo - ple come. Ev' - ry day hands ea - ger,
p
cres.
Findeth room and need To up- hold the fee - ble, And the hun-gry feed.
Lov-ing words of ours For the lit - tle chil- dren, Plen - ti - ful as flow'rs.
Lips be- seech-ing, bring Bands of lit - tle chil- dren Near - er to the King.
Sym.

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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

J. P. RICHARDSON. E. REYLOFF.

Allegretto quasi andantino.

p *grazioso.*

1. "Who is it that comes to the gar - den gate, And
2. "What is it that makes you to seek in vain For
3. But time has pass'd, and ma - ny a change In the

p

sets up a whist - ling scream, When you're off and a -
things be - fore your eyes? And at ev - er - y
vil - lage is ea - si - ly seen; Yet a form with a

- way, so joy - ous and gay, As a beau - ti - ful fai - ry
knock, or stroke of the clock, You quick - ly as light - ning
face full of beau - ty and grace, Trips light - ly o - ver the

rall.

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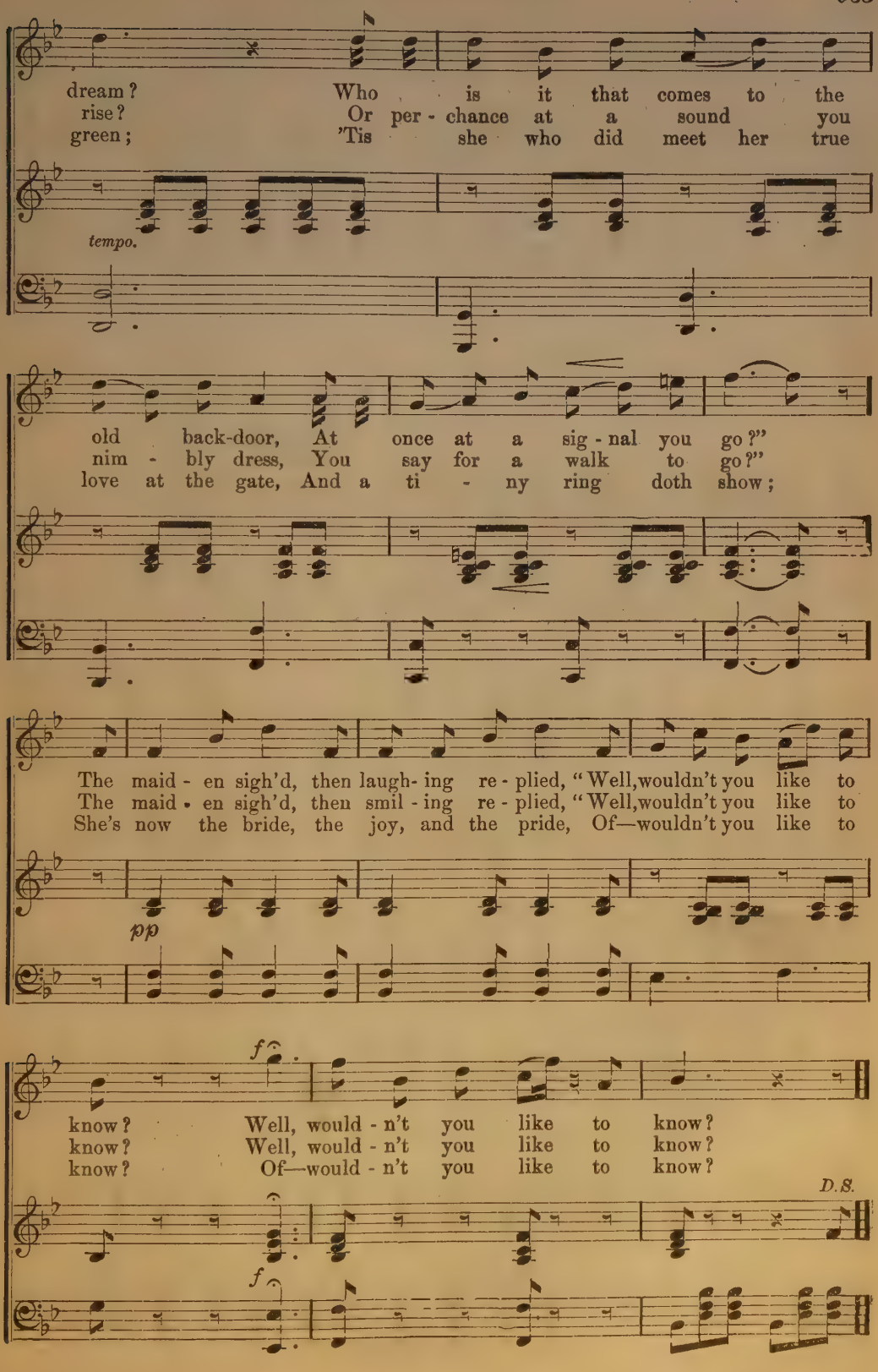
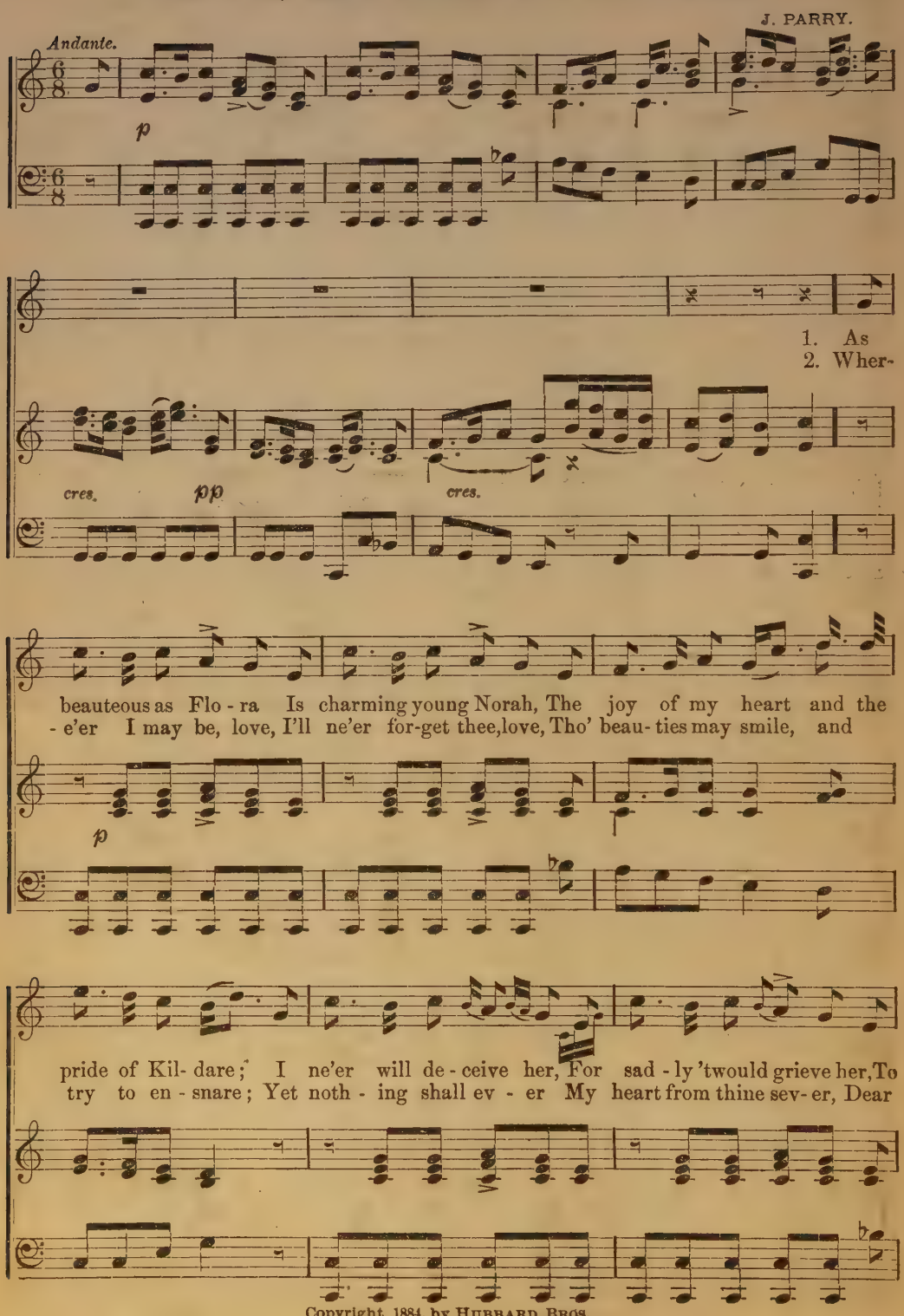

dream? Who is it that comes to the
rise? Or per - chance at a sound you
green; 'Tis she who did meet her true
tempo.
old back-door, At once at a sig - nal you go?"
nim - bly dress, You say for a walk to go?"
love at the gate, And a ti - ny ring doth show;
The maid - en sigh'd, then laugh- ing re - plied, "Well,wouldn't you like to
The maid - en sigh'd, then smil - ing re - plied, "Well,wouldn't you like to
She's now the bride, the joy, and the pride, Of—wouldn't you like to
pp
f
know? Well, would - n't you like to know?
know? Well, would - n't you like to know?
know? Of—would - n't you like to know?
D.S.
f

NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

J. PARRY.


Andante.
p
1. As
2. Wher-
cres.
pp
cres.
beauteous as Flo - ra Is charming young Norah, The joy of my heart and the
- e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er for-get thee, love, Tho' beau - ties may smile, and
p
pride of Kil- dare; I ne'er will de - ceive her, For sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To
try to en - snare; Yet noth - ing shall ev - er My heart from thine sev - er, Dear

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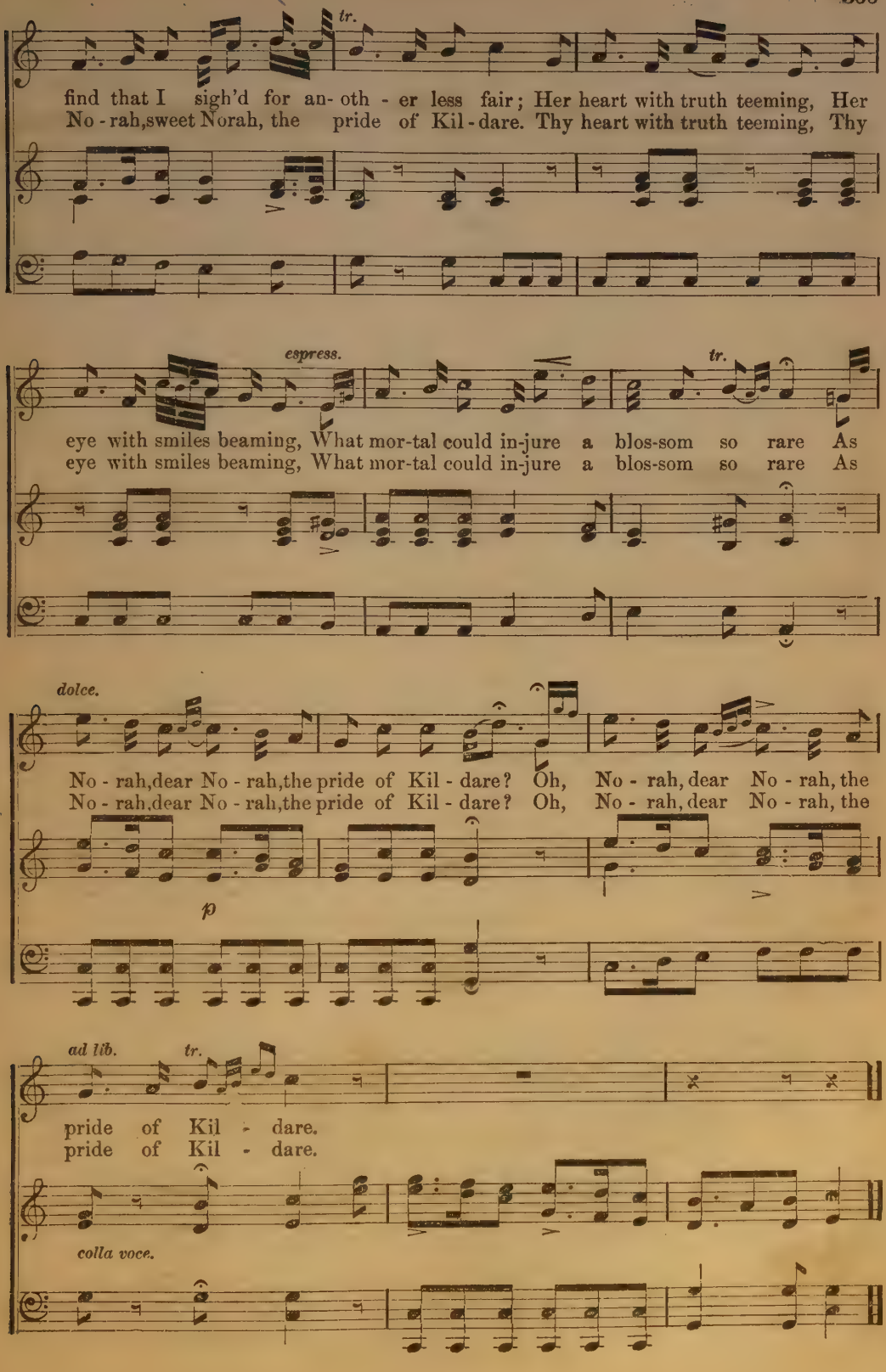
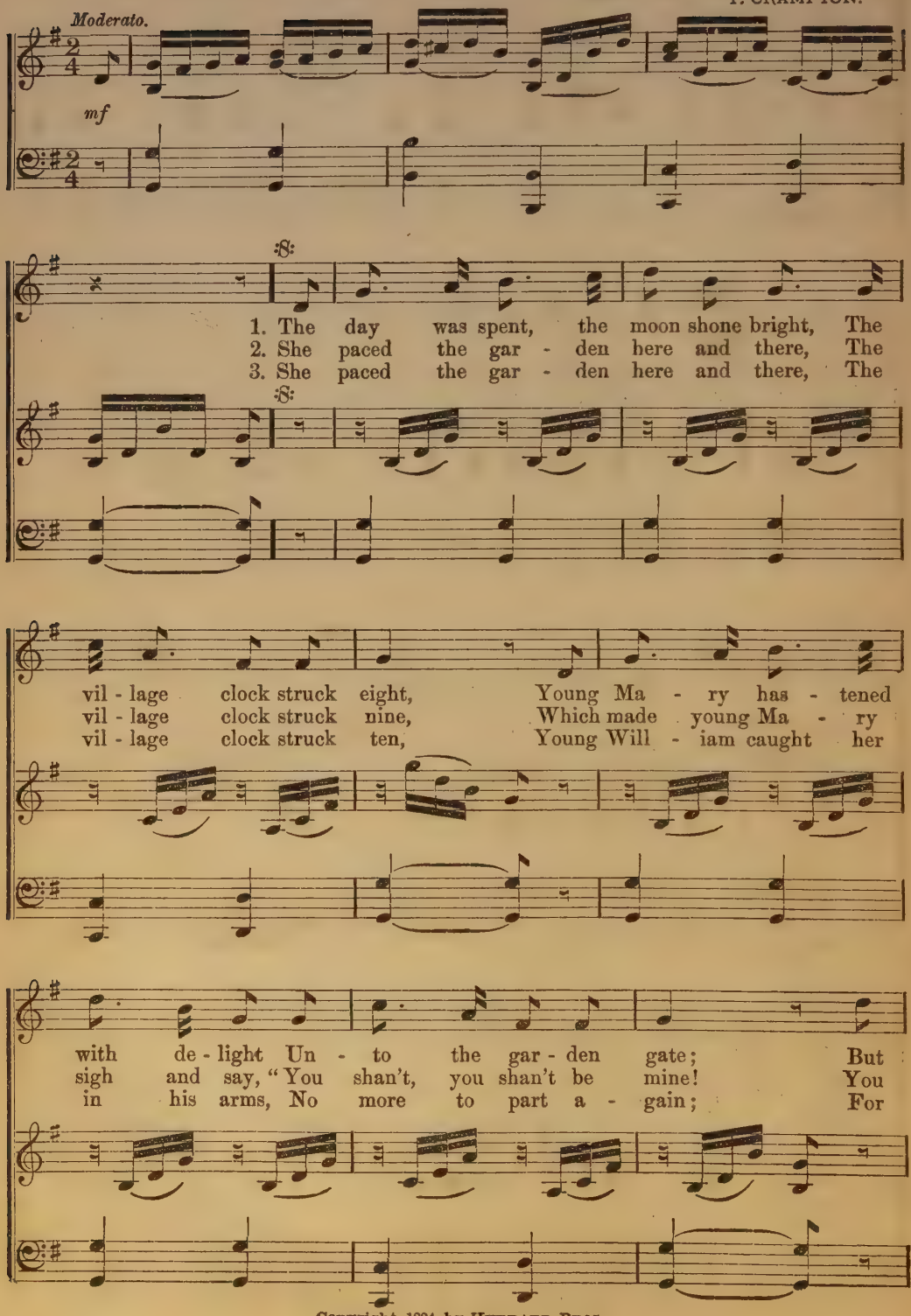

tr.
find that I sigh'd for an- oth - er less fair; Her heart with truth teeming, Her
No - rah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kil - dare. Thy heart with truth teeming, Thy
espress.
tr.
eye with smiles beaming, What mor-tal could in-jure a blos-som so rare As
eye with smiles beaming, What mor-tal could in-jure a blos-som so rare As
dolce.
No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare? Oh, No - rah, dear No - rah, the
No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare? Oh, No - rah, dear No - rah, the
p
ad lib.
tr.
pride of Kil - dare.
pride of Kil - dare.
colla voce.

THE GARDEN GATE.

T. CRAMPTON.


Moderato.
mf
1. The day was spent, the moon shone bright, The
2. She paced the gar - den here and there, The
3. She paced the gar - den here and there, The
vil - lage clock struck eight, Young Ma - ry has - tened
vil - lage clock struck nine, Which made young Ma - ry
vil - lage clock struck ten, Young Will - iam caught her
with de - light Un - to the gar - den gate; But
sigh and say, "You shan't, you shan't be mine! You
in his arms, No more to part a - gain; For

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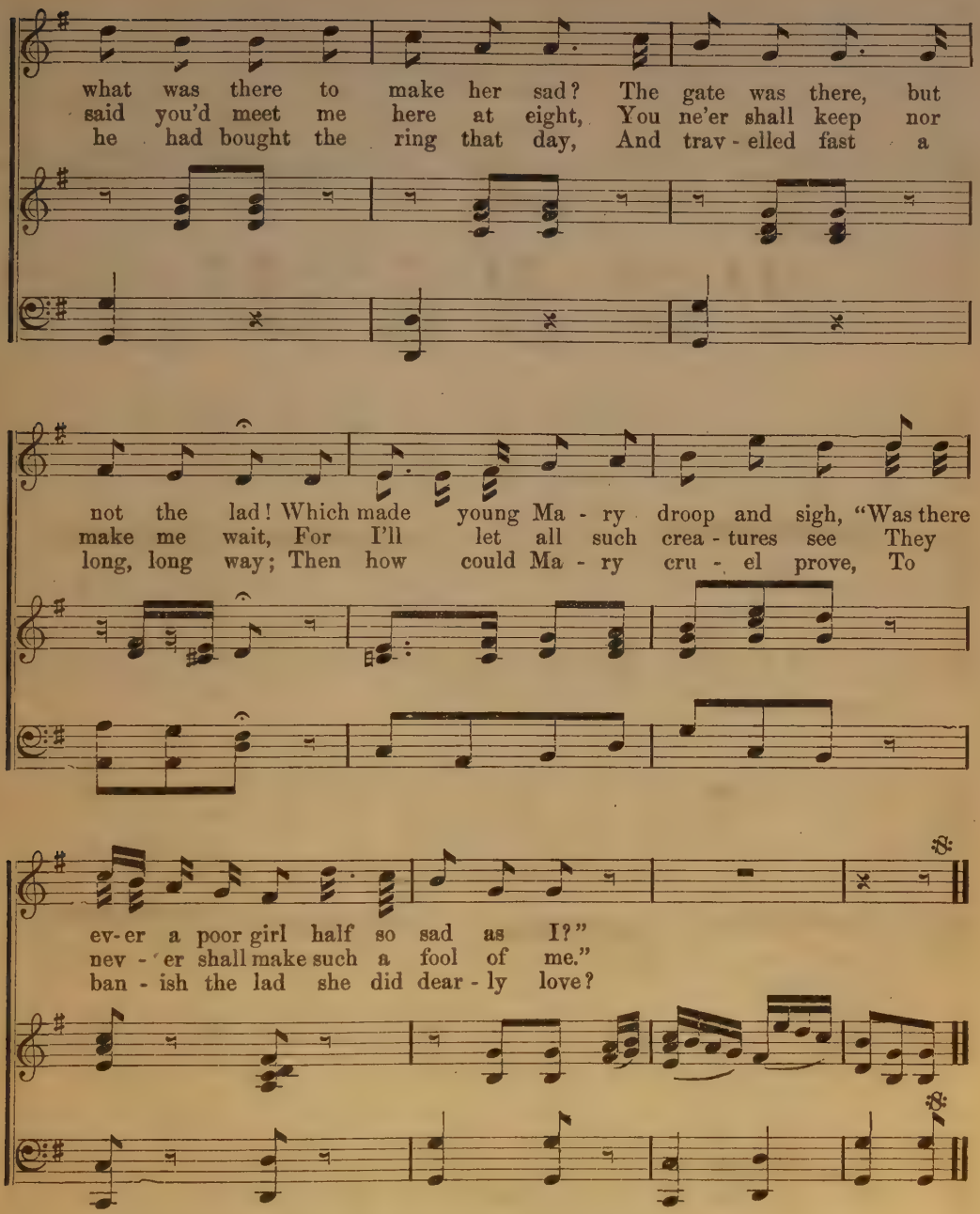
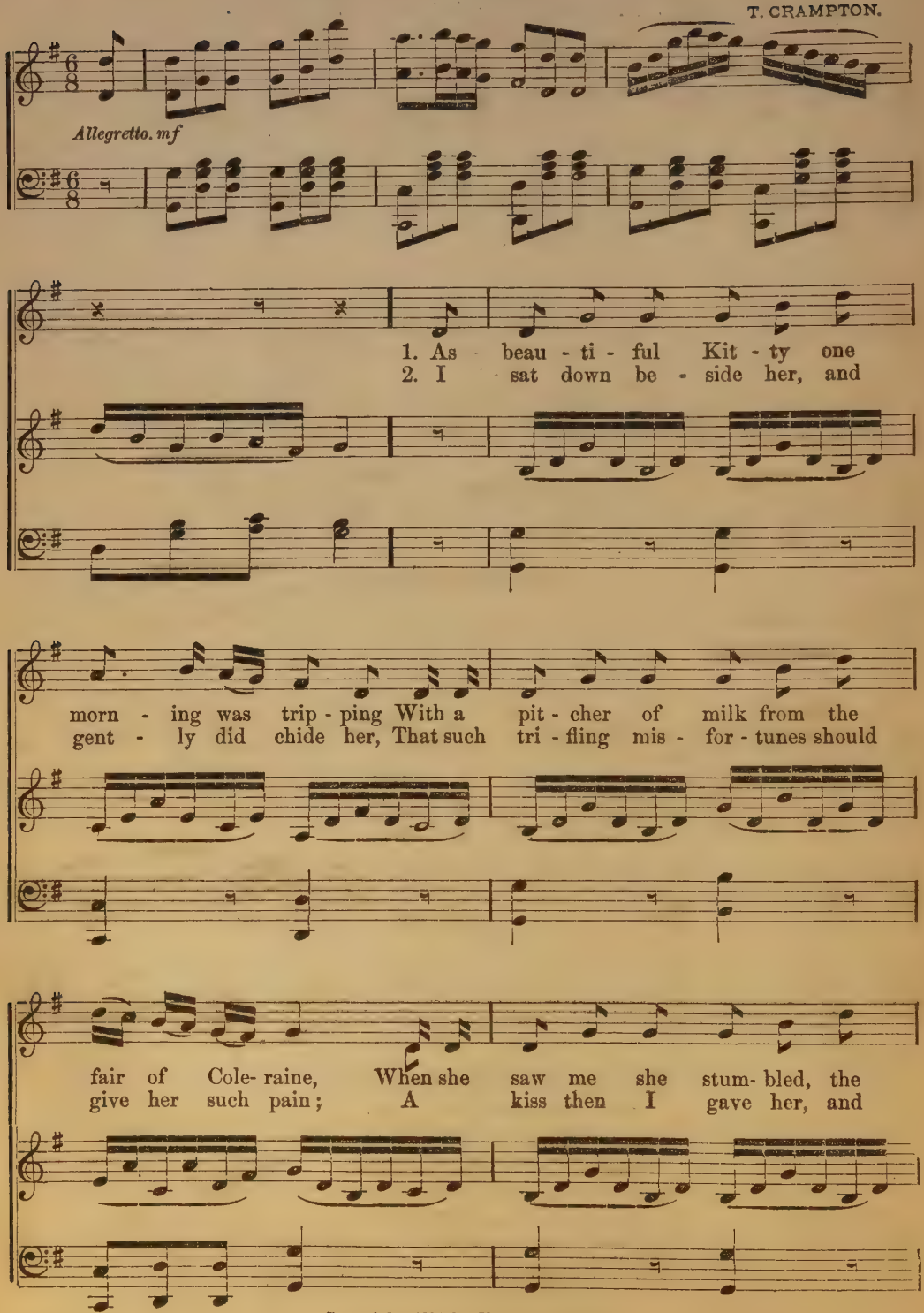

what was there to make her sad? The gate was there, but
said you'd meet me here at eight, You ne'er shall keep nor
he had bought the ring that day, And trav - elled fast a
not the lad! Which made young Ma - ry droop and sigh, "Was there
make me wait, For I'll let all such crea - tures see They
long, long way; Then how could Ma - ry cru - el prove, To
ev-er a poor girl half so sad as I?"
nev - er shall make such a fool of me."
ban - ish the lad she did dear - ly love?

4. Next morn the bells rang merrily,
While from the garden gate,
Young William and his blooming bride
Stepped forth, with joy elate.
Now oft the garden path she'll roam
At eve, to welcome William home,
She blesses the night when she did wait
For her absent swain at the garden gate.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

T. CRAMPTON.


Allegretto. mf
1. As beau - ti - ful Kit - ty one
2. I sat down be - side her, and
morn - ing was trip - ping With a pit - cher of milk from the
gent - ly did chide her, That such tri - fling mis - for - tunes should
fair of Cole- raine, When she saw me she stum- bled, the
give her such pain; A kiss then I gave her, and

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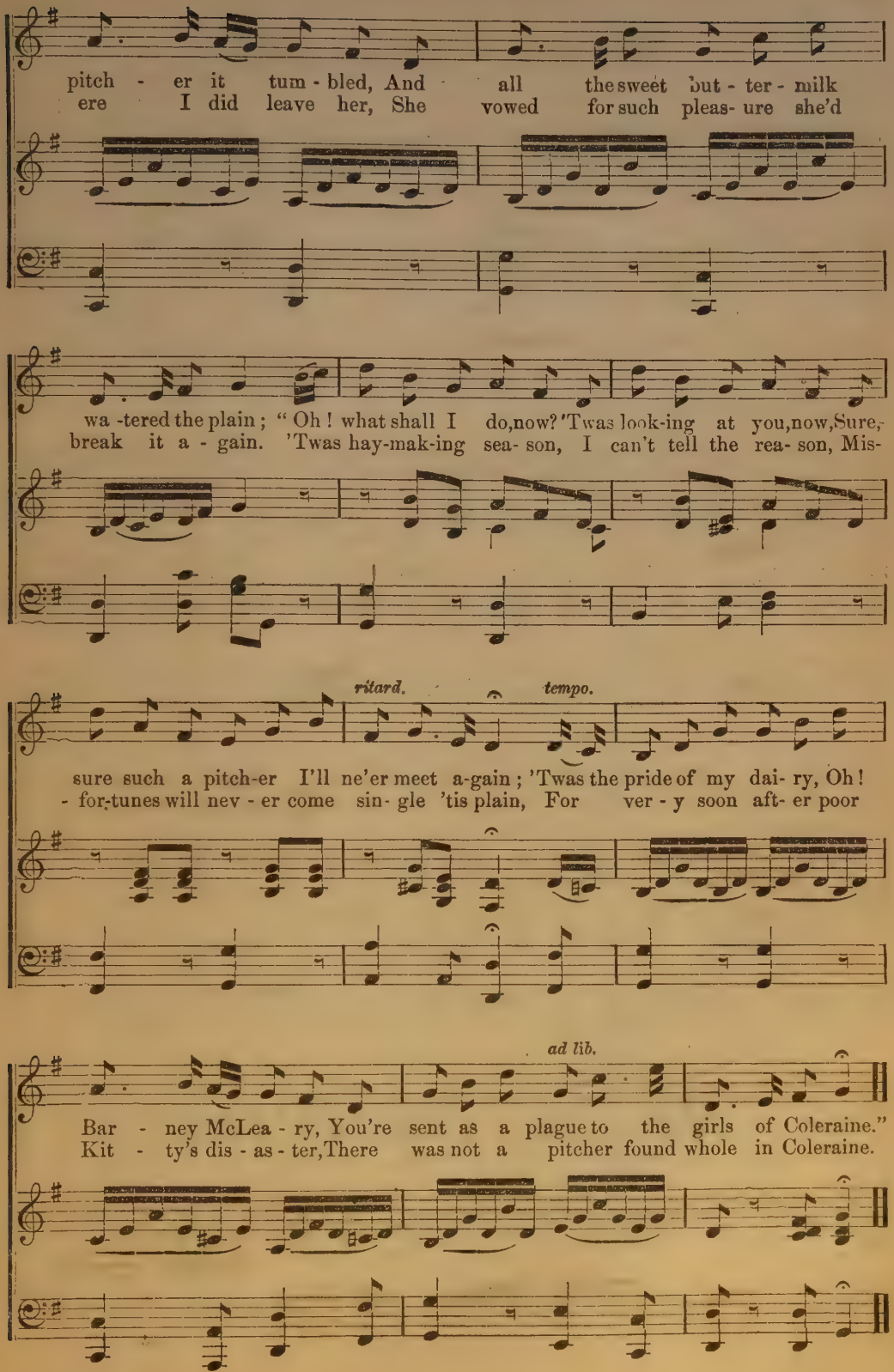
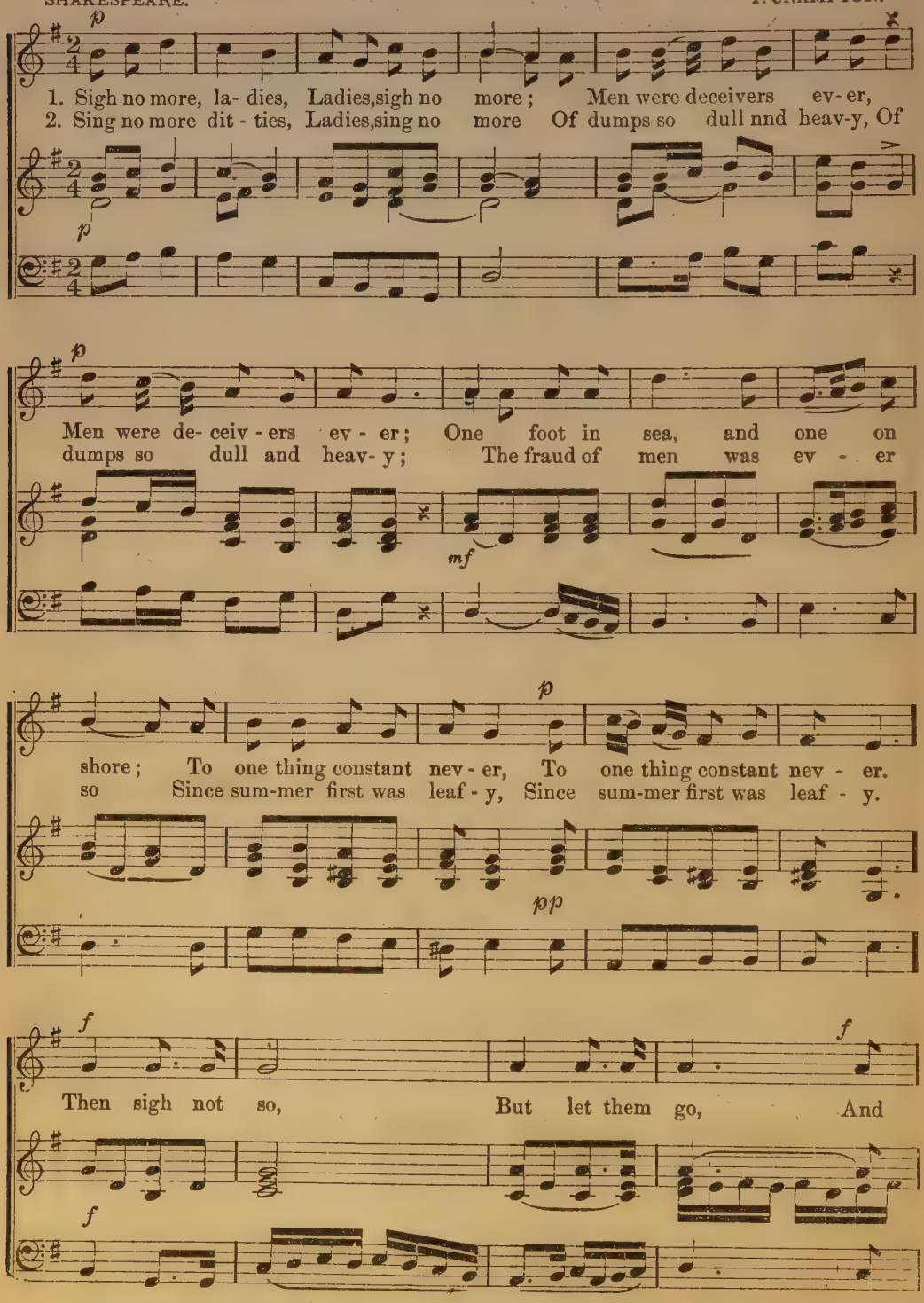

pitch - er it tum - bled, And all the sweet but - ter - milk
ere I did leave her, She vowed for such pleas- ure she'd
wa -tered the plain; "Oh! what shall I do,now? 'Twas look-ing at you,now,Sure,
break it a - gain. 'Twas hay-mak-ing sea- son, I can't tell the rea- son, Mis-
ritard.
tempo.
sure such a pitch-er I'll ne'er meet a-gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai- ry, Oh!
- for-tunes will nev - er come sin- gle 'tis plain, For ver - y soon aft- er poor
ad lib.
Bar - ney McLea - ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."
Kit - ty's dis - as - ter, There was not a pitcher found whole in Coleraine.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SHAKESPEARE. T. CRAMPTON.


1. Sigh no more, la- dies, Ladies,sigh no more; Men were deceivers ev- er,
2. Sing no more dit - ties, Ladies,sing no more Of dumps so dull nnd heav-y, Of
Men were de- ceiv - ers ev - er; One foot in sea, and one on
dumps so dull and heav- y; The fraud of men was ev - er
shore; To one thing constant nev - er, To one thing constant nev - er.
so Since sum-mer first was leaf - y, Since sum-mer first was leaf - y.
Then sigh not so, But let them go, And

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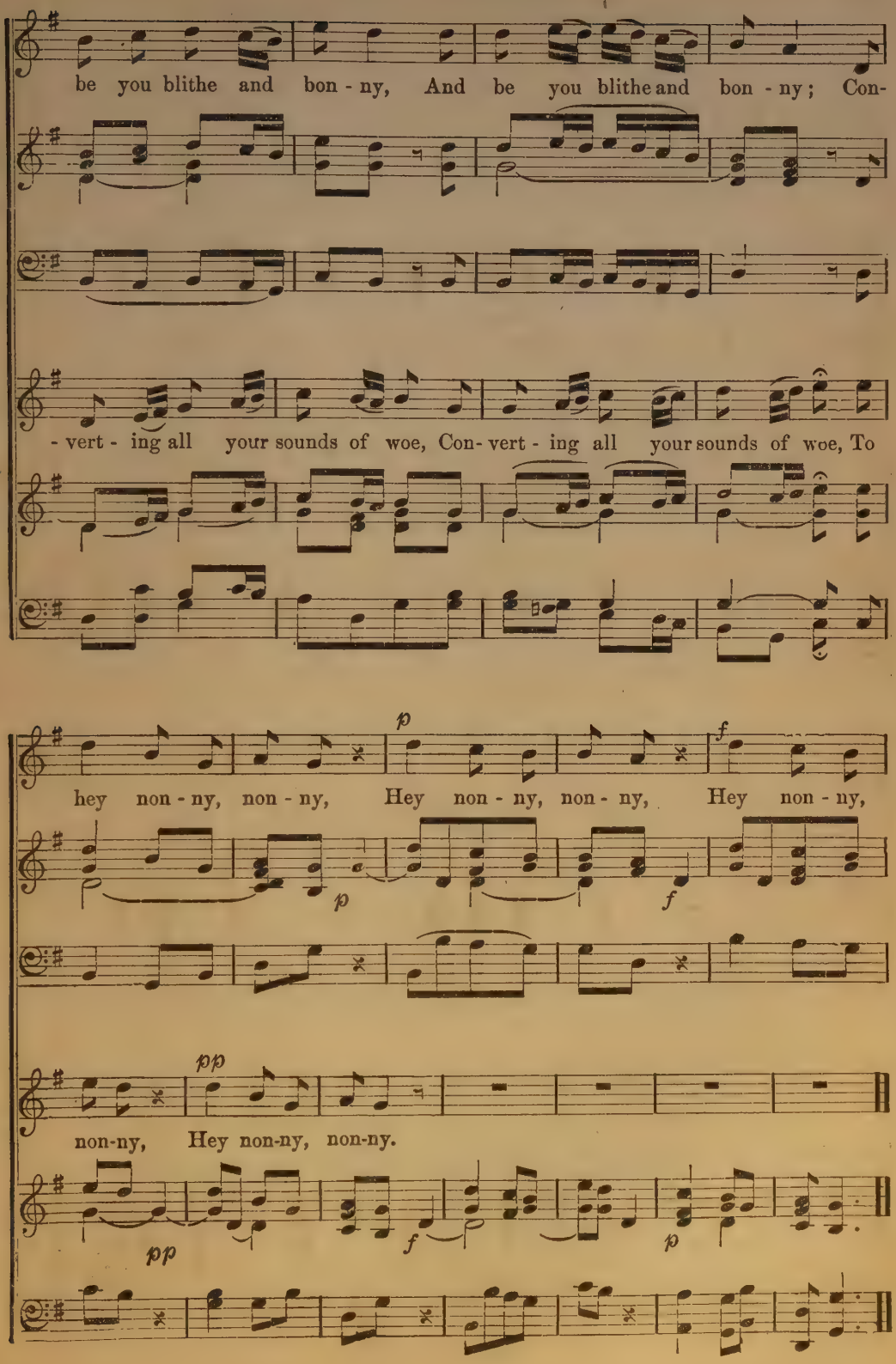
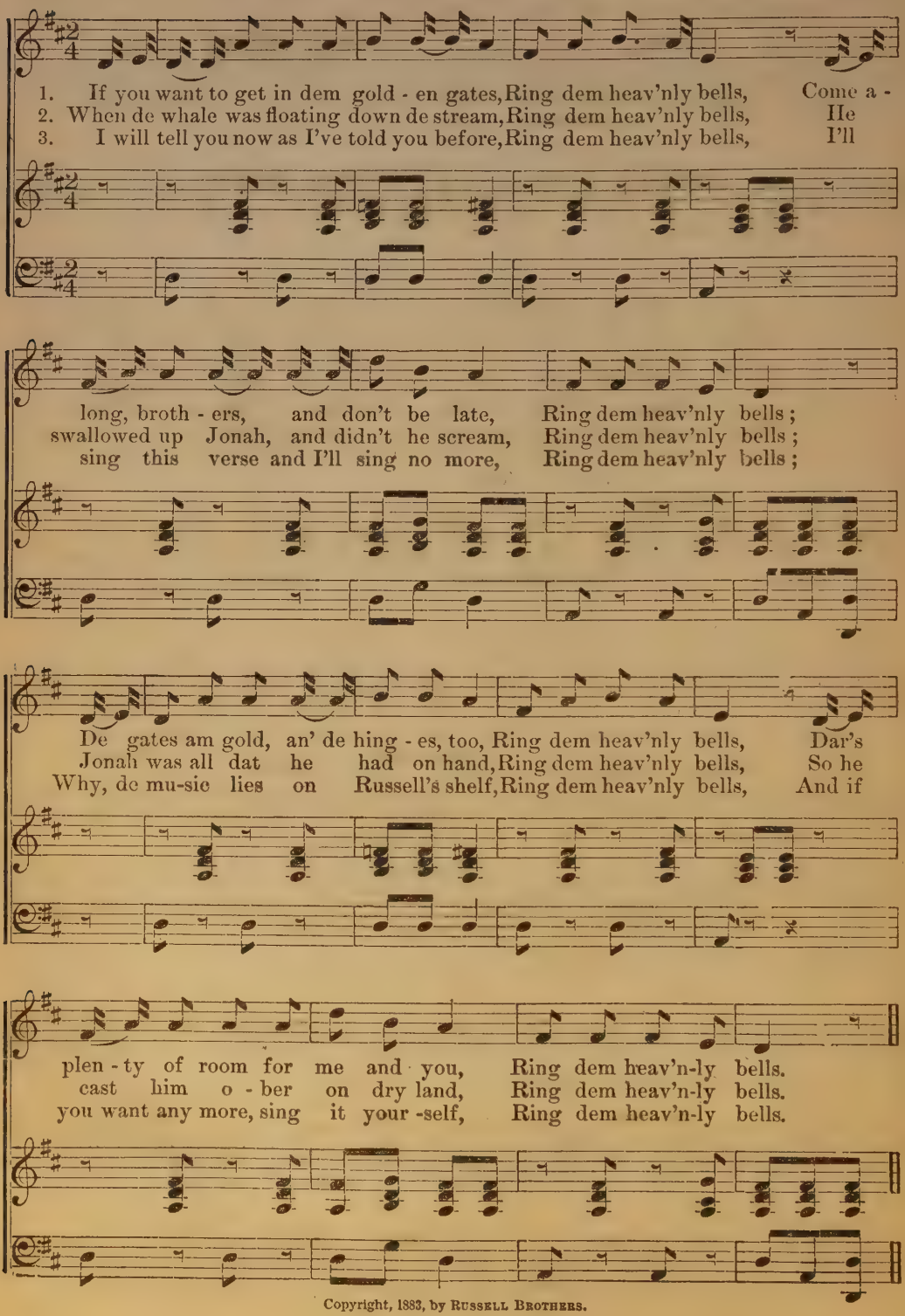

be you blithe and bon - ny, And be you blithe and bon - ny; Con-
- vert - ing all your sounds of woe, Con- vert - ing all your sounds of woe, To
p
f
hey non - ny, non - ny, Hey non - ny, non - ny, Hey non - ny,
p
f
pp
non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny.
pp
f
p

RING DEM HEAVENLY BELLS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY SAM LUCAS. By per


1. If you want to get in dem gold - en gates, Ring dem heav'nly bells, Come a -
2. When de whale was floating down de stream, Ring dem heav'nly bells, He
3. I will tell you now as I've told you before, Ring dem heav'nly bells, I'll
long, broth - ers, and don't be late, Ring dem heav'nly bells;
swallowed up Jonah, and didn't he scream, Ring dem heav'nly bells;
sing this verse and I'll sing no more, Ring dem heav'nly bells;
De gates am gold, an' de hing - es, too, Ring dem heav'nly bells, Dar's
Jonah was all dat he had on hand, Ring dem heav'nly bells, So he
Why, de mu-sic lies on Russell's shelf, Ring dem heav'nly bells, And if
plen - ty of room for me and you, Ring dem heav'n-ly bells.
cast him o - ber on dry land, Ring dem heav'n-ly bells.
you want any more, sing it your -self, Ring dem heav'n-ly bells.

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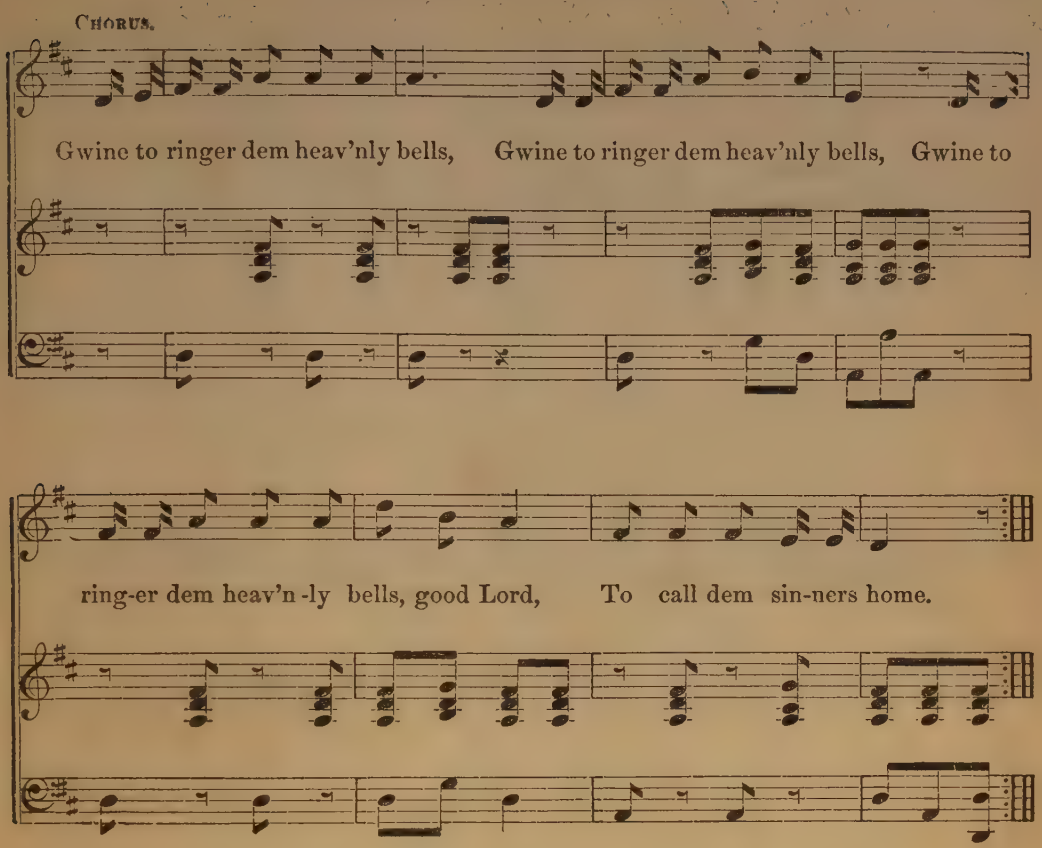
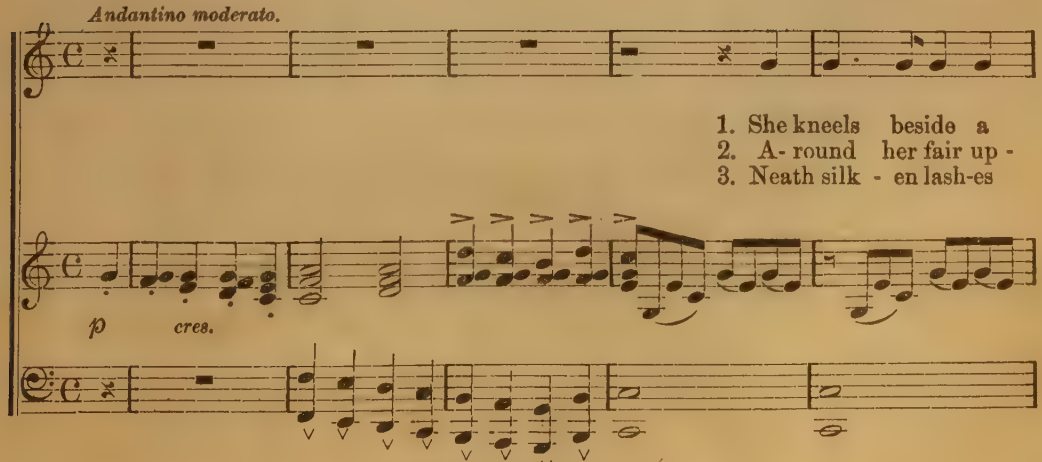

Chorus.
Gwine to ringer dem heav'nly bells, Gwine to ringer dem heav'nly bells, Gwine to
ring-er dem heav'n-ly bells, good Lord, To call dem sin-ners home.

'TIS BIRDIE'S EVENING PRAYER.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. CHARLEY REA. By per.



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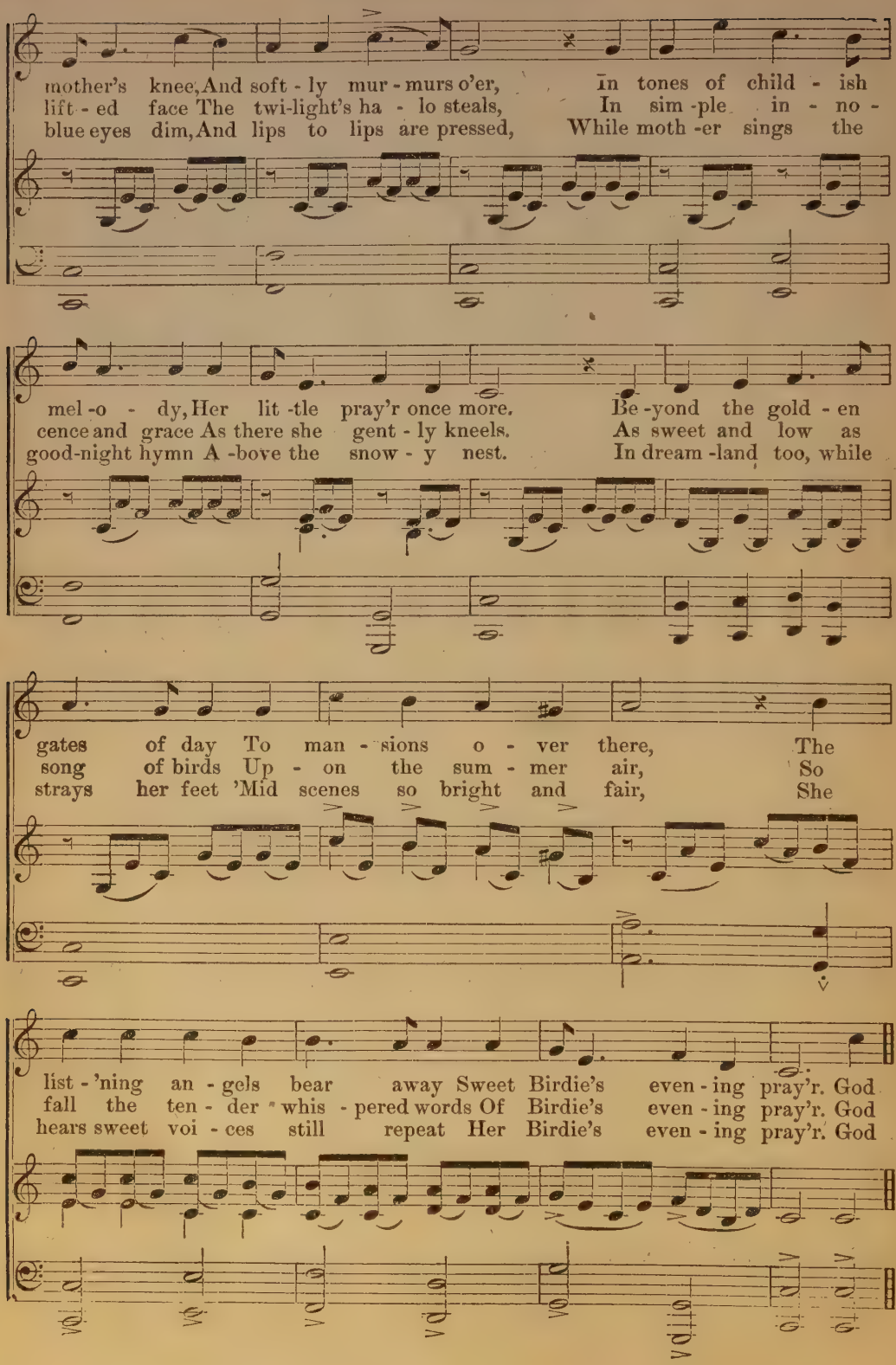
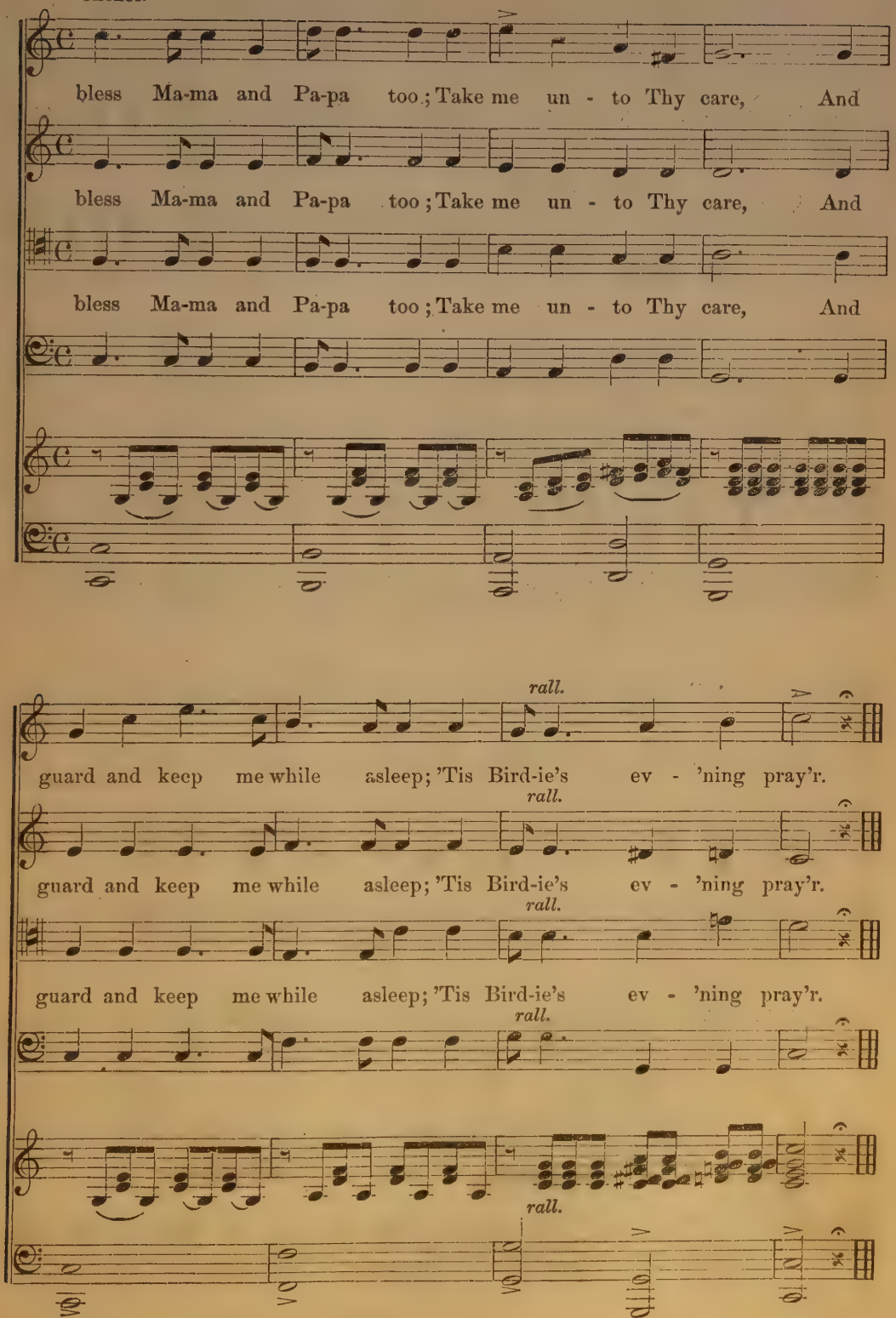
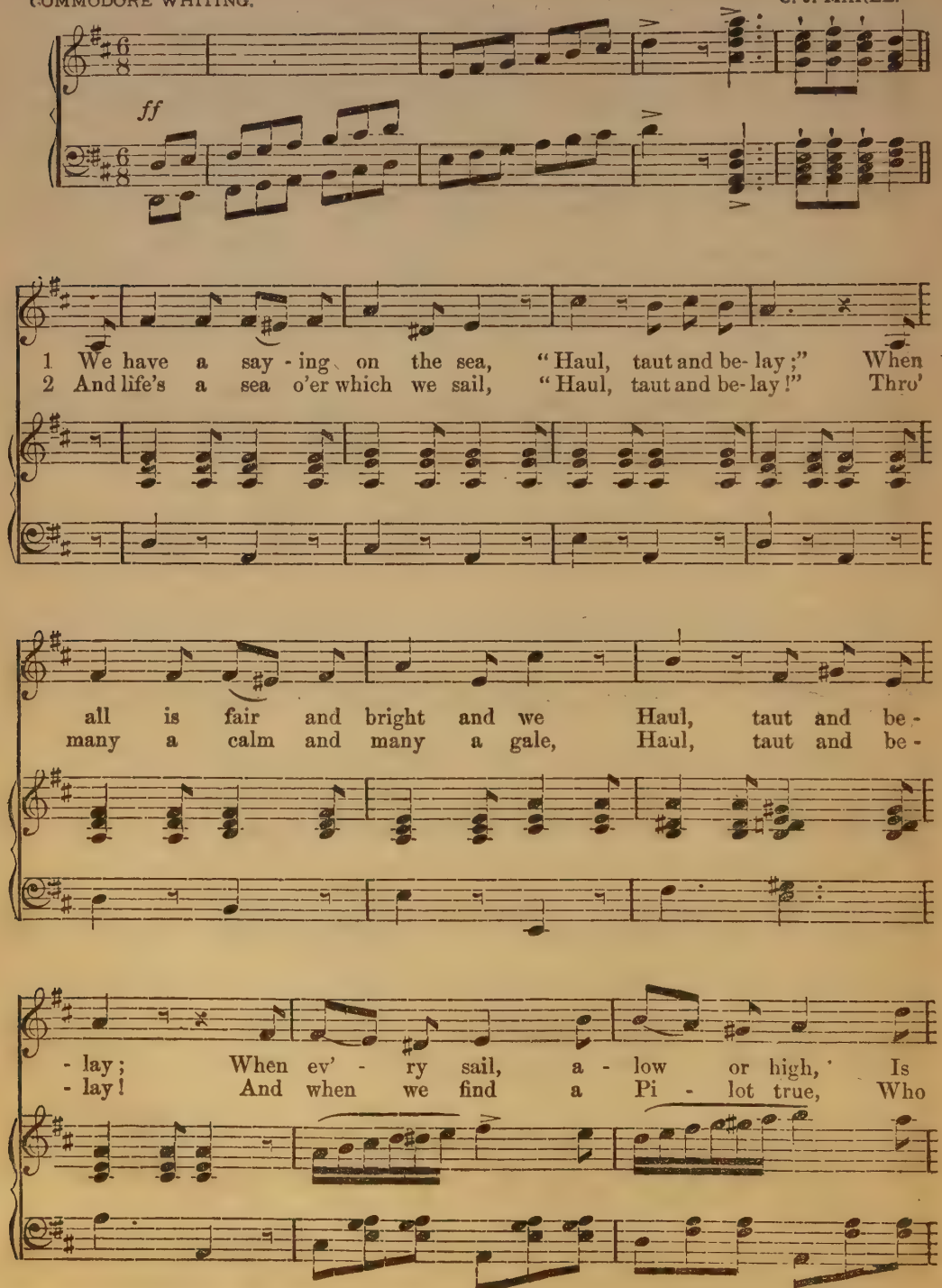
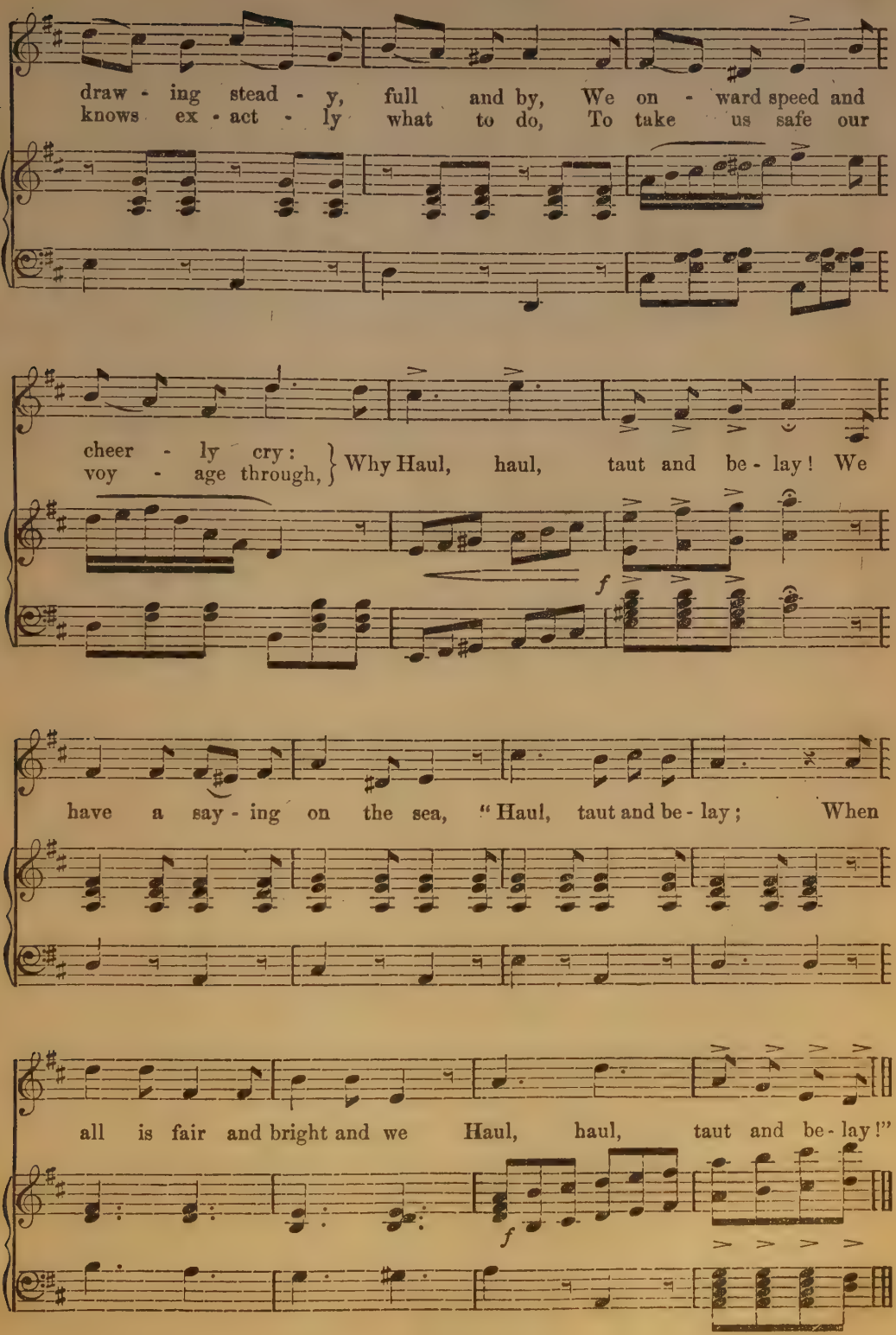

mother's knee, And soft - ly mur - murs o'er, In tones of child - ish
lift - ed face The twi-light's ha - lo steals, In sim - ple in - no -
blue eyes dim, And lips to lips are pressed, While moth - er sings the
mel - o - dy, Her lit - tle pray'r once more. Be - yond the gold - en
cence and grace As there she gent - ly kneels. As sweet and low as
good-night hymn A - bove the snow - y nest. In dream - land too, while
gates of day To man - sions o - ver there, The
song of birds Up - on the sum - mer air, So
strays her feet 'Mid scenes so bright and fair, She
list - 'ning an - gels bear away Sweet Birdie's even - ing pray'r. God
fall the ten - der whis - pered words Of Birdie's even - ing pray'r. God
hears sweet voi - ces still repeat Her Birdie's even - ing pray'r. God


Chorus.
bless Ma-ma and Pa-pa too; Take me un - to Thy care, And
bless Ma-ma and Pa-pa too; Take me un - to Thy care, And
bless Ma-ma and Pa-pa too; Take me un - to Thy care, And
rall.
guard and keep me while asleep; 'Tis Bird-ie's ev - 'ning pray'r.
rall.
guard and keep me while asleep; 'Tis Bird-ie's ev - 'ning pray'r.
rall.
guard and keep me while asleep; 'Tis Bird-ie's ev - 'ning pray'r.
rall.
rall.

HAUL, TAUT AND BELAY.

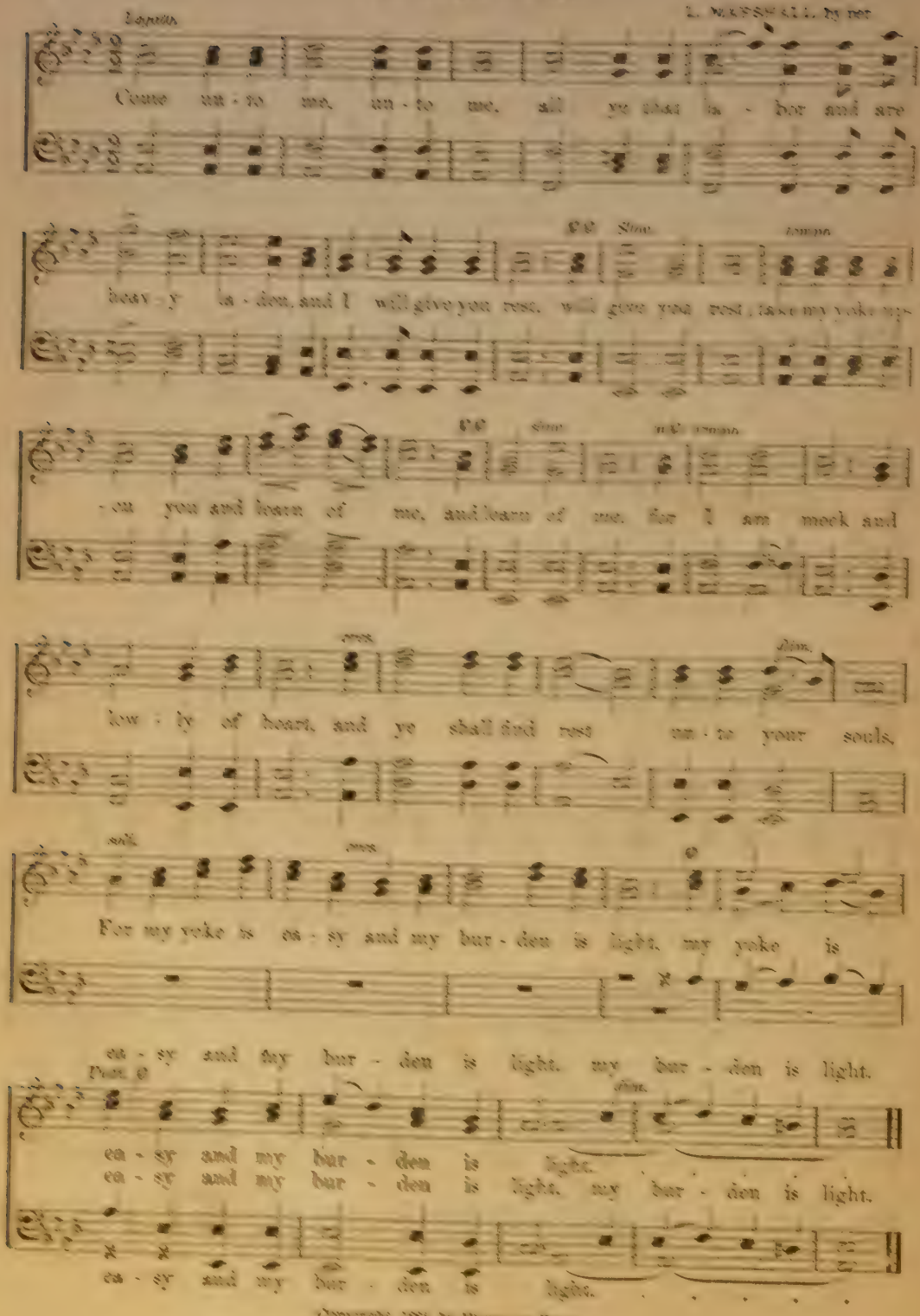
COMMODORE WHITING. C. J. MAREE.


ff
1 We have a say - ing on the sea, "Haul, taut and be- lay;" When
2 And life's a sea o'er which we sail, "Haul, taut and be-lay!" Thro'
all is fair and bright and we Haul, taut and be -
many a calm and many a gale, Haul, taut and be -
- lay; When ev' - ry sail, a - low or high, Is
- lay! And when we find a Pi - lot true, Who


draw - ing stead - y, full and by, We on - ward speed and
knows ex - act - ly what to do, To take us safe our
cheer - ly cry:
voy - age through,
Why Haul, haul, taut and be - lay! We
f
have a say - ing on the sea, "Haul, taut and be - lay; When
all is fair and bright and we Haul, haul, taut and be - lay!"
f

SENTENCE—"COME UNTO ME."

FOR MALE VOICES.


Come un - to me, un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are
heav - y la - den, and I will give you rest, will give you rest; take my yoke up -
-on you and learn of me, and learn of me, for I am meek and
low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls,
For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur - den is light, my yoke is
ea - sy and my bur - den is light, my bur - den is light.
ea - sy and my bur - den is light.
ea - sy and my bur - den is light, my bur - den is light.
ea - sy and my bur - den is light.

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YE'LL SOON BE GANGING AWA'.

SMITHERS. By per.

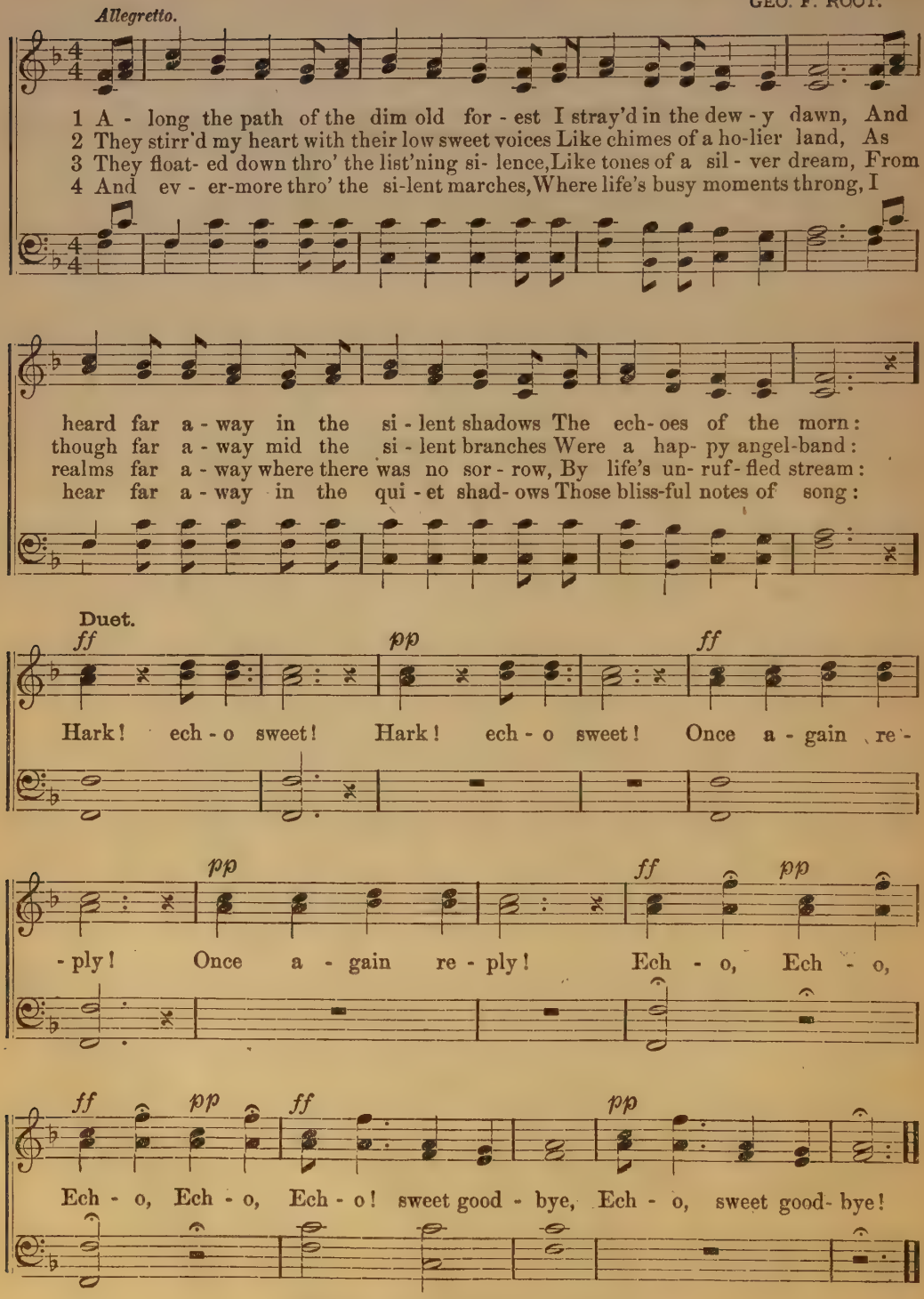
1. Tell me not that you must leave us, Leave these bonny banks and braes, For your absence, love, will grieve us
2. If one word of mine, sweet lassie, Could induce thee to re- main, Yet, my love, I could not ask thee,
3. Tell me that you will return, love, Wi' the Springtime and the flow'rs; Oh! for you my heart will burn, love,

Thro' the dreary win -ter days. In the town there're many las-sies But for ye I'd gie them a';
Tho' the parting gie's me pain. Go; I'll try and not be lanely, Tho' the tri- al will be a',
And will count the drea-ry hours; For thy smile one heart will wait, love, Lis-ten for thy soft foot fa',

And my heart is sair wi' thinking, Ye'll be ganging soon a -wa'.
For my heart is sair wi' thinking, Ye'll be ganging soon a -wa'.
Sadly wait for that sweet time when Ye'll not be ganging soon a -wa'.

FOREST ECHOES.

GEO. F. ROOT.


Allegretto.
1 A - long the path of the dim old for - est I stray'd in the dew - y dawn, And
2 They stirr'd my heart with their low sweet voices Like chimes of a ho-lier land, As
3 They float- ed down thro' the list'ning si- lence, Like tones of a sil - ver dream, From
4 And ev - er-more thro' the si-lent marches, Where life's busy moments throng, I
heard far a - way in the si - lent shadows The ech- oes of the morn:
though far a - way mid the si - lent branches Were a hap- py angel-band:
realms far a - way where there was no sor - row, By life's un- ruf - fled stream:
hear far a - way in the qui - et shad- ows Those bliss-ful notes of song:
Duet.
ff
pp
ff
Hark! ech - o sweet! Hark! ech - o sweet! Once a - gain re -
pp
ff
pp
- ply! Once a - gain re - ply! Ech - o, Ech - o,
ff
pp
ff
pp
Ech - o, Ech - o, Ech - o! sweet good - bye, Ech - o, sweet good- bye!

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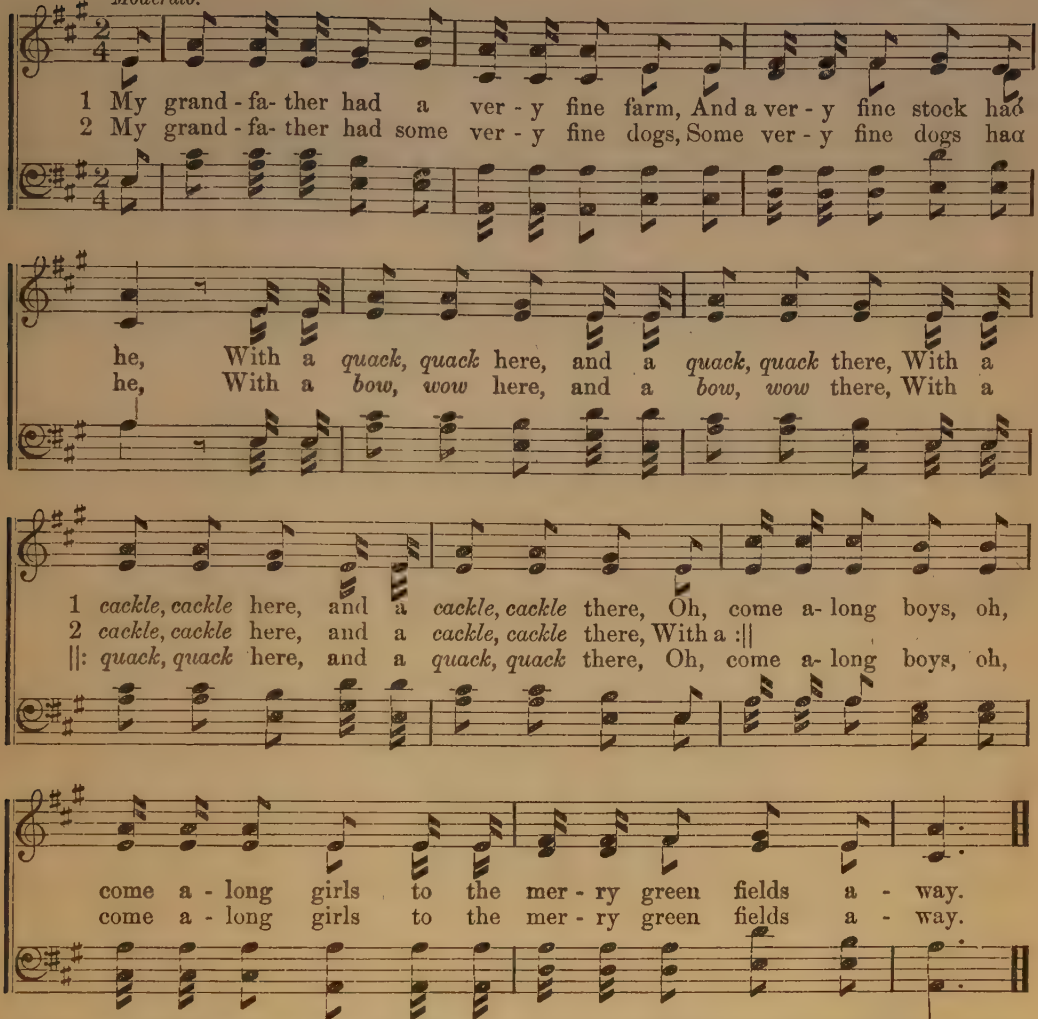
MY GRANDFATHER.

L. COMPTON.

Moderato.

L. COMPTON.


1 My grand-fa-ther had a ver-y fine farm, And a ver-y fine stock had
2 My grand-fa-ther had some ver-y fine dogs, Some ver-y fine dogs had
he, With a *quack, quack* here, and a *quack, quack* there, With a
he, With a *bow, wow* here, and a *bow, wow* there, With a
1 *cackle, cackle* here, and a *cackle, cackle* there, Oh, come a-long boys, oh,
2 *cackle, cackle* here, and a *cackle, cackle* there, With a :||
||: *quack, quack* here, and a *quack, quack* there, Oh, come a-long boys, oh,
come a-long girls to the mer-ry green fields a-way.
come a-long girls to the mer-ry green fields a-way.

3 My grandfather had some very fine sheep,
Some very fine sheep had he,
With a *bah, bah* here, and a *bah, bah* there,
With a *bow, wow* here, etc.,
With a *cackle, cackle* here, etc.,
With a *quack, quack* here, etc.,
Oh, come along boys, etc.

4 My grandfather had some very fine cows,
Some very fine cows had he,
With a *moo, moo* here, and a *moo, moo* there,
With a *bah, bah* here, etc.,
With a *bow, wow* here, etc.,
With a *cackle, cackle* here, etc.,
With a *quack, quack* here, etc.,
Oh, come along boys, etc.

5 My grandfather had some very fine pigs,
Some very fine pigs had he,
With a *quee, quee* here, and a *quee, quee* there,
With a *moo, moo* here, etc.,
With a *bah, bah* here, etc.,
With a *bow, wow* here, etc.,
With a *cackle, cackle* here, etc.,
With a *quack, quack* here, etc.,
Oh, come along boys, etc.

6 My grandfather had some very fine birds,
Some very fine birds had he,
With a *caw, caw* here, and a *caw, caw* there,
With a *quee, quee* here, etc.,
With a *moo, moo* here, etc.,
With a *bah, bah* here, etc.,
With a *bow, wow* here, etc.,
With a *cackle, cackle* here, etc.,
With a *quack, quack* here, etc.,
Oh, come along boys, etc.

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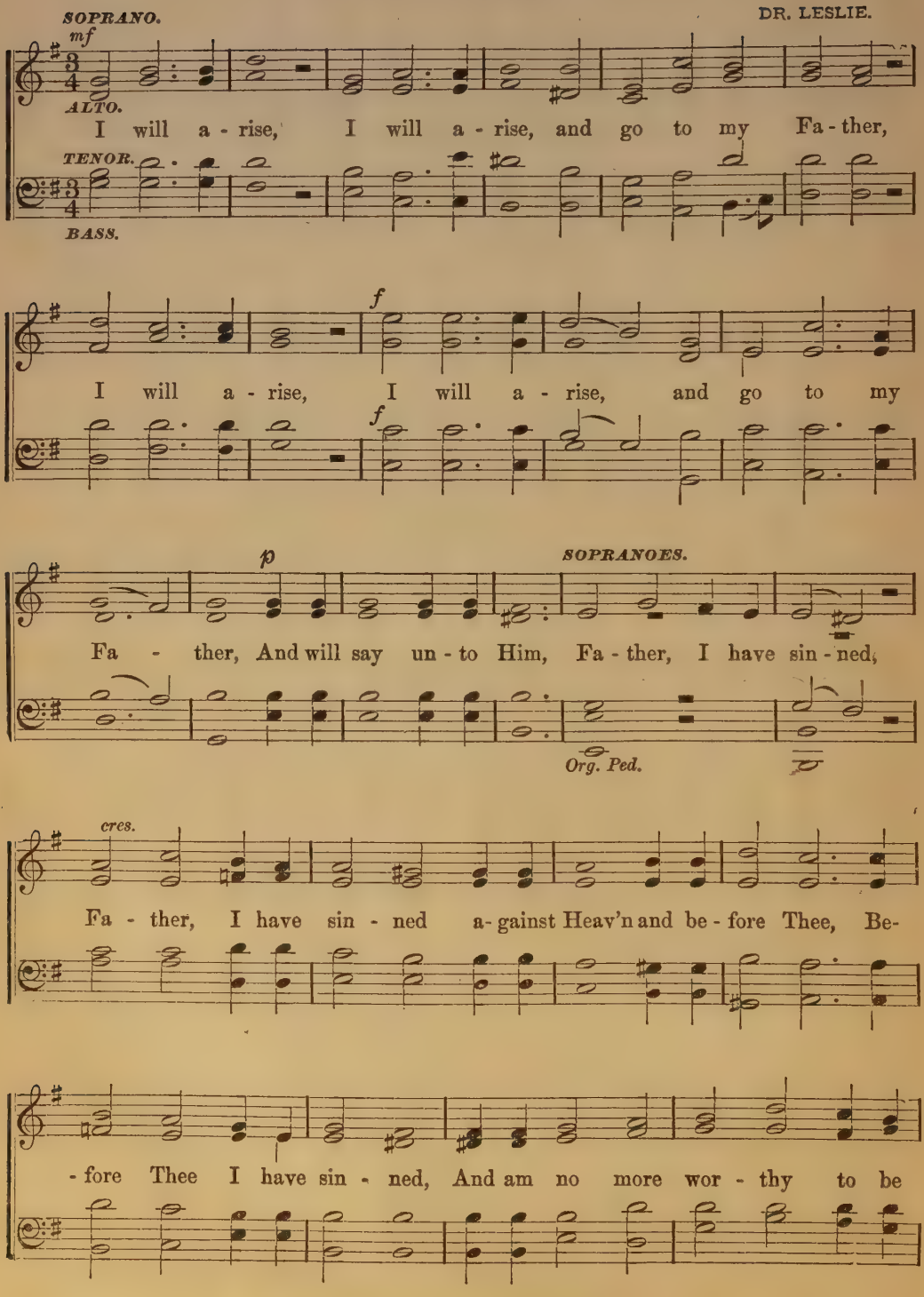
I WILL ARISE.


SOPRANO.
DR. LESLIE.
mf
ALTO.
I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther,
TENOR.
BASS.
f
I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my
p
SOPRANOES.
Fa - ther, And will say un - to Him, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned,
Org. Ped.
cres.
Fa - ther, I have sin - ned a-gainst Heav'n and be - fore Thee, Be-
- fore Thee I have sin - ned, And am no more wor - thy to be

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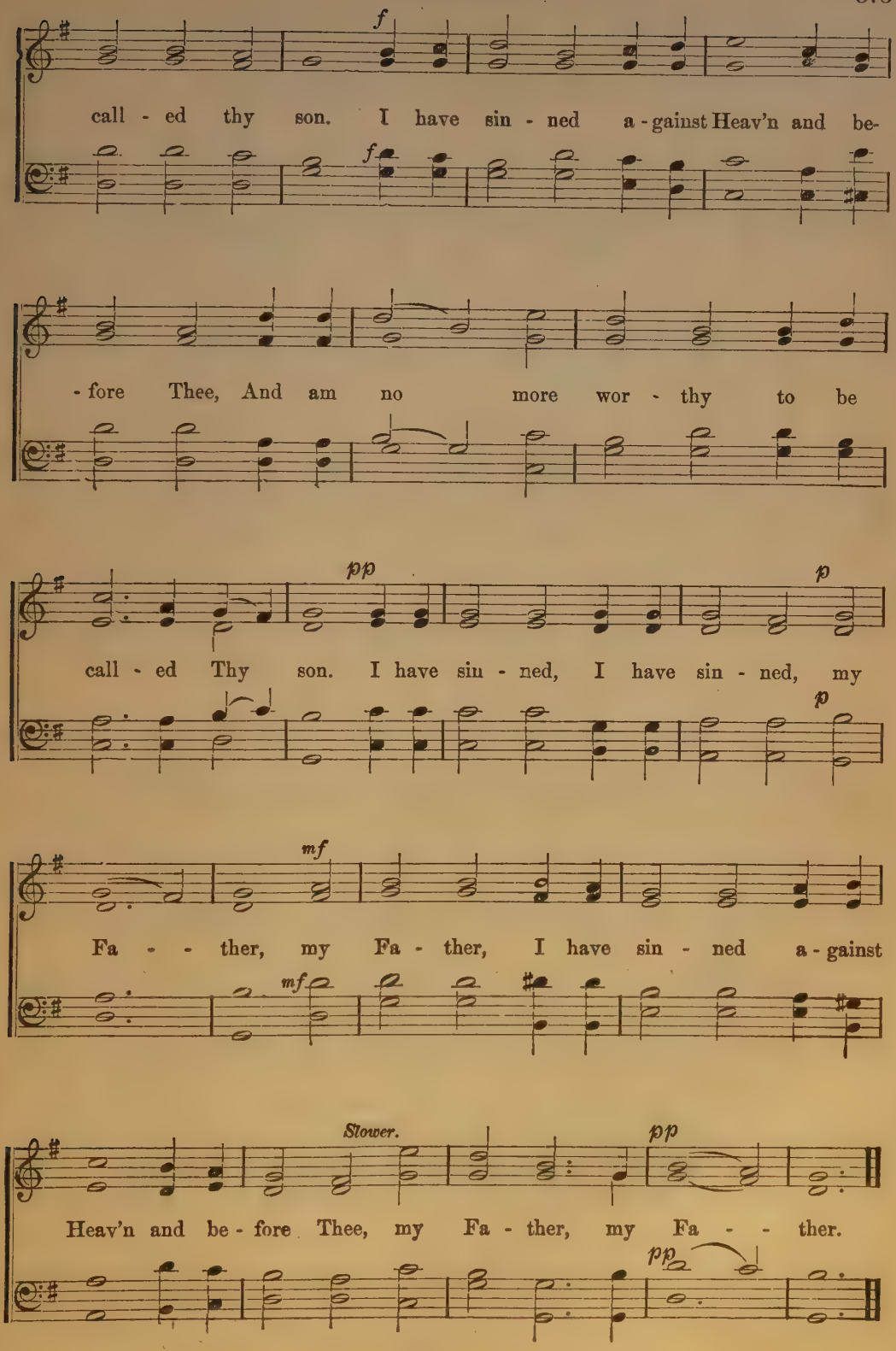
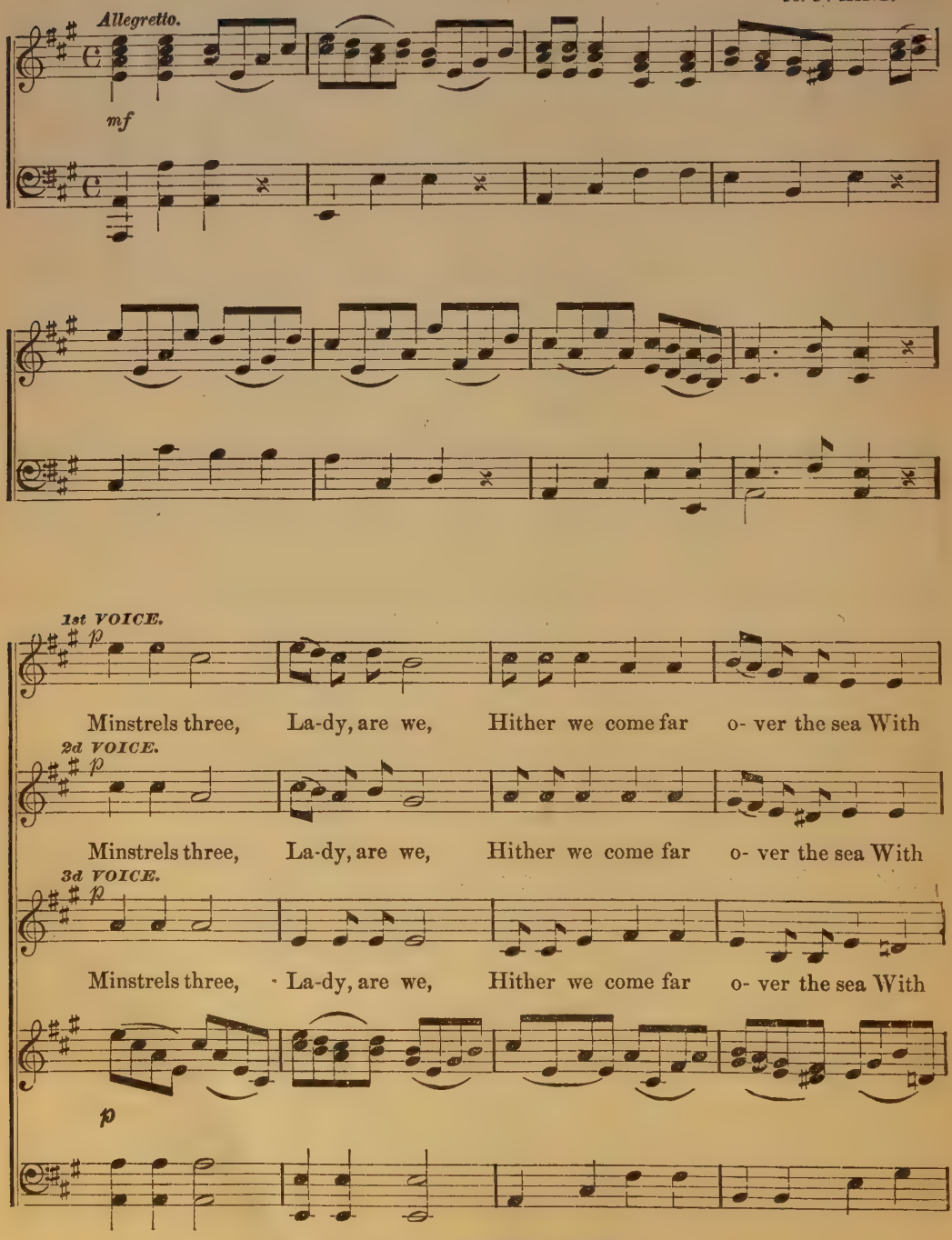

f
call - ed thy son. I have sin - ned a - gainst Heav'n and be-
f
- fore Thee, And am no more wor - thy to be
pp
p
call - ed Thy son. I have sin - ned, I have sin - ned, my
p
mf
Fa - - ther, my Fa - ther, I have sin - ned a - gainst
mf
Slower.
pp
Heav'n and be - fore Thee, my Fa - ther, my Fa - - ther.
pp

MINSTRELS THREE.

TRIO FOR LADIES' VOICES.

M. P. KING.


Allegretto.
mf
1st VOICE.
p
Minstrels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far o- ver the sea With
2d VOICE.
p
Minstrels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far o- ver the sea With
3d VOICE.
p
Minstrels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far o- ver the sea With
p

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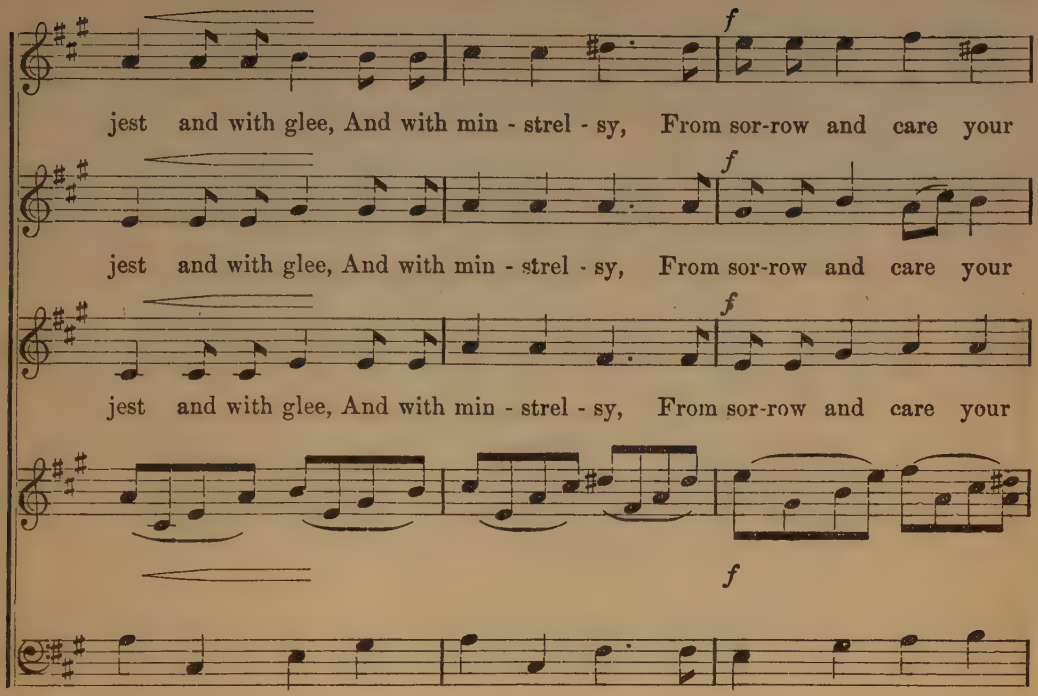
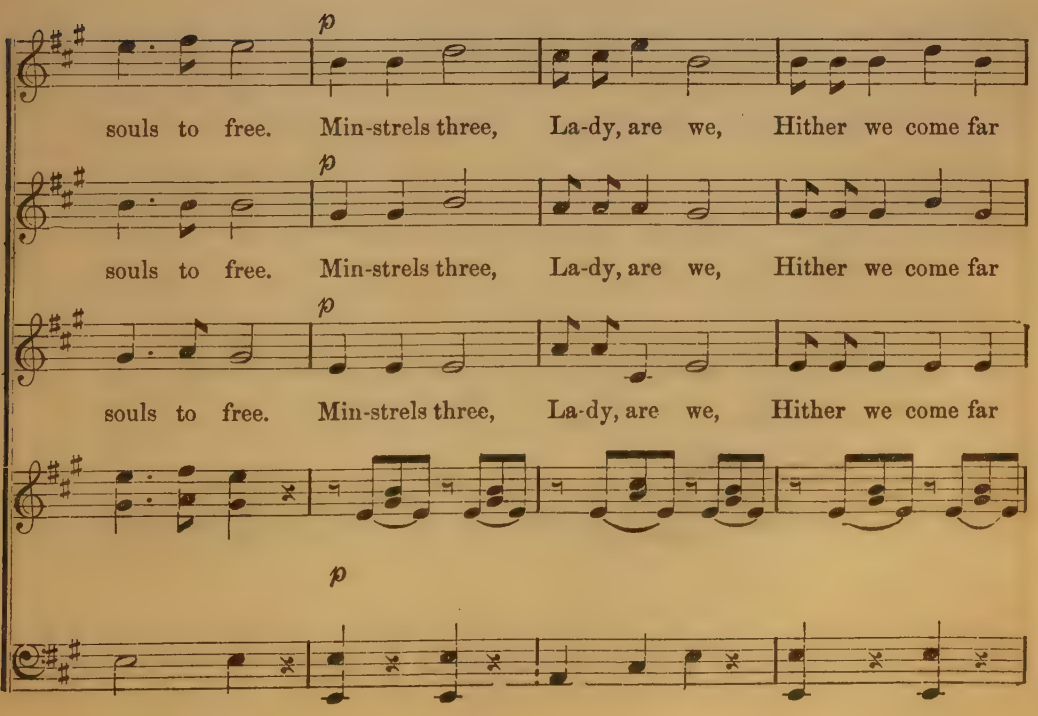
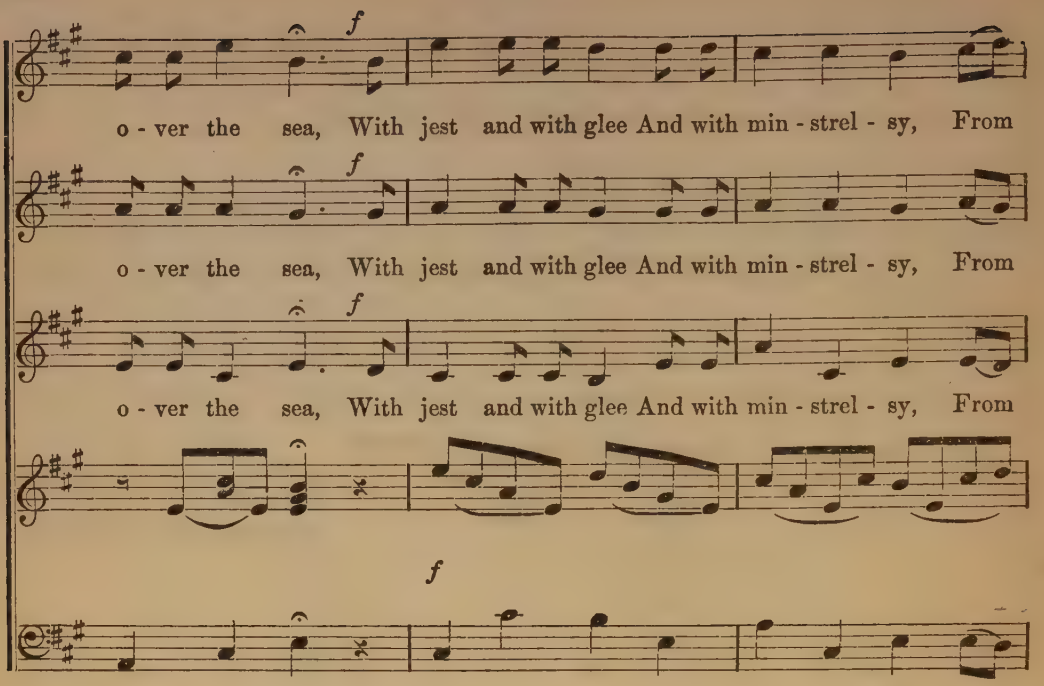
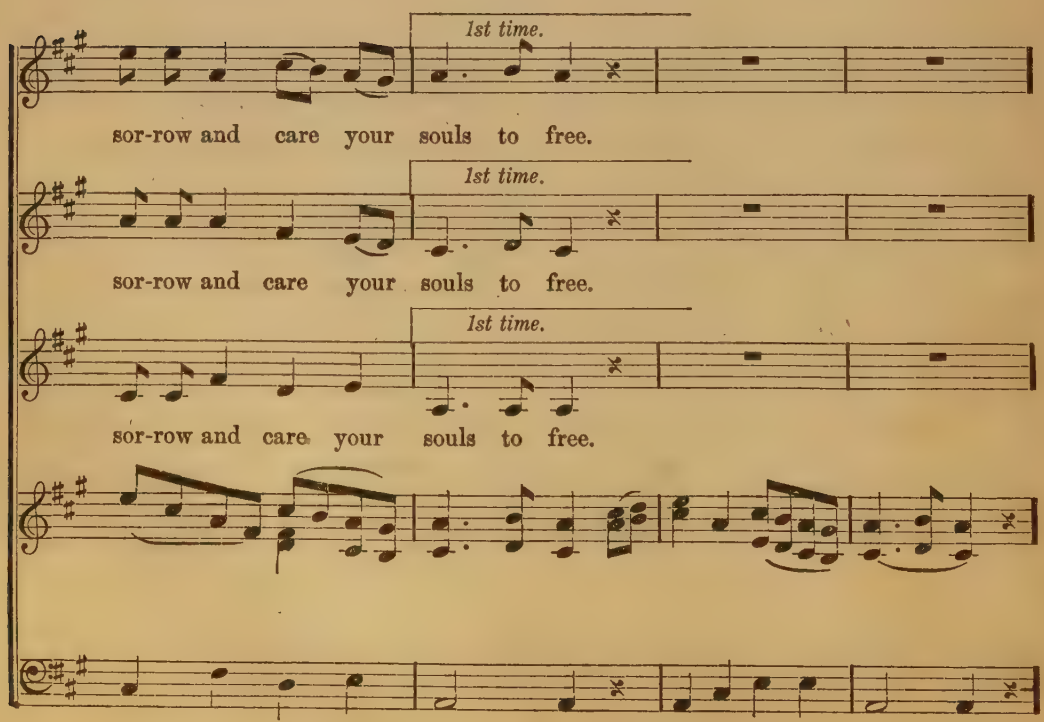
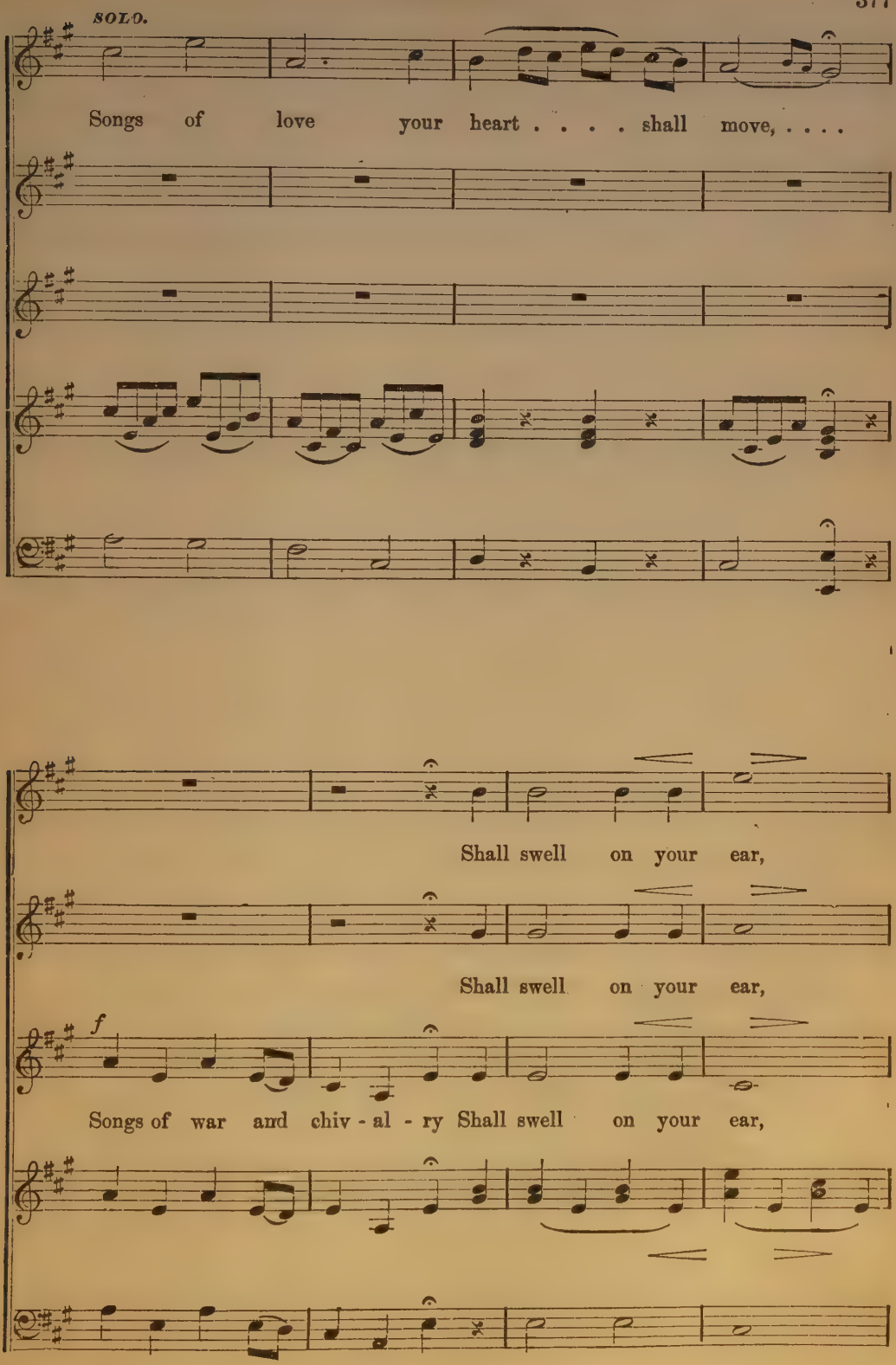
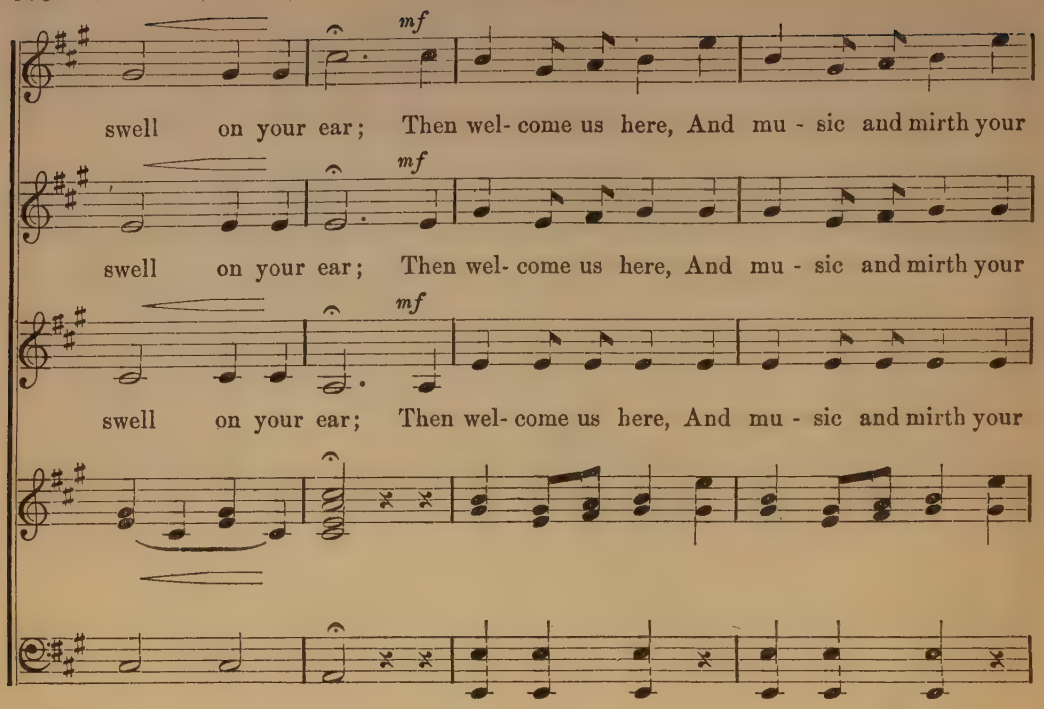

f
jest and with glee, And with min - strel - sy, From sor-row and care your
f
jest and with glee, And with min - strel - sy, From sor-row and care your
f
jest and with glee, And with min - strel - sy, From sor-row and care your
f

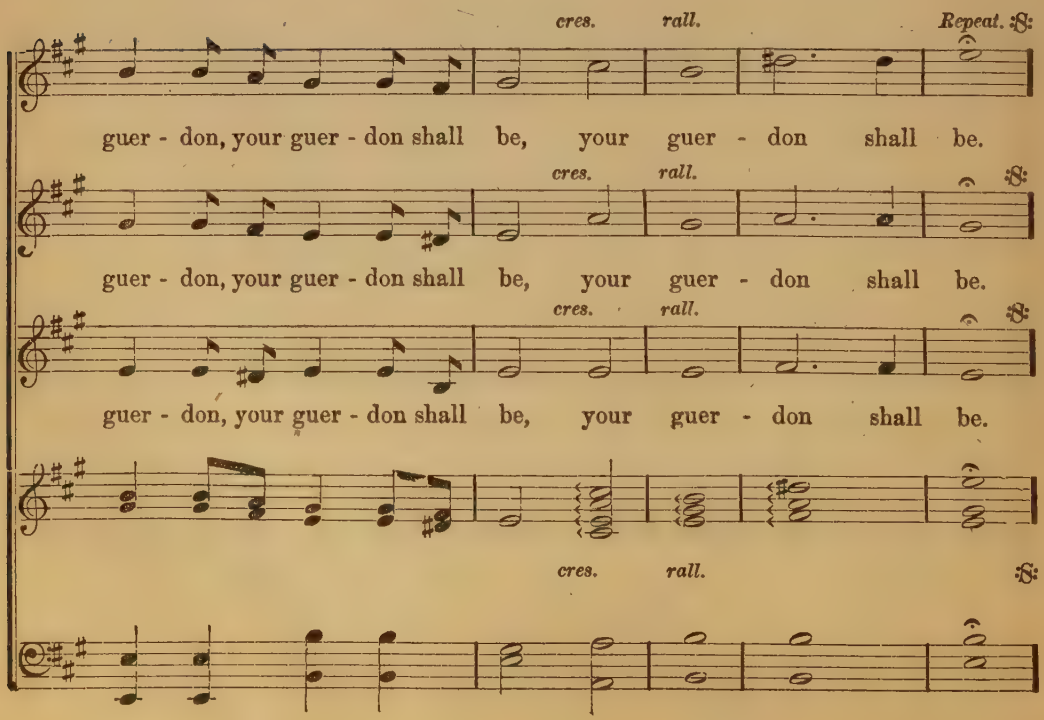

p
souls to free. Min-strels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far
p
souls to free. Min-strels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far
p
souls to free. Min-strels three, La-dy, are we, Hither we come far
p

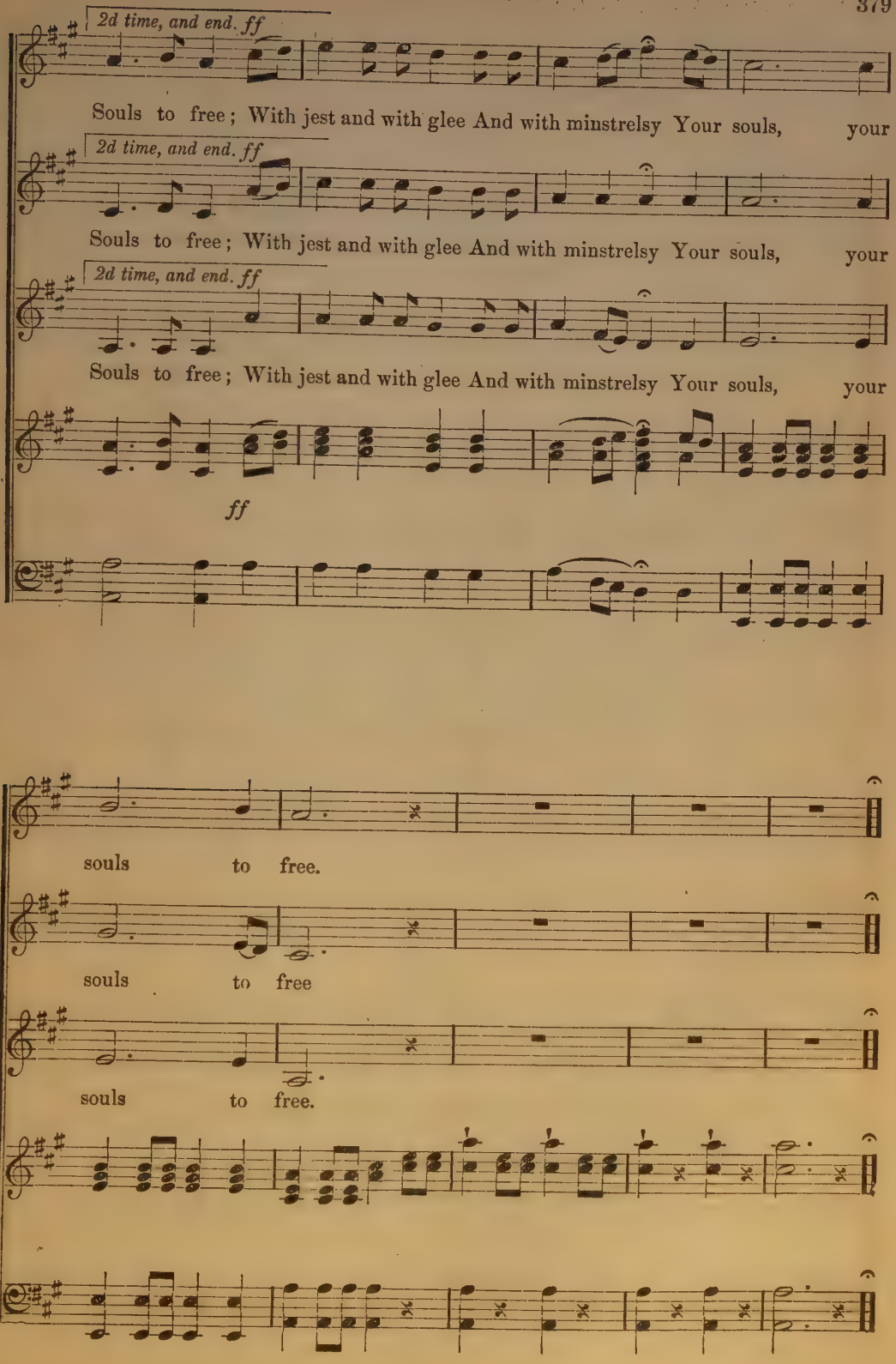

f
o - ver the sea, With jest and with glee And with min - strel - sy, From
f
o - ver the sea, With jest and with glee And with min - strel - sy, From
f
o - ver the sea, With jest and with glee And with min - strel - sy, From
f


1st time.
sor-row and care your souls to free.
1st time.
sor-row and care your souls to free.
1st time.
sor-row and care your souls to free.


SOLO.
Songs of love your heart . . . . shall move, ...
Shall swell on your ear,
Shall swell on your ear,
f
Songs of war and chiv - al - ry Shall swell on your ear,


mf
swell on your ear; Then wel- come us here, And mu - sic and mirth your
mf
swell on your ear; Then wel- come us here, And mu - sic and mirth your
mf
swell on your ear; Then wel- come us here, And mu - sic and mirth your

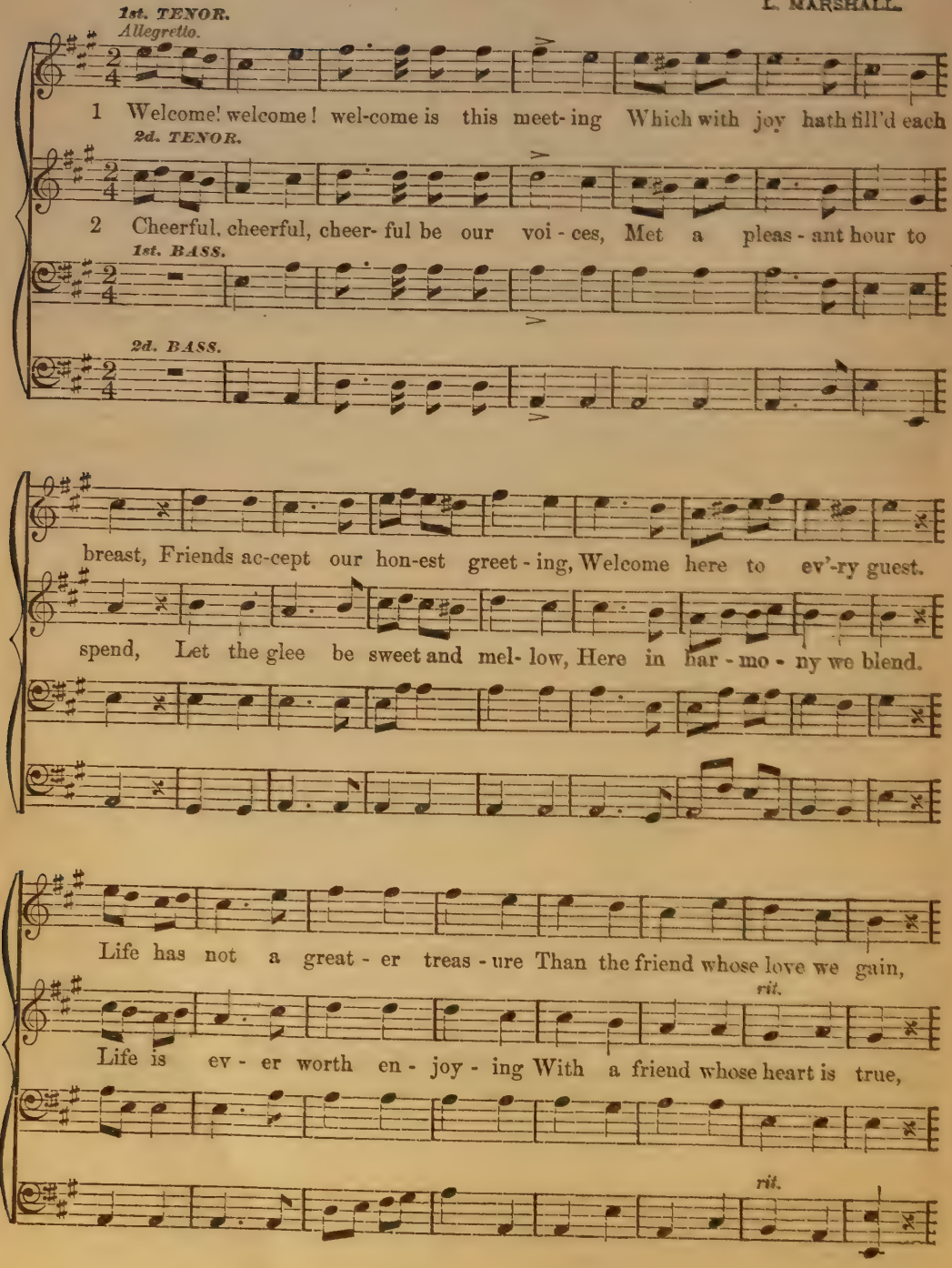

cres. rall. Repeat.
guer - don, your guer - don shall be, your guer - don shall be.
cres. rall.
guer - don, your guer - don shall be, your guer - don shall be.
cres. rall.
guer - don, your guer - don shall be, your guer - don shall be.
cres. rall.

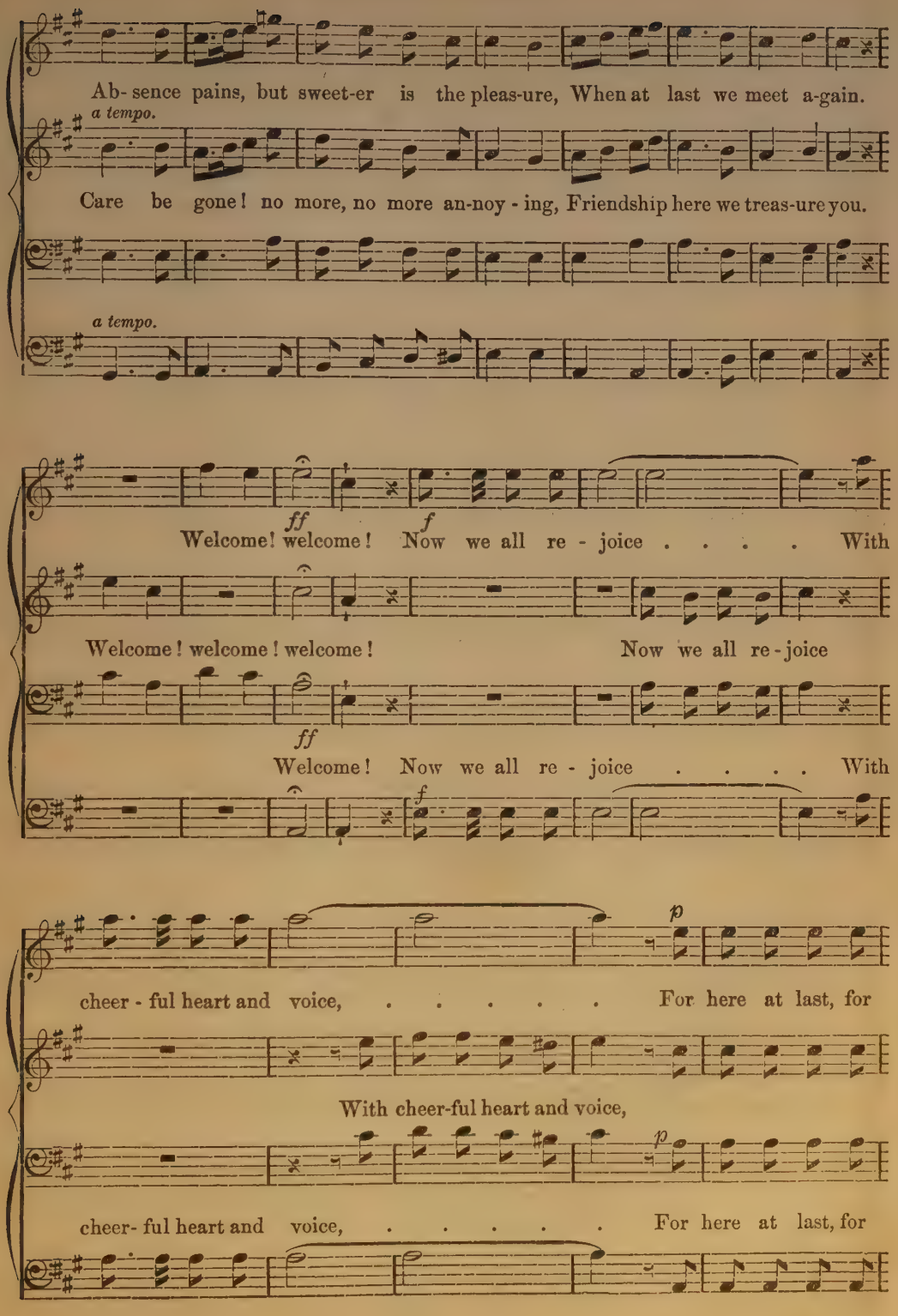

2d time, and end. ff
Souls to free; With jest and with glee And with minstrelsy Your souls, your
2d time, and end. ff
Souls to free; With jest and with glee And with minstrelsy Your souls, your
2d time, and end. ff
Souls to free; With jest and with glee And with minstrelsy Your souls, your
ff
souls to free.
souls to free
souls to free.

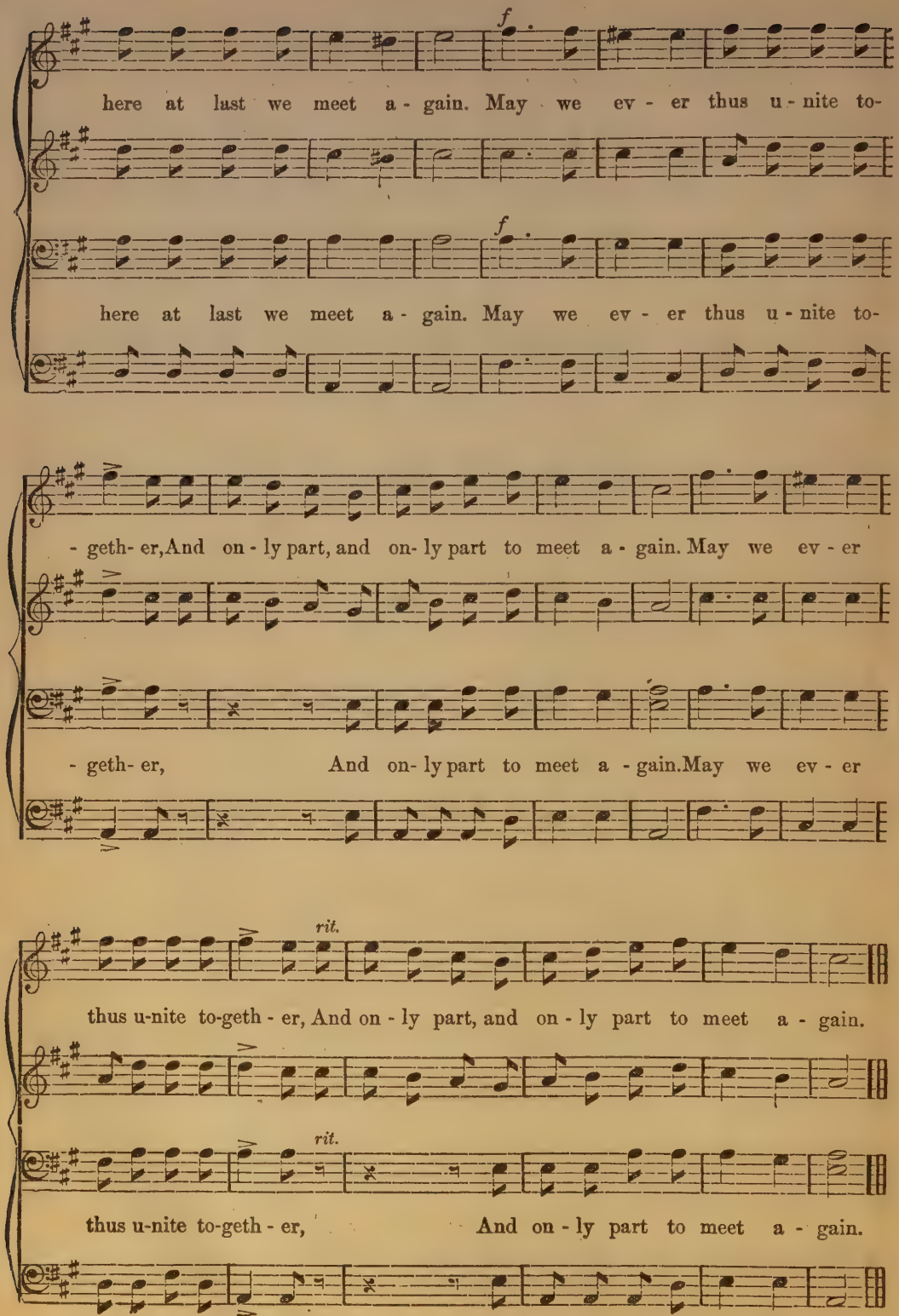
THE WELCOME MEETING.

MALE QUARTETTE.

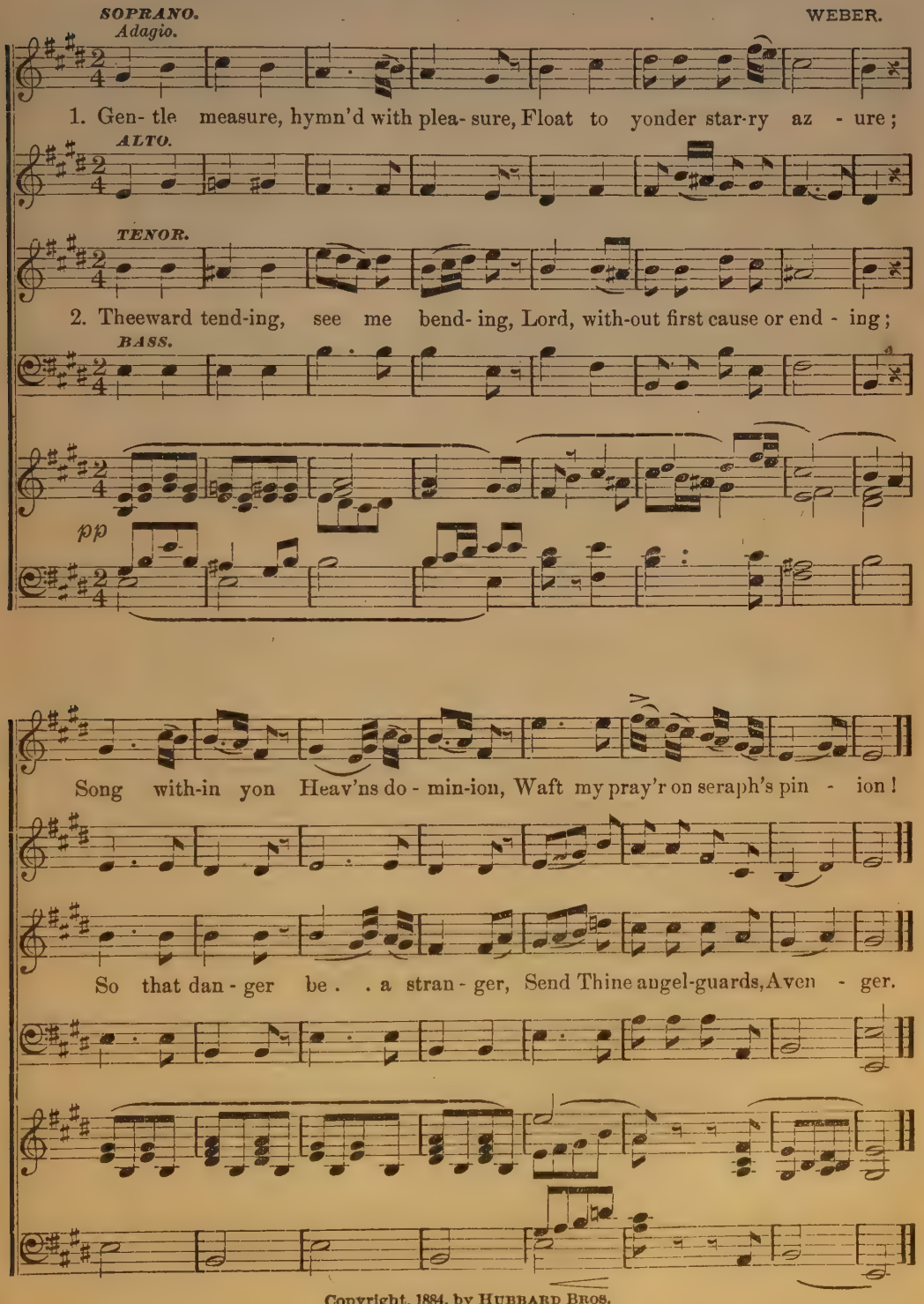
L. MARSHALL.


1st. TENOR.
Allegretto.
1 Welcome! welcome! wel-come is this meet-ing Which with joy hath fill'd each
2d. TENOR.
2 Cheerful, cheerful, cheer- ful be our voi - ces, Met a pleas - ant hour to
1st. BASS.
2d. BASS.
breast, Friends ac-cept our hon-est greet - ing, Welcome here to ev'-ry guest.
spend, Let the glee be sweet and mel- low, Here in har - mo - ny we blend.
Life has not a great - er treas - ure Than the friend whose love we gain,
rit.
Life is ev - er worth en - joy - ing With a friend whose heart is true,
rit.


Ab- sence pains, but sweet-er is the pleas-ure, When at last we meet a-gain.
a tempo.
Care be gone! no more, no more an-noy - ing, Friendship here we treas-ure you.
a tempo.
ff
Welcome! welcome! Now we all re - joice . . . . With
f
Welcome! welcome! welcome! Now we all re - joice
ff
Welcome! Now we all re - joice . . . . With
f
p
cheer - ful heart and voice, ... For here at last, for
With cheer-ful heart and voice,
p
cheer- ful heart and voice, ... For here at last, for


f
here at last we meet a - gain. May we ev - er thus u - nite to-
f
here at last we meet a - gain. May we ev - er thus u - nite to-
- geth- er, And on - ly part, and on- ly part to meet a - gain. May we ev - er
- geth- er, And on- ly part to meet a - gain. May we ev - er
rit.
thus u-nite to-geth - er, And on - ly part, and on - ly part to meet a - gain.
rit.
thus u-nite to-geth - er, And on - ly part to meet a - gain.

PRAYER FROM DER FREISCHÜTZ.


SOPRANO.
Adagio.
WEBER.
1. Gen- tle measure, hymn'd with plea- sure, Float to yonder star-ry az - ure;
ALTO.
TENOR.
2. Theeward tend-ing, see me bend- ing, Lord, with-out first cause or end - ing;
BASS.
pp
Song with-in yon Heav'ns do - min-ion, Waft my pray'r on seraph's pin - ion!
So that dan - ger be . . a stran - ger, Send Thine angel-guards, Aven - ger.

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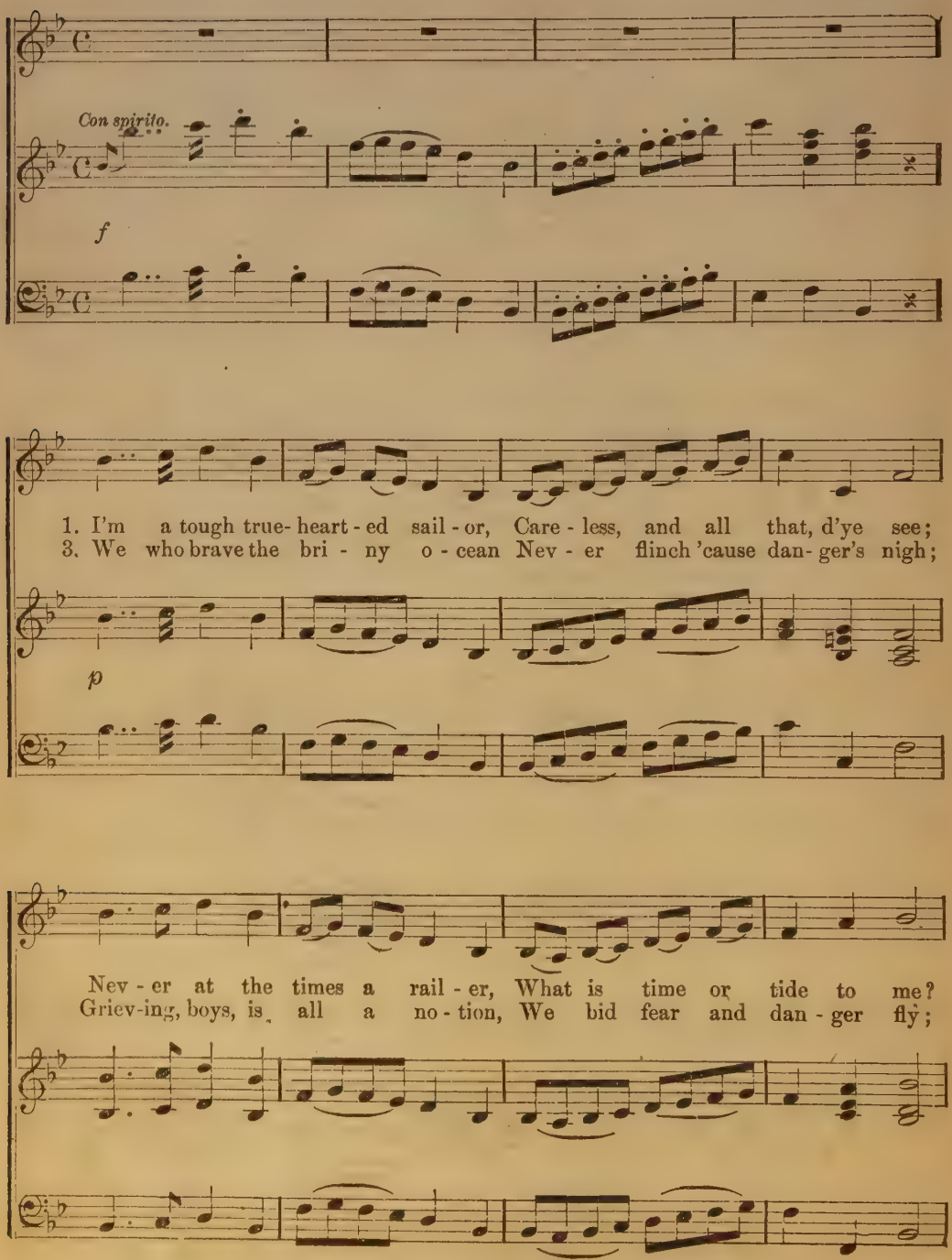
EV'RY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

H. R. BISHOP.


Con spirito.
f
1. I'm a tough true-heart-ed sail-or, Care-less, and all that, d'ye see;
3. We who brave the bri-ny o-cean Nev-er flinch 'cause dan-ger's nigh;
p
Nev-er at the times a rail-er, What is time or tide to me?
Griev-ing, boys, is all a no-tion, We bid fear and dan-ger fly;

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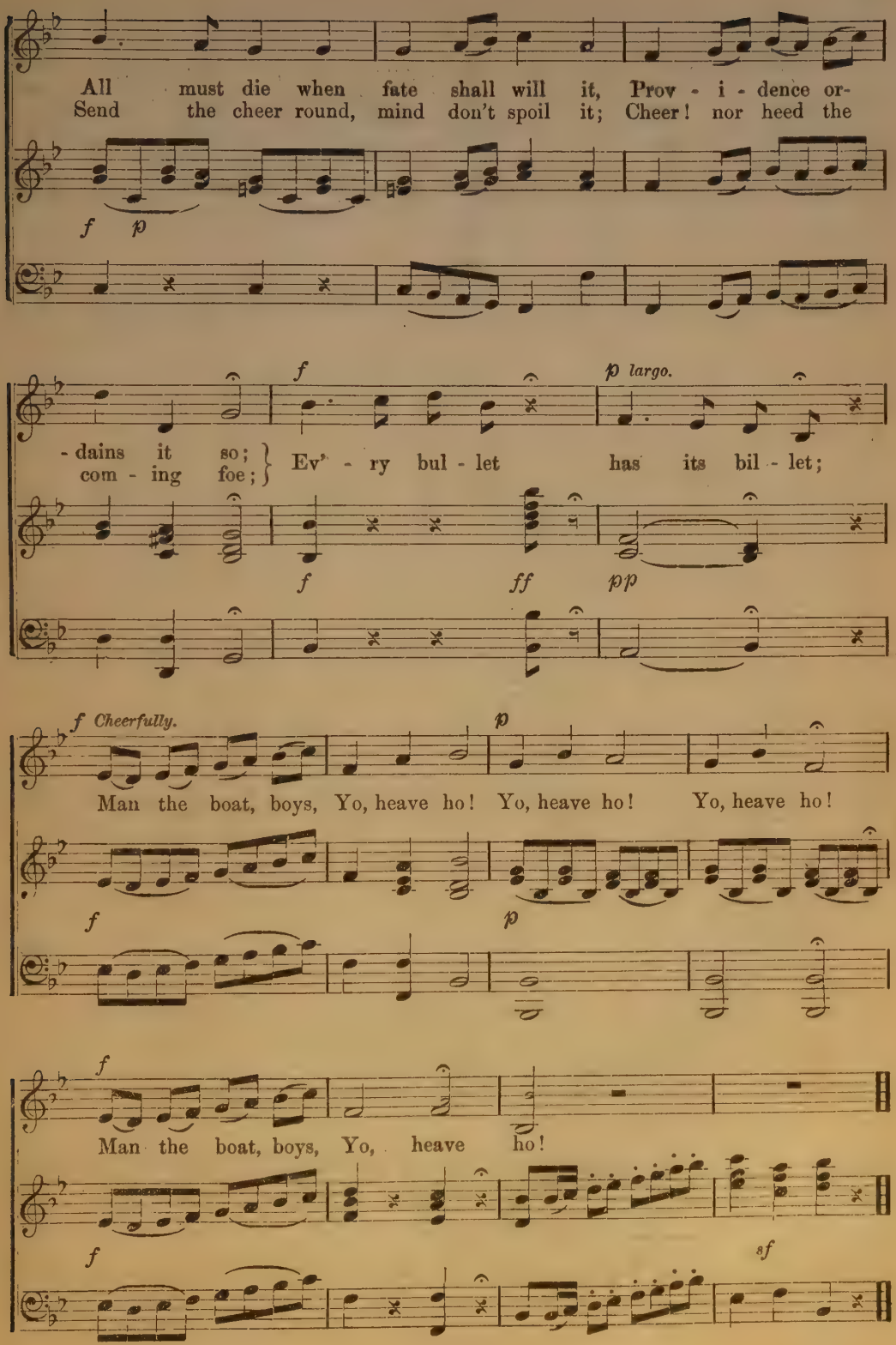
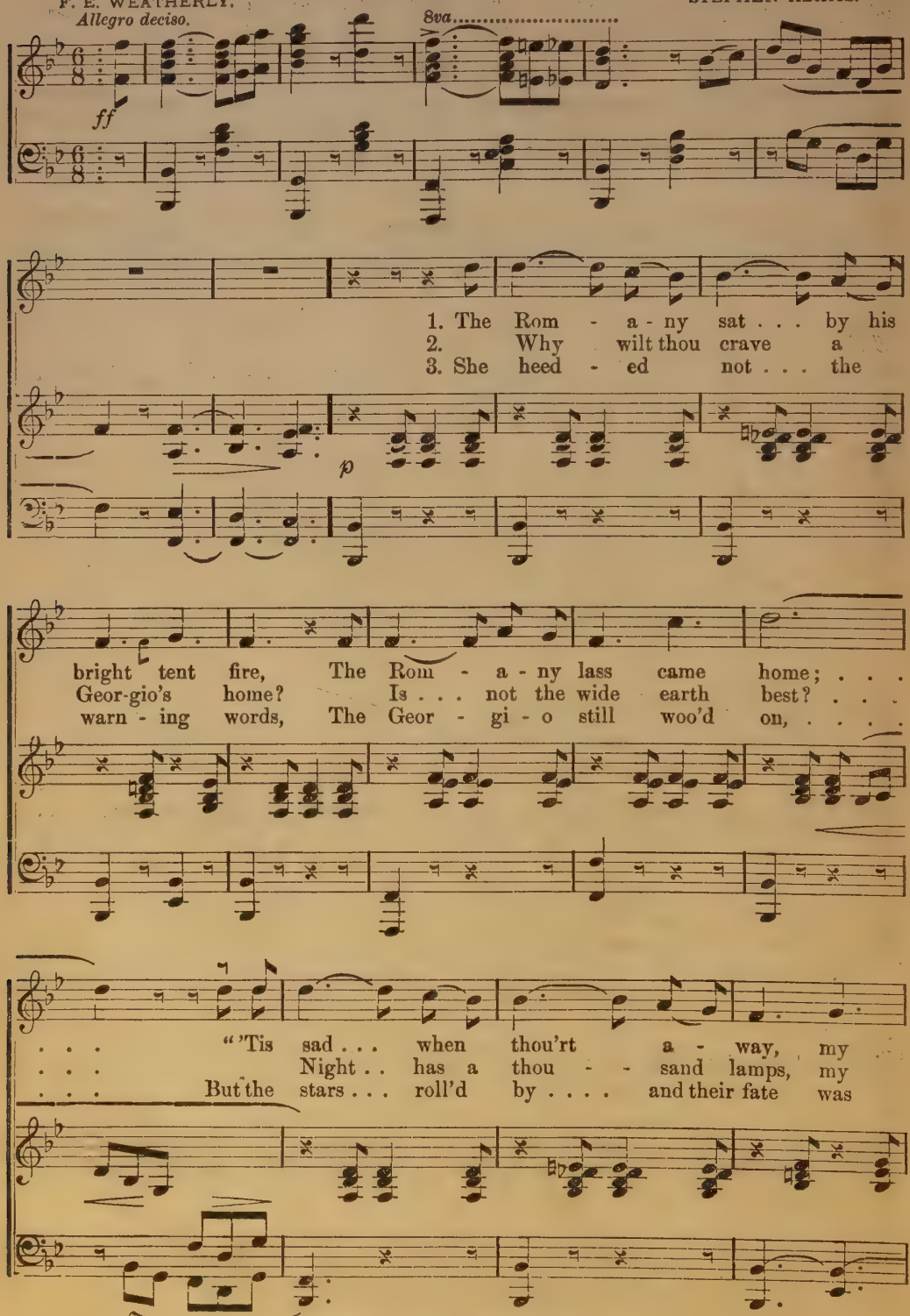

All must die when fate shall will it, Prov - i - dence or-
Send the cheer round, mind don't spoil it; Cheer! nor heed the
f p
f
p largo.
- dains it so;
com - ing foe;
Ev' - ry bul - let has its bil - let;
f ff pp
f Cheerfully.
p
Man the boat, boys, Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho! Yo, heave ho!
f p
f
Man the boat, boys, Yo, heave ho!
f
sf

THE ROMANY LASS.

F. E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.

Allegro deciso.


8va
ff
1. The Rom - a - ny sat . . . by his
2. Why wilt thou crave a
3. She heed - ed not . . . the
p
bright tent fire, The Rom - a - ny lass came home; . . .
Geor-gio's home? Is . . . not the wide earth best? . . .
warn - ing words, The Geor - gi - o still woo'd on, ...
. . . "'Tis sad . . . when thou'rt a - way, my
. . . Night . . has a thou - - sand lamps, my
. . . But the stars . . . roll'd by . . . . and their fate was

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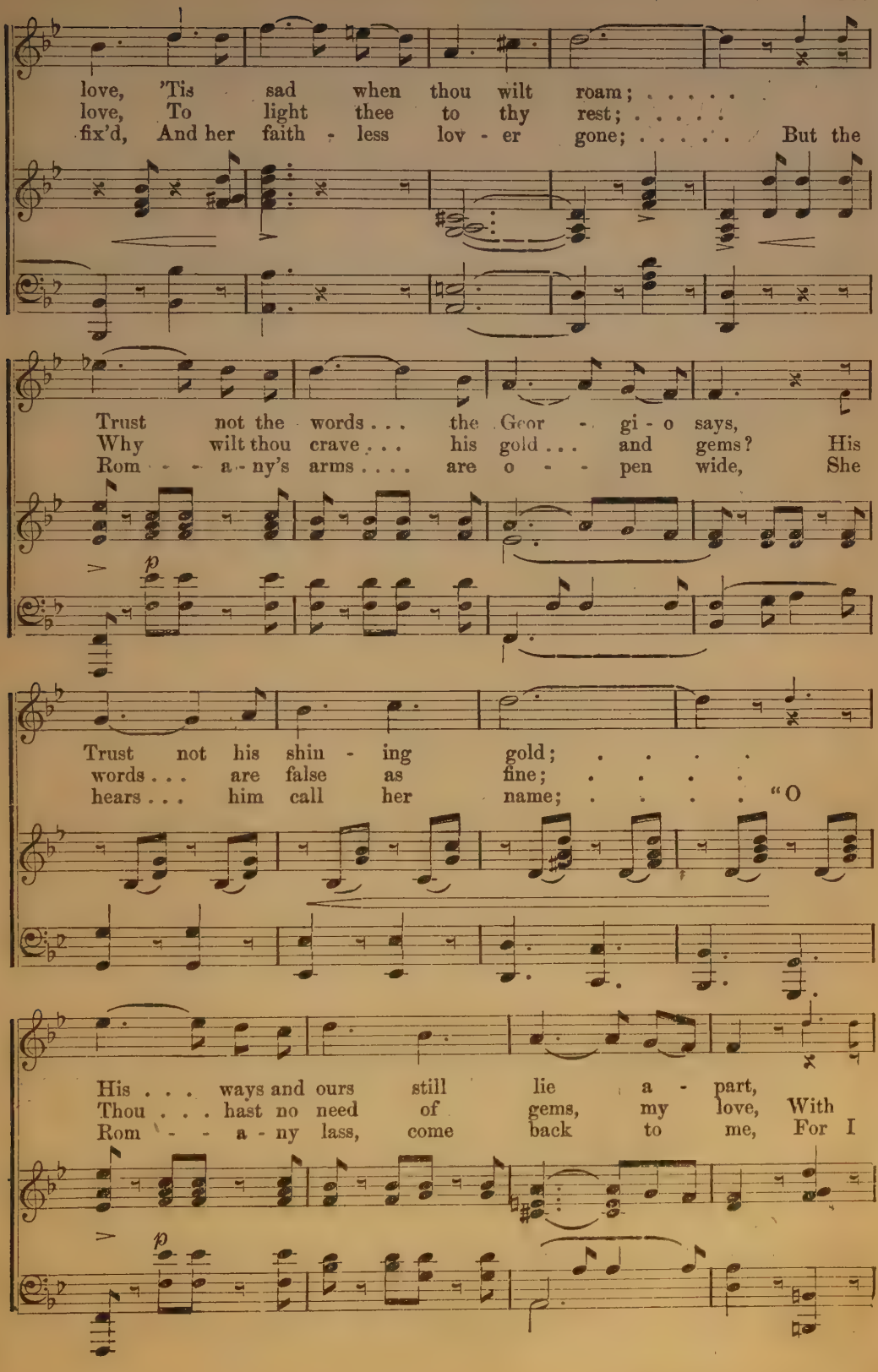
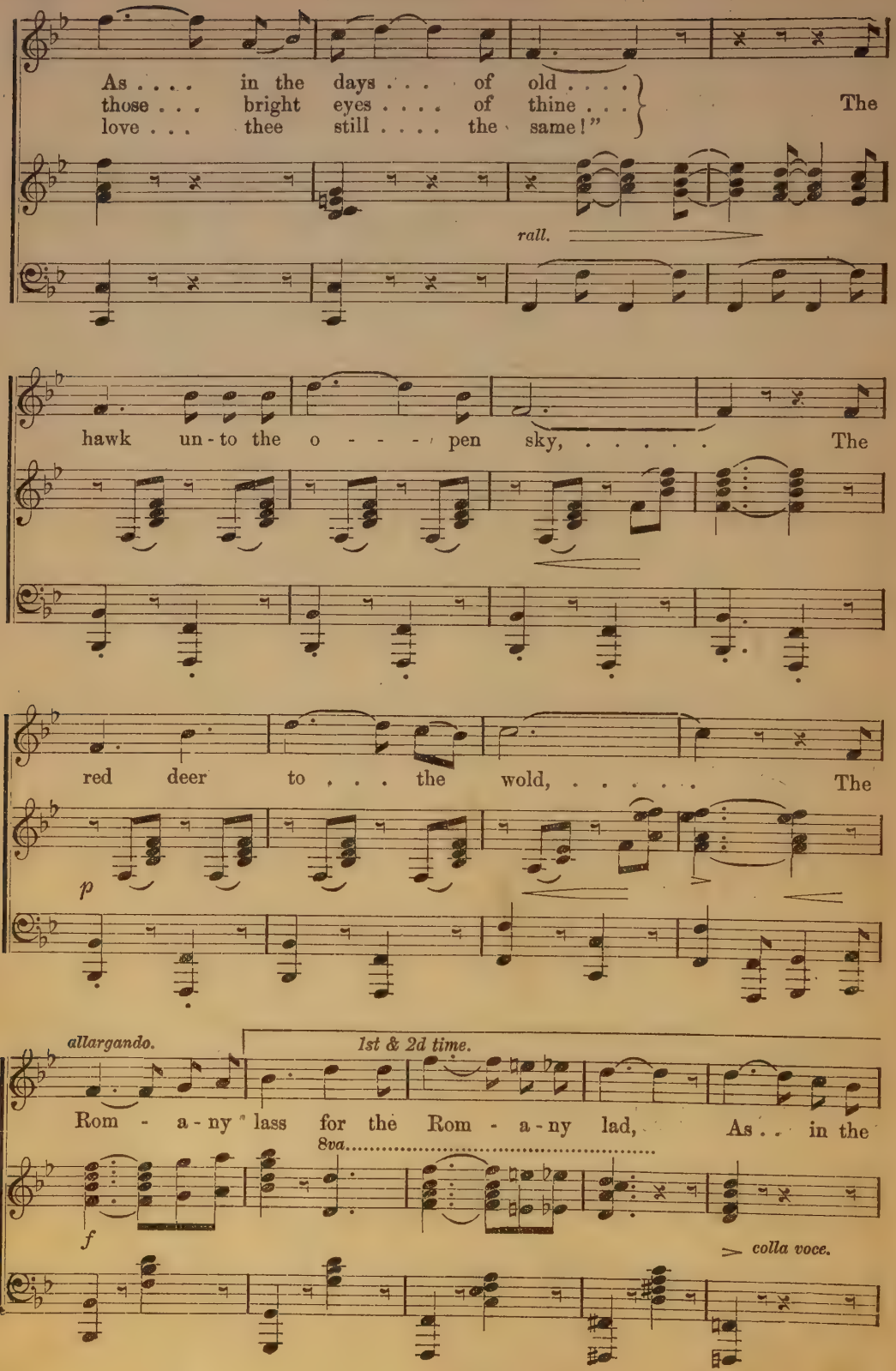
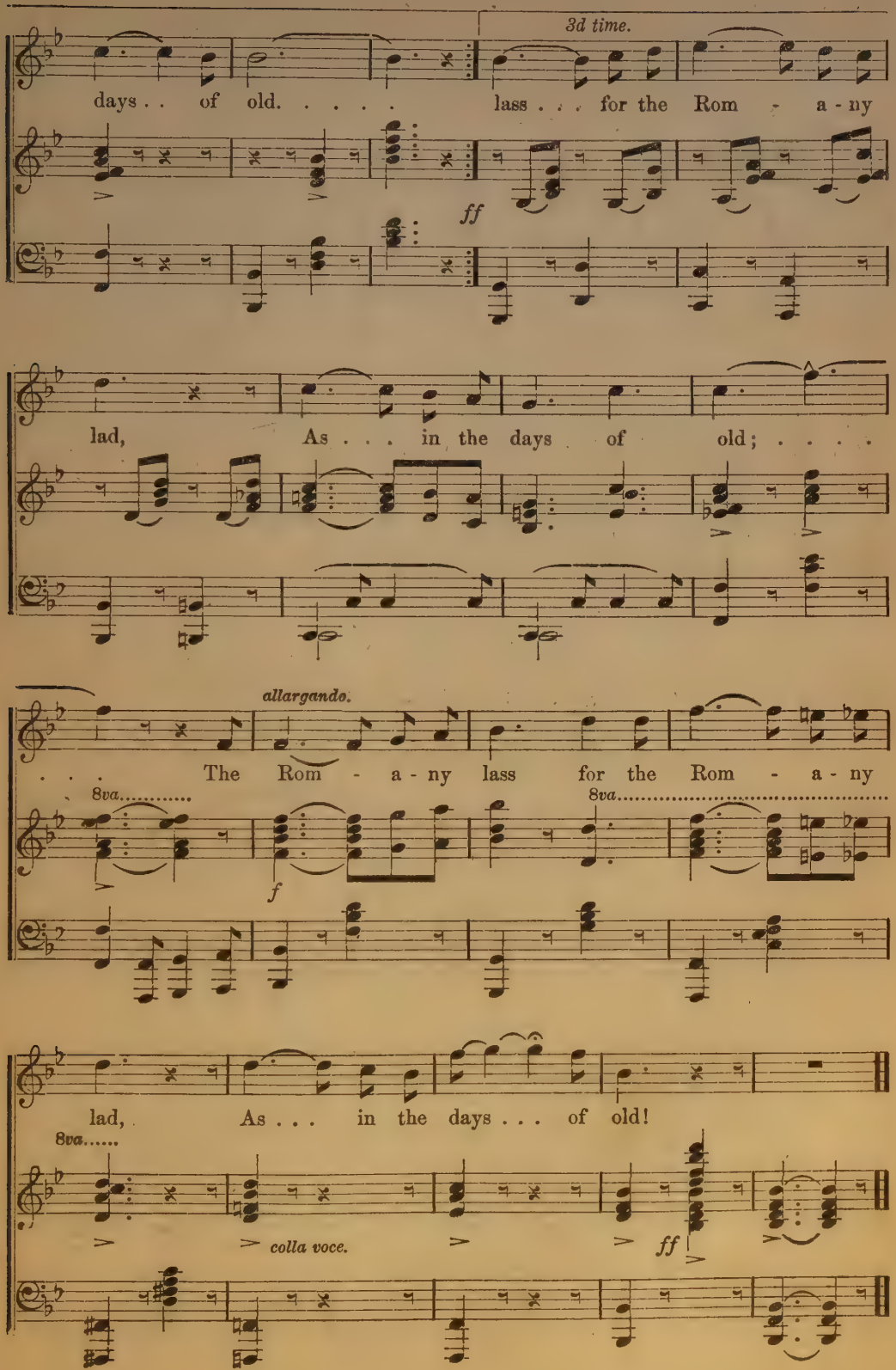

love, 'Tis sad when thou wilt roam; . . . . .
love, To light thee to thy rest; . . . . .
fix'd, And her faith - less lov - er gone; . . . . . But the
Trust not the words . . . the Geor - gi - o says,
Why wilt thou crave . . . his gold . . . and gems? His
Rom - - a - ny's arms . . . . are o - - pen wide, She
p
Trust not his shin - ing gold; . . . . .
words . . . are false as fine; . . . . .
hears . . . him call her name; . . . . . "O
His . . . ways and ours still lie a - part,
Thou . . . hast no need of gems, my love, With
Rom - - a - ny lass, come back to me, For I
p

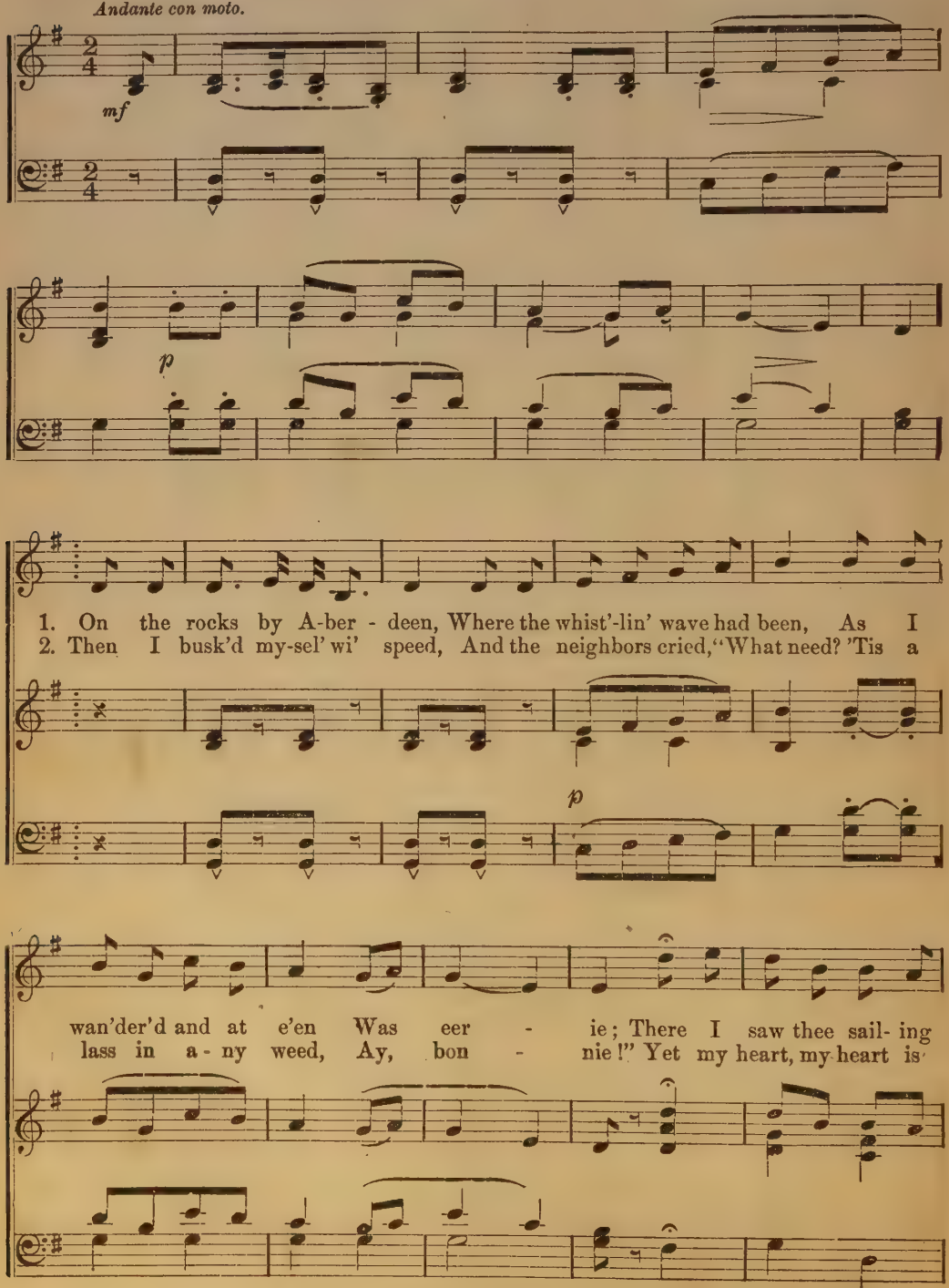

As . . . . in the days . . . of old . . . .
those . . . bright eyes . . . . of thine . . .
love . . . thee still . . . . the same!"
The
rall.
hawk un-to the o - - - - pen sky, ... The
red deer to . . . the wold, ... The
p
allargando.
1st & 2d time.
Rom - a - ny lass for the Rom - a - ny lad, As . . in the
8va
f
colla voce.


3d time.
days . . of old. . . . .
lass . . . for the Rom - a - ny
ff
lad, As . . . in the days of old; . . . .
allargando.
. . . The Rom - a - ny lass for the Rom - a - ny
8va.
8va.
f
lad, As . . . in the days . . . of old!
8va.
colla voce.
ff

ON THE ROCKS BY ABERDEEN.

JEAN INGELOW. A. SCOTT GATTY.

Andante con moto.


mf
p
1. On the rocks by A-ber - deen, Where the whist'-lin' wave had been, As I
2. Then I busk'd my-sel' wi' speed, And the neighbors cried, "What need? 'Tis a
p
wan'der'd and at e'en Was eer - ie; There I saw thee sail- ing
lass in a - ny weed, Ay, bon - nie!" Yet my heart, my heart is

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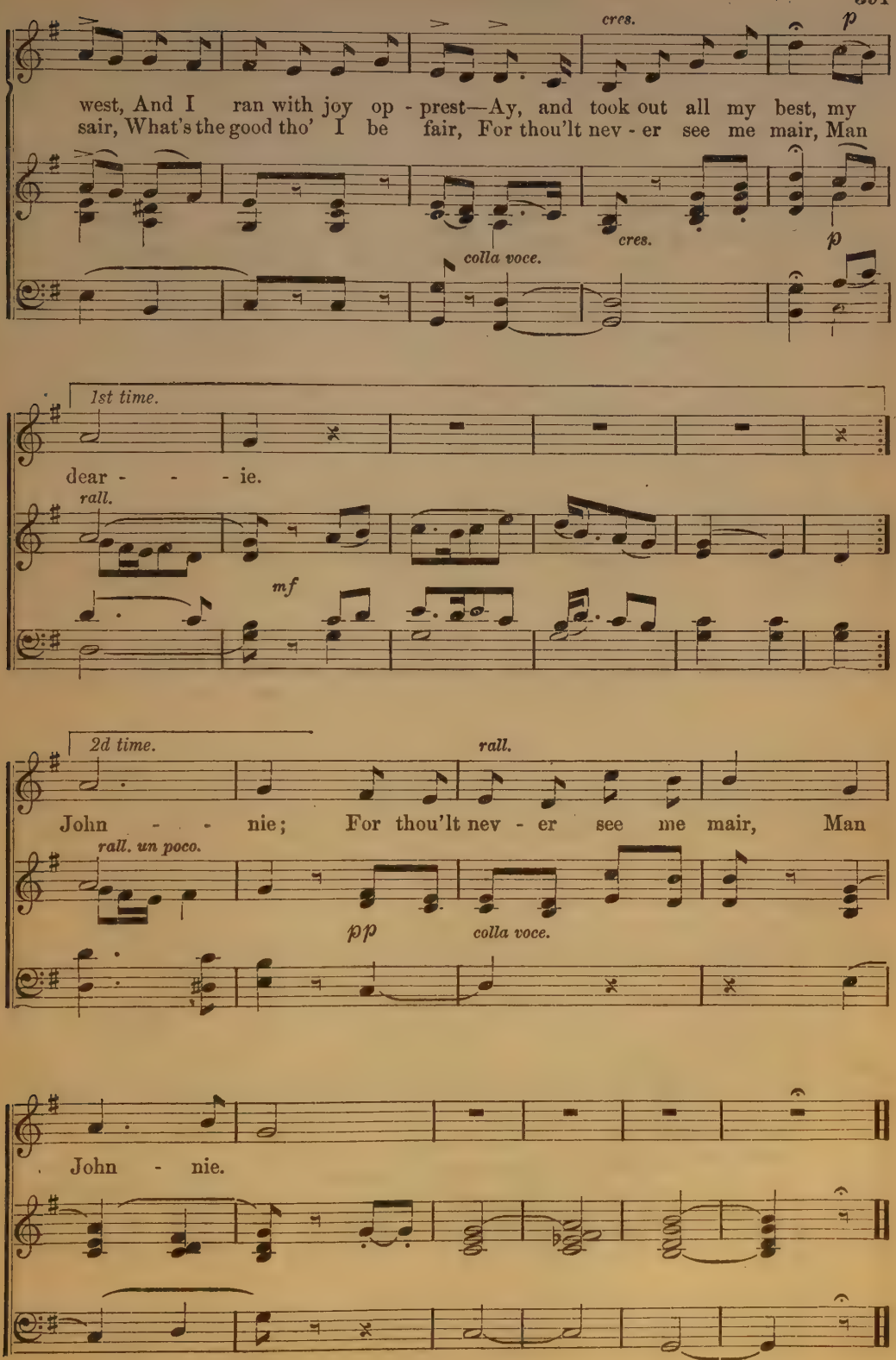
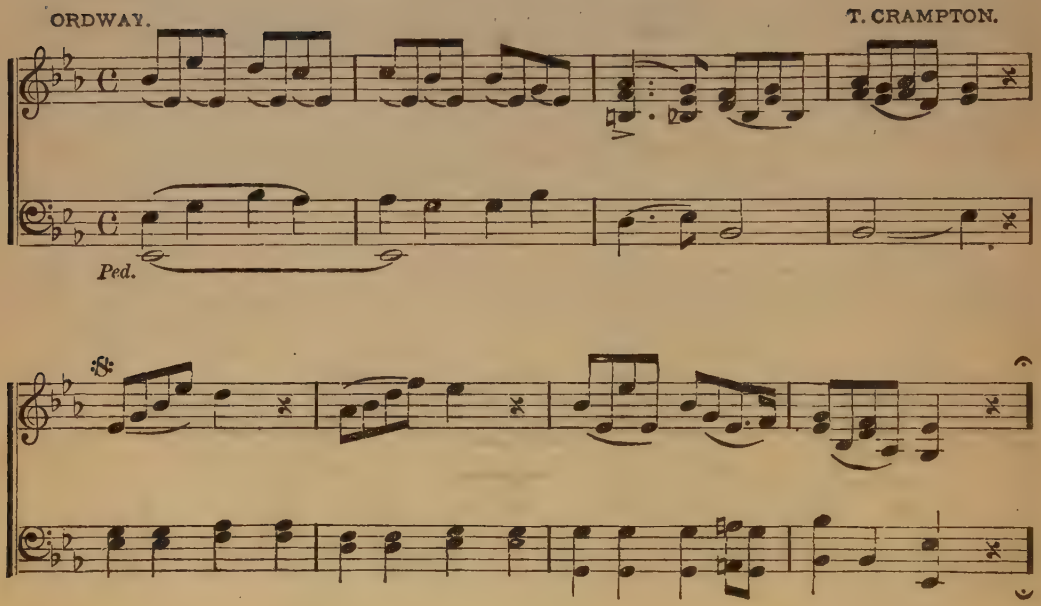

cres.
p
west, And I ran with joy op - prest—Ay, and took out all my best, my
sair, What's the good tho' I be fair, For thou'lt nev - er see me mair, Man
cres.
p
colla voce.
1st time.
dear - - - ie.
rall.
mf
2d time.
rall.
John - - nie; For thou'lt nev - er see me mair, Man
rall. un poco.
pp
colla voce.
John - nie.

SILVER MOONLIGHT.

TRIO FOR LADIES VOICES.

ORDWAY. T. CRAMPTON.



1st VOICE. *p dolce.*

1. Sil - ver moon- light winds are blow - ing Soft - ly o'er the

2d VOICE. *p*

2. Gen - tle breez - es, love, are call - ing, Gold - en light of

3d VOICE. *p*

3. Twi- light shades in sleep re - pos - ing, War - bling birds are

p legato.

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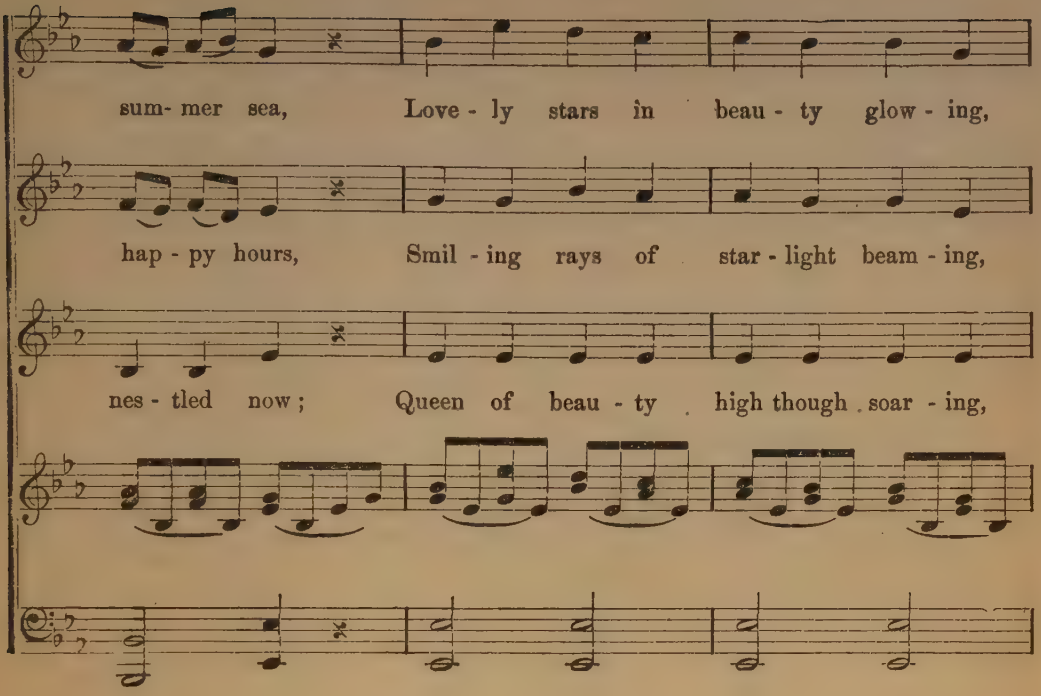
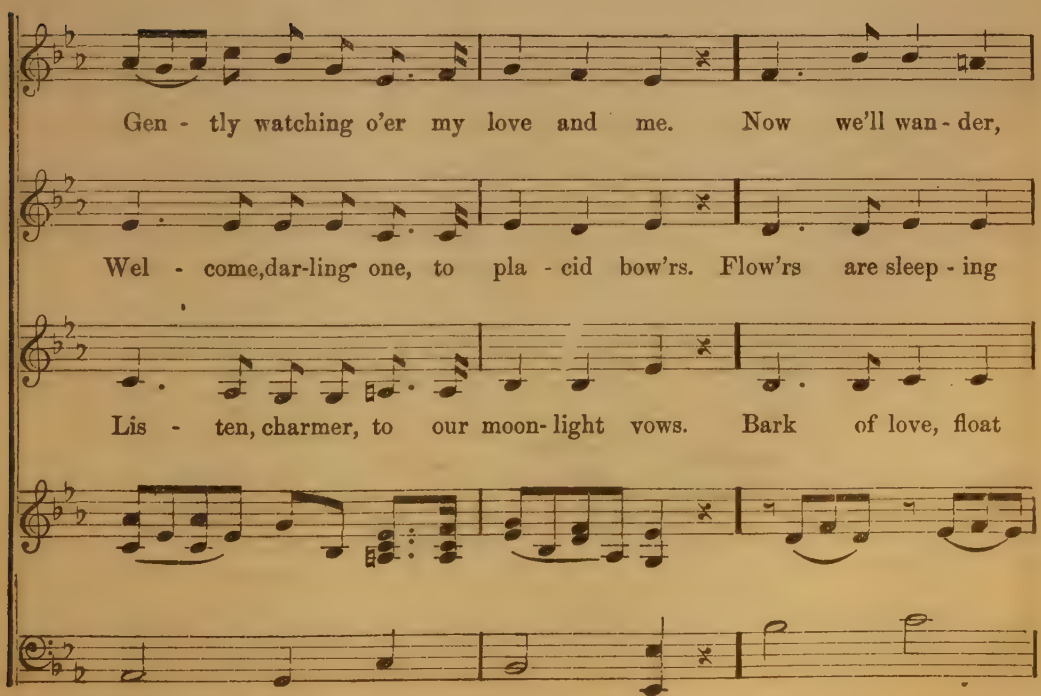
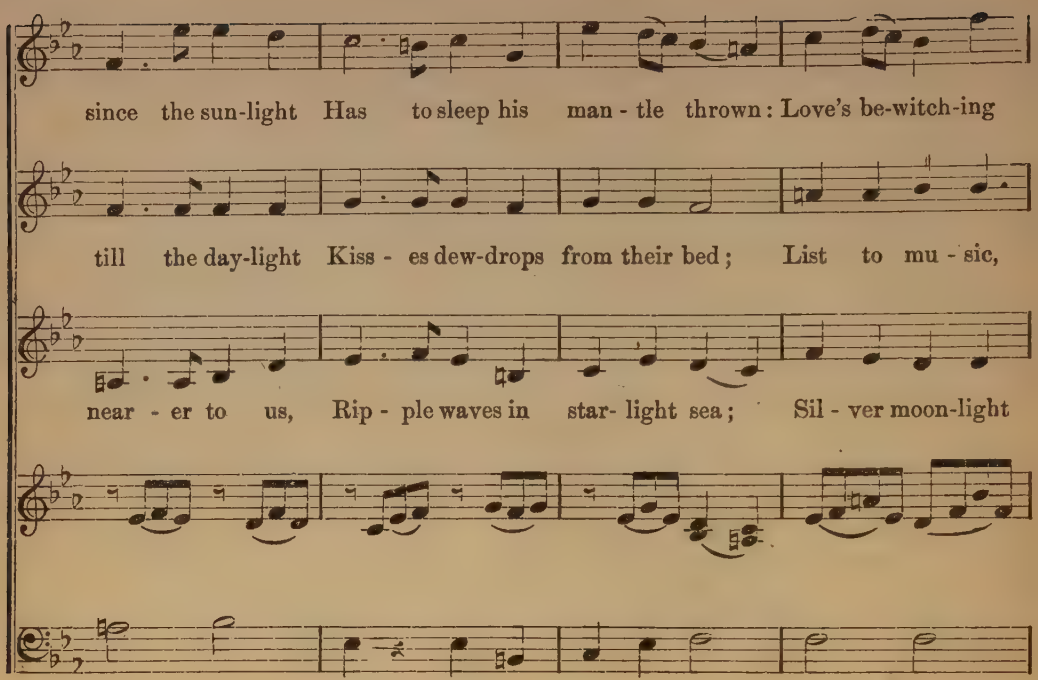
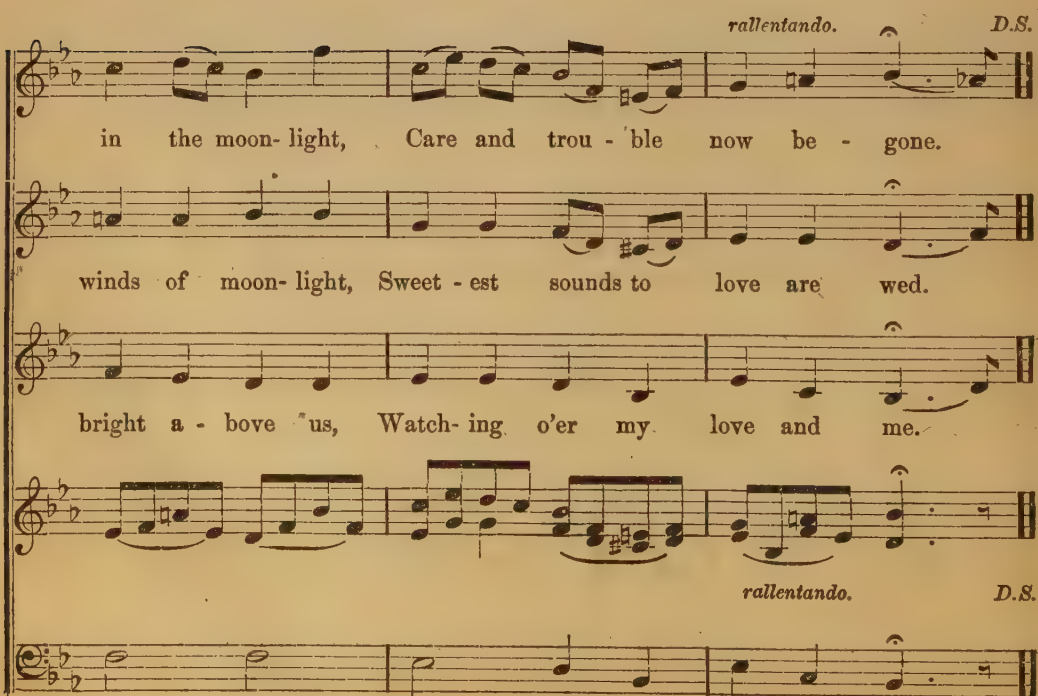

sum- mer sea, Love - ly stars in beau - ty glow - ing,
hap - py hours, Smil - ing rays of star - light beam - ing,
nes - tled now; Queen of beau - ty high though soar - ing,


Gen - tly watching o'er my love and me. Now we'll wan - der,
Wel - come, dar-ling one, to pla - cid bow'rs. Flow'rs are sleep - ing
Lis - ten, charmer, to our moon- light vows. Bark of love, float

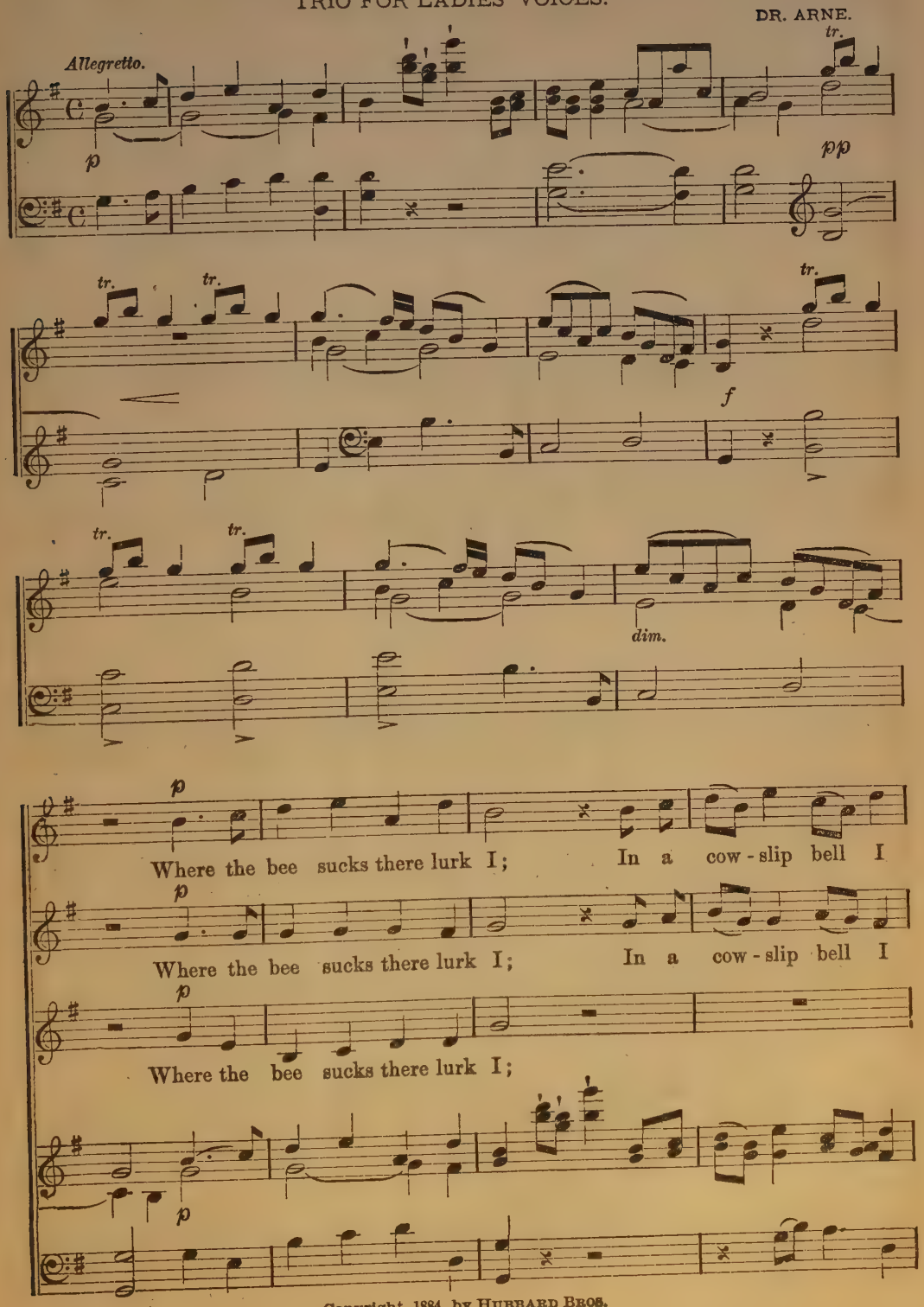

since the sun-light Has to sleep his man - tle thrown: Love's be-witch-ing
till the day-light Kiss - es dew-drops from their bed; List to mu - sic,
near - er to us, Rip - ple waves in star- light sea; Sil - ver moon-light


rallentando. D.S.
in the moon- light, Care and trou - ble now be - gone.
winds of moon- light, Sweet - est sounds to love are wed.
bright a - bove us, Watch- ing o'er my love and me.
rallentando. D.S.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

TRIO FOR LADIES' VOICES.

DR. ARNE.


Allegretto.
tr.
pp
f
dim.
Where the bee sucks there lurk I; In a cow-slip bell I
Where the bee sucks there lurk I; In a cow-slip bell I
Where the bee sucks there lurk I;

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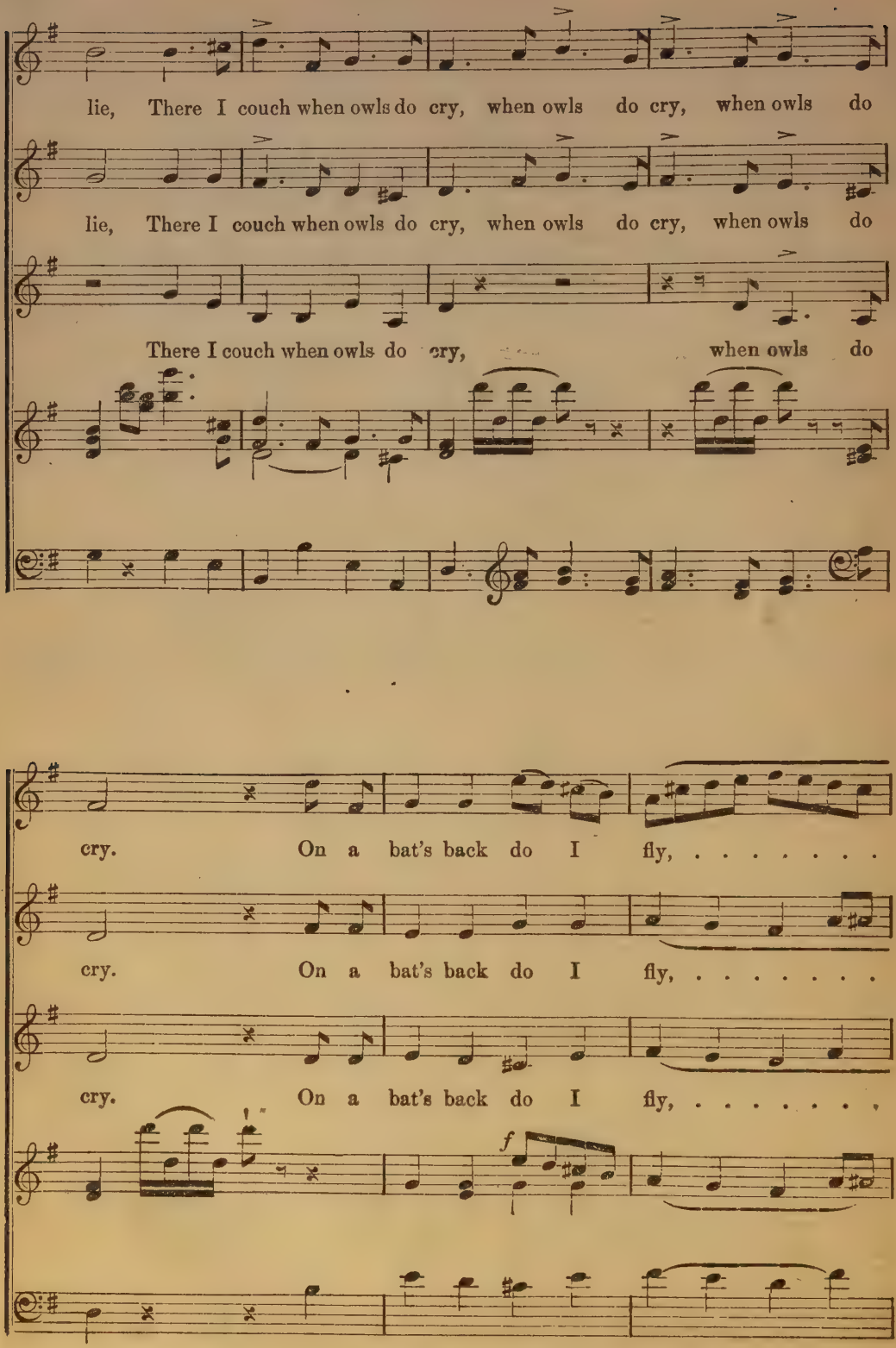
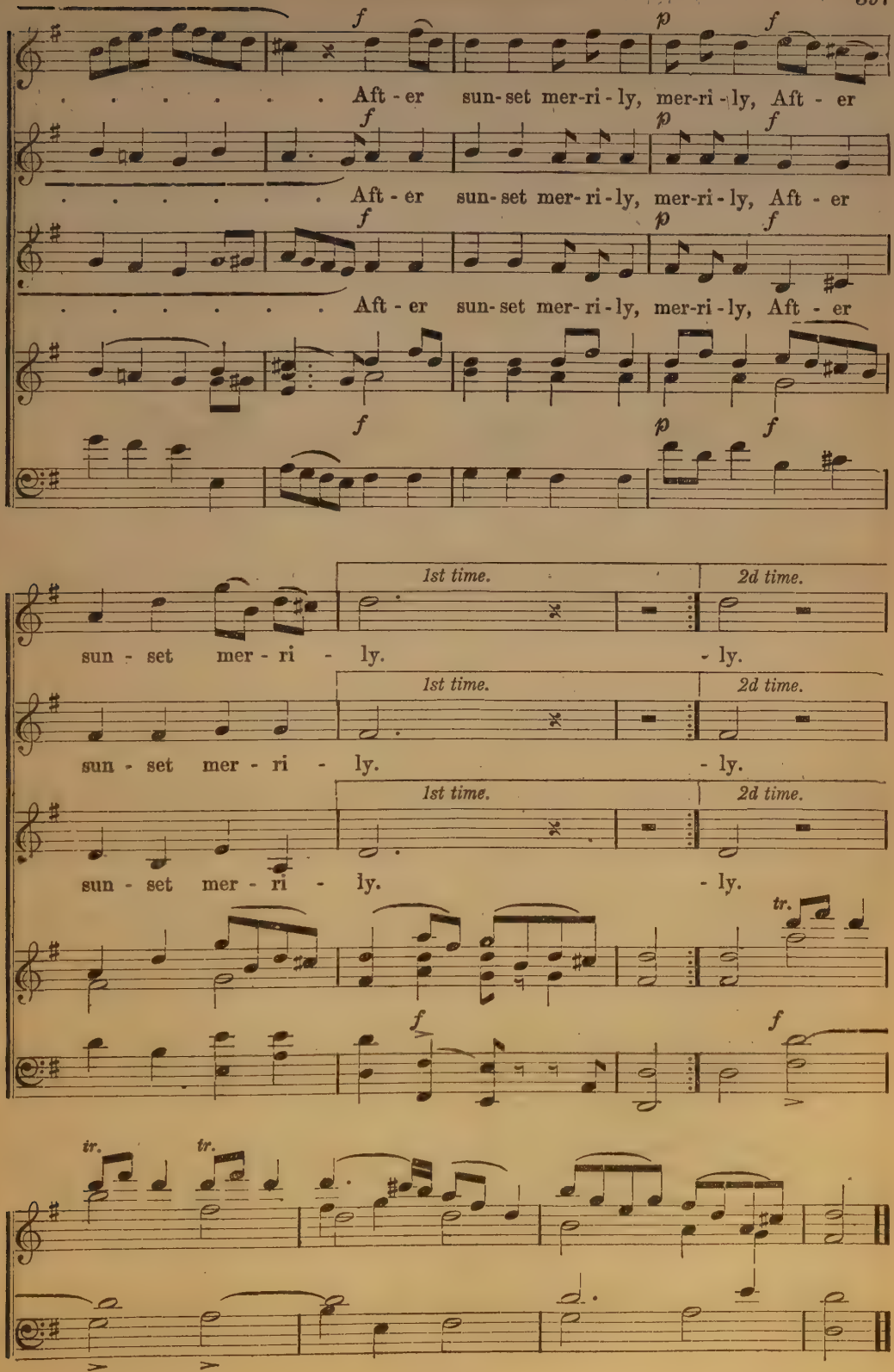
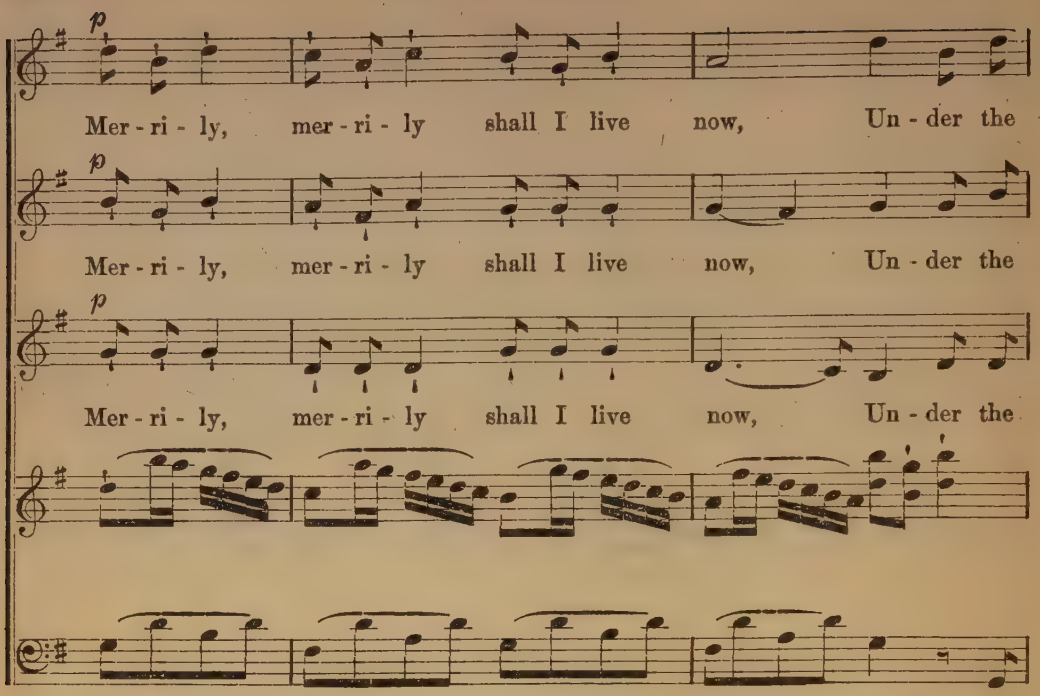
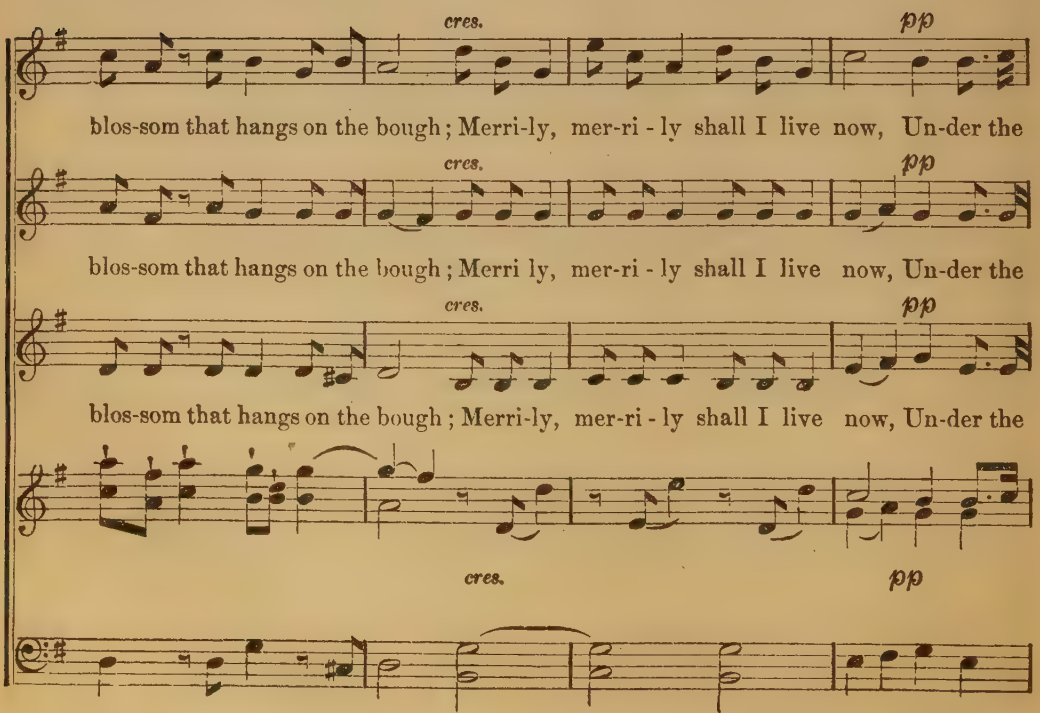
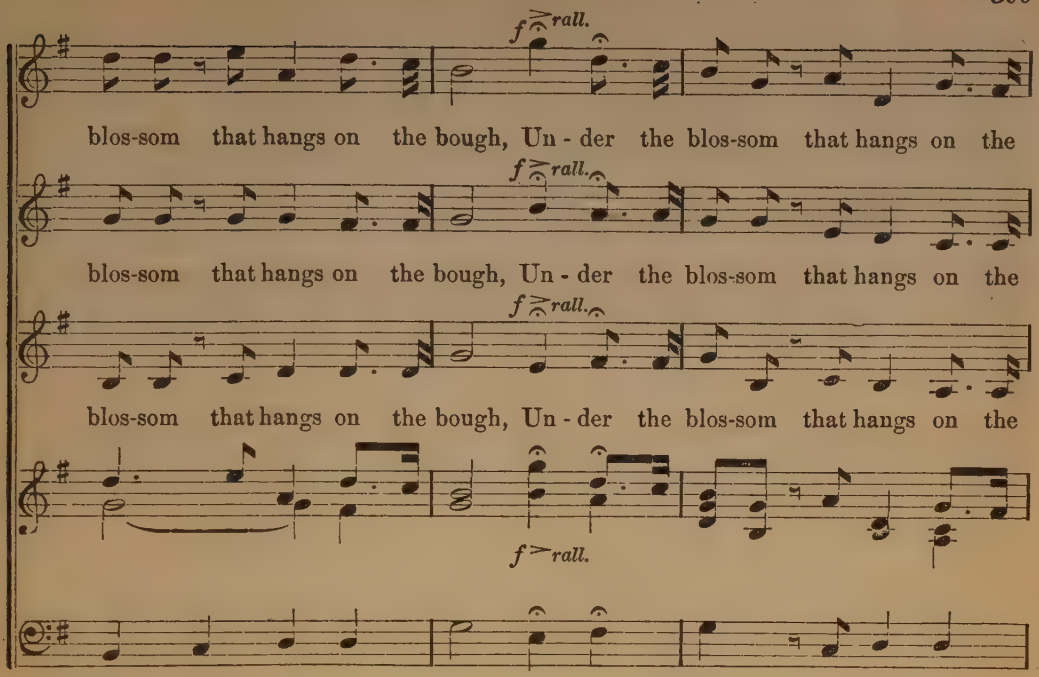
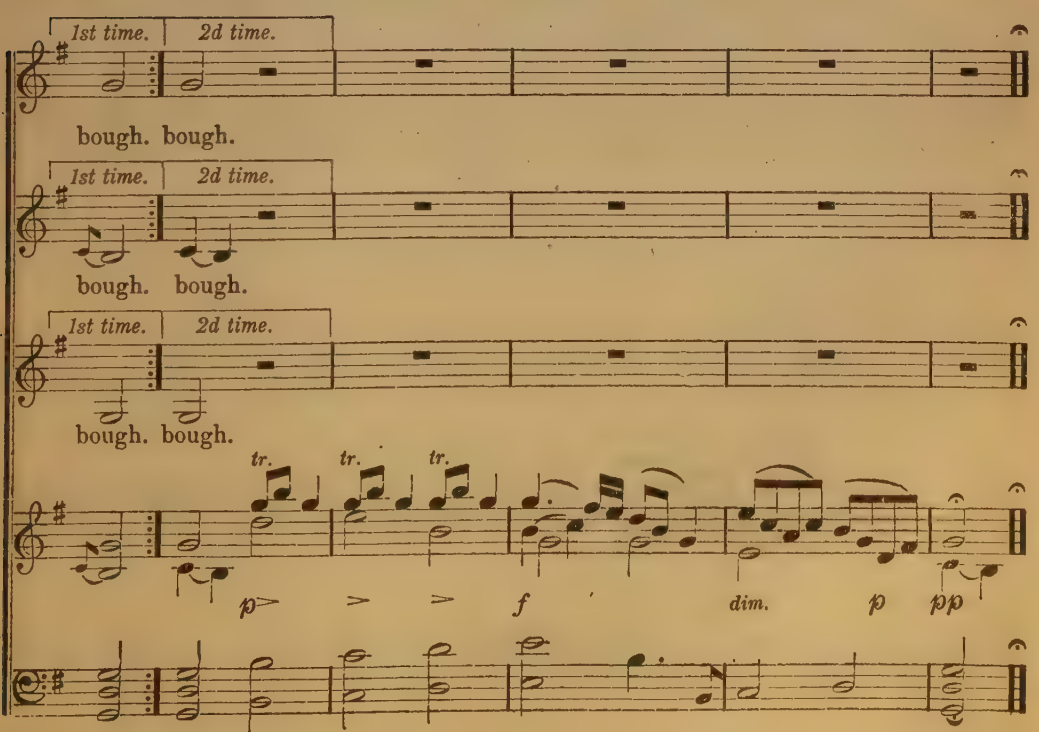

lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do
lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do
There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do
cry. On a bat's back do I fly, ...
cry. On a bat's back do I fly, ...
cry. On a bat's back do I fly, ...
f


Aft - er sun - set mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er
Aft - er sun - set mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er
Aft - er sun - set mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Aft - er
1st time.
2d time.
sun - set mer - ri - ly.
- ly.
tr.


p
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the
p
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the
p
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the


cres.
pp
blos-som that hangs on the bough; Merri-ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Un-der the
cres.
pp
blos-som that hangs on the bough; Merri ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Un-der the
cres.
pp
blos-som that hangs on the bough; Merri-ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Un-der the
cres.
pp


f rall.
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
f rall.
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
f rall.
blos-som that hangs on the bough, Un - der the blos-som that hangs on the
f rall.

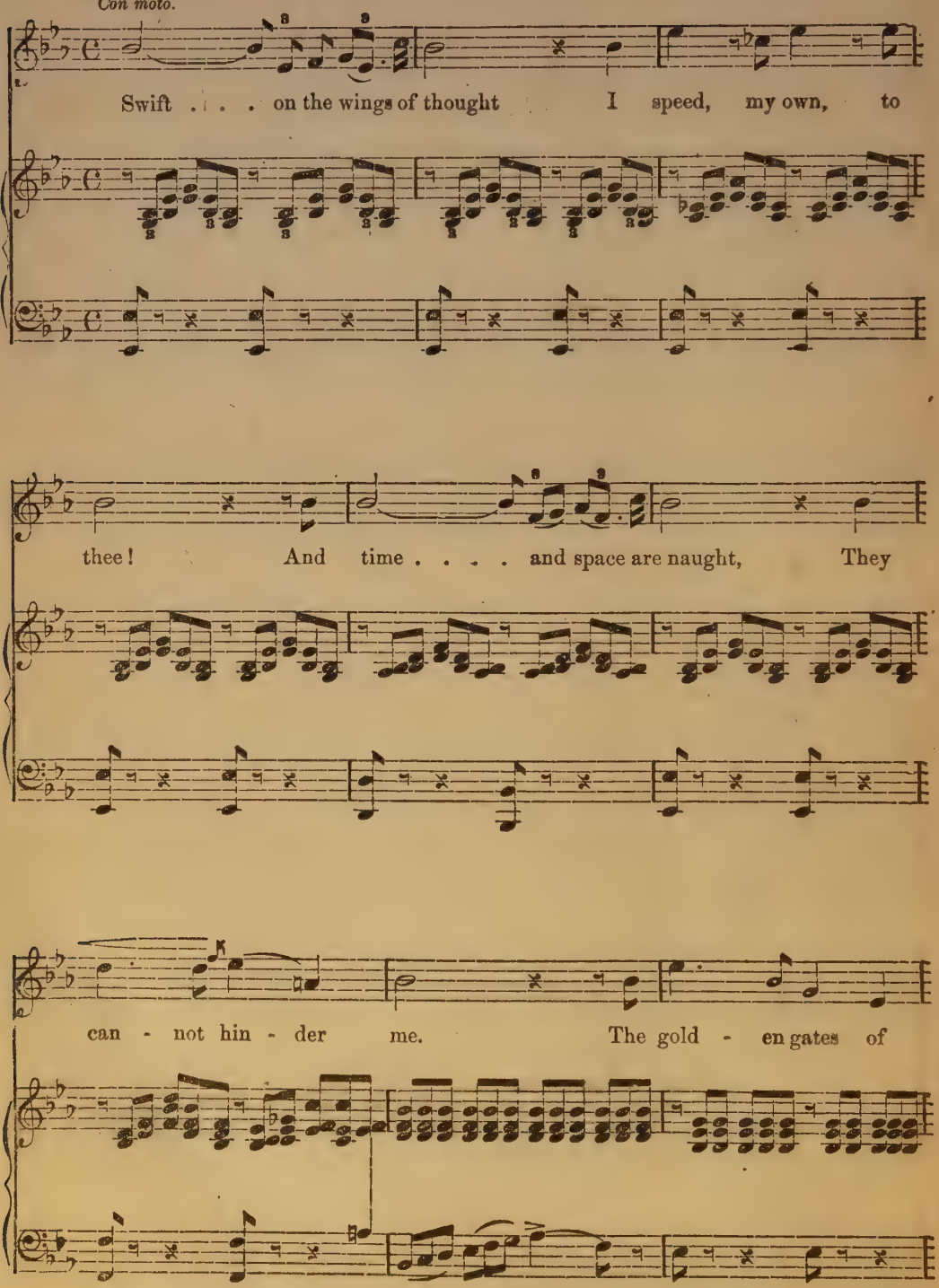

1st time.
2d time.
bough. bough.
1st time.
2d time.
bough. bough.
1st time.
2d time.
bough. bough.
tr.
tr.
tr.
p
f
dim.
p
pp

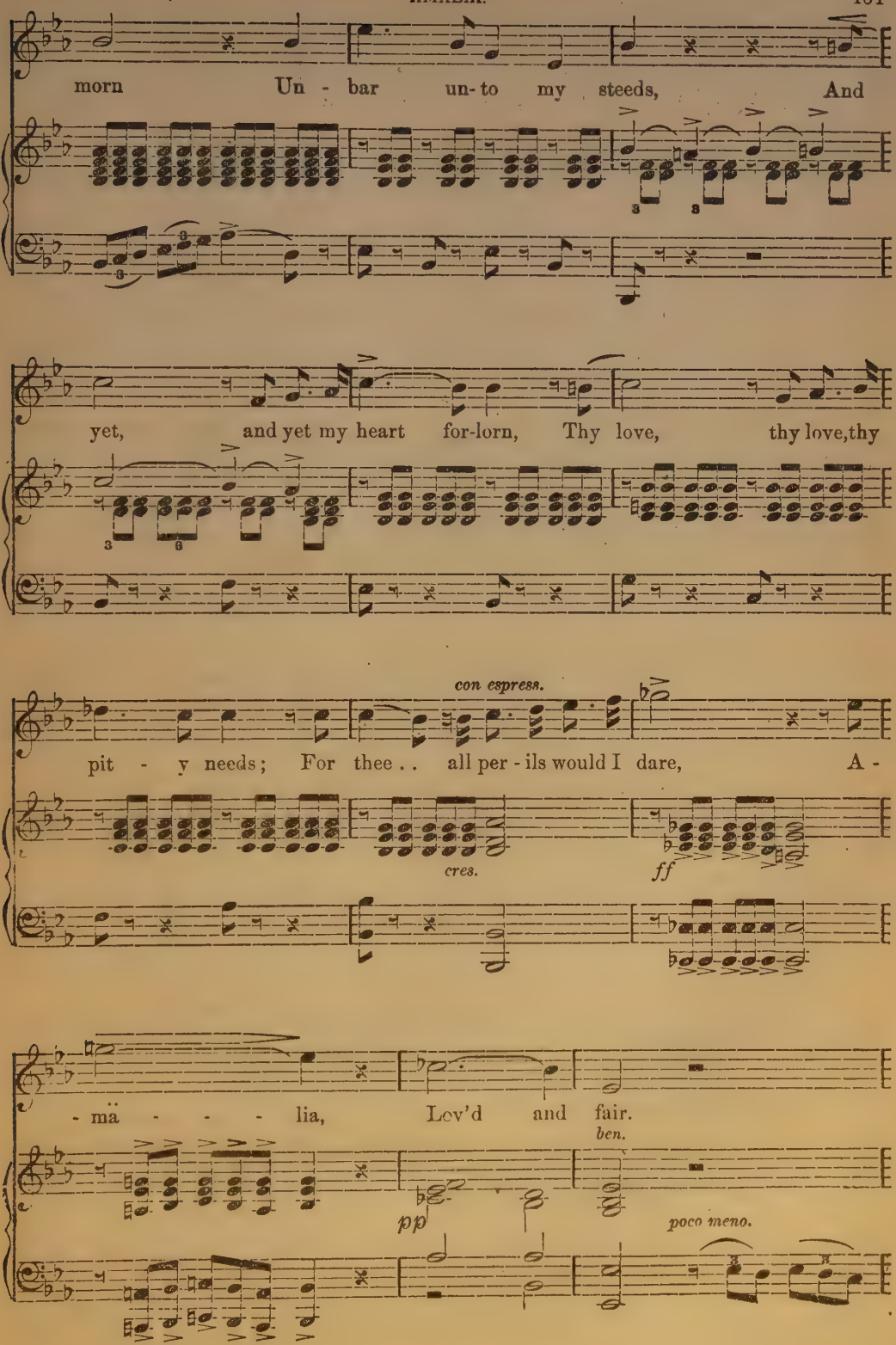
AMÄLIA

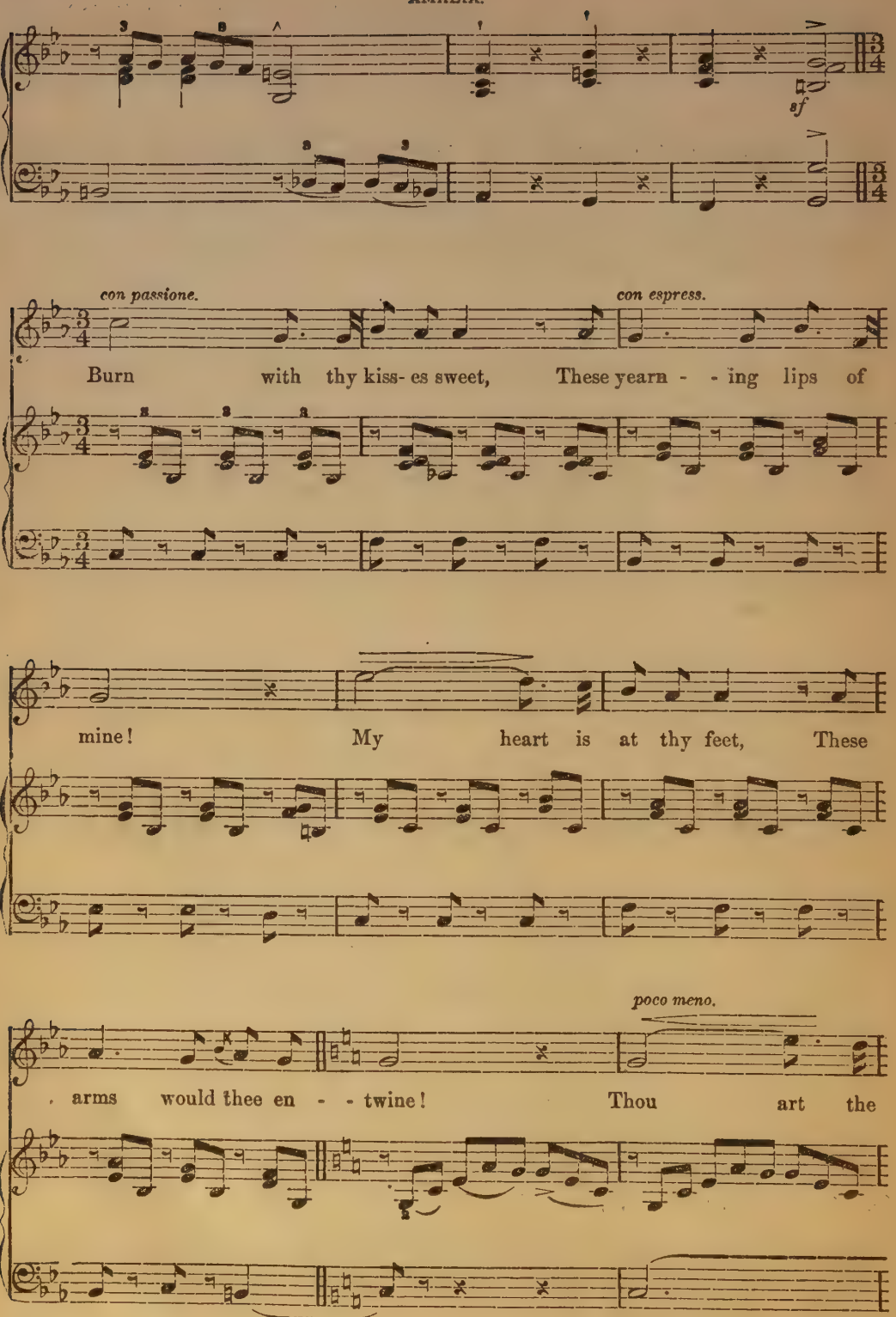
GEORGE COOPER.

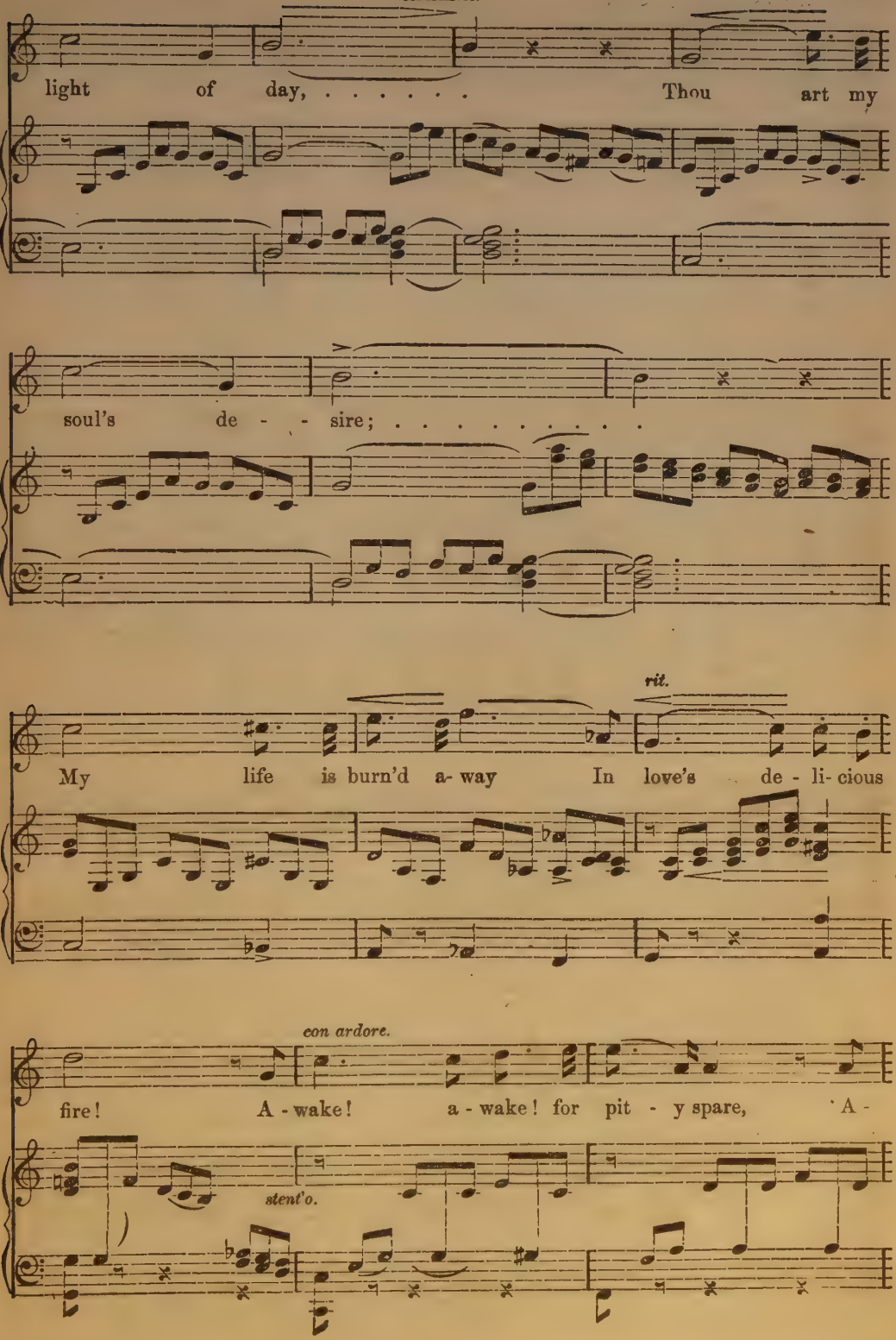
HARRISON MILLARD.

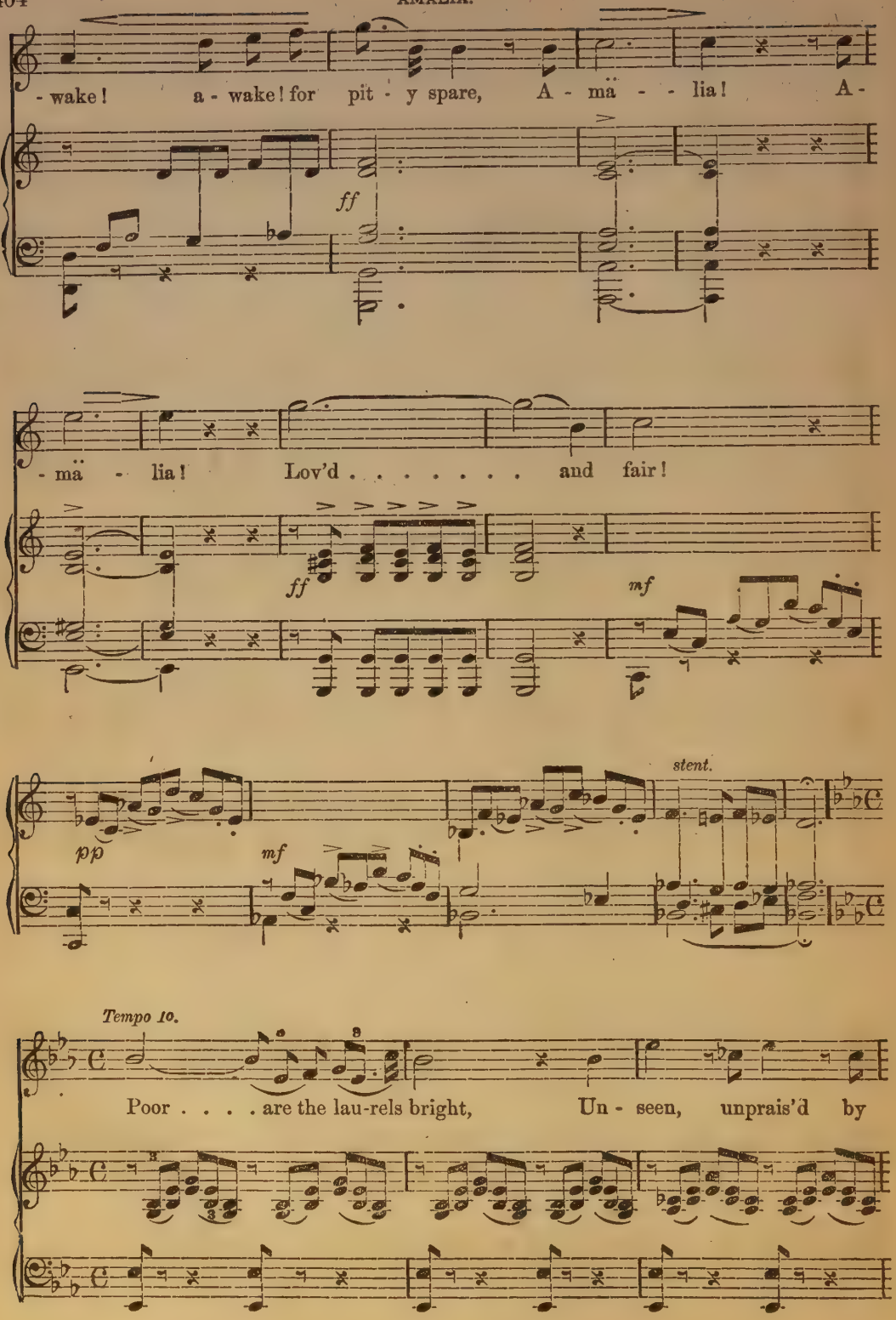
Andantino mosso.
Con moto.

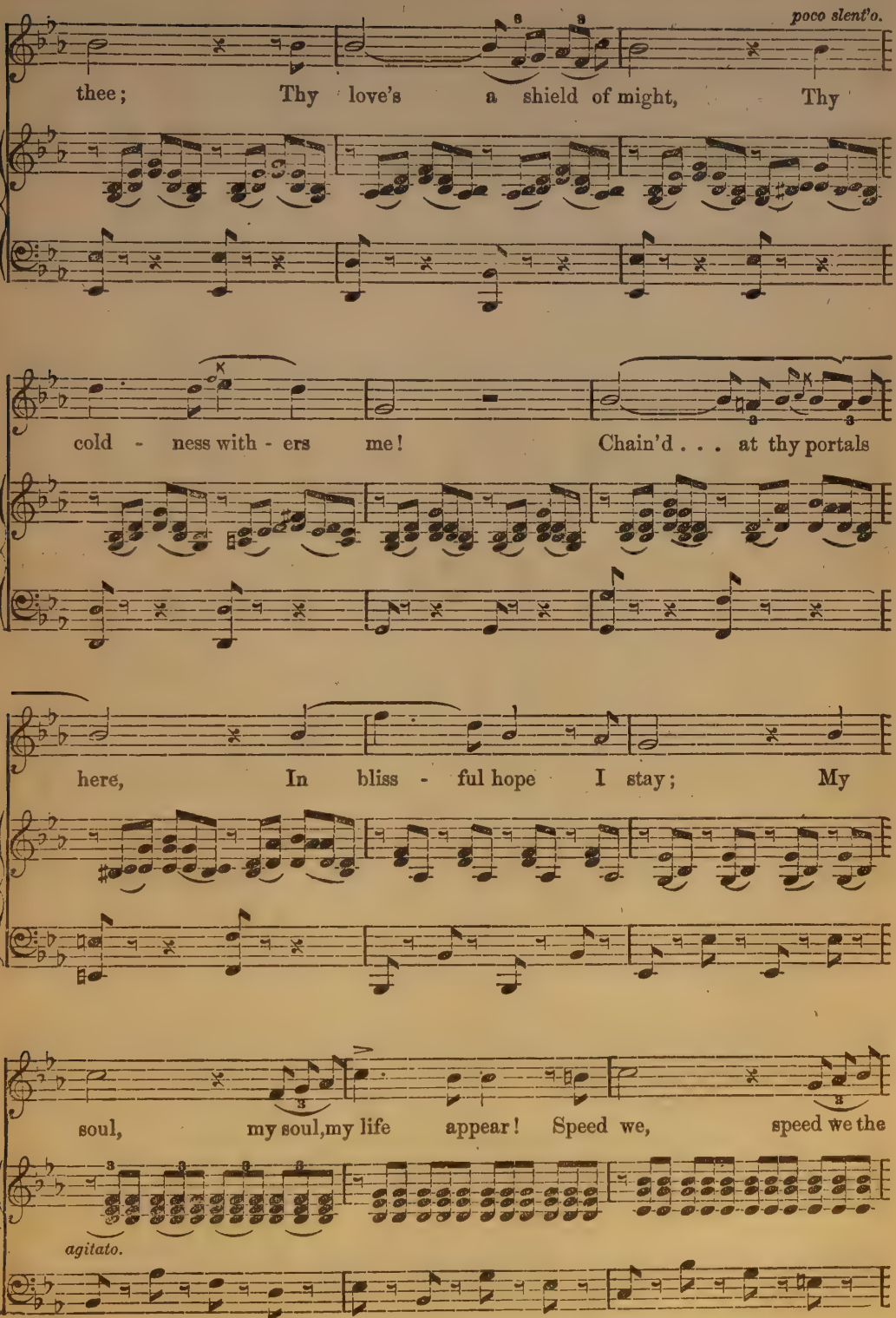


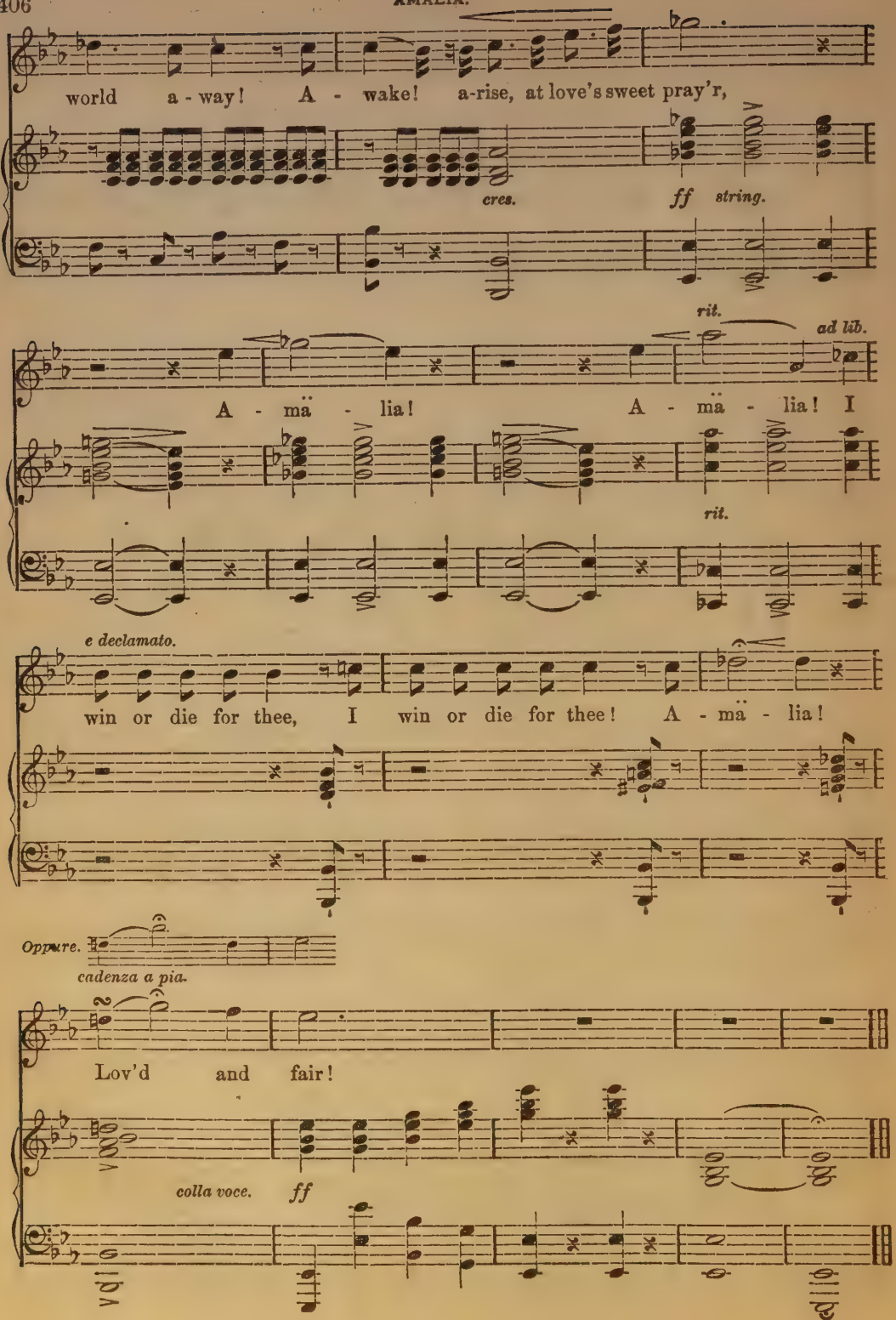

morn Un - bar un-to my steeds, And
yet, and yet my heart for-lorn, Thy love, thy love,thy
con espress.
pit - y needs; For thee . . all per - ils would I dare, A -
cres.
ff
- mä - - - lia, Lov'd and fair.
ben.
pp
poco meno.


sf
con passione.
con espress.
Burn with thy kiss- es sweet, These yearn - - ing lips of
mine! My heart is at thy feet, These
poco meno.
arms would thee en - - twine! Thou art the


light of day, ... Thou art my
soul's de - - sire; . . . . . .
rit.
My life is burn'd a- way In love's de - li- cious
con ardore.
fire! A - wake! a - wake! for pit - y spare, A -
stent'o.


- wake! a - wake! for pit - y spare, A - mä - - lia! A -
ff
- mä - lia! Lov'd . . . . . and fair!
ff
mf
pp
mf
stent.
Tempo 1o.
Poor . . . . are the lau-rels bright, Un - seen, unprais'd by

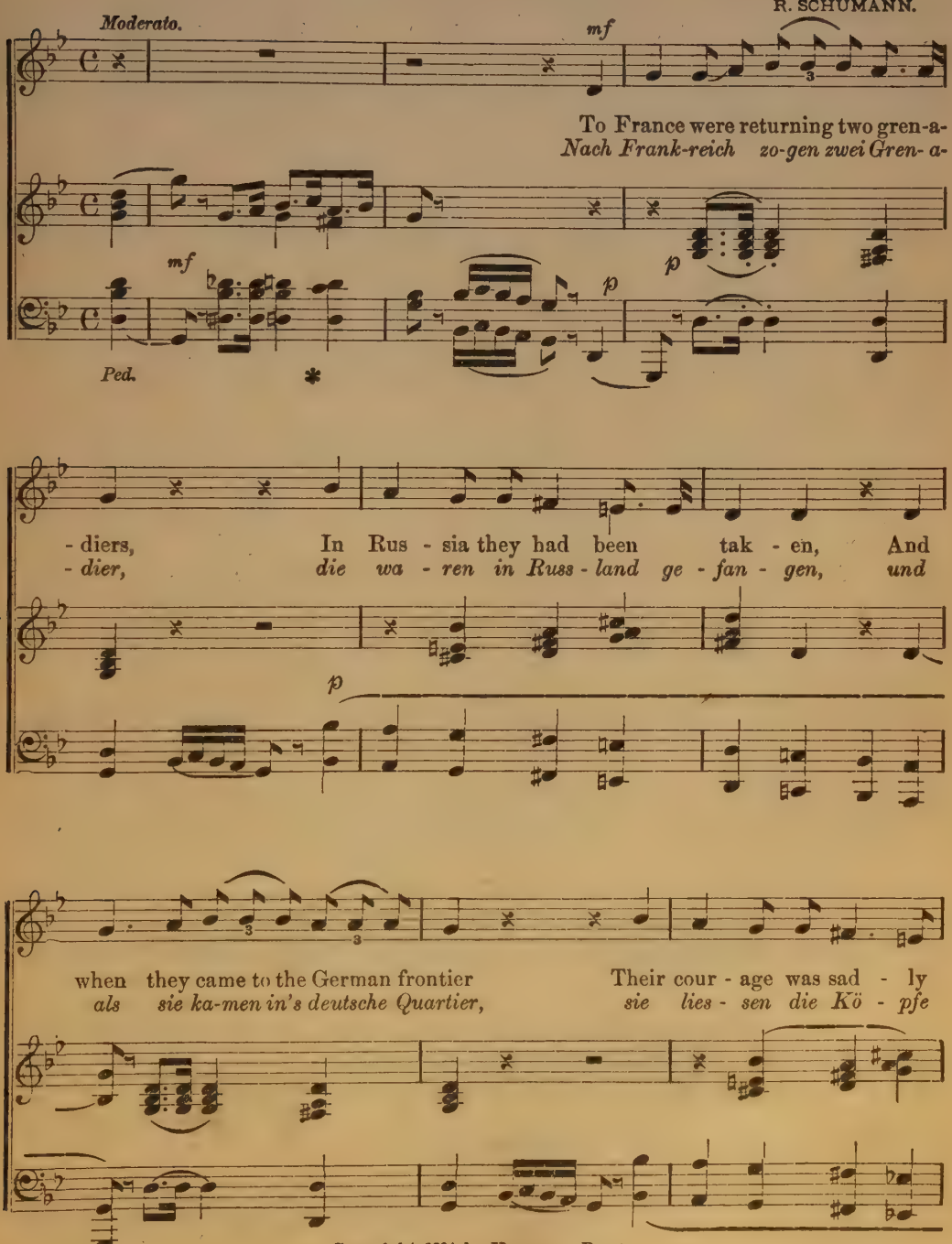

poco slent'o.
thee; Thy love's a shield of might, Thy
cold - ness with - ers me! Chain'd . . . at thy portals
here, In bliss - ful hope I stay; My
soul, my soul, my life appear! Speed we, speed we the
agitato.


world a - way! A - wake! a-rise, at love's sweet pray'r,
cres.
ff string.
rit.
ad lib.
A - mä - lia! A - mä - lia! I
rit.
e declamato.
win or die for thee, I win or die for thee! A - mä - lia!
Oppure.
cadenza a pia.
Lov'd and fair!
colla voce.
ff

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE.

R. SCHUMANN.


Moderato.
mf
To France were returning two gren-a-
Nach Frank-reich zo-gen zwei Gren- a-
mf
p
p
Ped.
- diers, In Rus - sia they had been tak - en, And
- dier, die wa - ren in Russ - land ge - fan - gen, und
p
when they came to the German frontier Their cour - age was sad - ly
als sie ka-men in's deutsche Quartier, sie lies - sen die Kö - pfe

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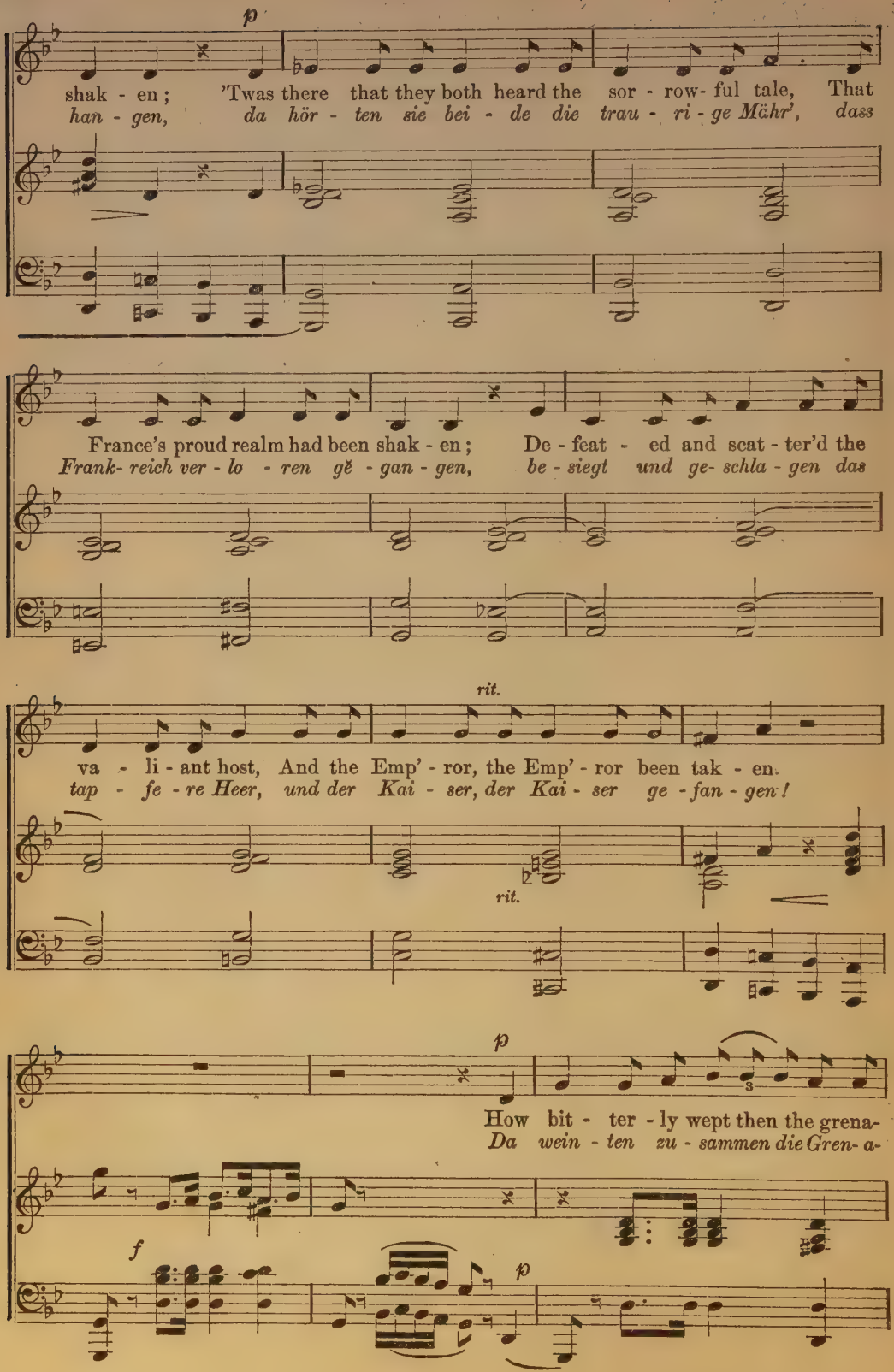
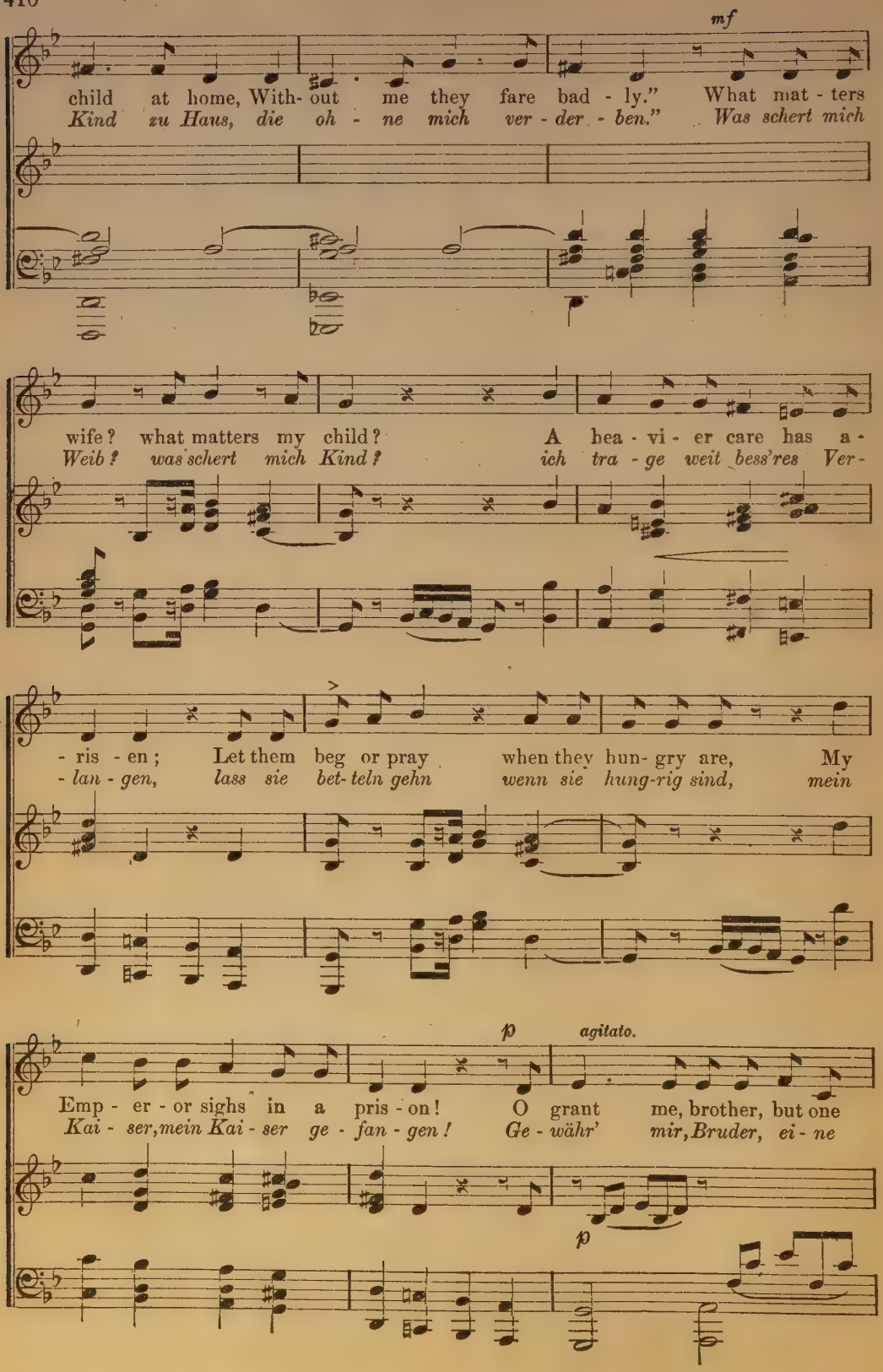
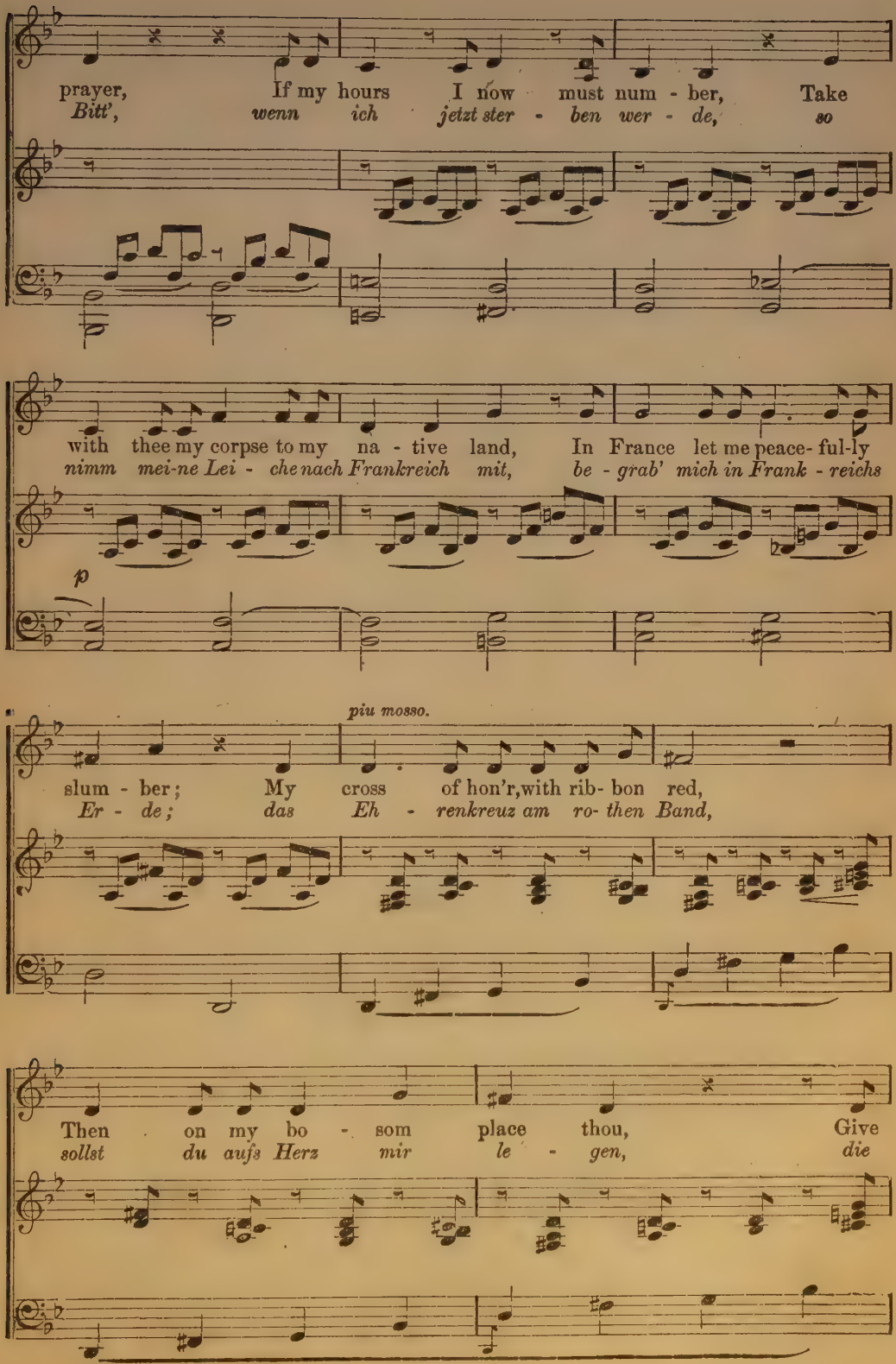
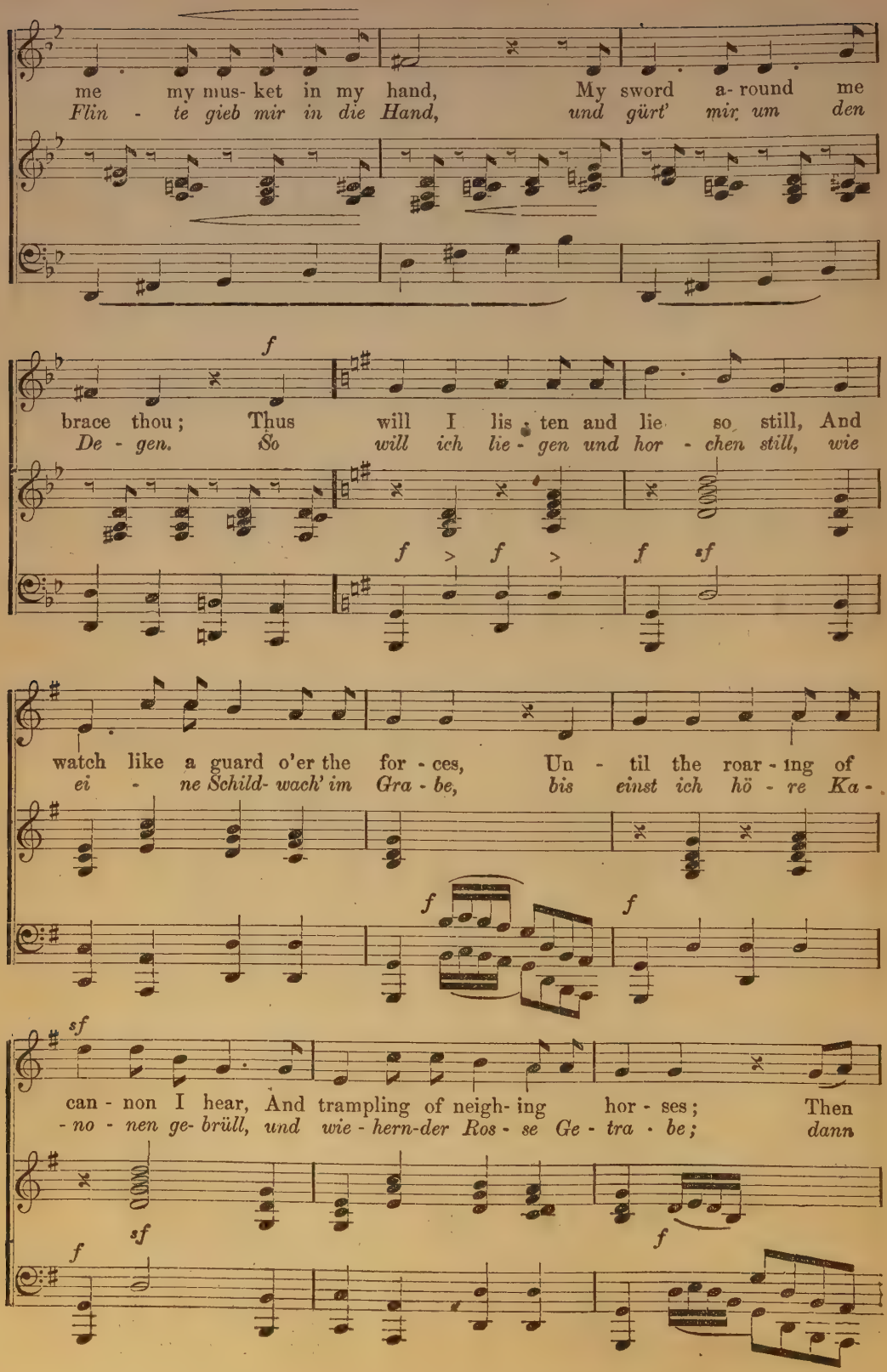
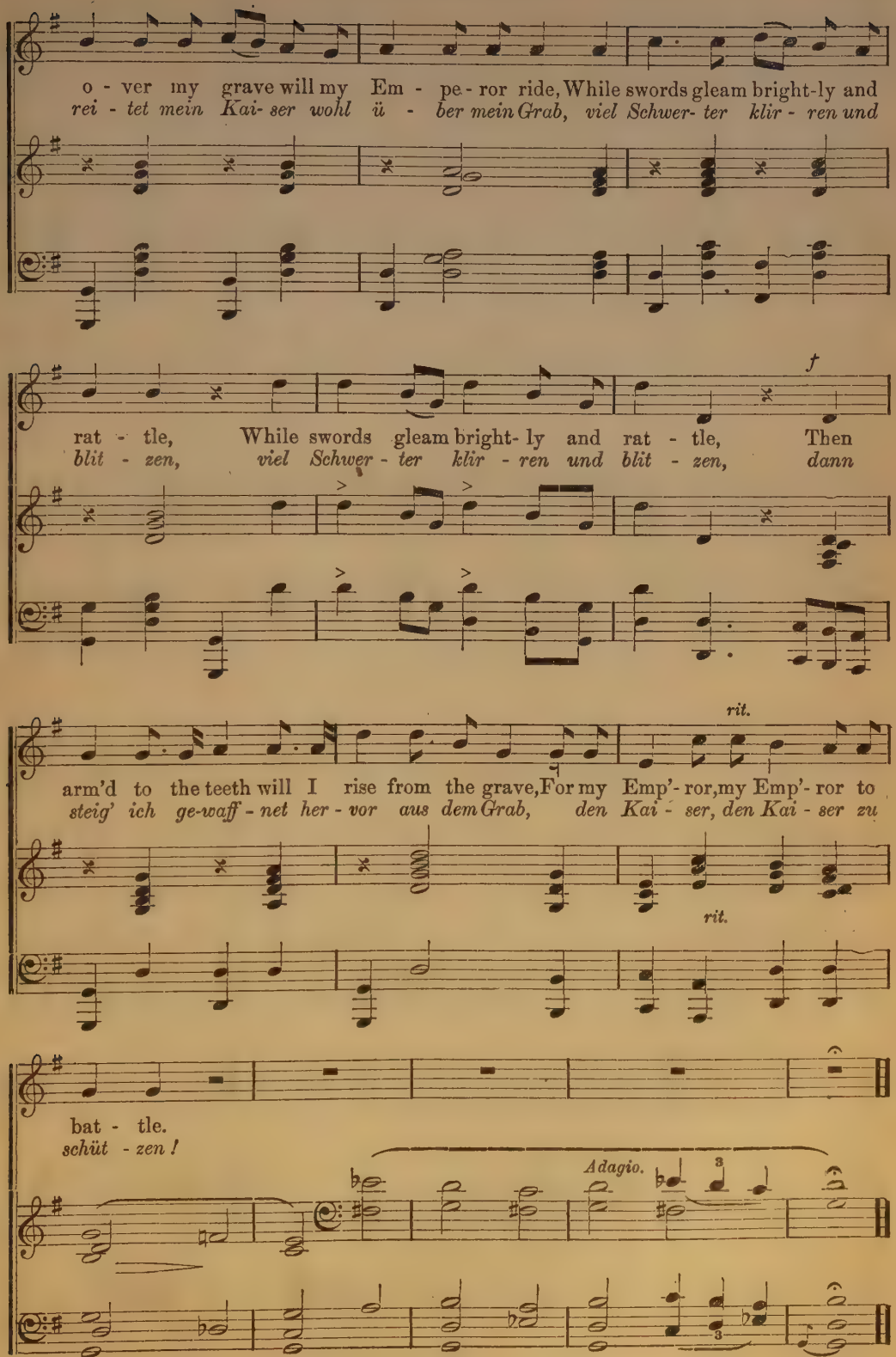

p
shak - en; 'Twas there that they both heard the sor - row- ful tale, That
han - gen, da hör - ten sie bei - de die trau - ri - ge Mähr', dass
France's proud realm had been shak - en; De - feat - ed and scat - ter'd the
Frank- reich ver - lo - ren gĕ - gan - gen, be - siegt und ge- schla - gen das
rit.
va - li - ant host, And the Emp' - ror, the Emp' - ror been tak - en.
tap - fe - re Heer, und der Kai - ser, der Kai - ser ge - fan - gen!
rit.
p
How bit - ter - ly wept then the grena-
Da wein - ten zu - sammen die Gren- a-
f
p

- diers At hear - ing the ter - ri - ble sto - ry, And one then
- dier, wohl ob der kläg - lich - en Kun- de; der Ei- ne
said: "A- las! once more My wounds are bleed - ing and
sprach: "Wie weh wird mir, wie brennt meine al - te
go - ry." The oth - er said: "My sun is set, With
Wun - de" Der And're sprach: "Das Lied ist aus, auch
thee I would die glad - ly, But I've a wife and
ich möcht mit dir ster - ben, doch hab' ich Weib und

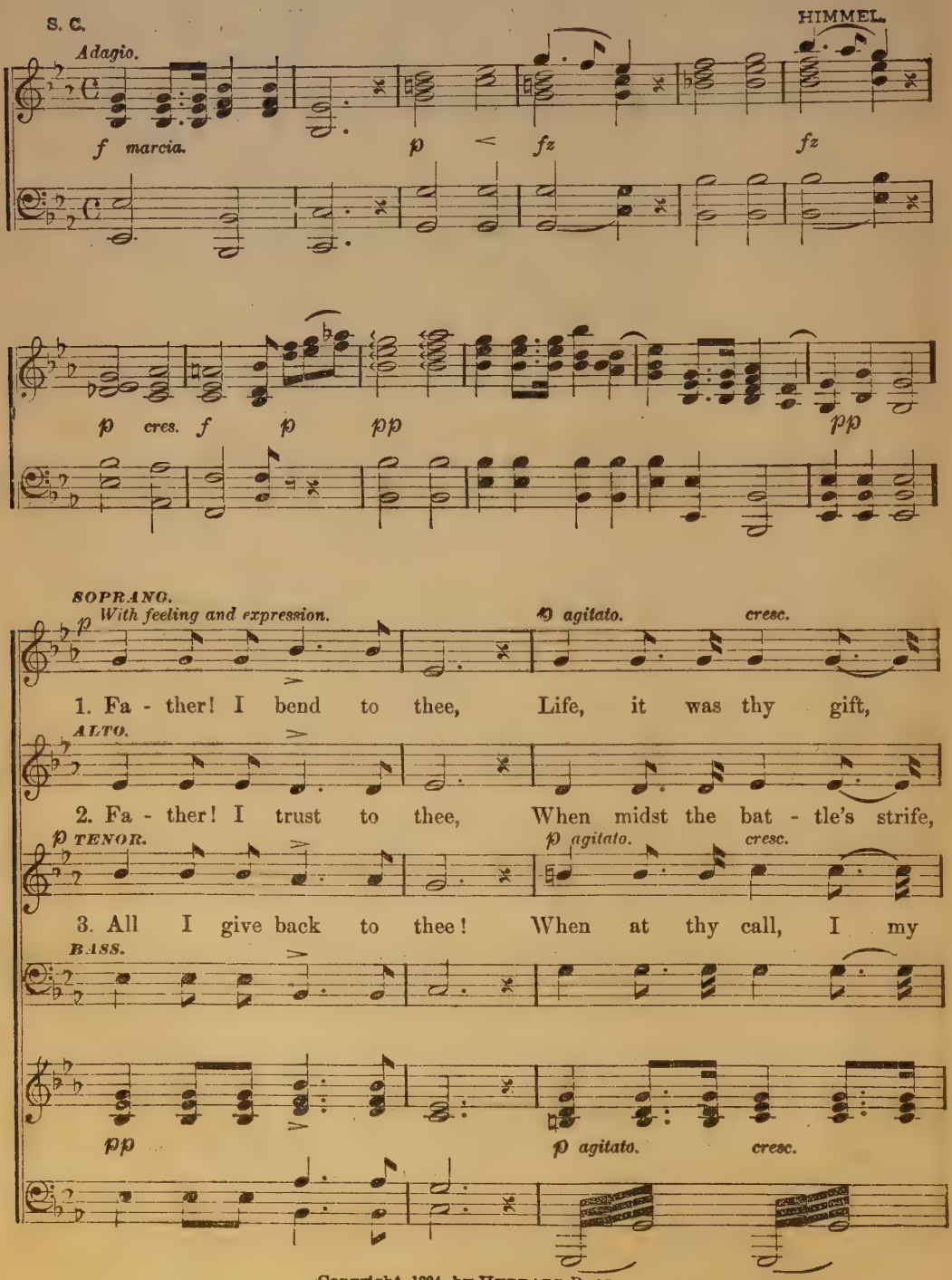

mf
child at home, With- out me they fare bad - ly." What mat - ters
Kind zu Haus, die oh - ne mich ver - der - ben." Was schert mich
wife? what matters my child? A hea - vi - er care has a -
Weib? was schert mich Kind? ich tra - ge weit bess'res Ver -
- ris - en; Let them beg or pray when they hun- gry are, My
- lan - gen, lass sie bet- teln gehn wenn sie hung-rig sind, mein
p agitato.
Emp - er - or sighs in a pris - on! O grant me, brother, but one
Kai - ser, mein Kai - ser ge - fan - gen! Ge - währ' mir, Bruder, ei - ne
p


prayer, If my hours I now must num - ber, Take
Bitt', wenn ich jetzt ster - ben wer - de, so
with thee my corpse to my na - tive land, In France let me peace- ful-ly
nimm mei-ne Lei - che nach Frankreich mit, be - grab' mich in Frank - reichs
p
piu mosso.
slum - ber; My cross of hon'r, with rib- bon red,
Er - de; das Eh - renkreuz am ro- then Band,
Then on my bo - som place thou, Give
sollst du aufs Herz mir le - gen, die


me my mus- ket in my hand, My sword a- round me
Flin - te gieb mir in die Hand, und gürt' mir um den
brace thou; Thus will I lis - ten and lie so still, And
De - gen. So will ich lie - gen und hor - chen still, wie
f
f > f > f sf
watch like a guard o'er the for - ces, Un - til the roar - ing of
ei - ne Schild- wach' im Gra - be, bis einst ich hö - re Ka -
f f
sf
can - non I hear, And trampling of neigh- ing hor - ses; Then
- no - nen ge- brüll, und wie - hern-der Ros - se Ge - tra - be; dann
sf f
f


o - ver my grave will my Em - pe - ror ride, While swords gleam bright-ly and
rei - tet mein Kai- ser wohl ü - ber mein Grab, viel Schwer- ter klir - ren und
f
rat - tle, While swords gleam bright- ly and rat - tle, Then
blit - zen, viel Schwer - ter klir - ren und blit - zen, dann
rit.
arm'd to the teeth will I rise from the grave, For my Emp'- ror, my Emp'- ror to
steig' ich ge-waff - net her - vor aus dem Grab, den Kai - ser, den Kai - ser zu
rit.
bat - tle.
schüt - zen!
Adagio.

THE BATTLE PRAYER.



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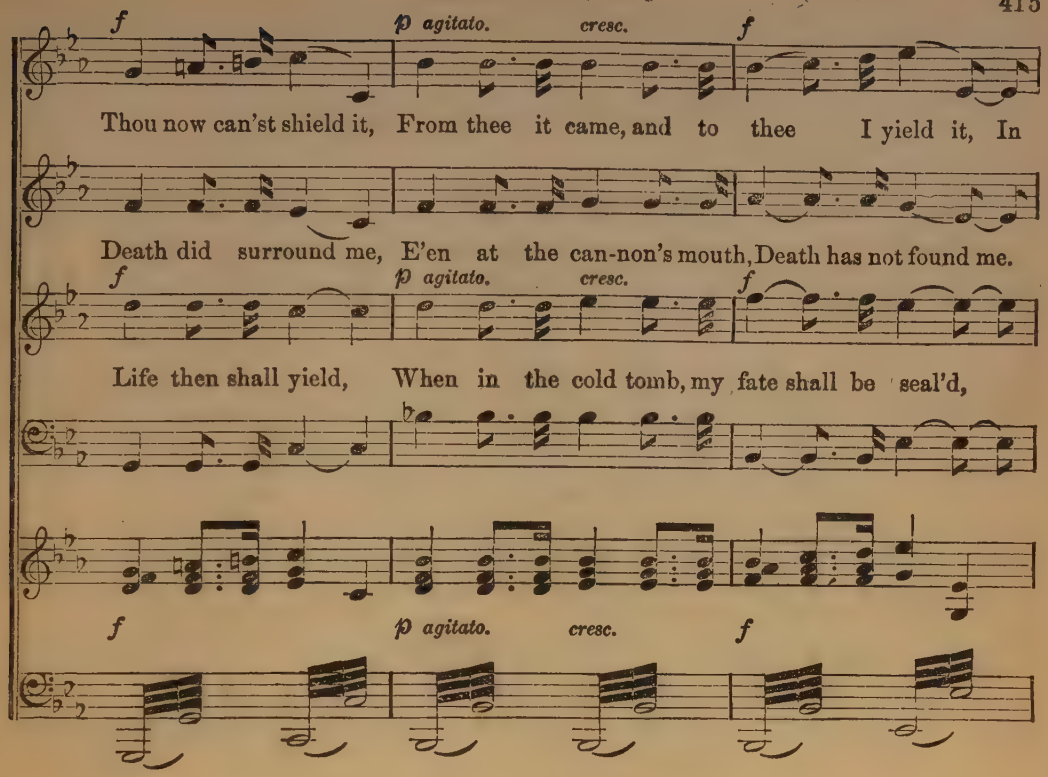
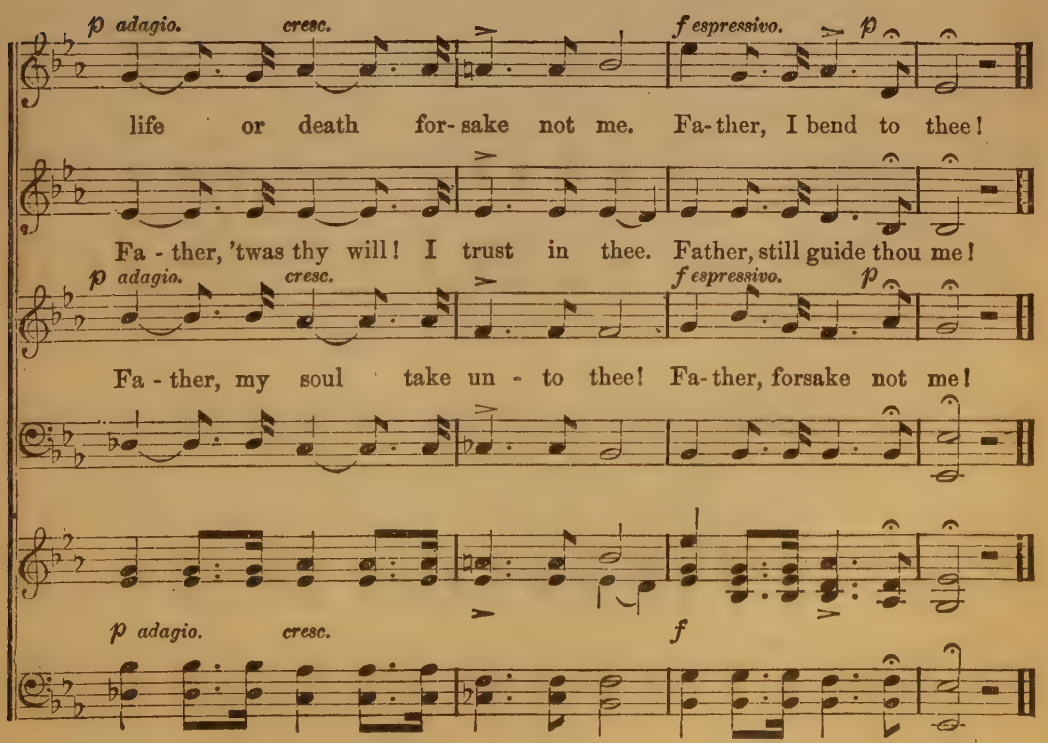
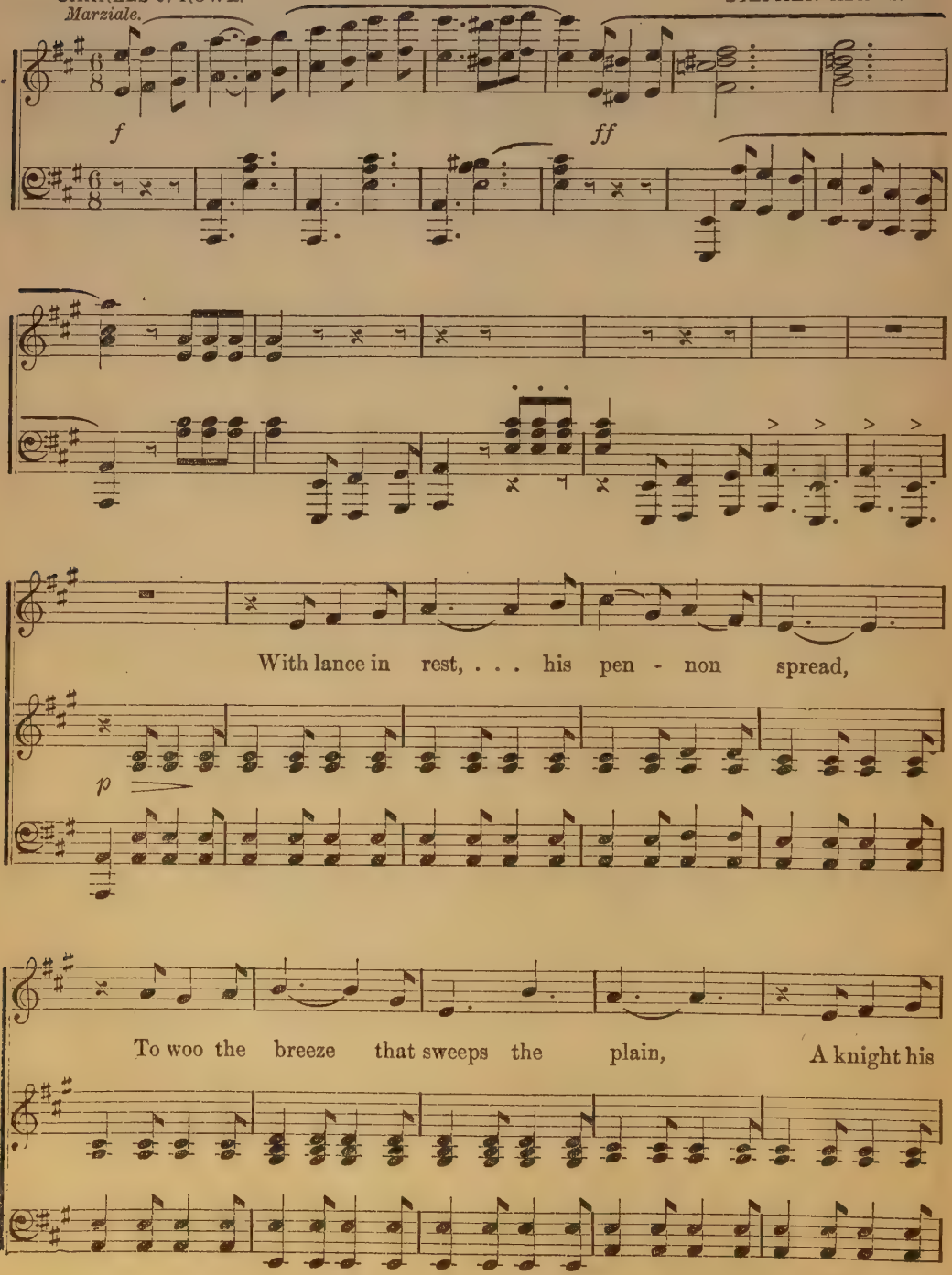

f
p agitato.
cresc.
f
Thou now can'st shield it, From thee it came, and to thee I yield it, In
Death did surround me, E'en at the can-non's mouth, Death has not found me.
f
p agitato.
cresc.
f
Life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb, my fate shall be seal'd,
f
p agitato.
cresc.
f


p adagio.
cresc.
f espressivo.
p
life or death for-sake not me. Fa-ther, I bend to thee!
Fa - ther, 'twas thy will! I trust in thee. Father, still guide thou me!
p adagio.
cresc.
f espressivo.
p
Fa - ther, my soul take un - to thee! Fa-ther, forsake not me!
p adagio.
cresc.
f

TRUE TO THE LAST!

CHARLES J. ROWE. STEPHEN ADAMS.

Marziale.



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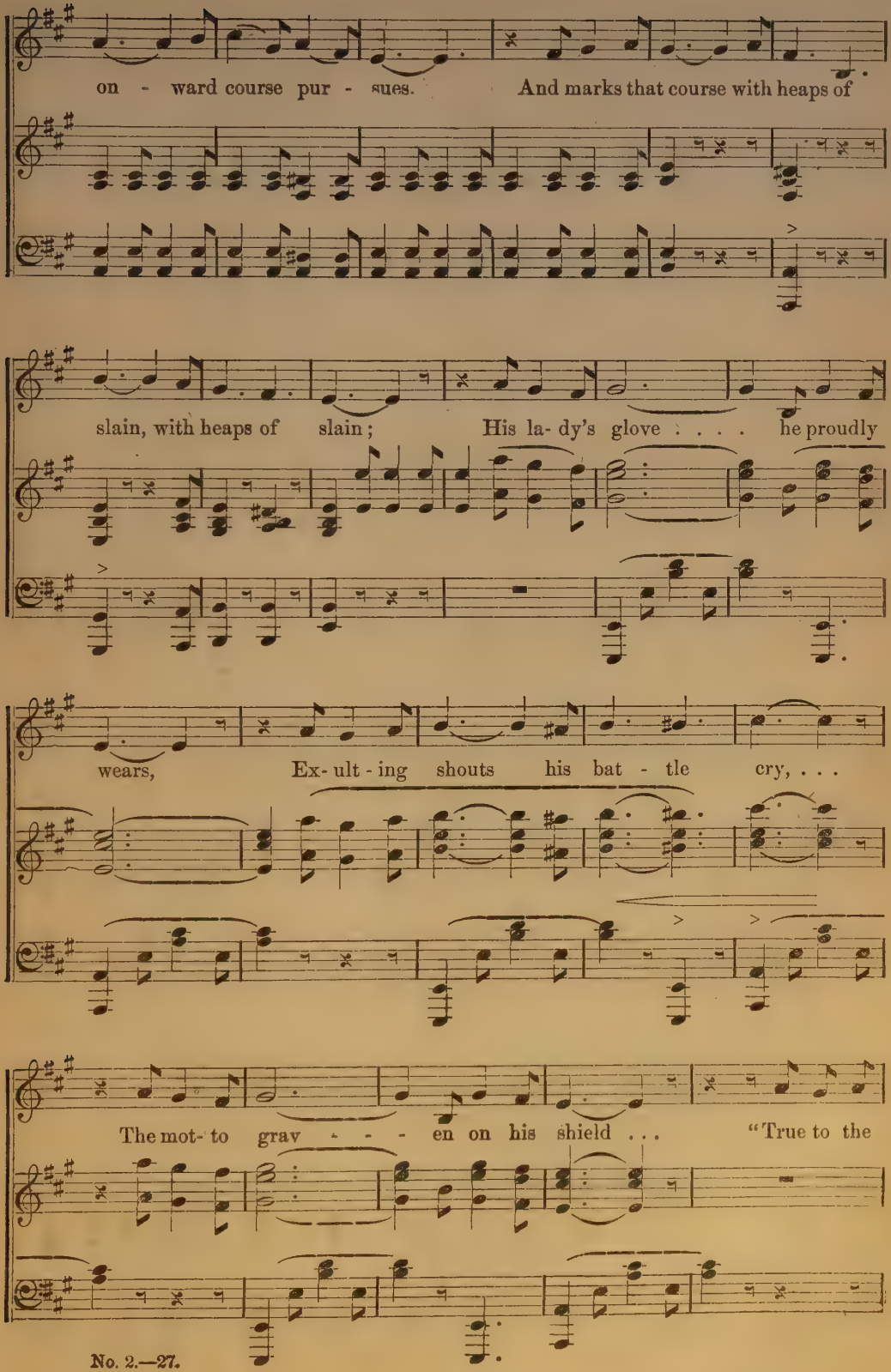
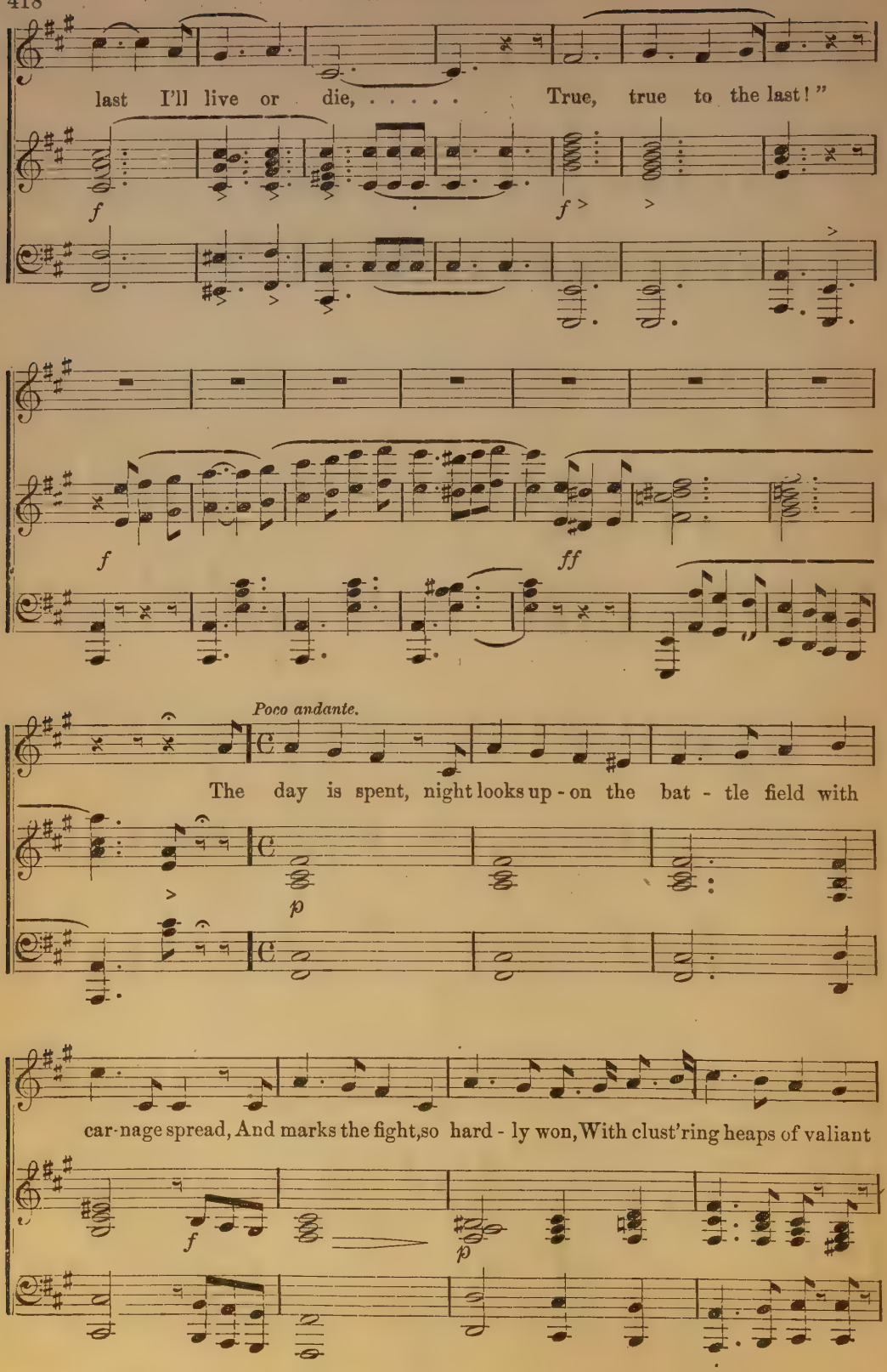
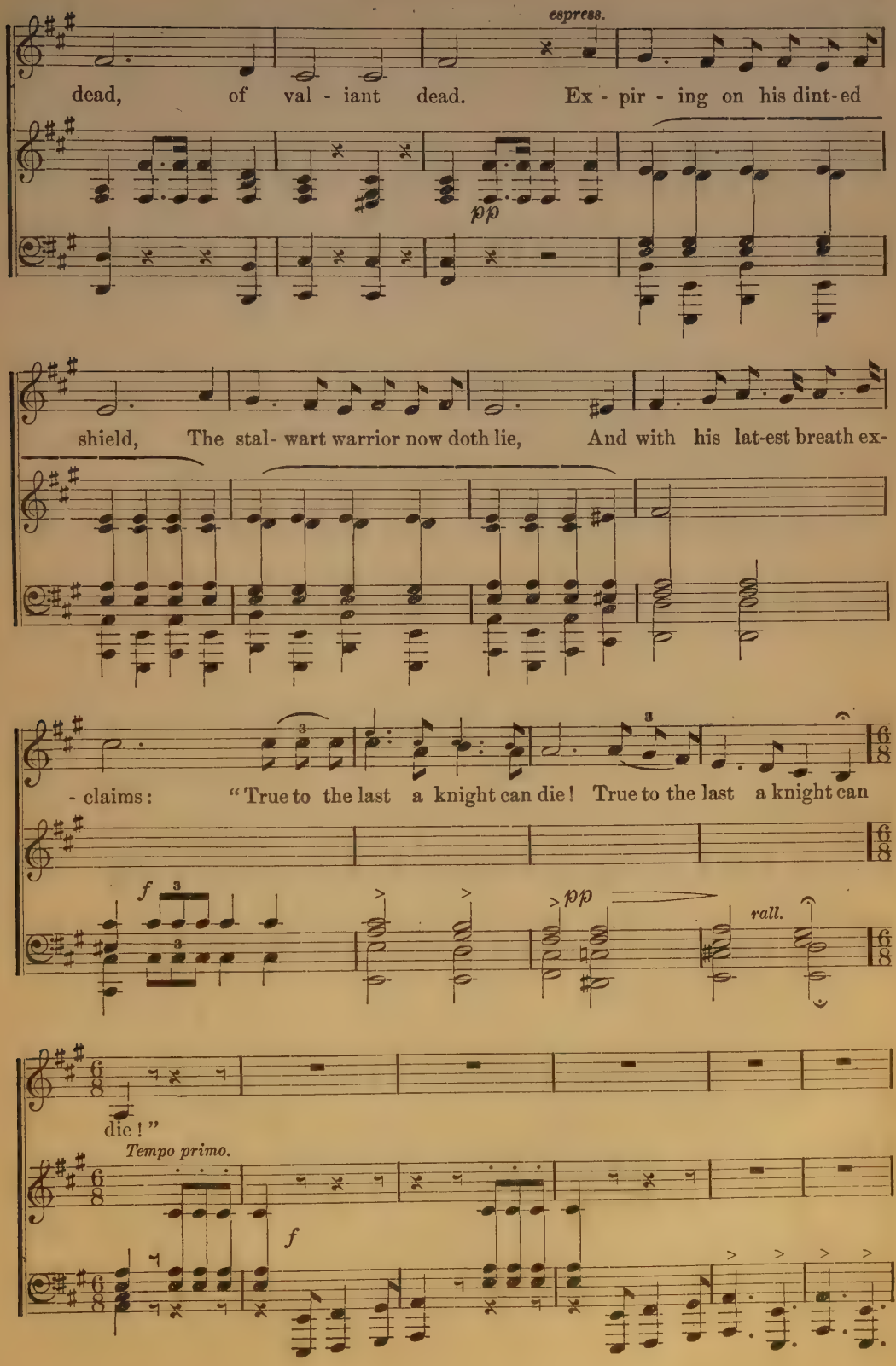
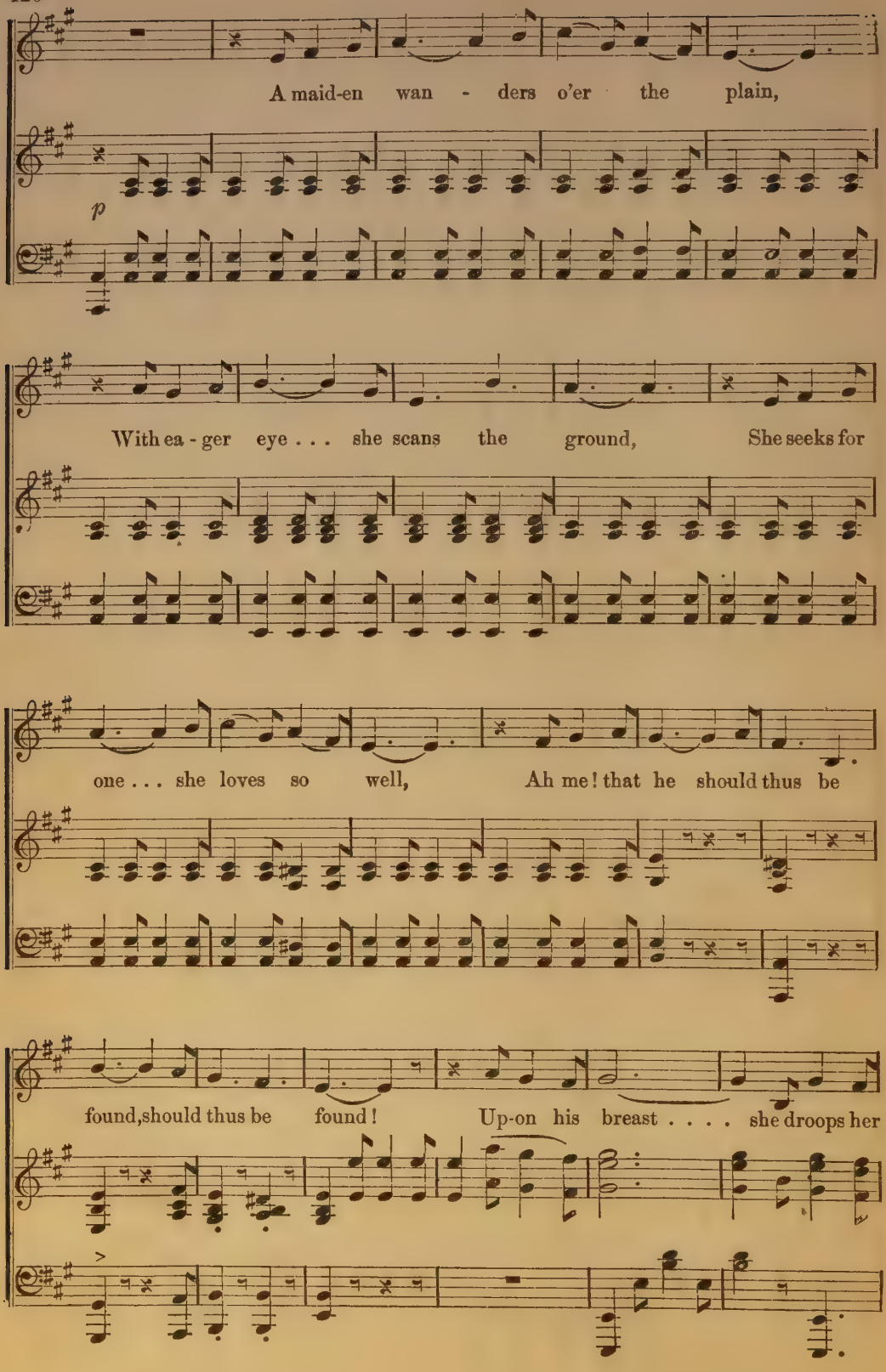
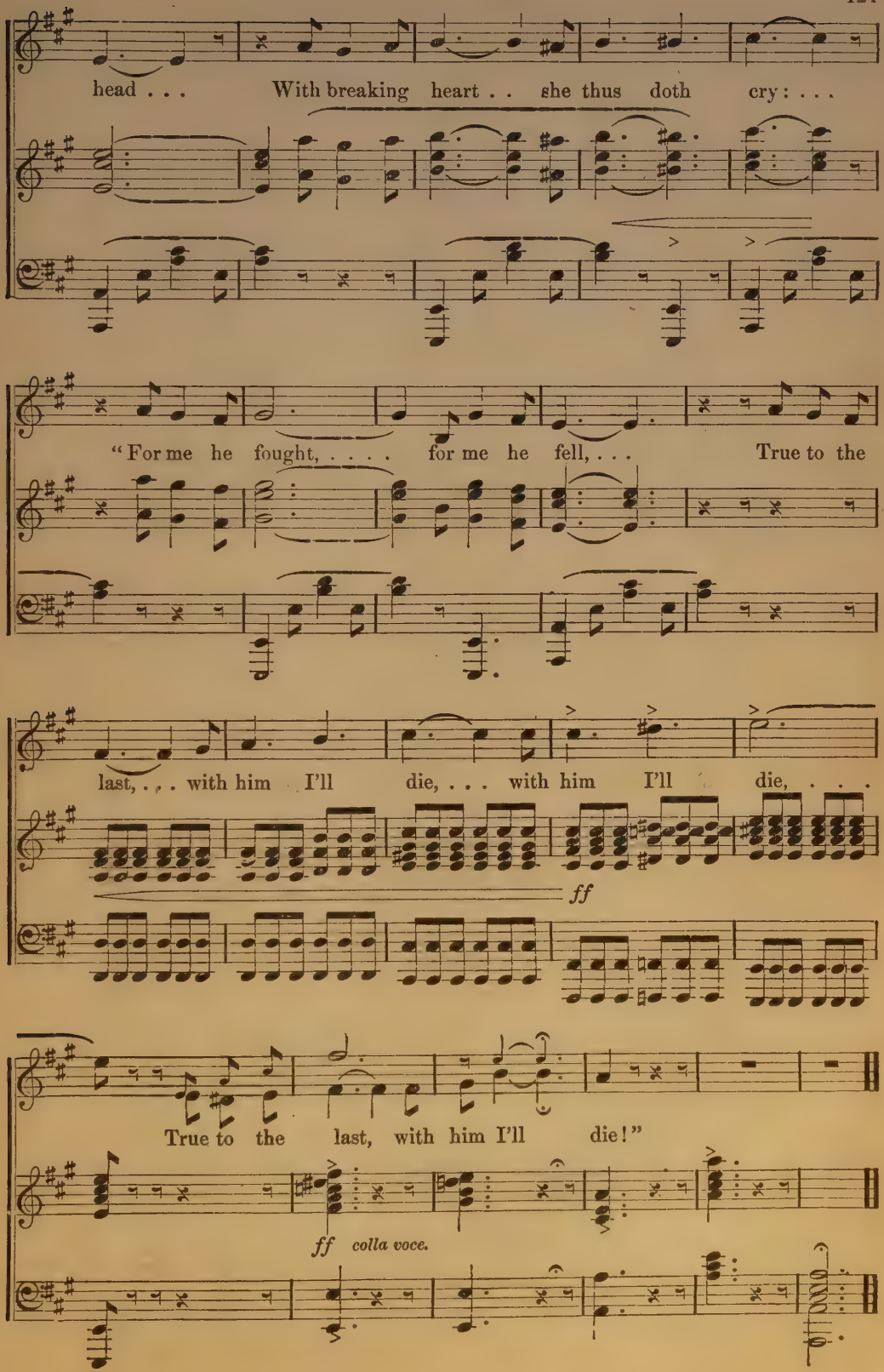

on - ward course pur - sues. And marks that course with heaps of
slain, with heaps of slain; His la- dy's glove . . . . he proudly
wears, Ex- ult - ing shouts his bat - tle cry, . . .
The mot- to grav - - - en on his shield . . . "True to the


last I'll live or die, ... True, true to the last!"
f
f
f
ff
Poco andante.
The day is spent, night looks up - on the bat - tle field with
p
car-nage spread, And marks the fight, so hard - ly won, With clust'ring heaps of valiant
f
p


espress.
dead, of val - iant dead. Ex - pir - ing on his dint-ed
pp
shield, The stal- wart warrior now doth lie, And with his lat-est breath ex-
- claims: "True to the last a knight can die! True to the last a knight can
f
pp
rall.
die!"
Tempo primo.
f

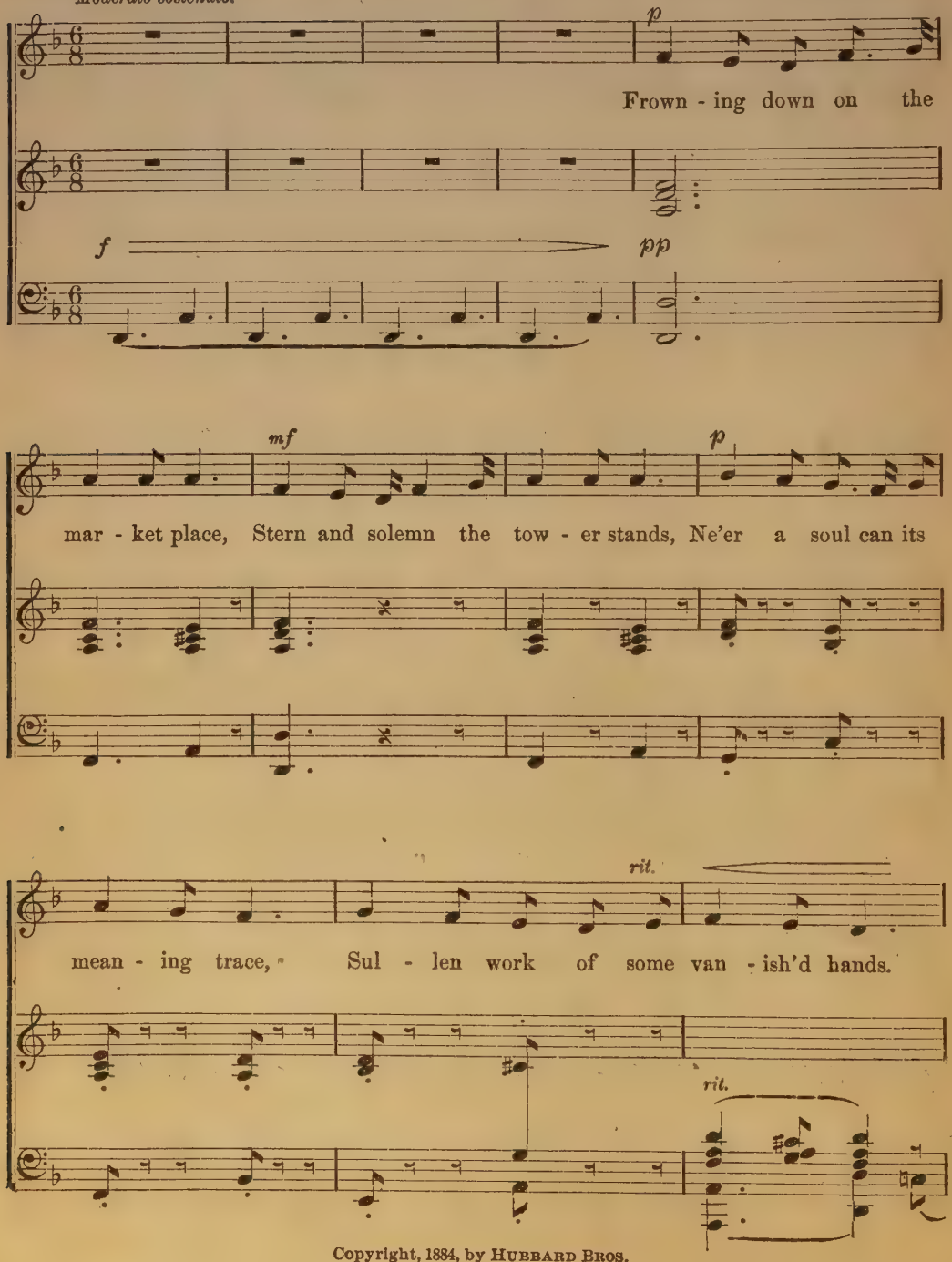

A maid-en wan - ders o'er the plain,
p
With ea - ger eye . . . she scans the ground, She seeks for
one . . . she loves so well, Ah me! that he should thus be
found, should thus be found! Up-on his breast . . . . she droops her


head . . . With breaking heart . . she thus doth cry: . . .
"For me he fought, ... for me he fell, . . . True to the
last, . . . with him I'll die, . . . with him I'll die, ...
ff
True to the last, with him I'll die!"
ff colla voce.

THE TURRET CHIMES.

NELLA. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Moderato sostenuto.


p
Frown - ing down on the
f
pp
mf
p
mar - ket place, Stern and solemn the tow - er stands, Ne'er a soul can its
rit.
mean - ing trace, Sul - len work of some van - ish'd hands.
rit.

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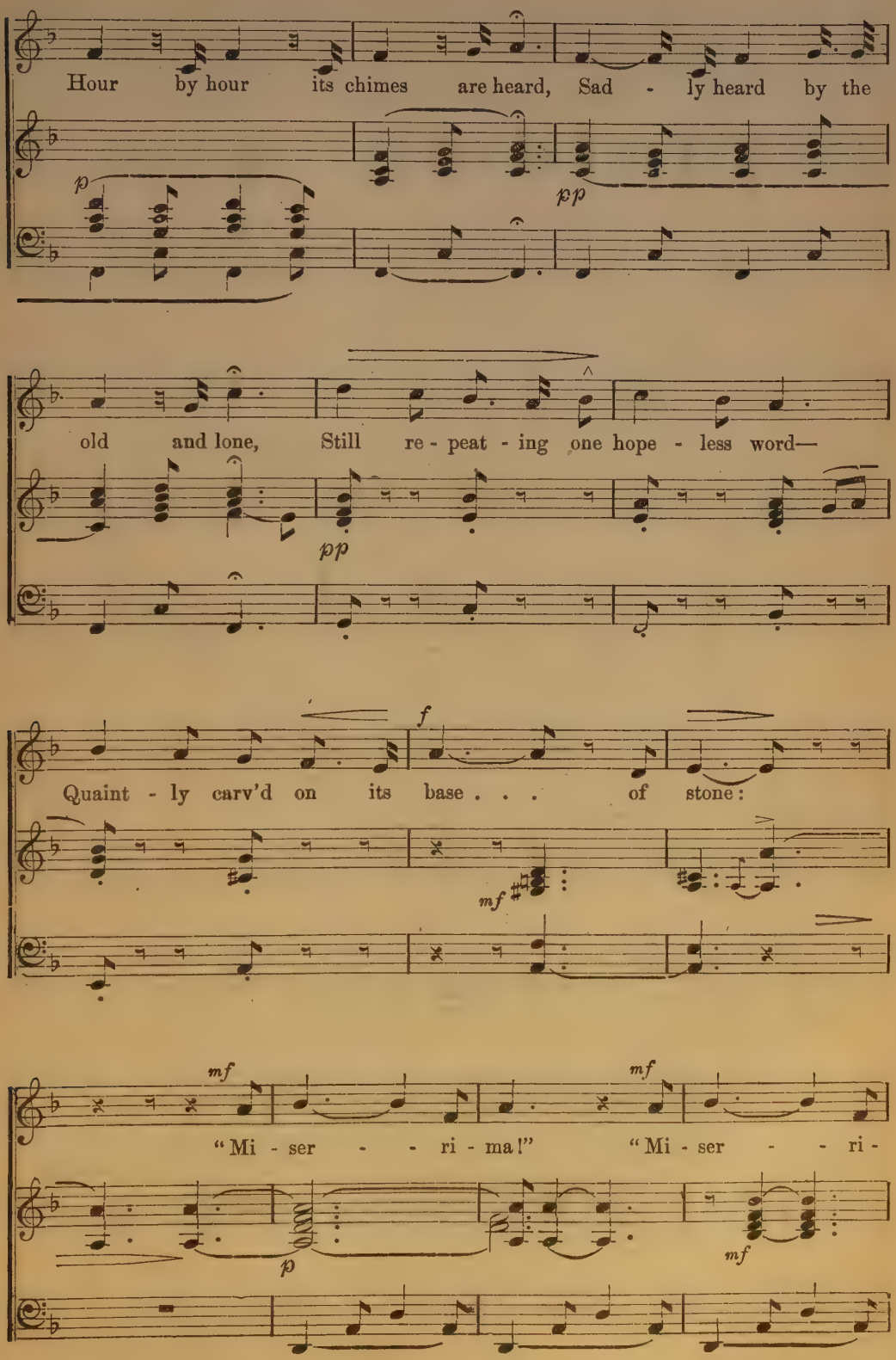
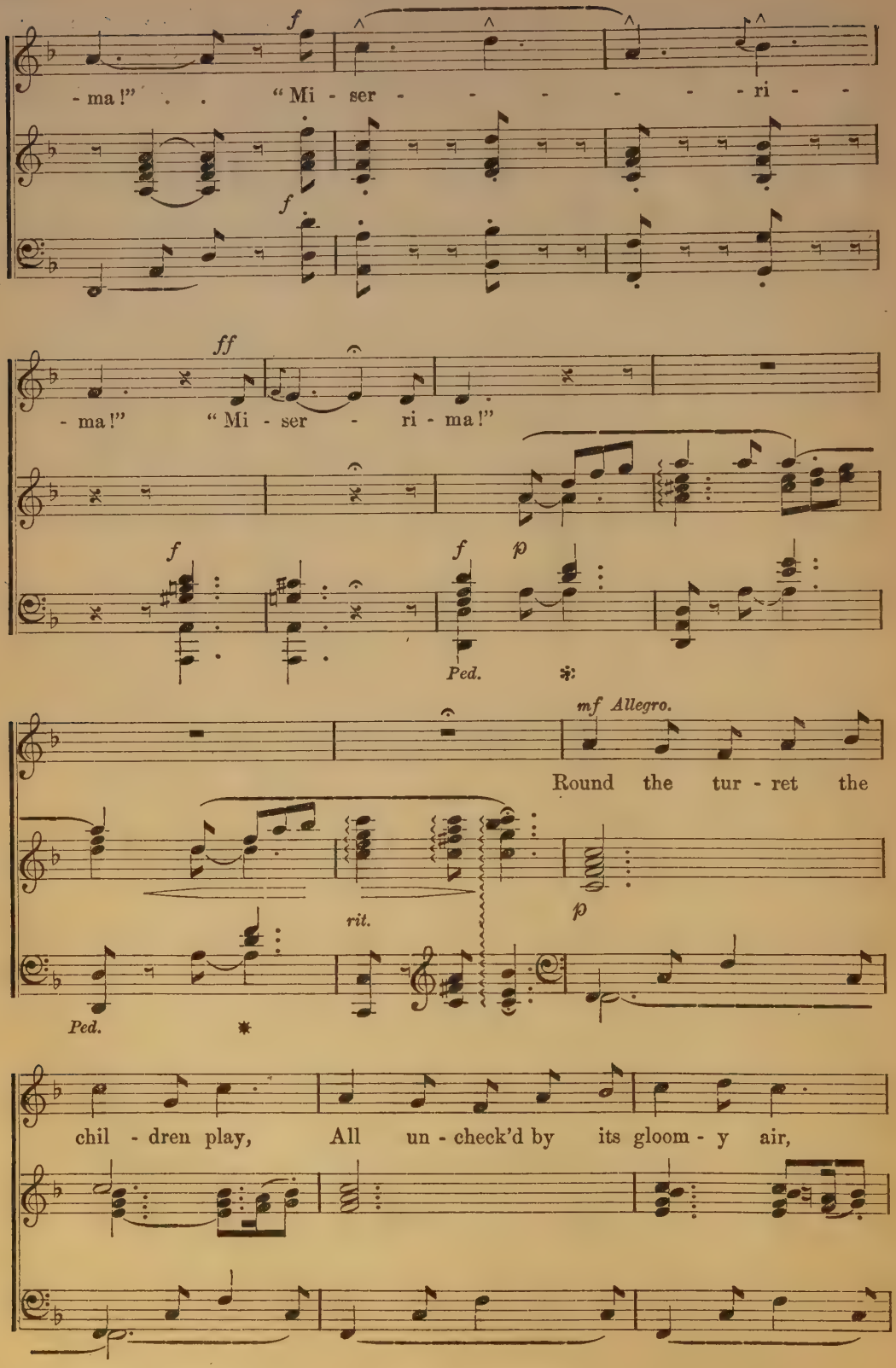
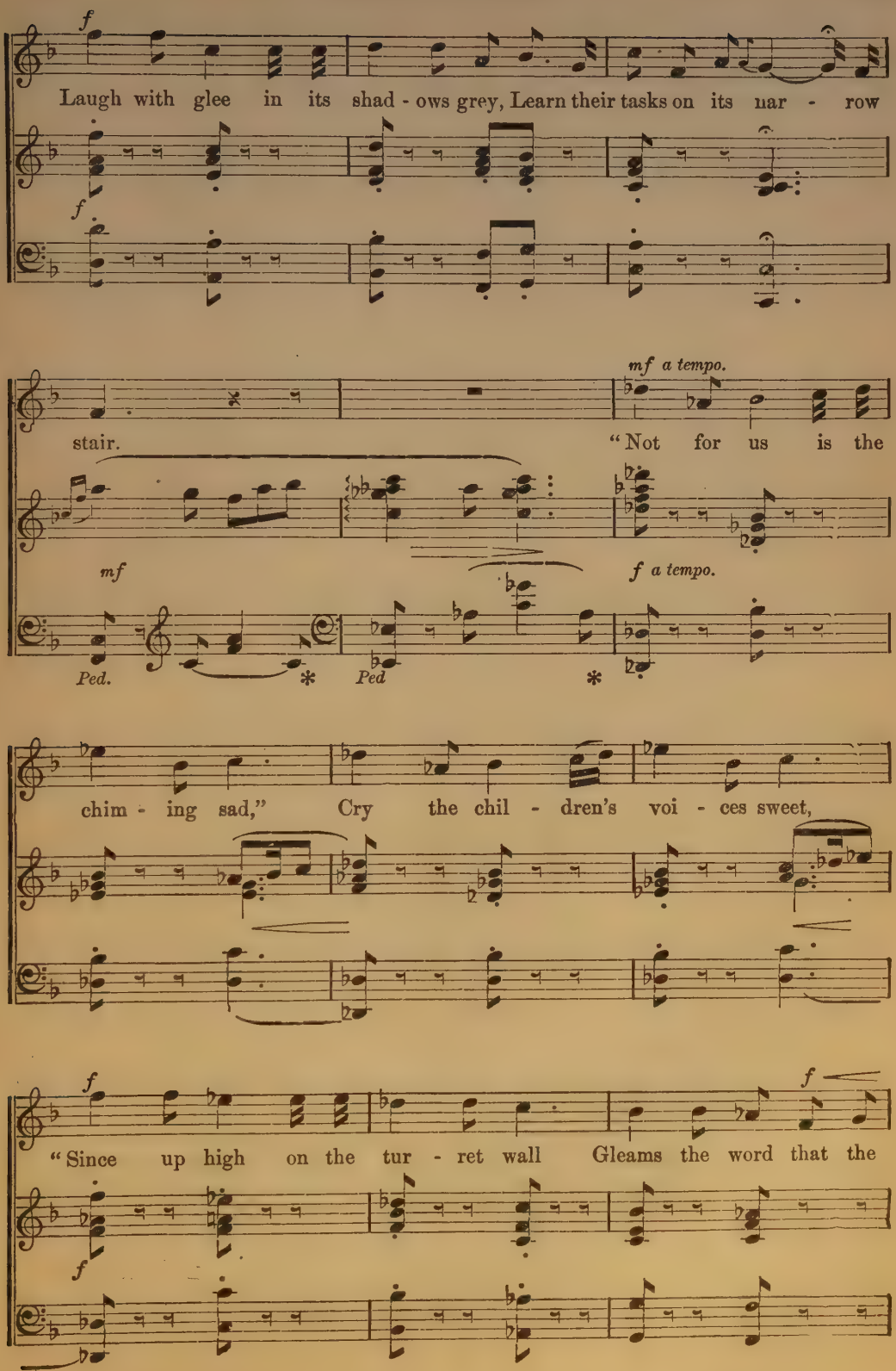
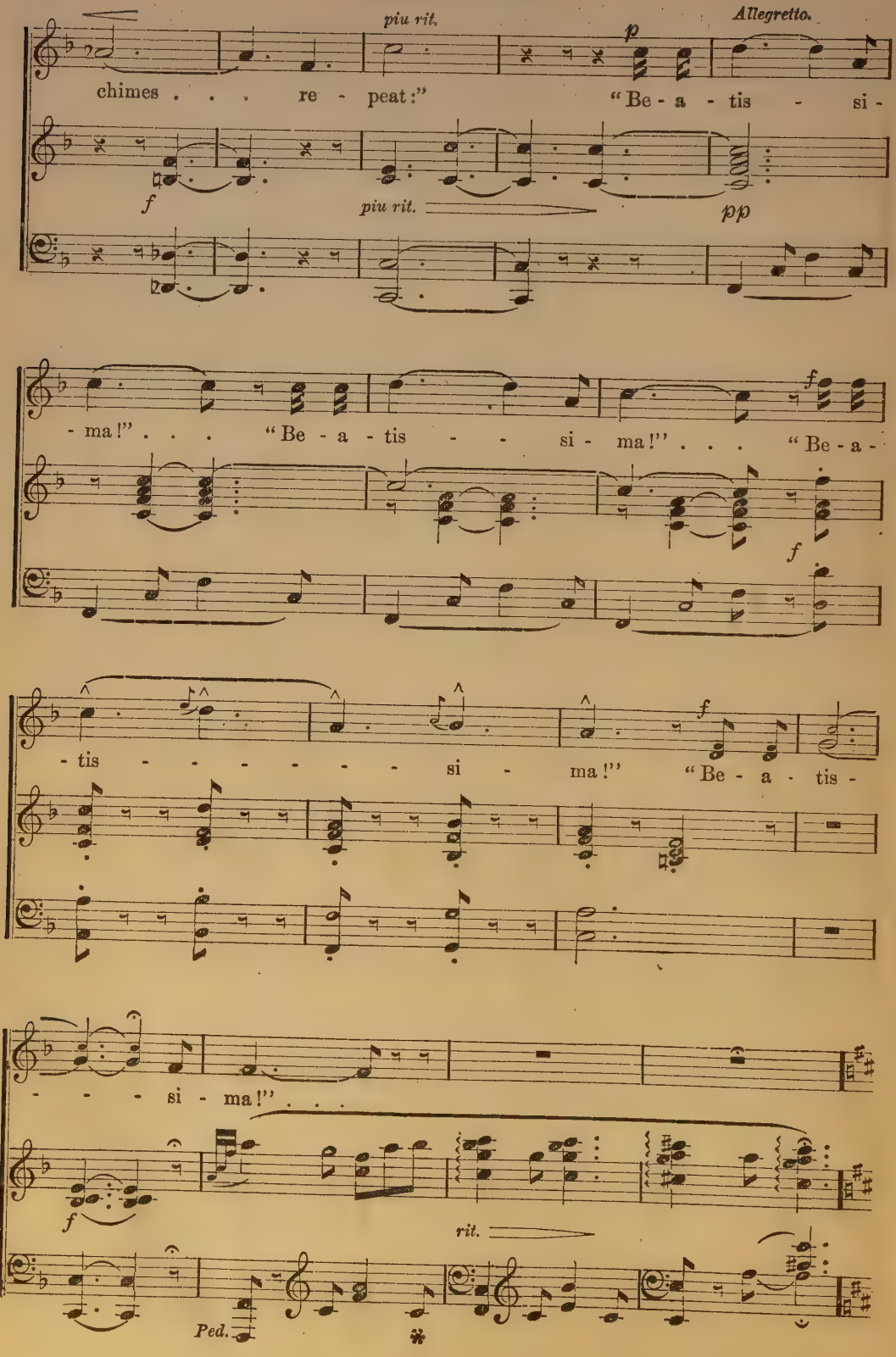
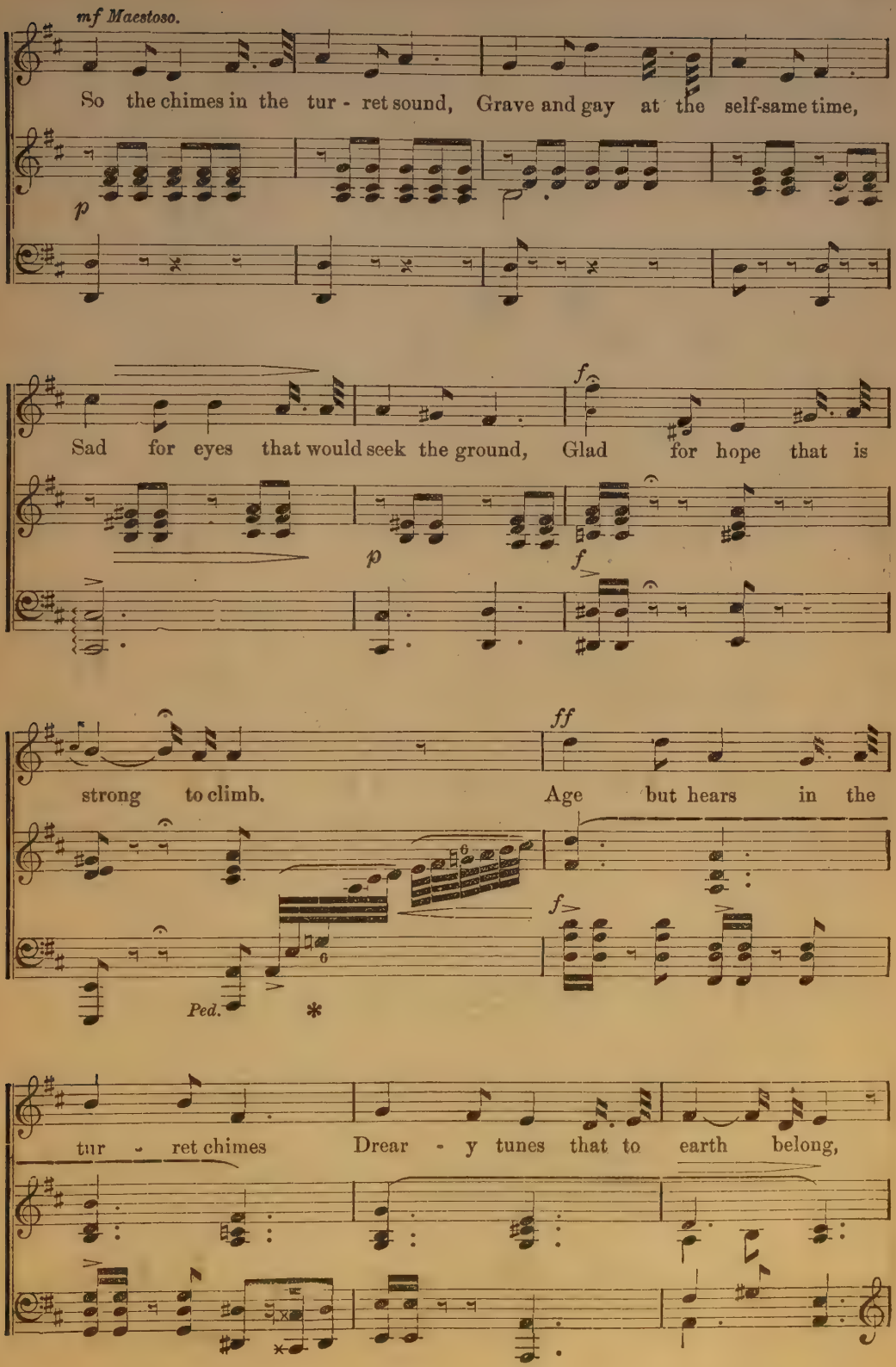
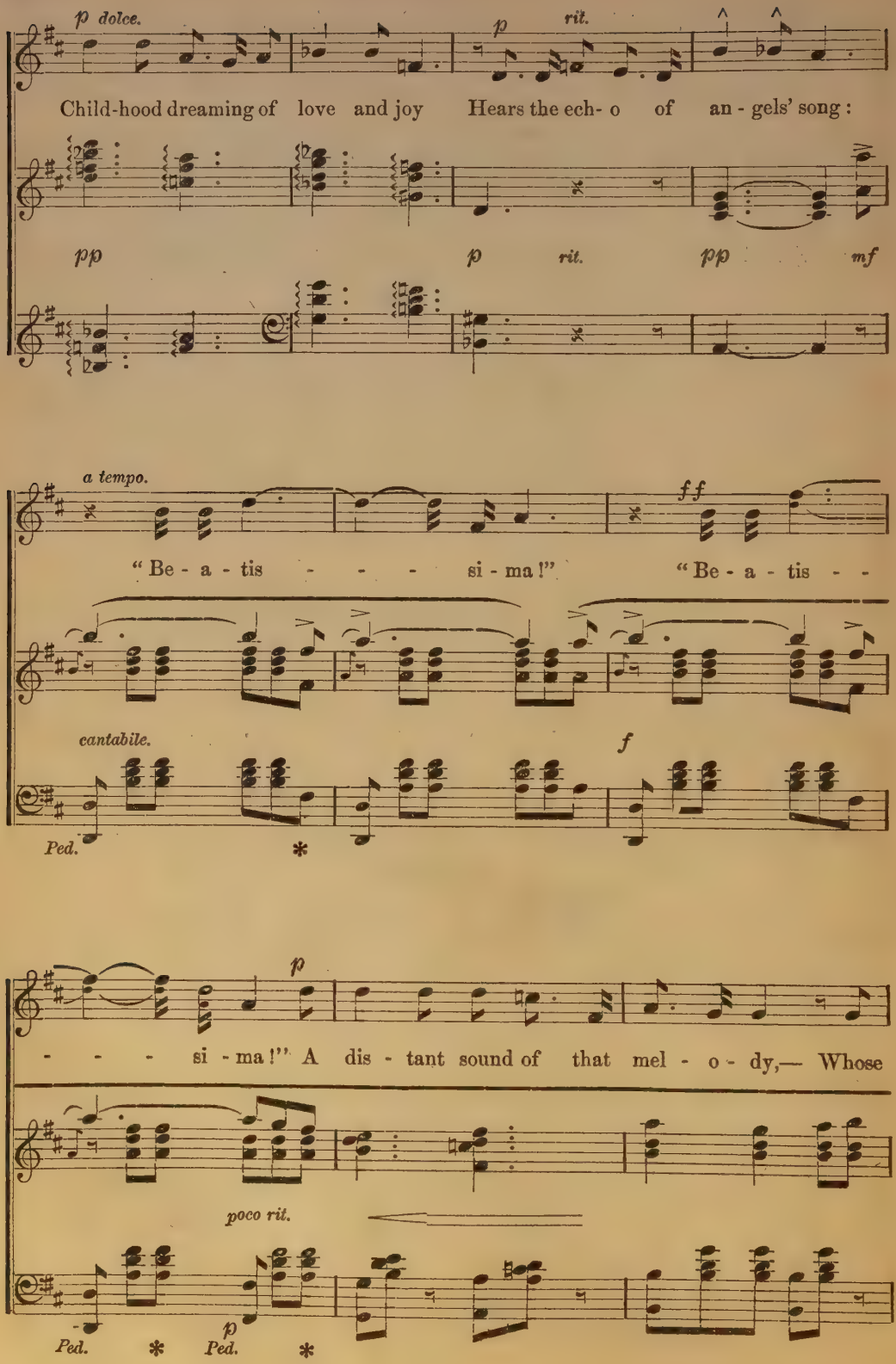

Hour by hour its chimes are heard, Sad - ly heard by the
p
pp
old and lone, Still re - peat - ing one hope - less word—
pp
Quaint - ly carv'd on its base . . . of stone:
f
mf
"Mi - ser - - ri - ma!" "Mi - ser - - ri -
mf
mf
p
mf

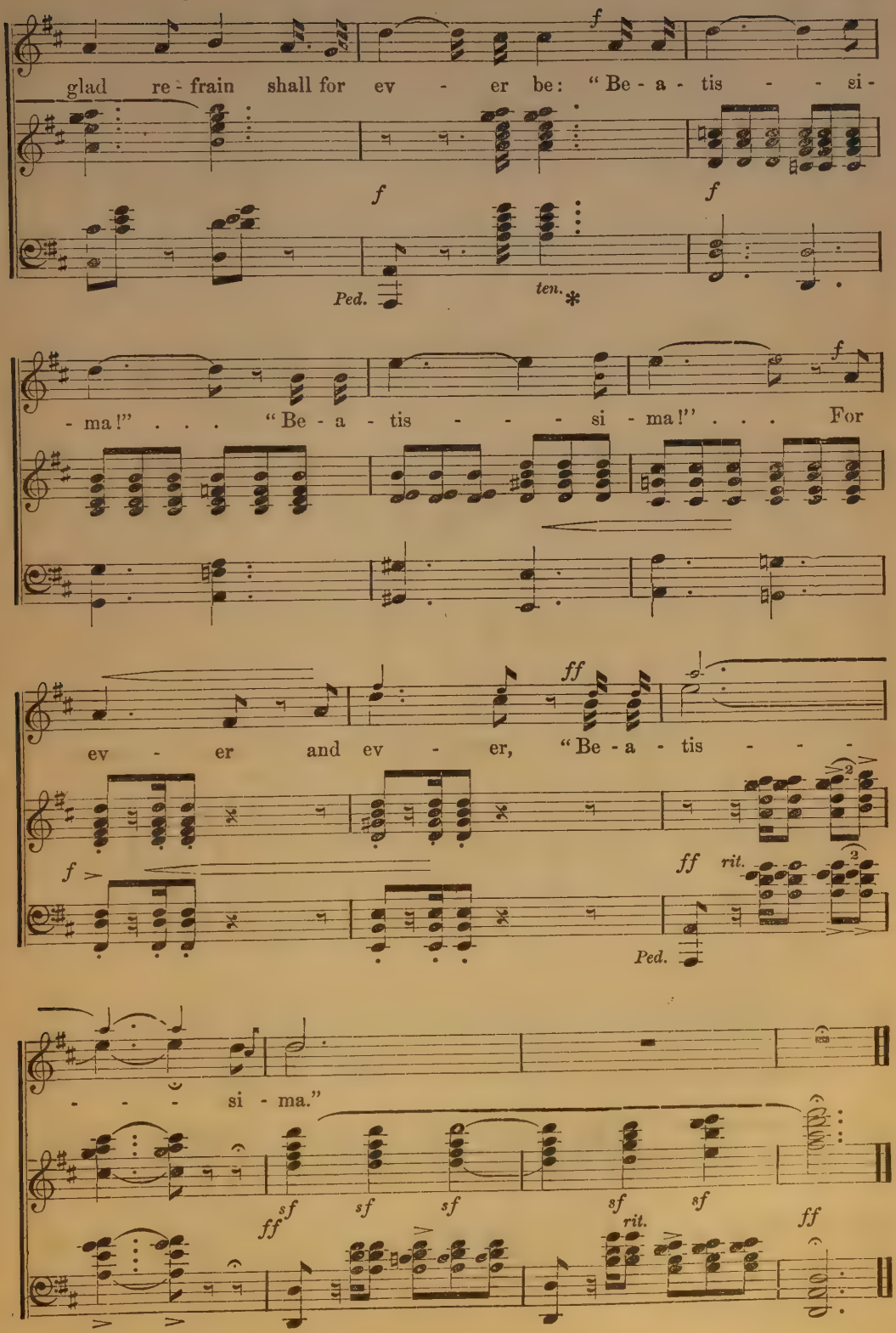

f
- ma!" " Mi - ser - - - - - - - ri - -
f
ff
- ma!" " Mi - ser - ri - ma!"
f
f
p
Ped.
mf Allegro.
Round the tur - ret the
rit.
p
Ped.
chil - dren play, All un - check'd by its gloom - y air,


f
Laugh with glee in its shad - ows grey, Learn their tasks on its nar - row
f
mf a tempo.
stair.
"Not for us is the
mf
f a tempo.
Ped.
Ped
chim - ing sad,"
Cry the chil - dren's voi - ces sweet,
f
f
"Since up high on the tur - ret wall
Gleams the word that the
f


piu rit.
Allegretto.
chimes . . . re - peat:"
"Be - a - tis - si -
piu rit.
- ma!" . . . "Be - a - tis - - si - ma!" . . . "Be - a -
- tis - - - - - - si - ma!" "Be - a - tis -
- - - si - ma!" . . .
rit.
Ped.

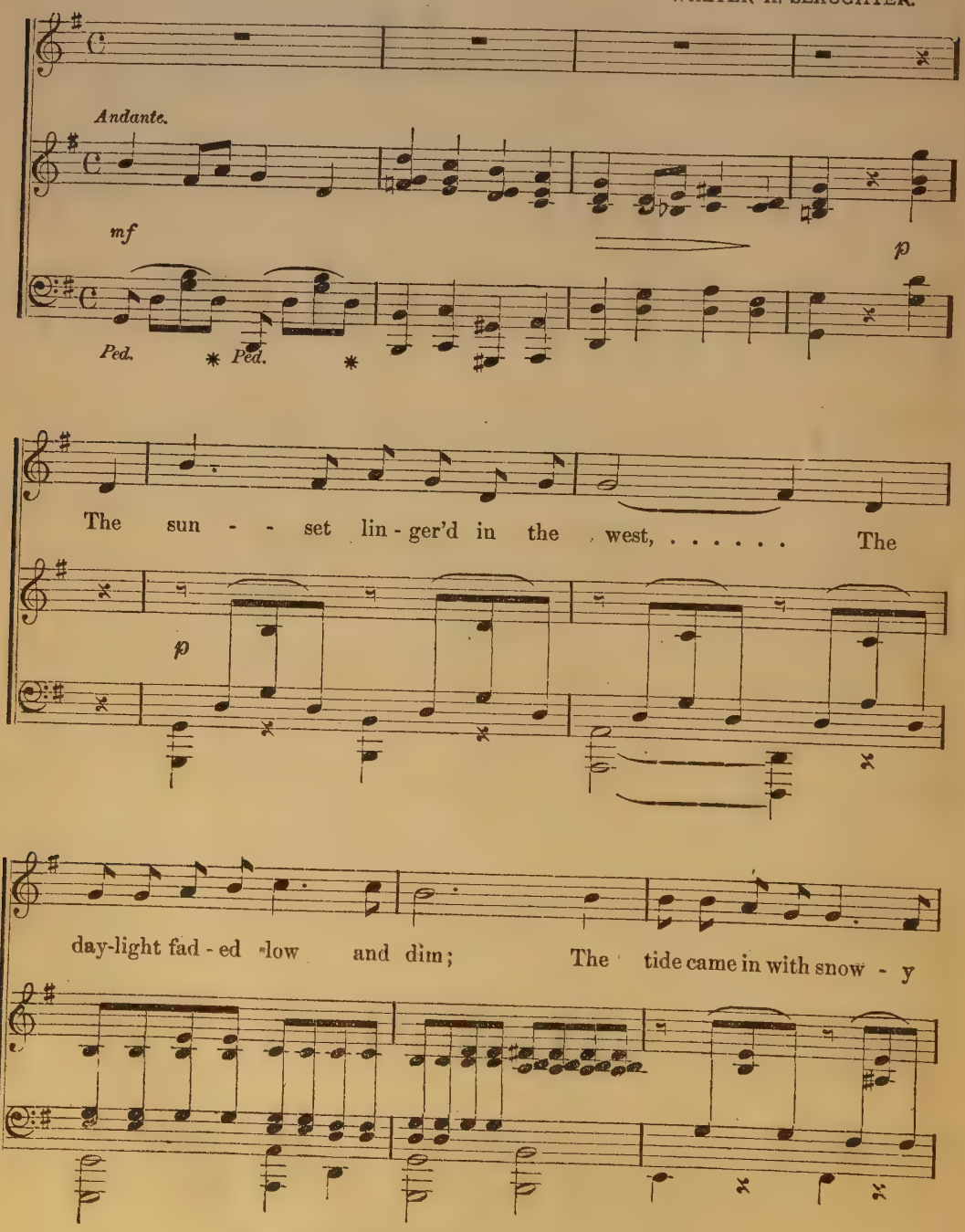

mf Maestoso.
So the chimes in the tur - ret sound, Grave and gay at the self-same time,
p
Sad for eyes that would seek the ground, Glad for hope that is
f
p
f
ff
strong to climb. Age but hears in the
f
Ped.
*
tur - ret chimes Drear - y tunes that to earth belong,


p dolce.
p rit.
Child-hood dreaming of love and joy Hears the ech- o of an - gels' song:
pp
p rit.
pp
mf
a tempo.
ff
"Be - a - tis - - - si - ma!" "Be - a - tis - -
cantabile.
f
Ped.
*
p
- - - si - ma!" A dis - tant sound of that mel - o - dy,— Whose
poco rit.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


glad re - frain shall for ev - er be: "Be - a - tis - - si -
f
f
f
Ped.
ten.
- ma!" . . . "Be - a - tis - - - si - ma!" . . . For
f
ev - er and ev - er, "Be - a - tis - - -
ff
f
ff rit.
Ped.
- - - si - ma."
ff
sf sf sf sf sf
rit.
ff

DRIFTING CLOUDS.

H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE. WALTER A. SLAUGHTER.



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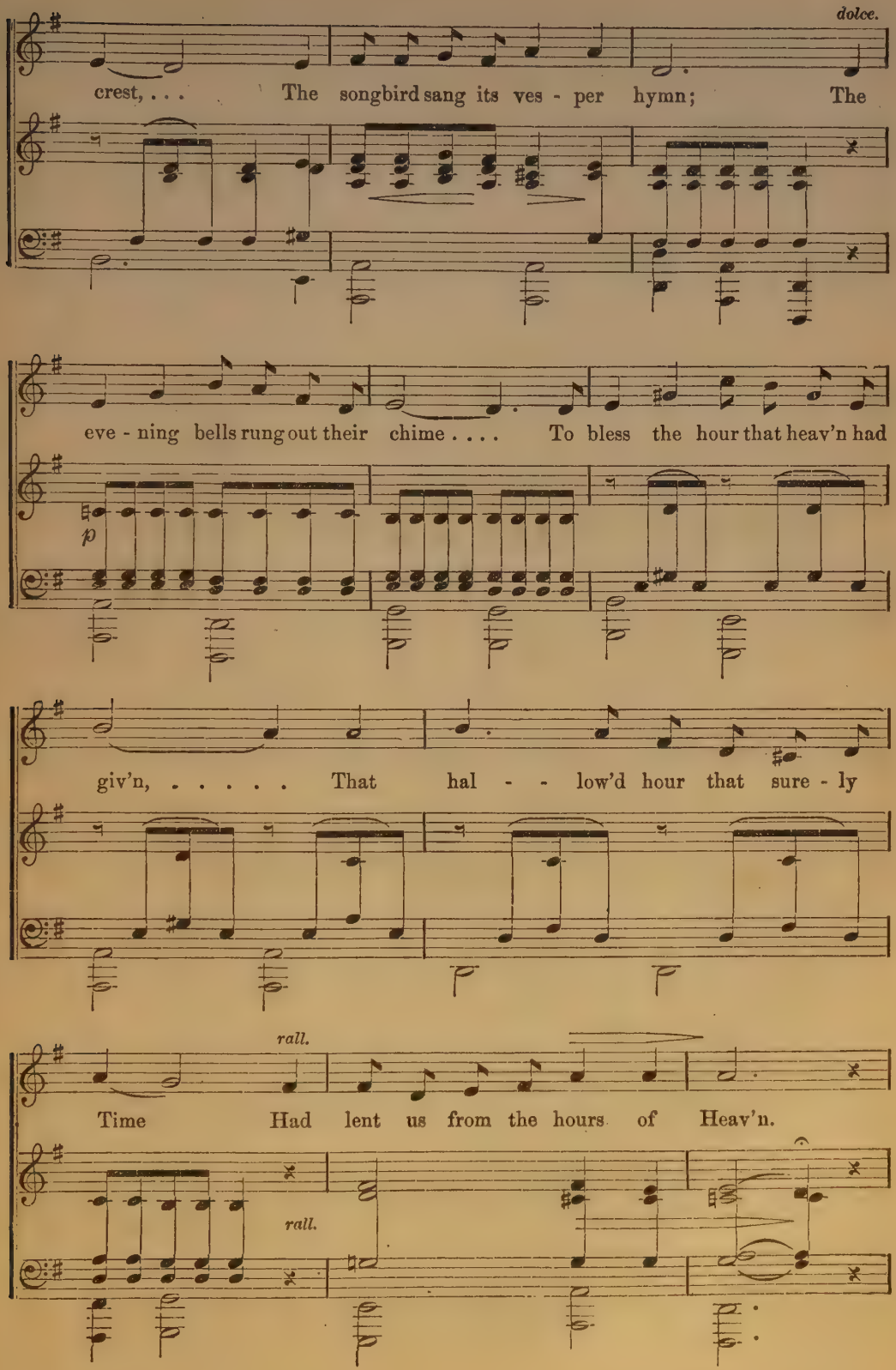
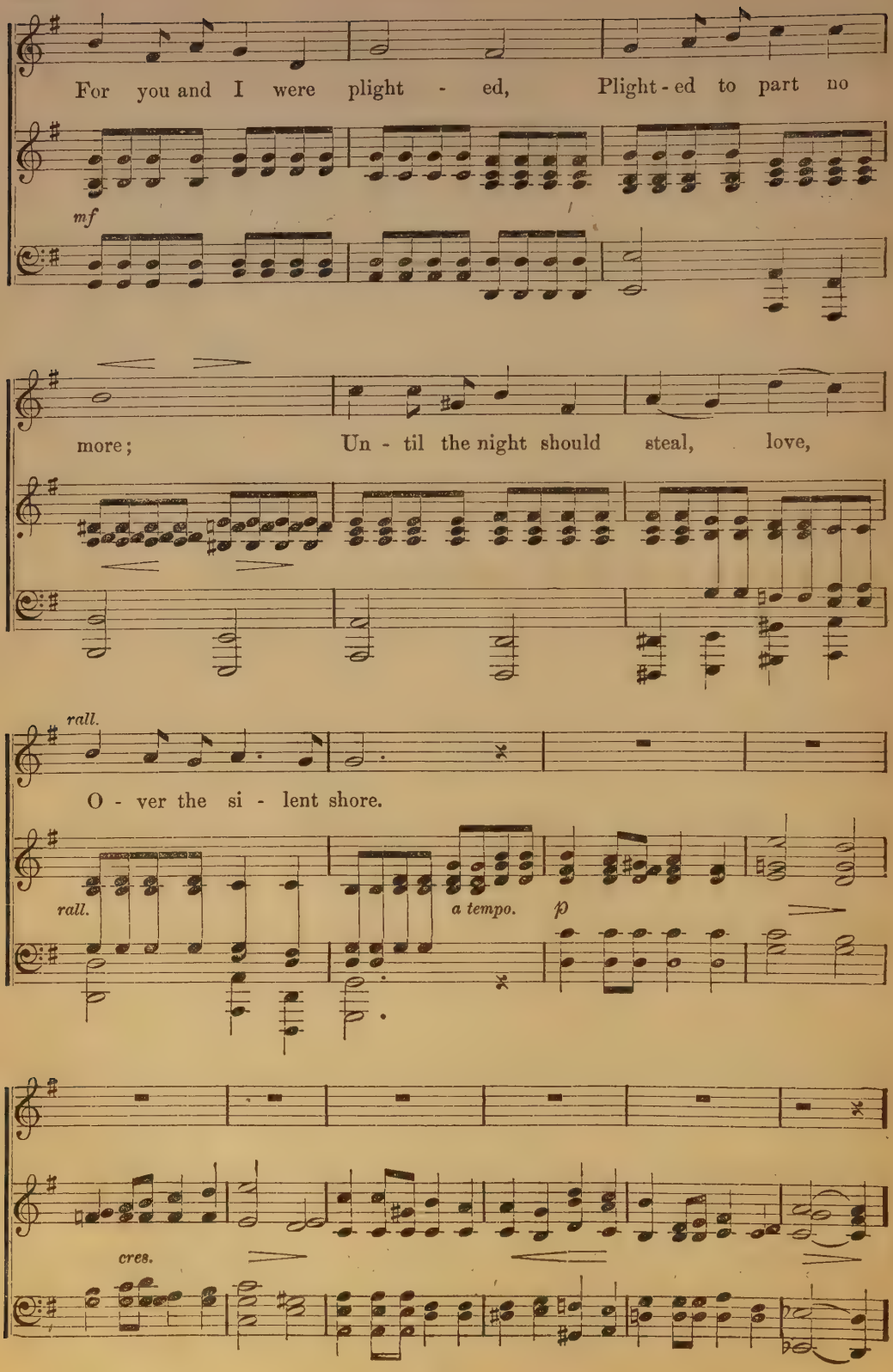
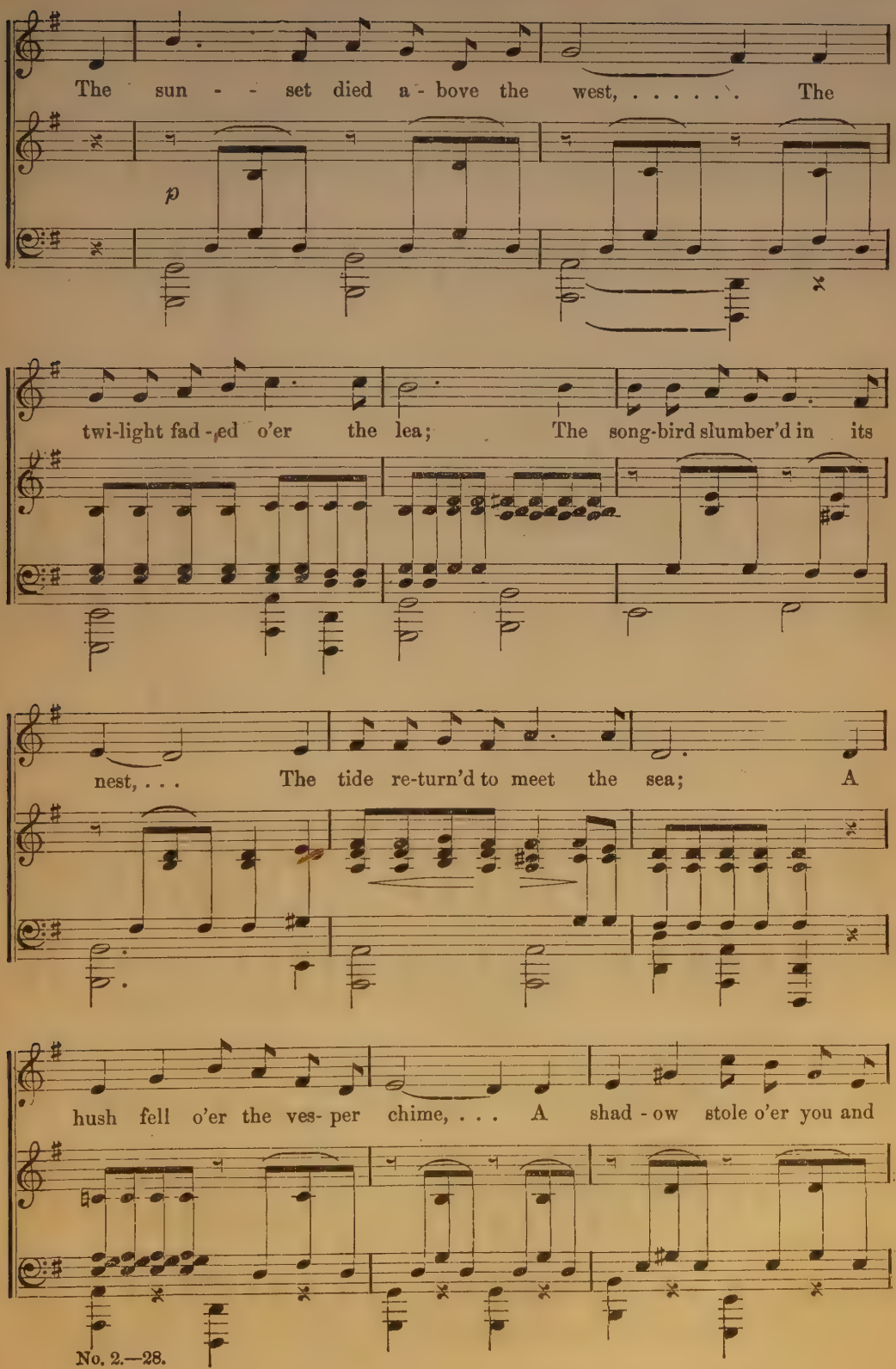
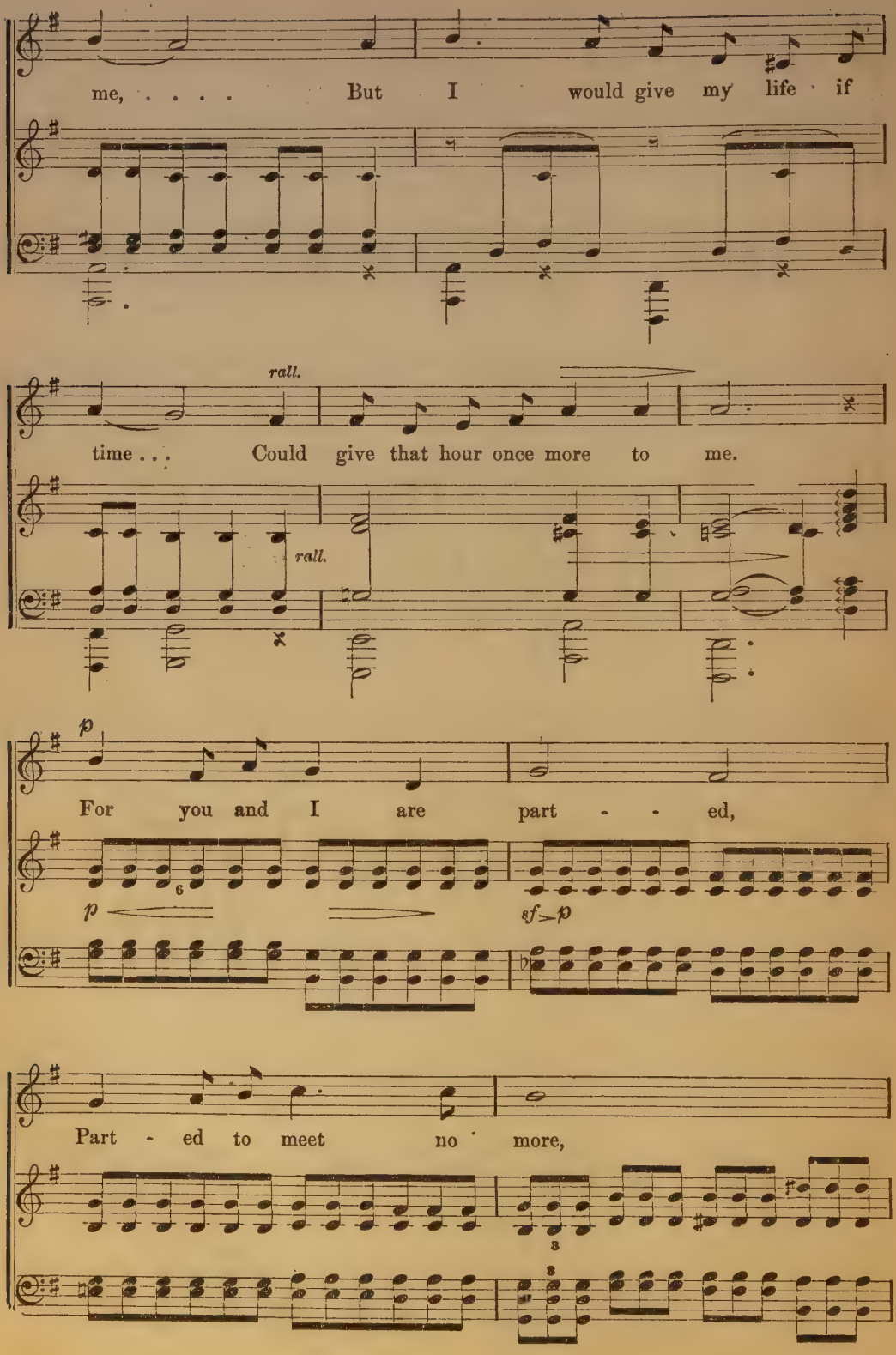
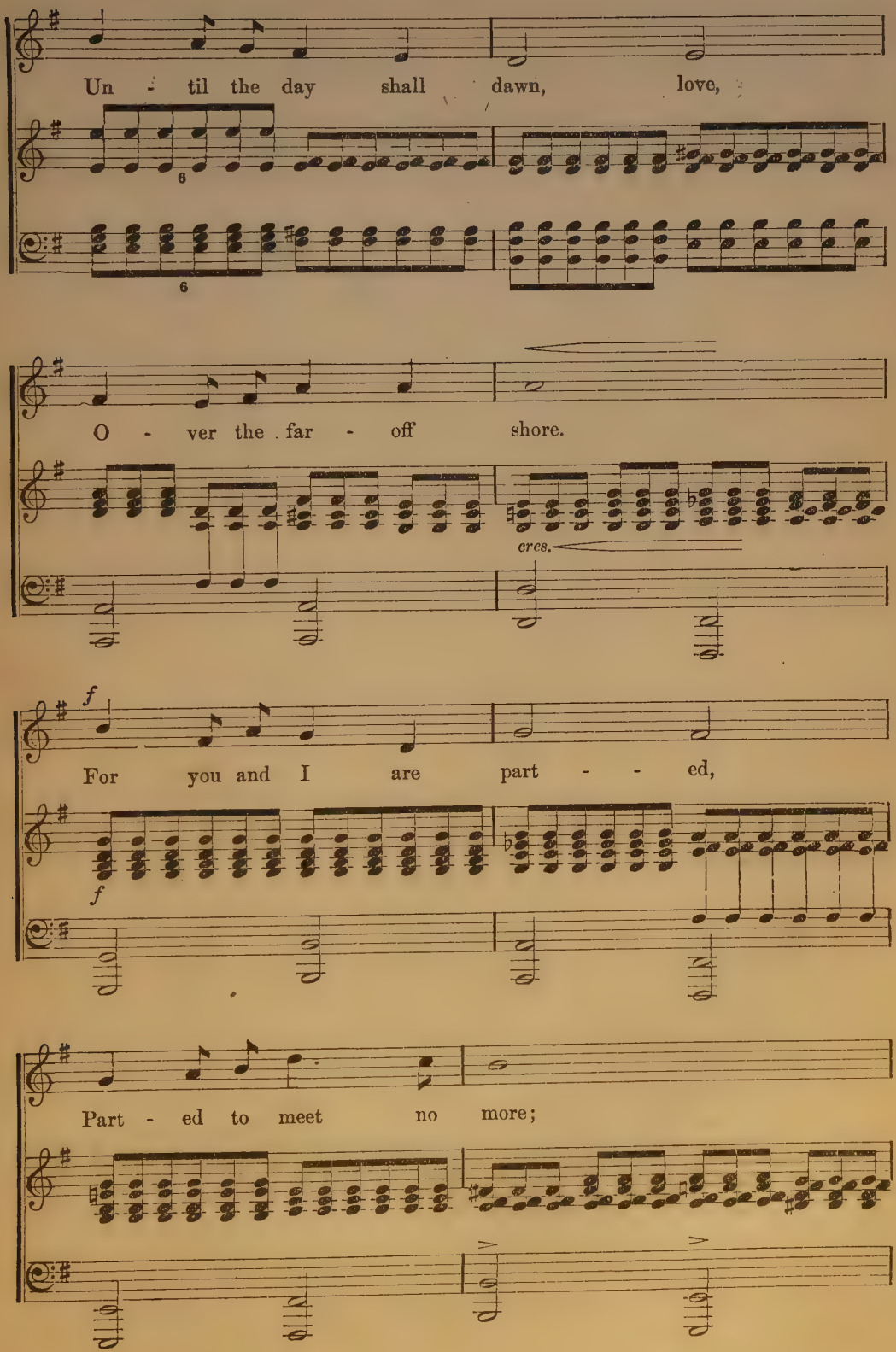
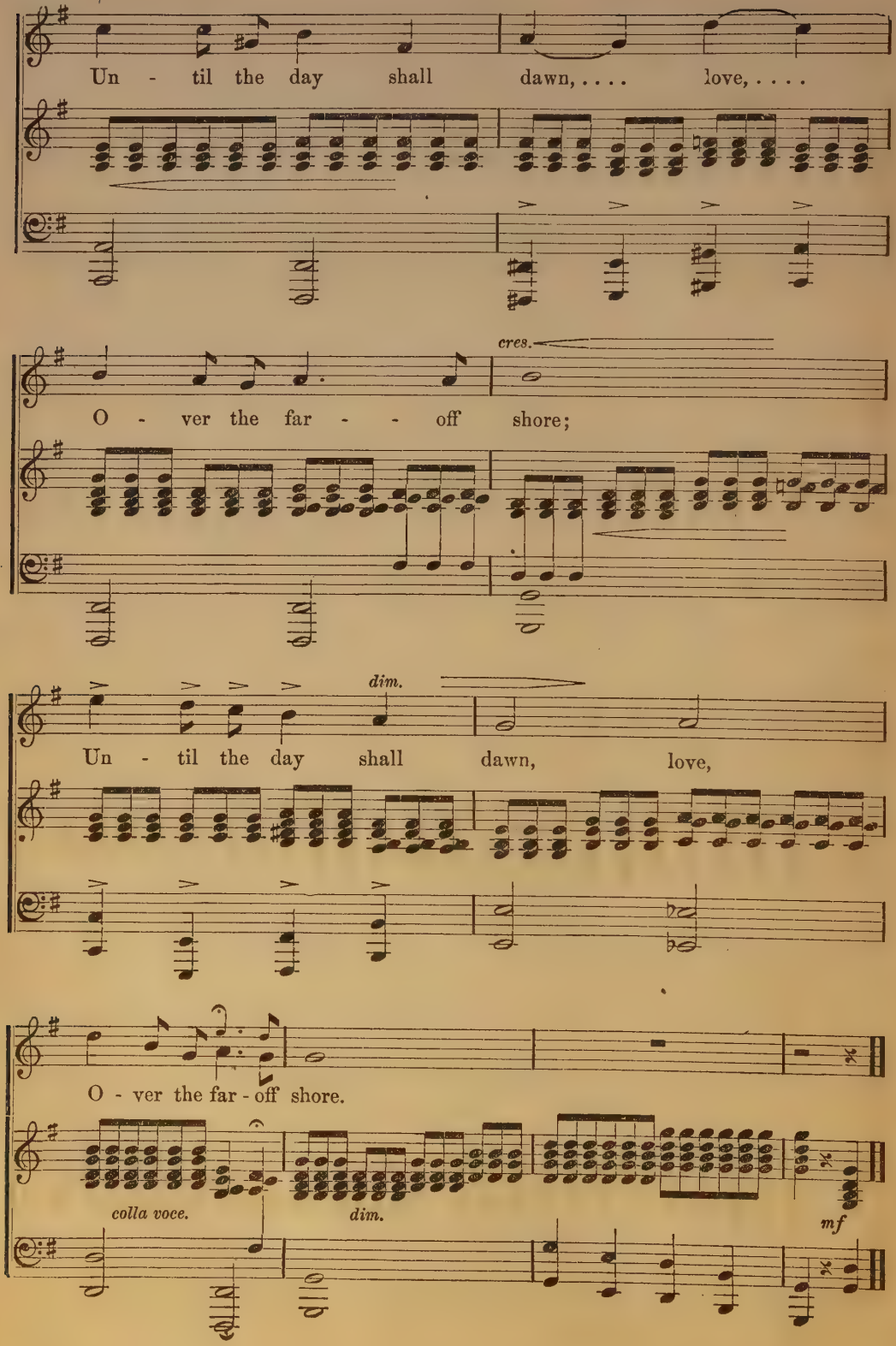

dolce.
crest, . . . The songbird sang its ves - per hymn; The
eve - ning bells rung out their chime . . . . To bless the hour that heav'n had
p
giv'n, ... That hal - - low'd hour that sure - ly
rall.
Time Had lent us from the hours of Heav'n.
rall.


For you and I were plight - ed, Plight - ed to part no
mf
more; Un - til the night should steal, love,
rall.
O - ver the si - lent shore.
rall.
a tempo.
p
cres.


The sun - - set died a - bove the west, ... The
p
twi-light fad - ed o'er the lea; The song-bird slumber'd in its
nest, . . . The tide re-turn'd to meet the sea; A
hush fell o'er the ves- per chime, . . . A shad - ow stole o'er you and


me, ... But I would give my life if
rall.
time . . . Could give that hour once more to me.
rall.
p
For you and I are part - - ed,
p
sf p
Part - ed to meet no more,

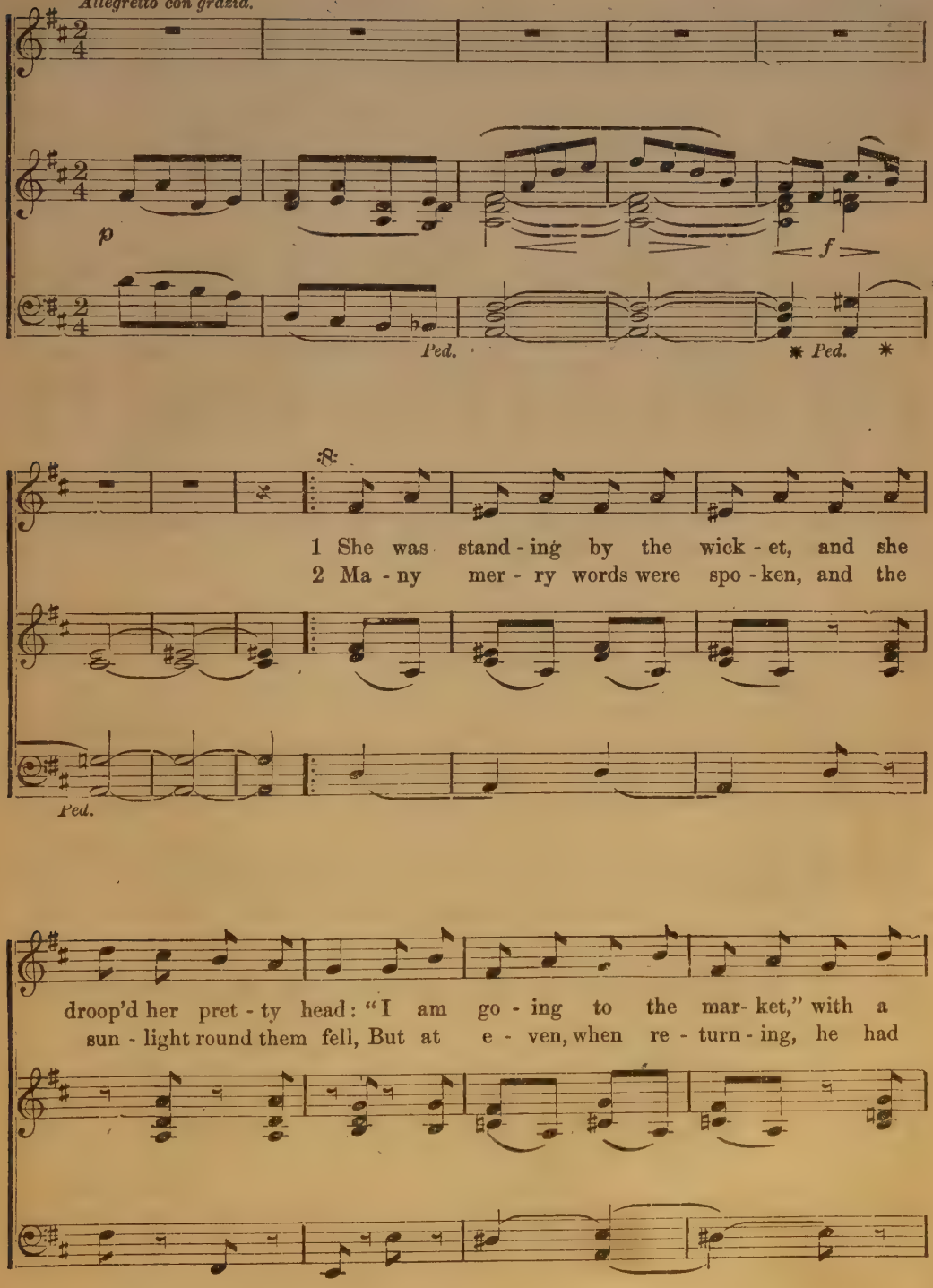

Un - til the day shall dawn, love,
6
6
O - ver the far - off shore.
cres.
f
For you and I are part - - ed,
f
Part - ed to meet no more;

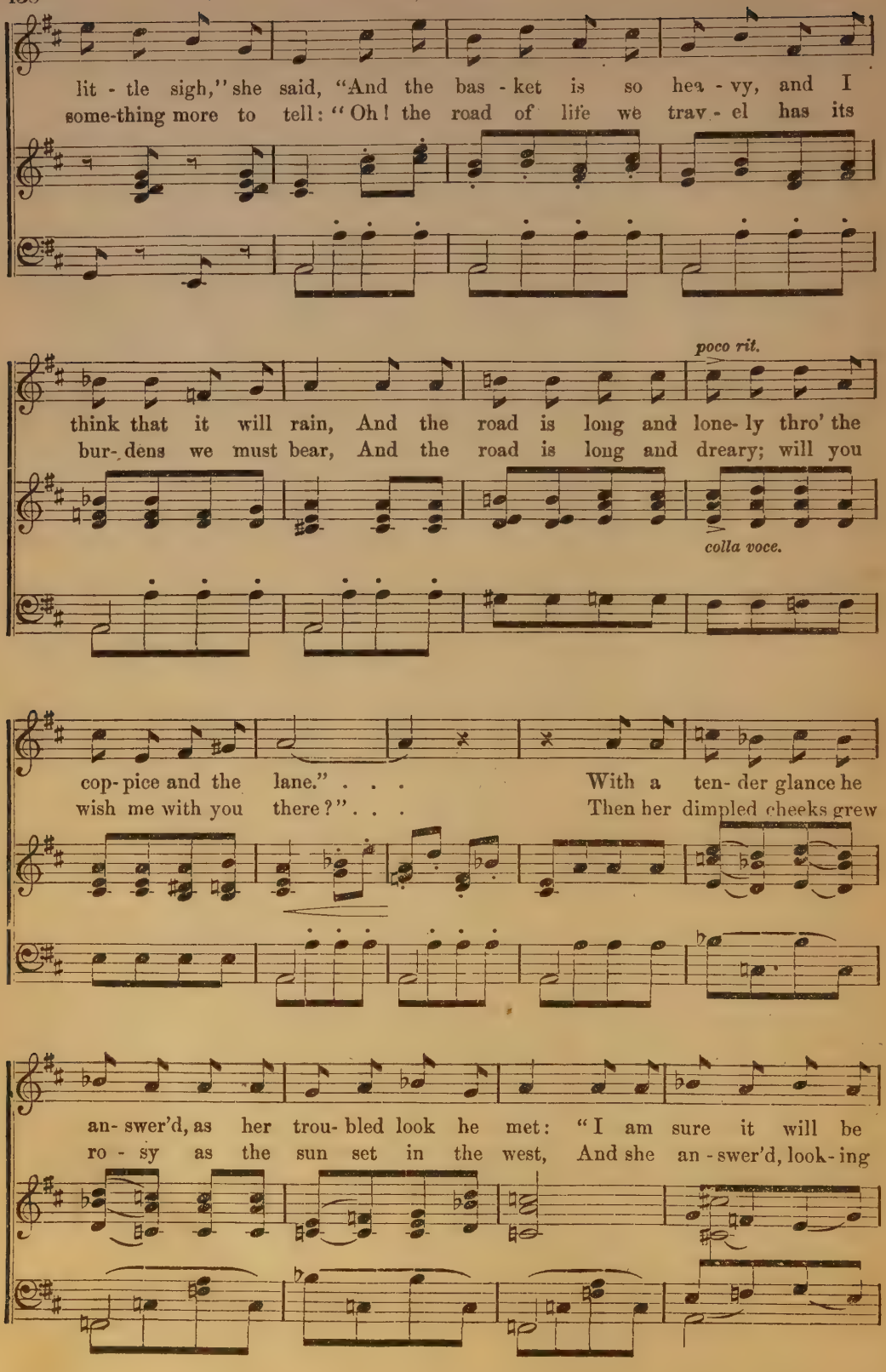

Un - til the day shall dawn, ... love, ...
cres.
O - ver the far - - off shore;
dim.
Un - til the day shall dawn, love,
O - ver the far - off shore.
colla voce.
dim.
mf

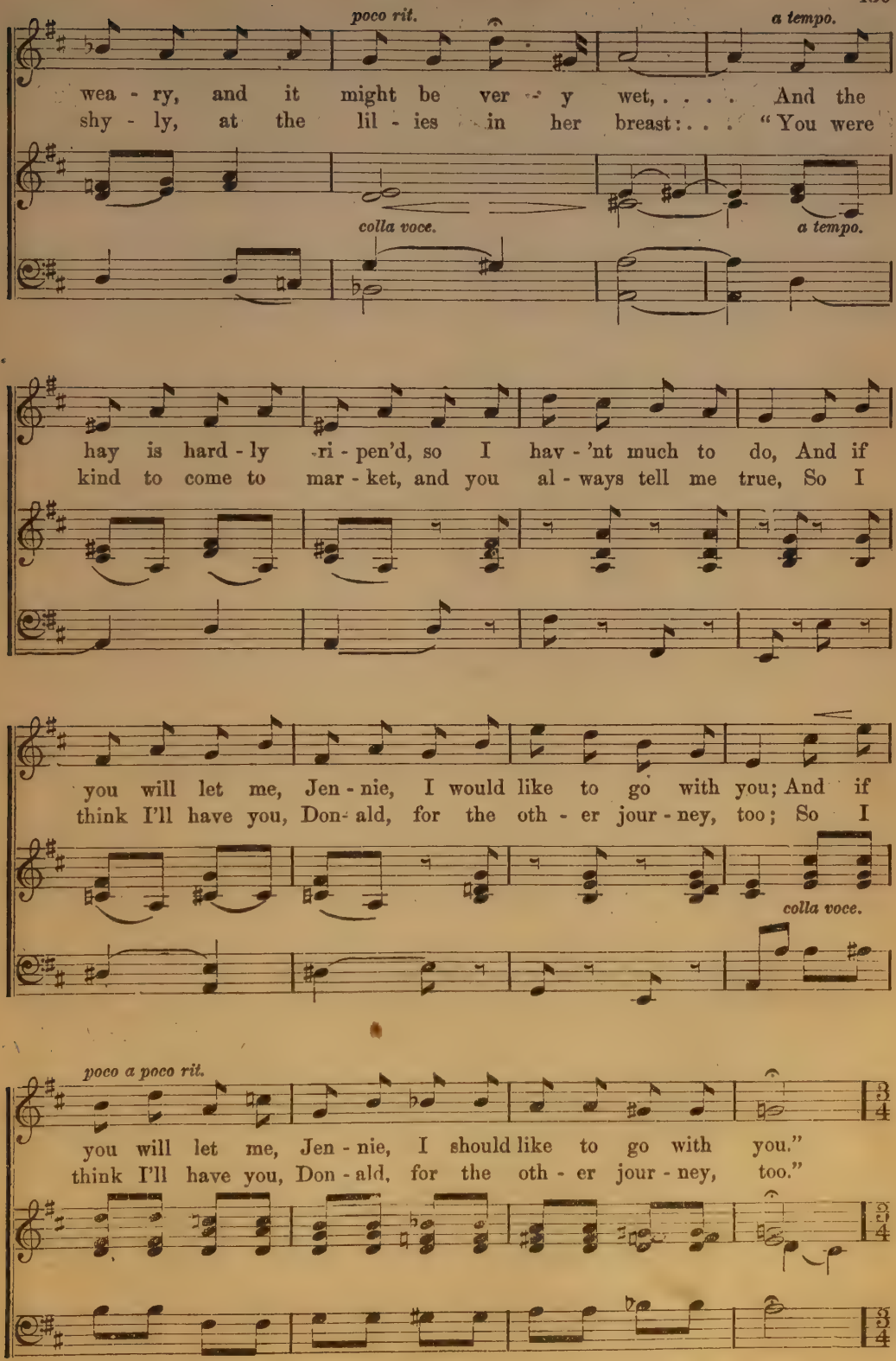
GOING TO MARKET.

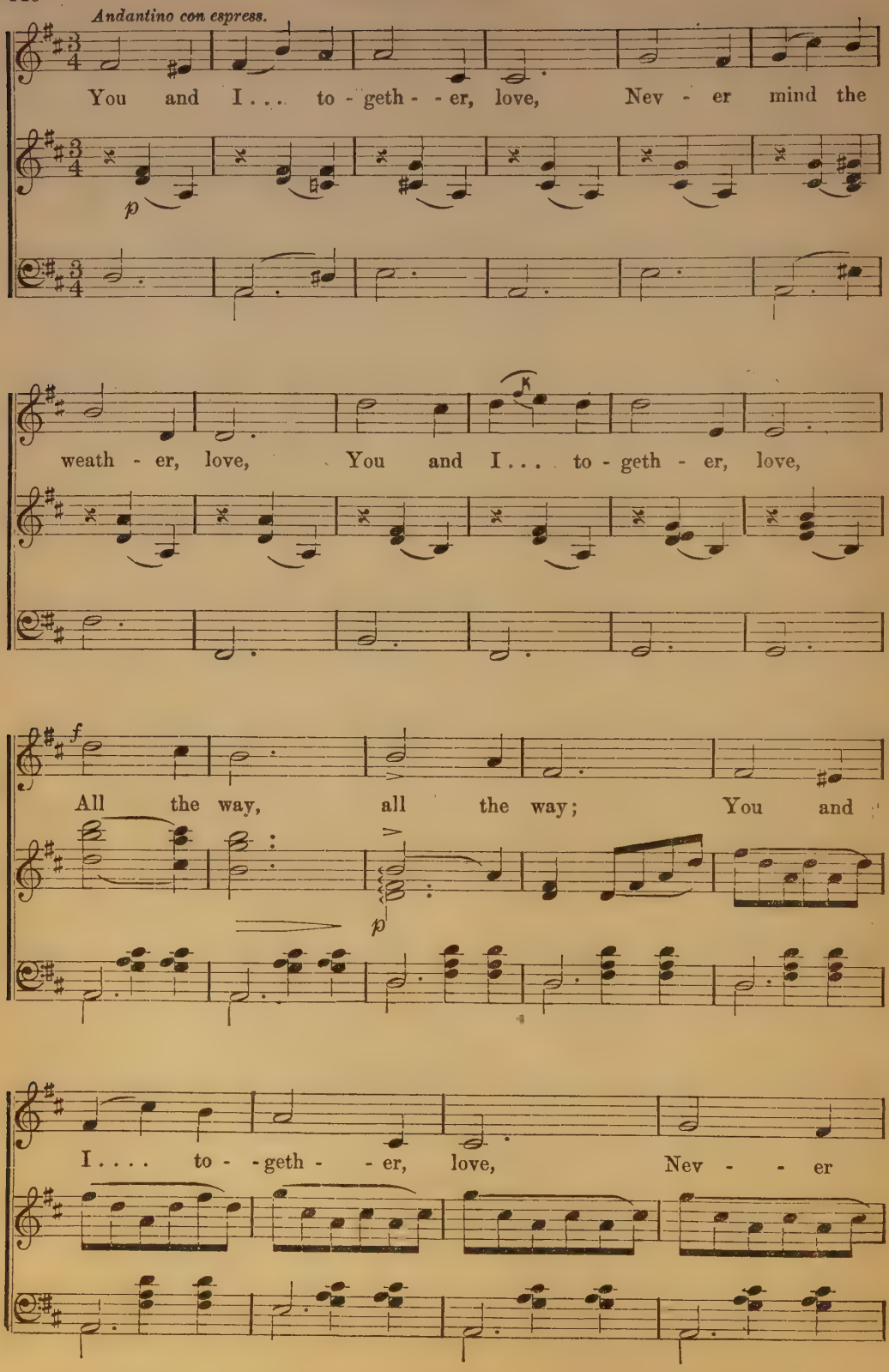
HAROLD WYNN. LOUIS DIEHL.

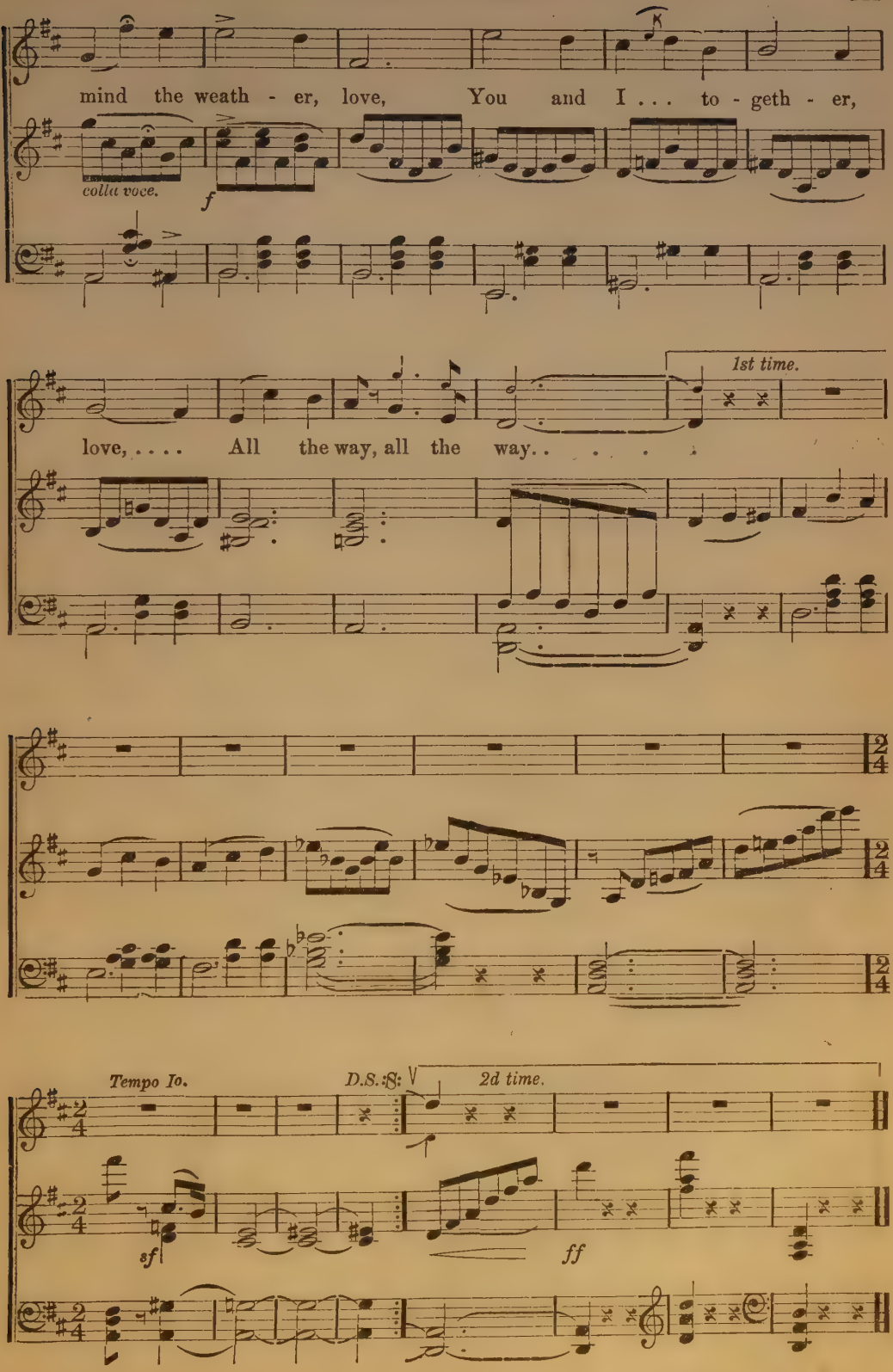
Allegretto con grazia.


p
f
Ped.
Ped.
1 She was stand - ing by the wick - et, and she
droop'd her pret - ty head: "I am go - ing to the mar - ket," with a
2 Ma - ny mer - ry words were spo - ken, and the
sun - light round them fell, But at e - ven, when re - turn - ing, he had


lit - tle sigh," she said, "And the bas - ket is so hea - vy, and I
some-thing more to tell: "Oh! the road of life we trav - el has its
poco rit.
think that it will rain, And the road is long and lone- ly thro' the
bur- dens we must bear, And the road is long and dreary; will you
colla voce.
cop- pice and the lane." . . . With a ten- der glance he
wish me with you there?" . . . Then her dimpled cheeks grew
an- swer'd, as her trou- bled look he met: "I am sure it will be
ro - sy as the sun set in the west, And she an - swer'd, look- ing


poco rit.
a tempo.
wea - ry, and it might be ver - y wet, ... And the
shy - ly, at the lil - ies in her breast: . . . "You were
colla voce.
a tempo.
hay is hard - ly ri - pen'd, so I hav - 'nt much to do, And if
kind to come to mar - ket, and you al - ways tell me true, So I
you will let me, Jen - nie, I would like to go with you; And if
think I'll have you, Don - ald, for the oth - er jour - ney, too; So I
colla voce.
poco a poco rit.
you will let me, Jen - nie, I should like to go with you."
think I'll have you, Don - ald, for the oth - er jour - ney, too."


Andantino con espress.
You and I.... to - geth - - er, love, Nev - er mind the
p
weath - er, love, You and I.... to - geth - er, love,
f
All the way, all the way; You and
p
I.... to - - geth - - er, love, Nev - - er


mind the weath - er, love, You and I . . . to - geth - er,
colla voce.
f
1st time.
love, ... All the way, all the way. . . . . .
Tempo Io.
D.S. 8:
2d time.
sf
ff

A Fac-simile of Signor Ciro Pinsuti's Hand-writing in Mr. Morrison's Note-book.

Dear Sir

I have had great pleasure in making your acquaintance

Faithfully yours
Ciro Pinsuti

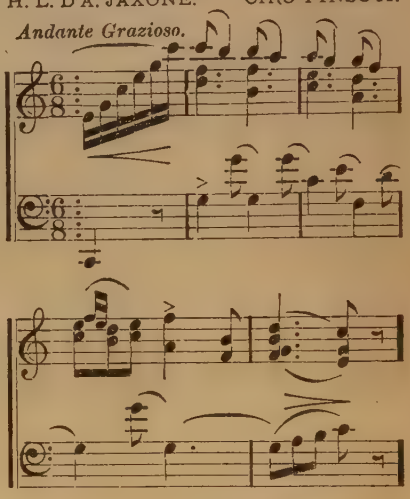
D. H. Morrison Esq.
Florence May 2d. 1884

"Of all my Songs I like LADDIE the most."—Pinsuti.

LADDIE.

H. L. D'A. JAXONE. CIRO PINSUTI.

Andante Grazioso.



p *Piu mosso. con dolcezza.*

1. O! Laddie was some-bod-y's dar-ling, . . So some-bod-y oft-en said; . . . And his lov-ing breast was a per-fect rest For
2. O! Laddie was some-bod-y's dar-ling, . . But some-bod-y's love grew cold, . . . The i-dol he made a vic-tim was laid At the

cres. *rall.*

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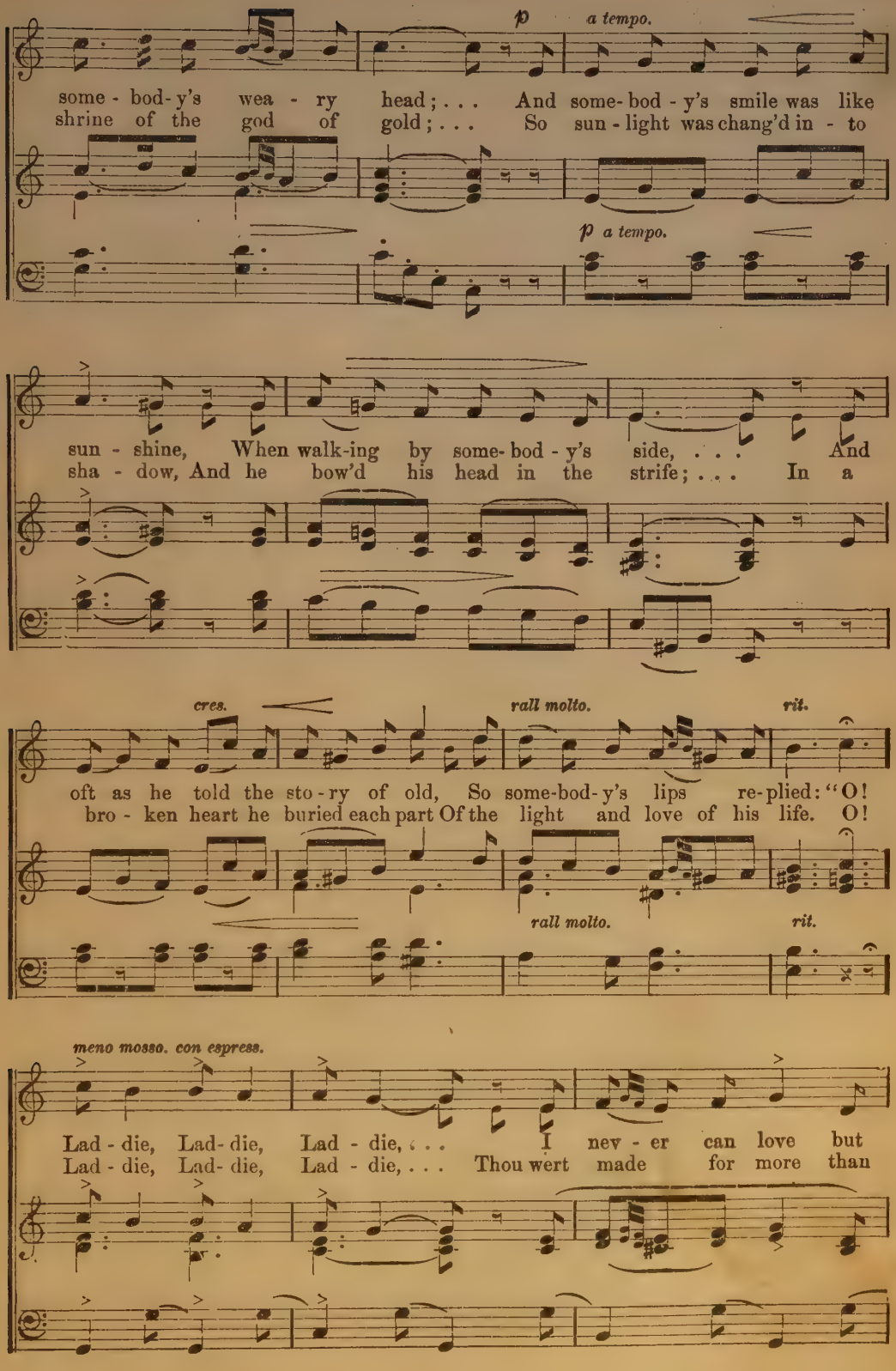
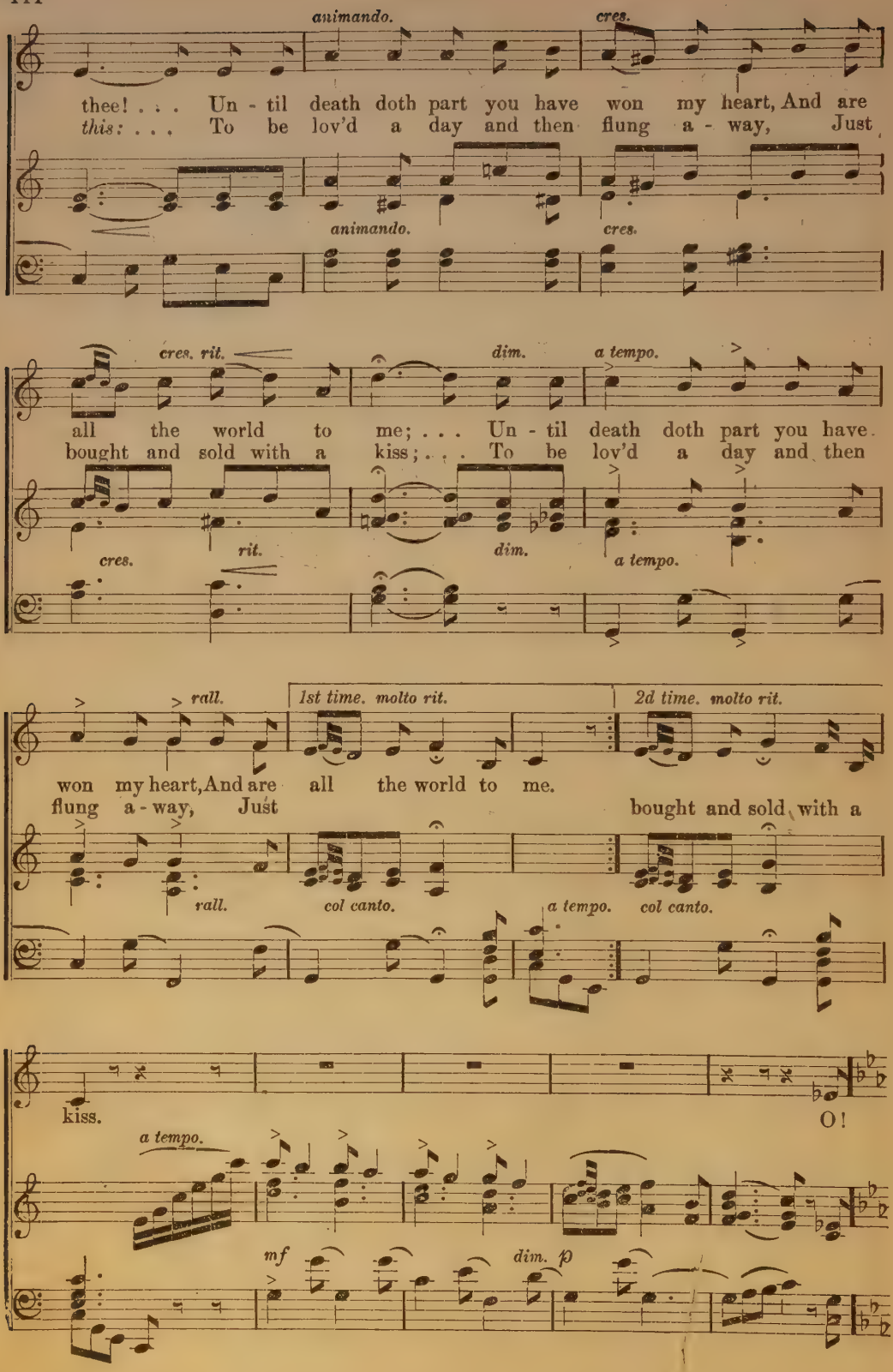
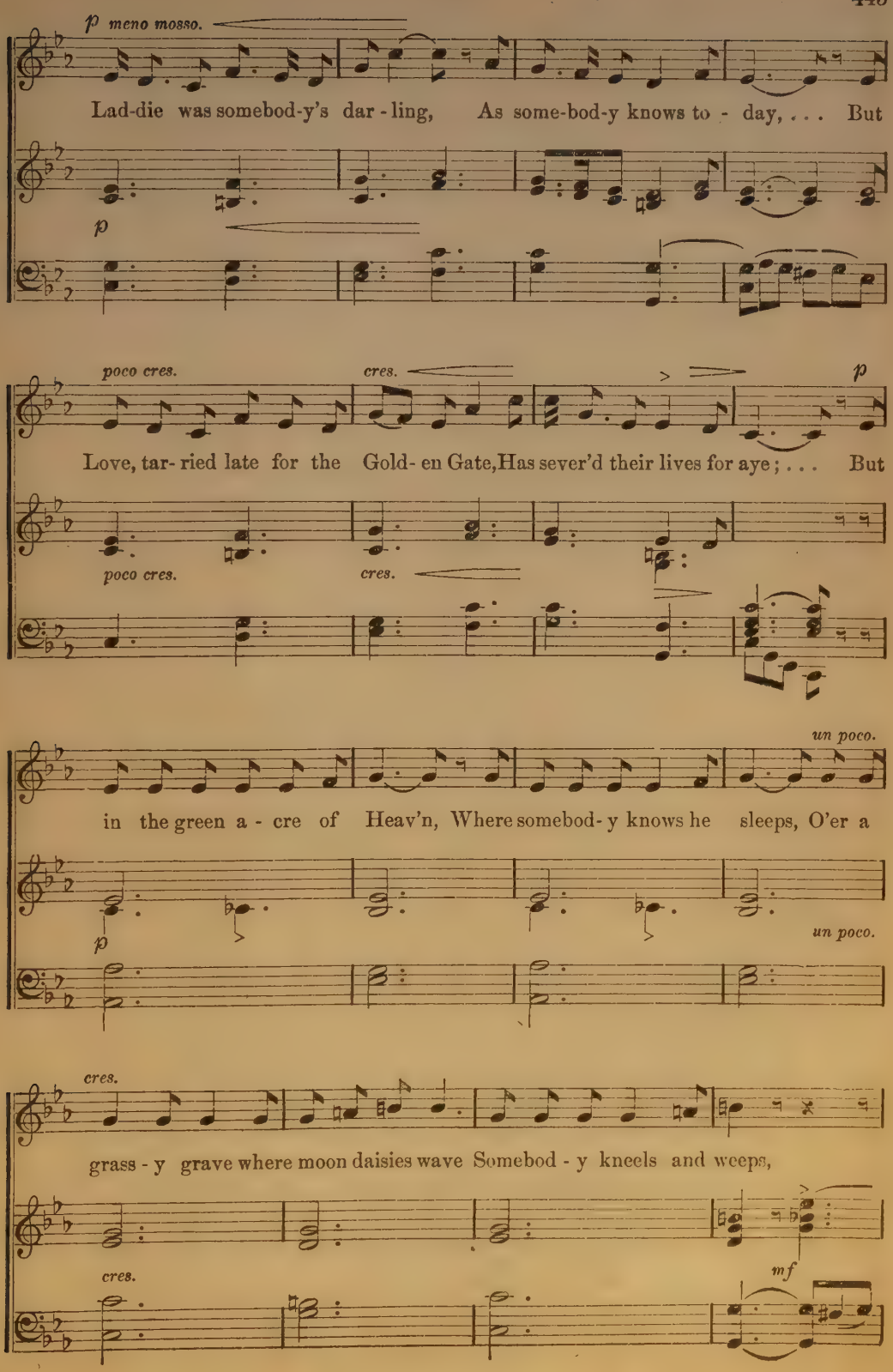
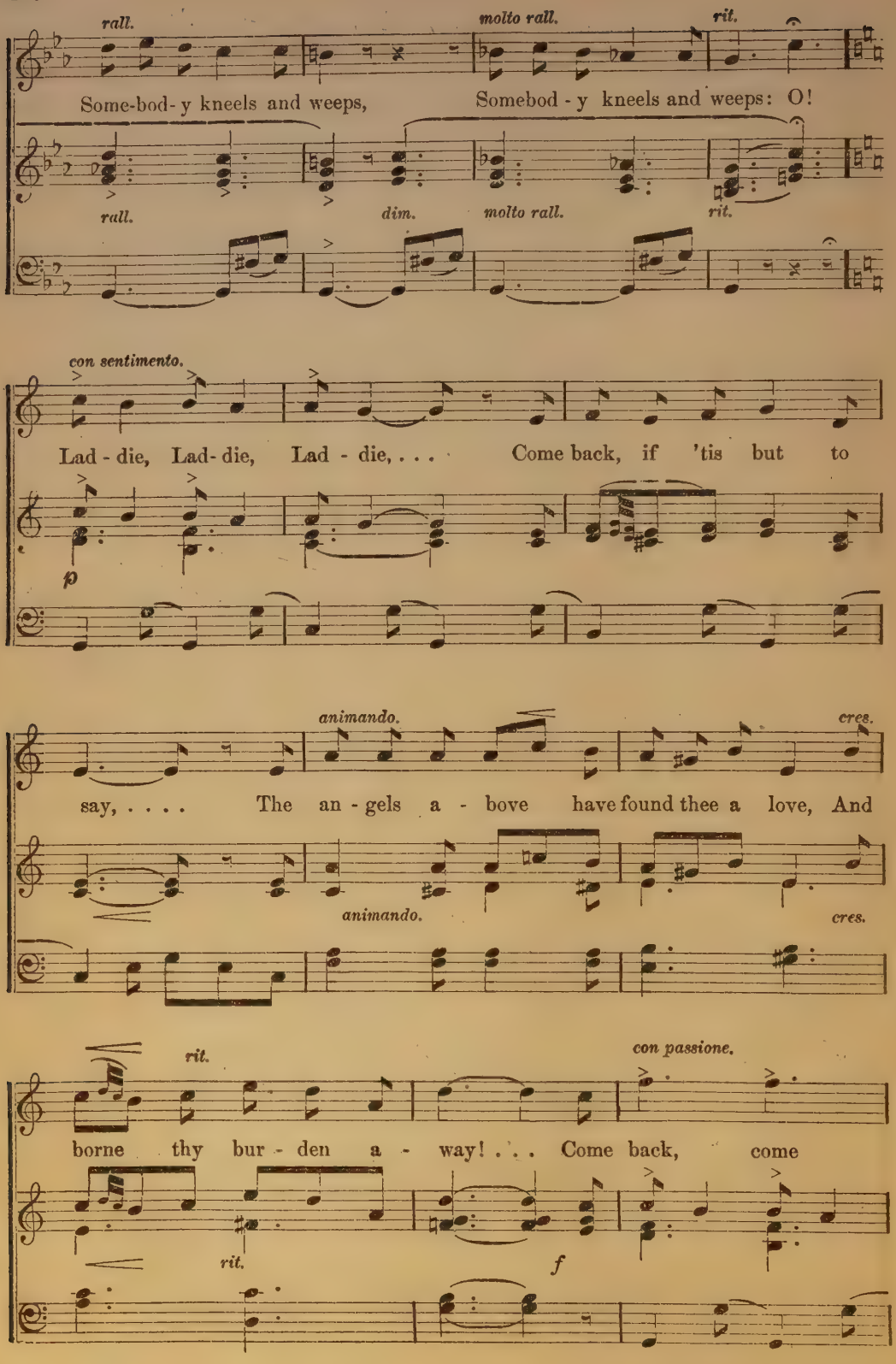
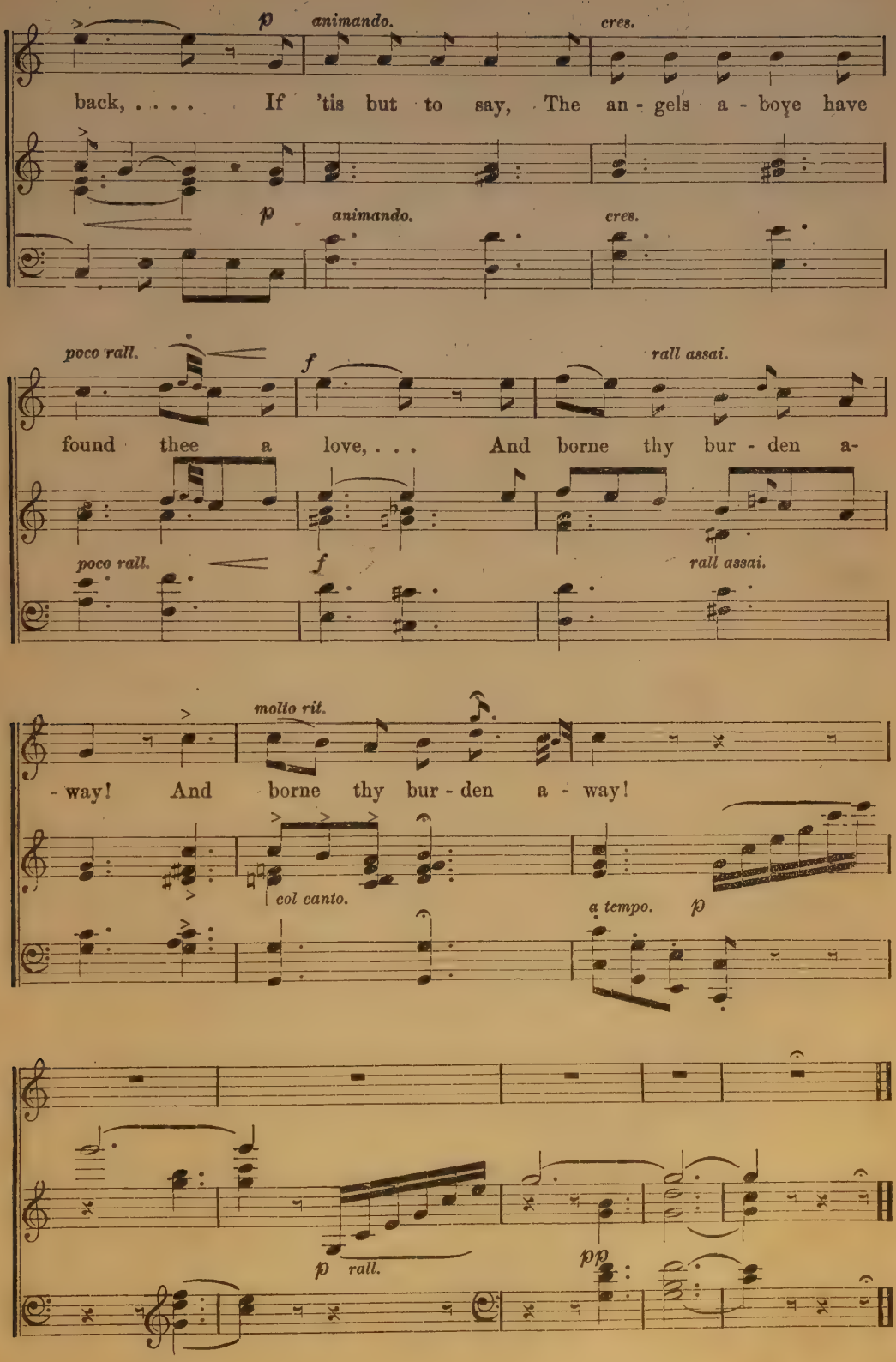

p
a tempo.
some - bod - y's wea - ry head; . . . And some - bod - y's smile was like
shrine of the god of gold; . . . So sun - light was chang'd in - to
p a tempo.
sun - shine, When walk - ing by some - bod - y's side, . . . And
sha - dow, And he bow'd his head in the strife; . . . In a
cres.
rall molto.
rit.
oft as he told the sto - ry of old, So some - bod - y's lips re - plied: "O!
bro - ken heart he buried each part Of the light and love of his life. O!
rall molto.
rit.
meno mosso. con espress.
Lad - die, Lad - die, Lad - die, . . . I nev - er can love but
Lad - die, Lad - die, Lad - die, . . . Thou wert made for more than


animando.
cres.
thee! . . . Un - til death doth part you have won my heart, And are
this: . . . To be lov'd a day and then flung a - way, Just
animando.
cres.
cres. rit.
dim.
a tempo.
all the world to me; . . . Un - til death doth part you have
bought and sold with a kiss; . . . To be lov'd a day and then
cres.
rit.
dim.
a tempo.
rall.
1st time. molto rit.
2d time. molto rit.
won my heart, And are all the world to me.
flung a - way, Just bought and sold with a
rall.
col canto.
a tempo.
col canto.
kiss.
O!
a tempo.
mf
dim. p


p meno mosso.
Lad-die was somebod-y's dar - ling, As some-bod-y knows to - day, . . . But
p
poco cres.
cres.
p
Love, tar- ried late for the Gold- en Gate, Has sever'd their lives for aye; . . . But
poco cres.
cres.
un poco.
in the green a - cre of Heav'n, Where somebod- y knows he sleeps, O'er a
p
un poco.
cres.
grass - y grave where moon daisies wave Somebod - y kneels and weeps,
cres.
mf

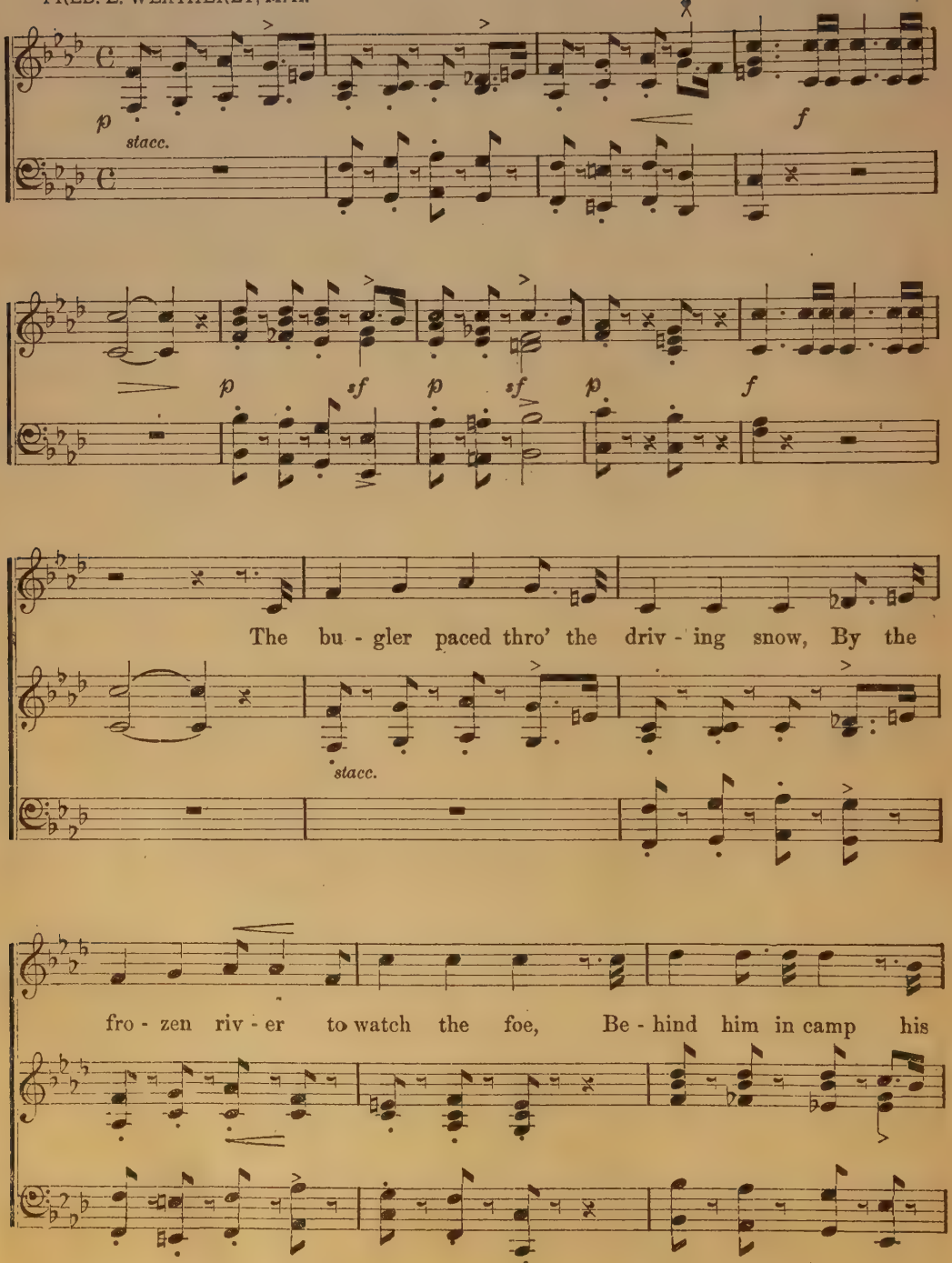

rall.
molto rall.
rit.
Some-bod-y kneels and weeps, Somebod-y kneels and weeps: O!
rall.
dim.
molto rall.
rit.
con sentimento.
Lad-die, Lad-die, Lad-die, . . . Come back, if 'tis but to
p
animando.
cres.
say, ... The an-gels a-bove have found thee a love, And
animando.
cres.
rit.
con passione.
borne thy bur-den a-way! . . . Come back, come
rit.
f


p animando. cres.
back, ... If 'tis but to say, The an - gels a - boye have
p animando. cres.
poco rall. f rall assai.
found thee a love, . . . And borne thy bur - den a-
poco rall. f rall assai.
molto rit.
- way! And borne thy bur - den a - way!
col canto.
a tempo. p
p rall.
pp

THE BUGLER.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, M. A.

CIRO PINSUTI



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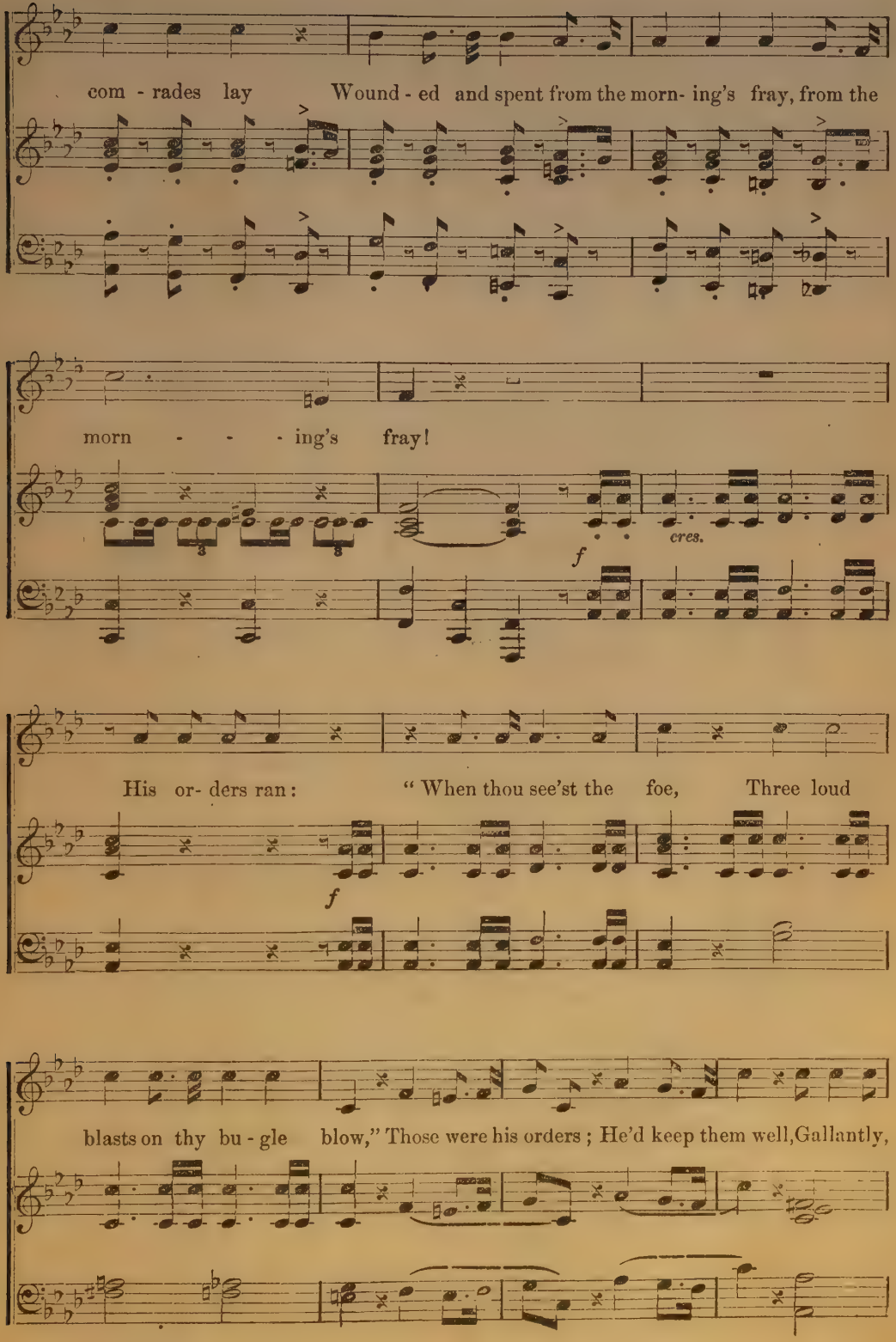
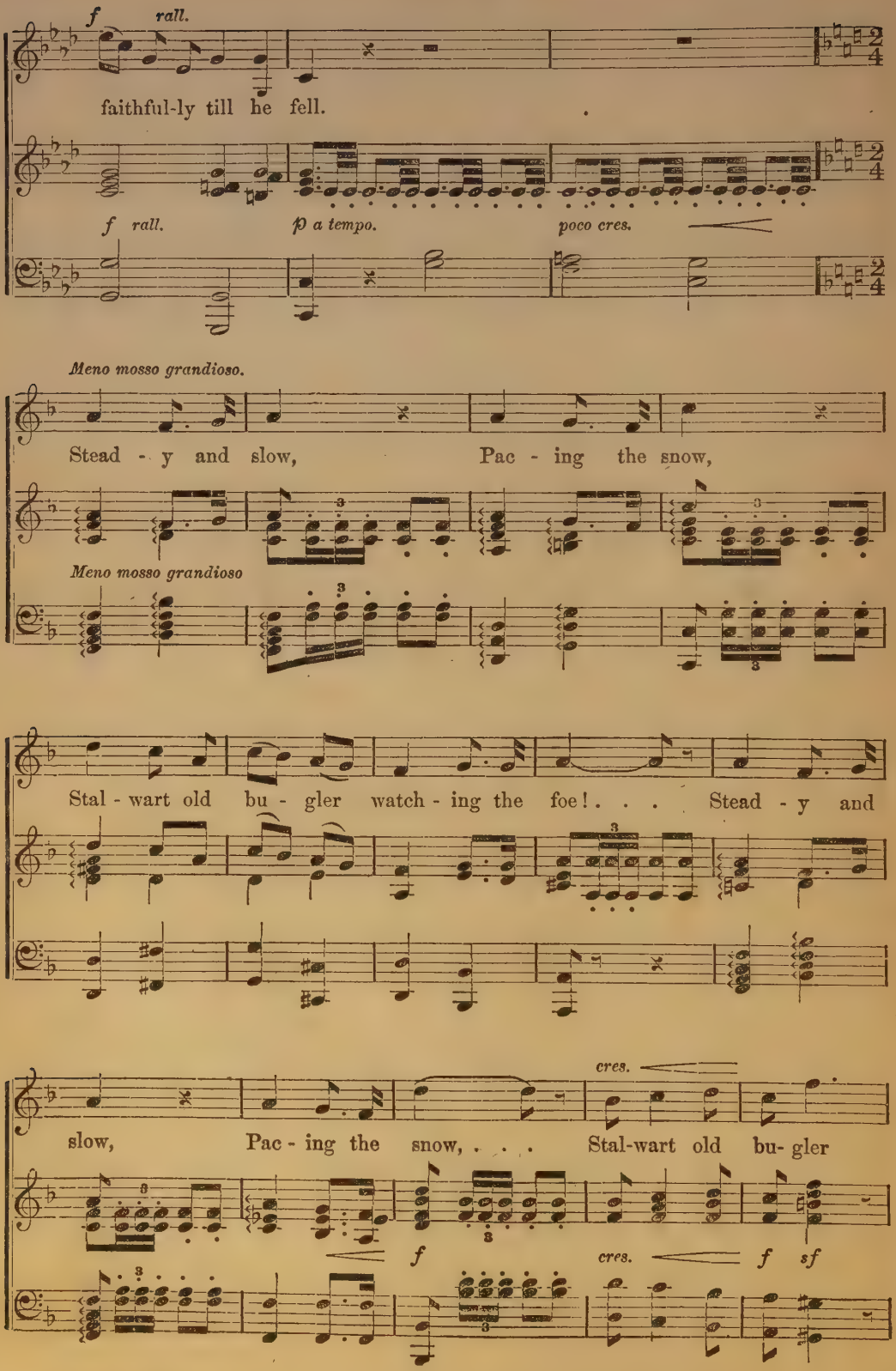
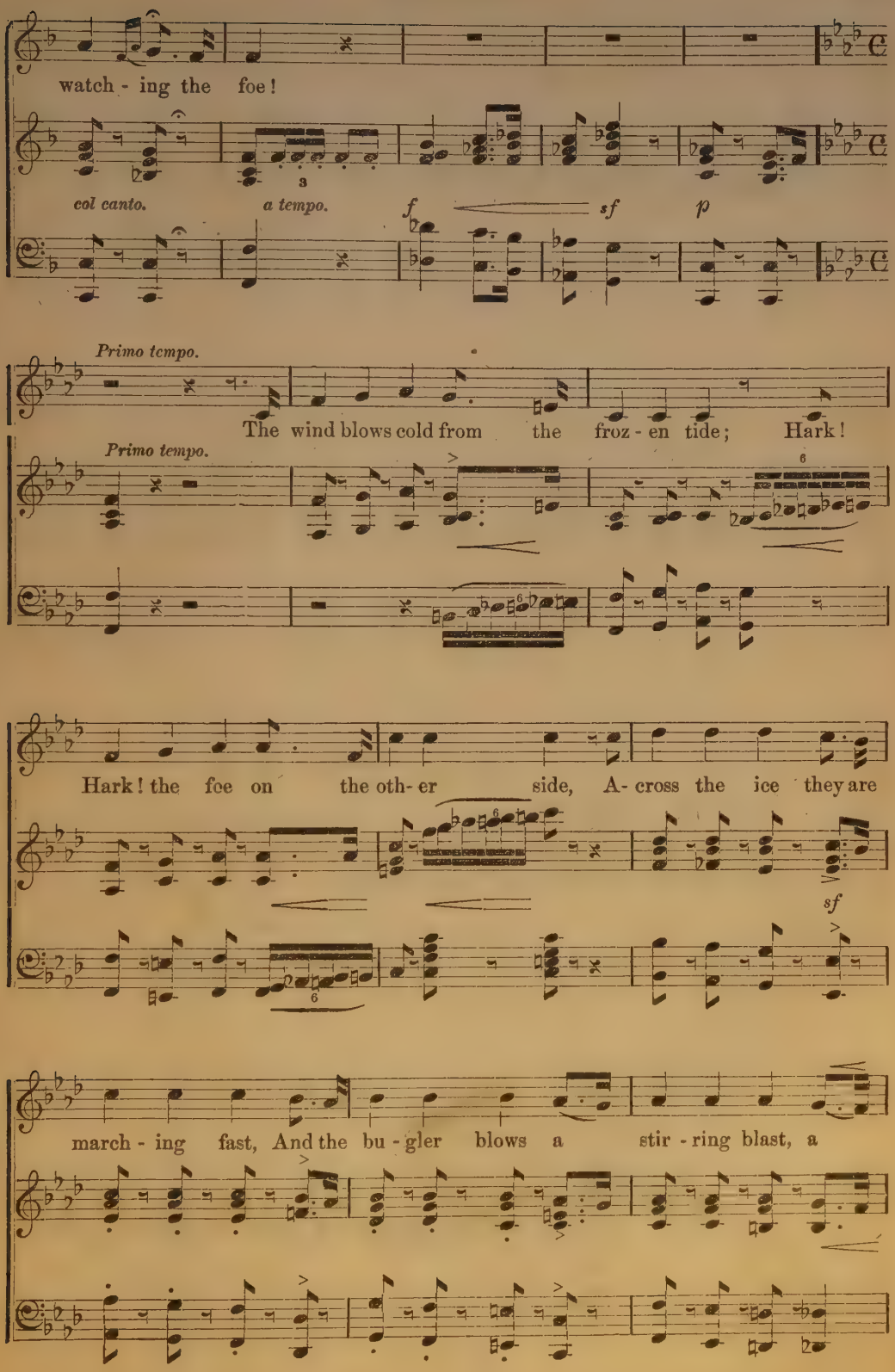
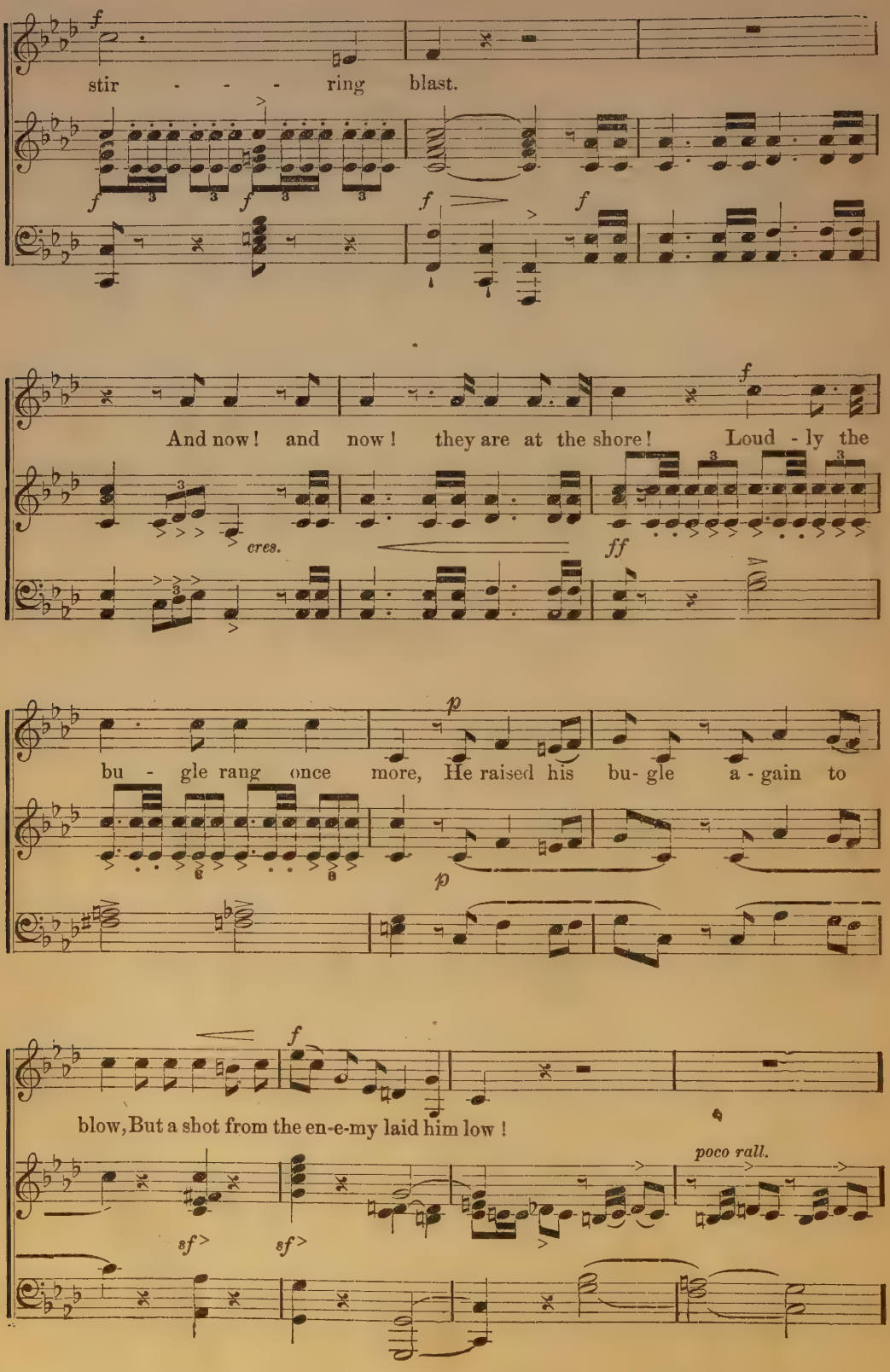
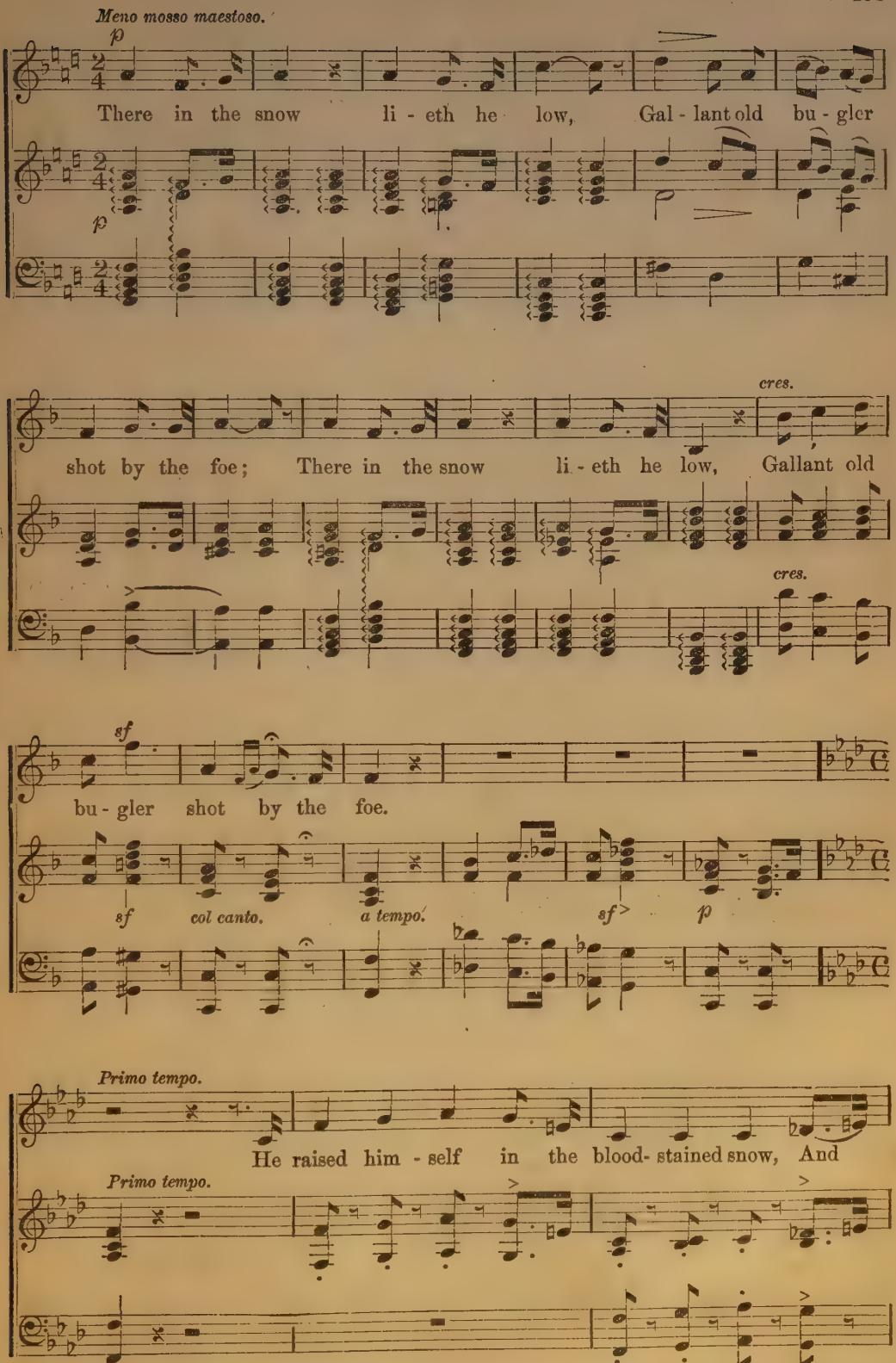
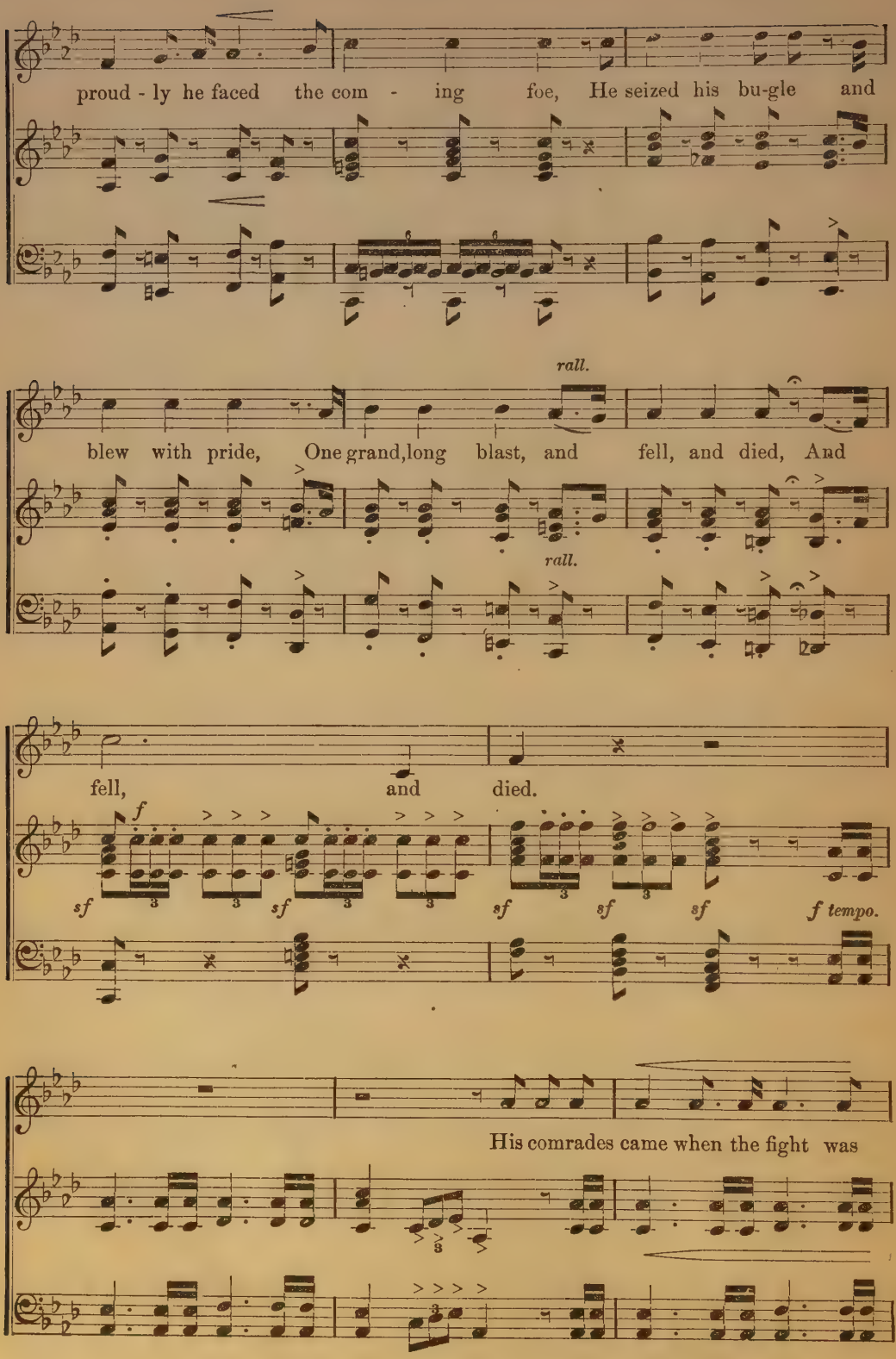

com - rades lay Wound - ed and spent from the morn- ing's fray, from the
morn - - - ing's fray!
cres.
f
His or- ders ran: "When thou see'st the foe, Three loud
f
blasts on thy bu - gle blow," Those were his orders; He'd keep them well, Gallantly,

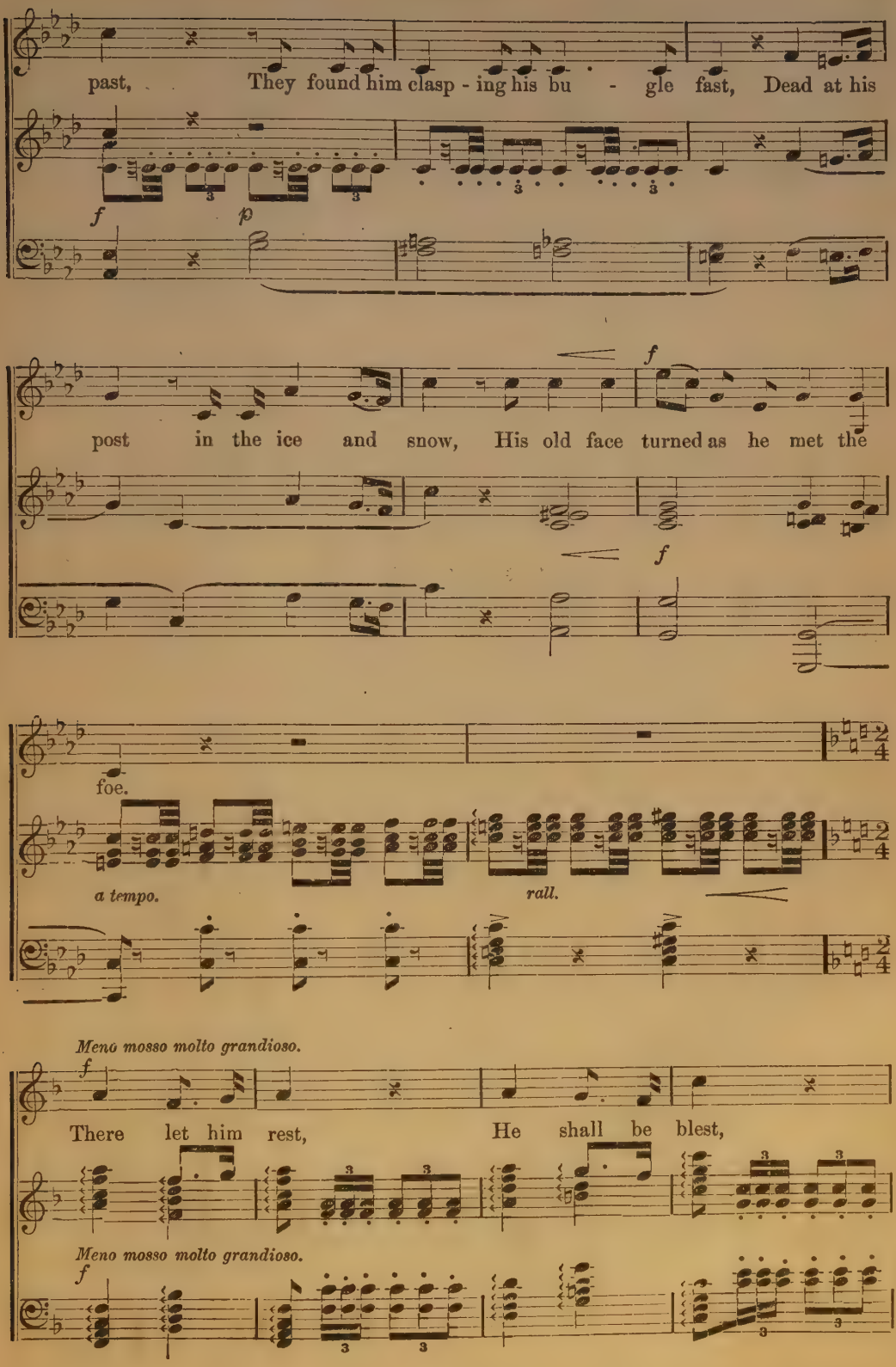

f rall.
faithful-ly till he fell.
f rall.
p a tempo.
poco cres.
Meno mosso grandioso.
Stead - y and slow, Pac - ing the snow,
Meno mosso grandioso
Stal - wart old bu - gler watch - ing the foe! . . . Stead - y and
cres.
slow, Pac - ing the snow, . . . Stal-wart old bu- gler
f
cres.
f
sf

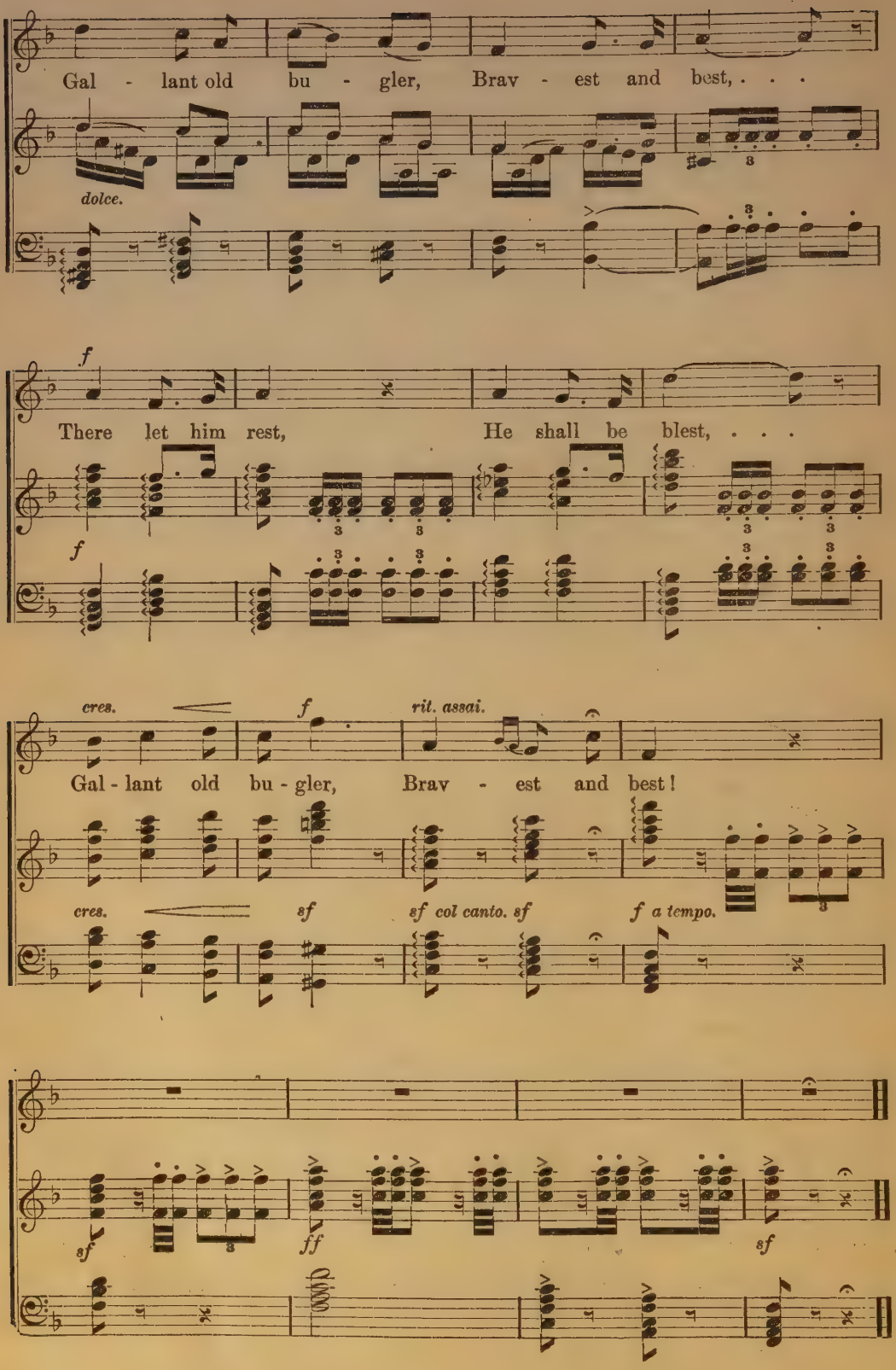

watch - ing the foe!
col canto.
a tempo.
f
sf
p
Primo tempo.
The wind blows cold from the froz - en tide; Hark!
Primo tempo.
Hark! the foe on the oth- er side, A- cross the ice they are
sf
march - ing fast, And the bu - gler blows a stir - ring blast, a


stir - - - ring blast.
And now! and now! they are at the shore! Loud - ly the
cres.
ff
bu - gle rang once more, He raised his bu- gle a - gain to
blow, But a shot from the en-e-my laid him low!
poco rall.


Meno mosso maestoso.
p
There in the snow li - eth he low, Gal - lant old bu - gler
p
cres.
shot by the foe; There in the snow li - eth he low, Gallant old
cres.
sf
bu - gler shot by the foe.
sf col canto. a tempo. sf> p
Primo tempo.
He raised him - self in the blood- stained snow, And
Primo tempo.


proud - ly he faced the com - ing foe, He seized his bu-gle and
rall.
blew with pride, One grand,long blast, and fell, and died, And
rall.
fell, and died.
f
sf sf sf sf sf sf f tempo.
His comrades came when the fight was


past, They found him clasp - ing his bu - gle fast, Dead at his
f
p
post in the ice and snow, His old face turned as he met the
f
f
foe.
a tempo.
rall.
Meno mosso molto grandioso.
f
There let him rest, He shall be blest,
Meno mosso molto grandioso.
f

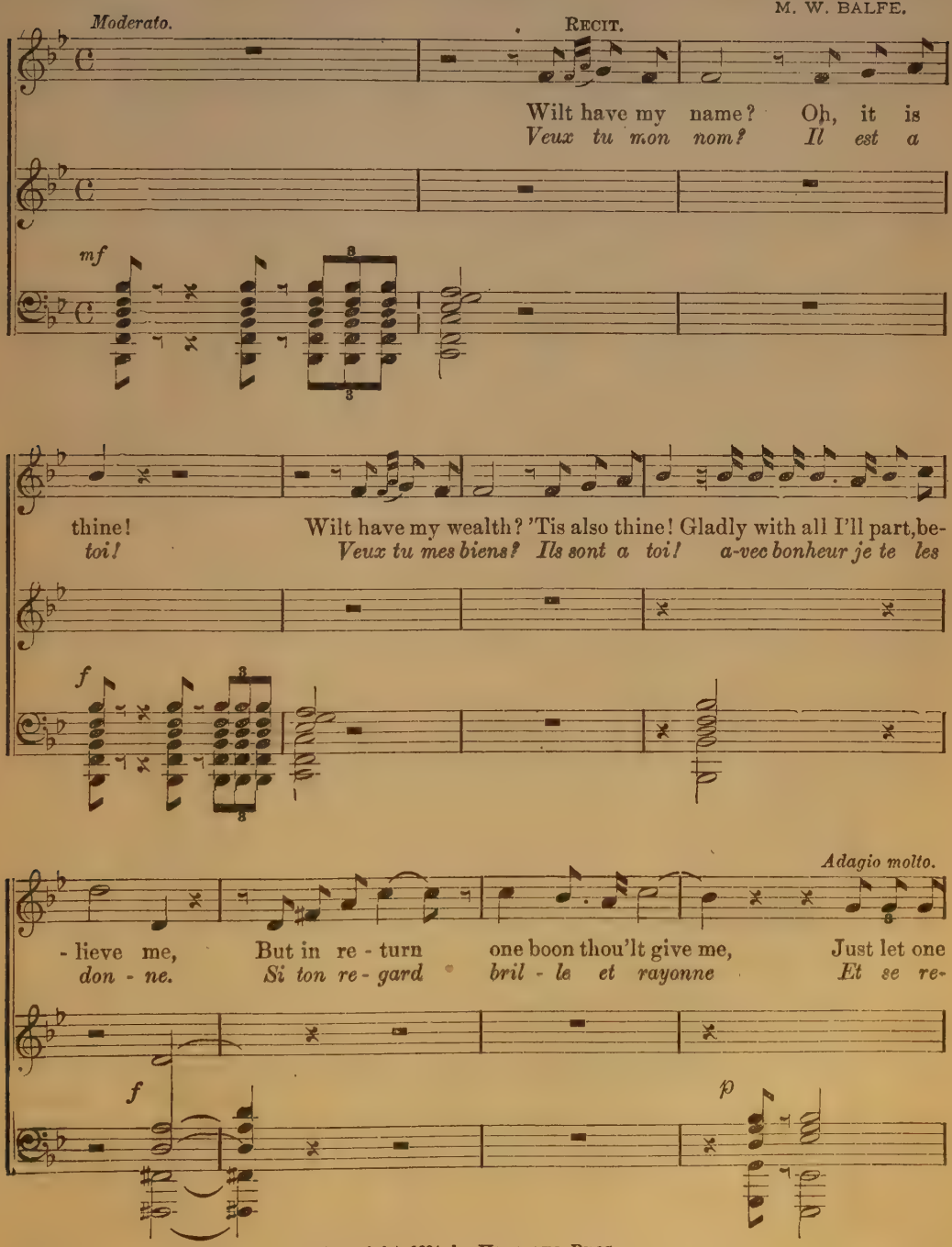

Gal - lant old bu - gler, Brav - est and best, . . .
dolce.
f
There let him rest, He shall be blest, . . .
f
cres.
f
rit. assai.
Gal - lant old bu - gler, Brav - est and best!
cres.
sf
sf col canto. sf
f a tempo.
sf
ff
sf

DID'ST THOU BUT KNOW.

(SI TU SAVAIS.)

ROMANCE.

M. W. BALFE.



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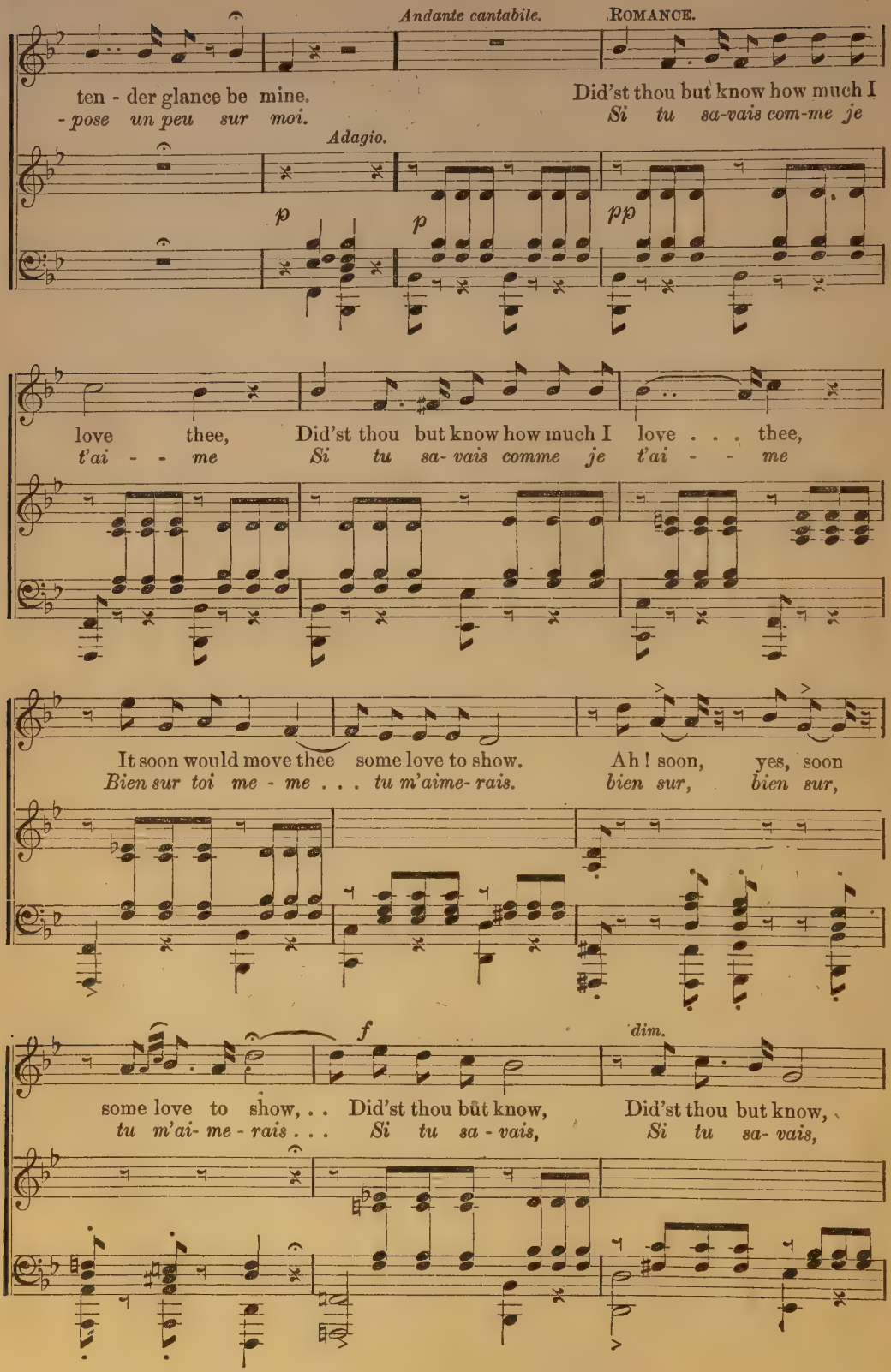
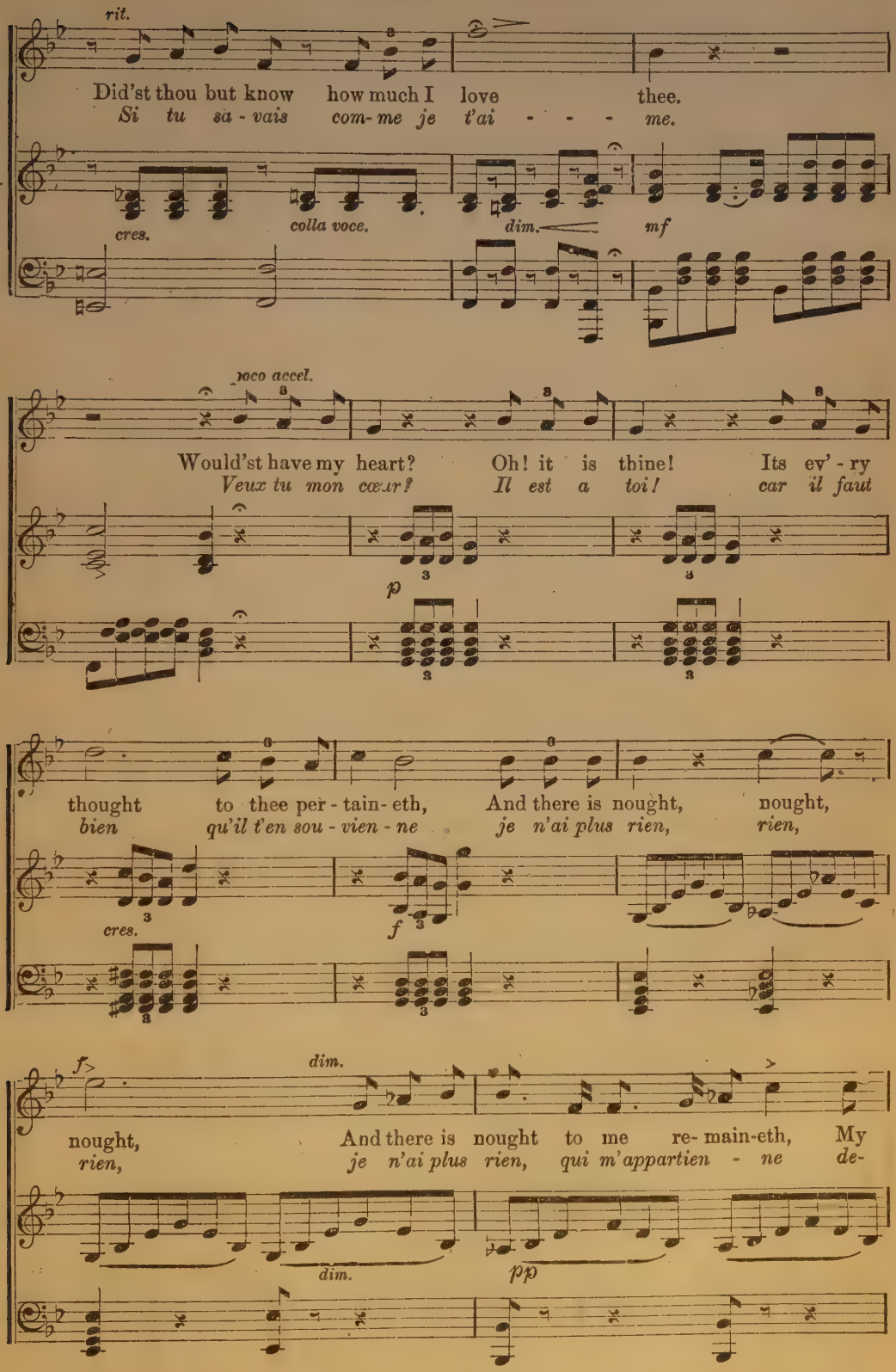
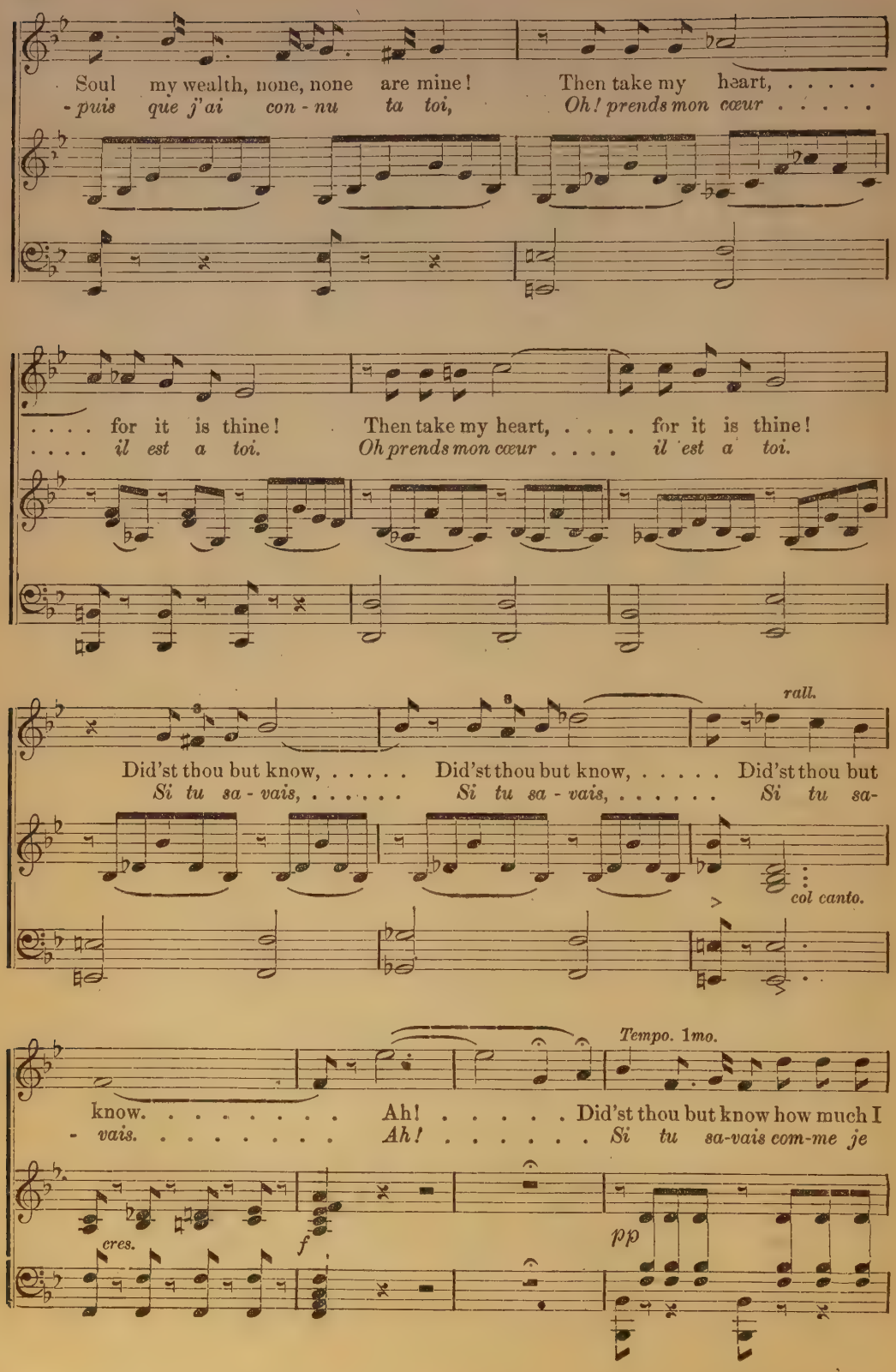

Andante cantabile.
ROMANCE.
ten - der glance be mine.
- pose un peu sur moi.
Did'st thou but know how much I
Si tu sa-vais com-me je
Adagio.
p
p
pp
love thee,
t'ai - - me
Did'st thou but know how much I love . . . thee,
Si tu sa- vais comme je t'ai - - me
It soon would move thee some love to show.
Bien sur toi me - me . . . tu m'aime- rais.
Ah! soon, yes, soon
bien sur, bien sur,
f
dim.
some love to show, . . Did'st thou but know,
tu m'ai- me - rais . . . Si tu sa - vais,
Did'st thou but know,
Si tu sa- vais,

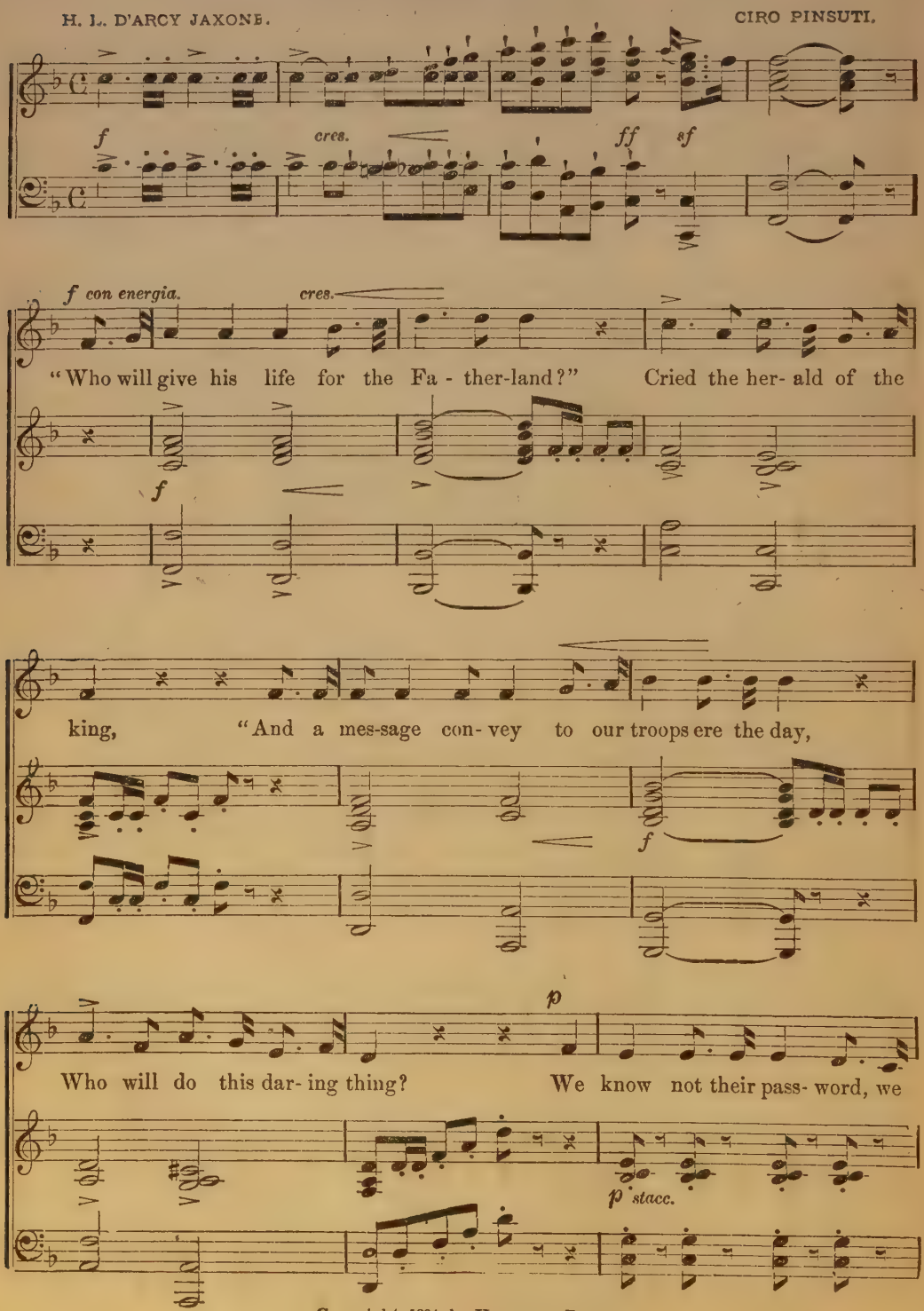

rit.
Did'st thou but know how much I love thee.
Si tu sa - vais com- me je t'ai - - - - me.
cres.
colla voce.
dim.
mf
poco accel.
Would'st have my heart? Oh! it is thine! Its ev' - ry
Veux tu mon cœur? Il est a toi! car il faut
p
thought to thee per - tain- eth, And there is nought, nought,
bien qu'il t'en sou - vien - ne je n'ai plus rien, rien,
cres.
f
f
dim.
nought, And there is nought to me re- main-eth, My
rien, je n'ai plus rien, qui m'appartien - ne de-
dim.
pp


Soul my wealth, none, none are mine! Then take my heart, ...
- puis que j'ai con - nu ta toi, Oh! prends mon cœur . . . . .
. . . . for it is thine! Then take my heart, ... for it is thine!
. . . . il est a toi. Oh prends mon cœur . . . . il est a toi.
rall.
Did'st thou but know, ... Did'st thou but know, ... Did'st thou but
Si tu sa - vais, ... Si tu sa - vais, ... Si tu sa-
col canto.
Tempo. 1mo.
know. . . . . Ah! . . . . . Did'st thou but know how much I
- vais. . . . . Ah! . . . . . Si tu sa-vais com-me je
cres.
f
pp

love thee, Did'st thou but know how much I love . . . thee,
t'ai - - - me, Si tu sa- vais comme je t'ai - - - me,
It soon would move thee some love to show. Ah! soon, yes, soon
Bien sur toi me - me . . . tu m'aime- rais. Bien sur, bien sur,
f
dim.
some love to show, . . Did'st thou but know, Did'st thou but know,
tu m'ai- me - rais . . . Si tu sa - vais, Si tu sa- vais,
cres. rit.
Did'st thou but know how much I love thee
Si tu sa - vais com- me je t'ai - - - - me.
colla voce.
cres.
ff

THE MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE. CIRO PINSUTI.


f
cres.
ff
sf
f con energia.
cres.
"Who will give his life for the Fa - ther-land?" Cried the her- ald of the
f
king, "And a mes-sage con- vey to our troops ere the day,
f
p
Who will do this dar- ing thing? We know not their pass- word, we
p stacc.

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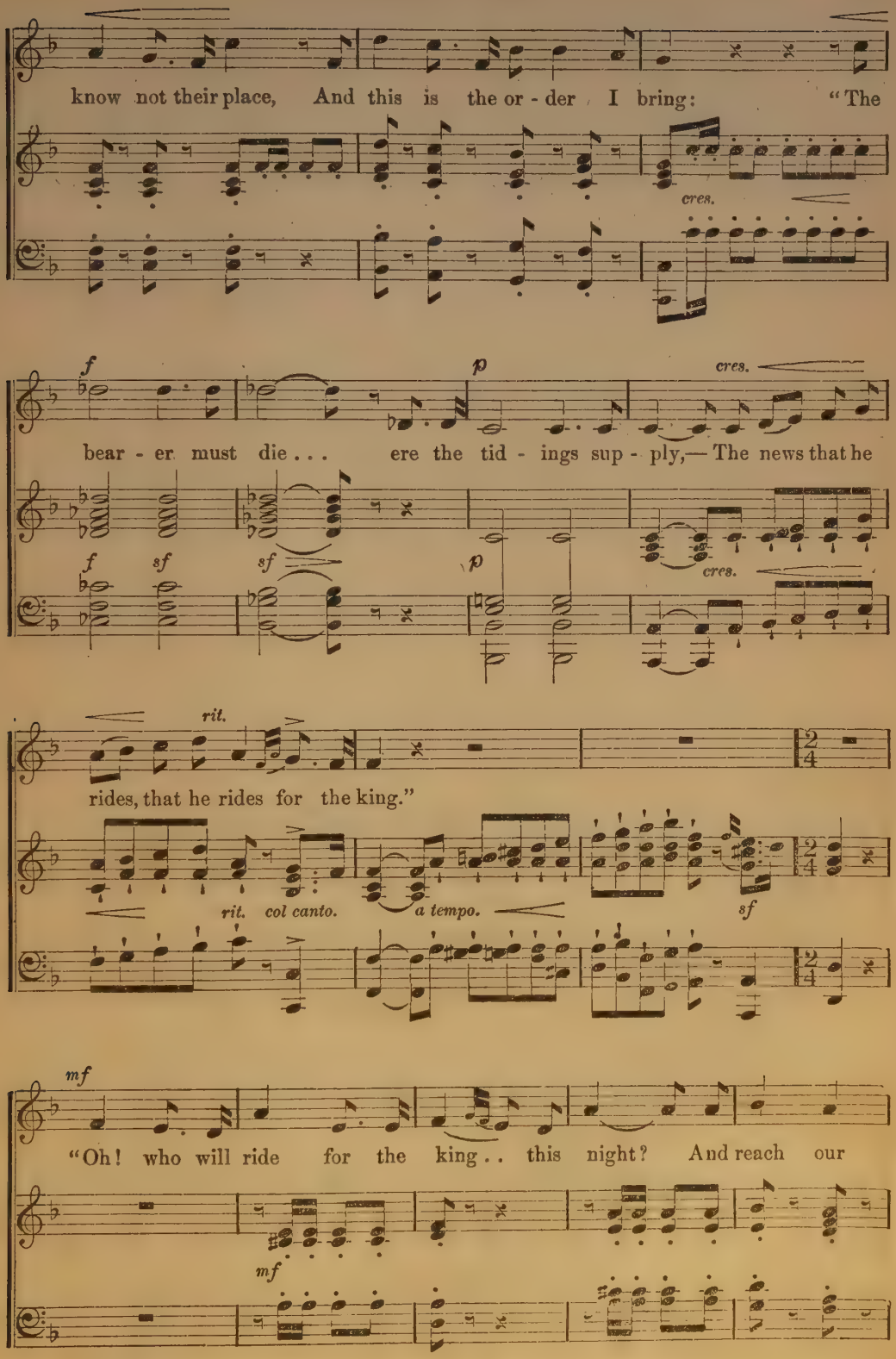
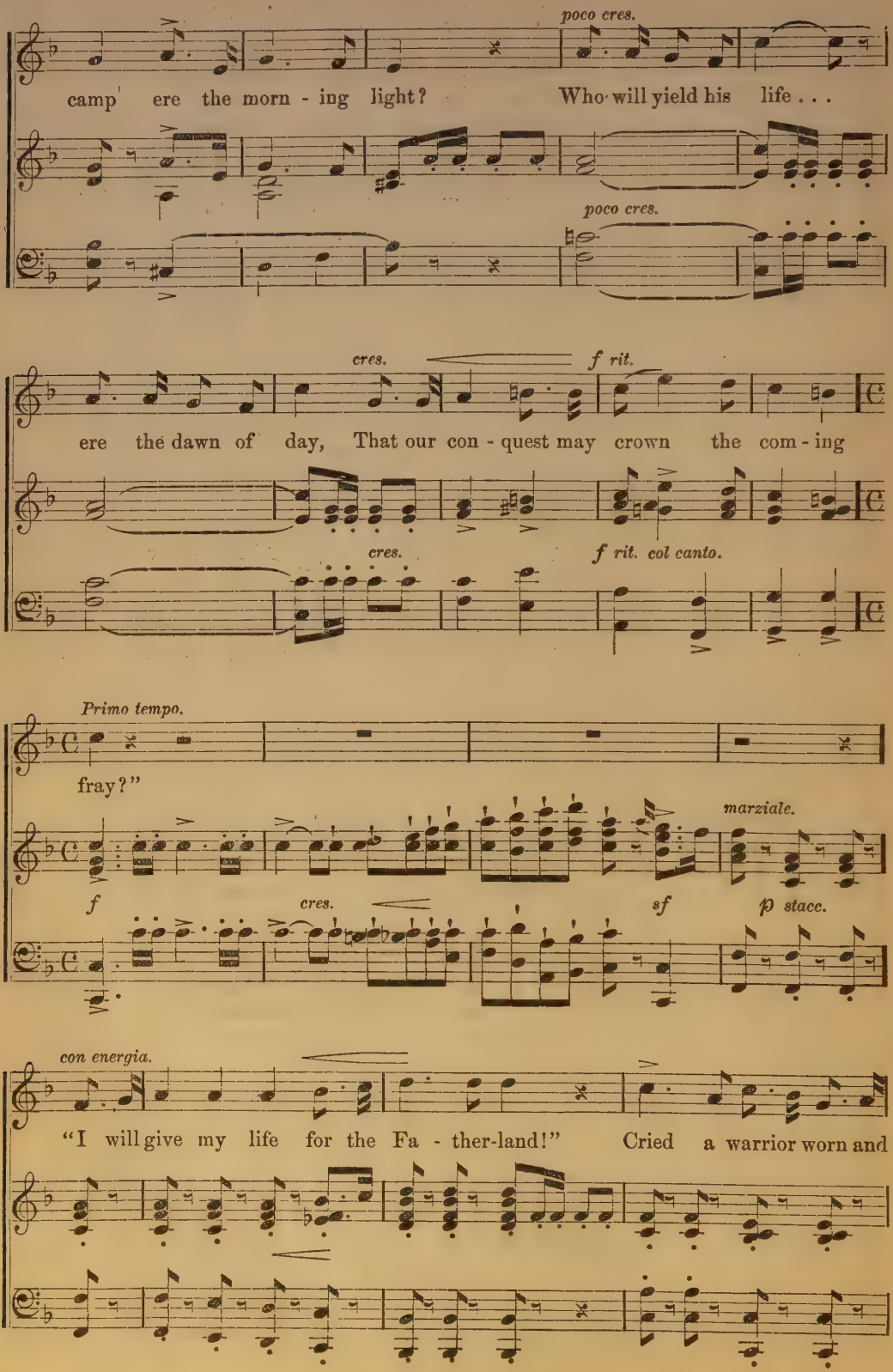
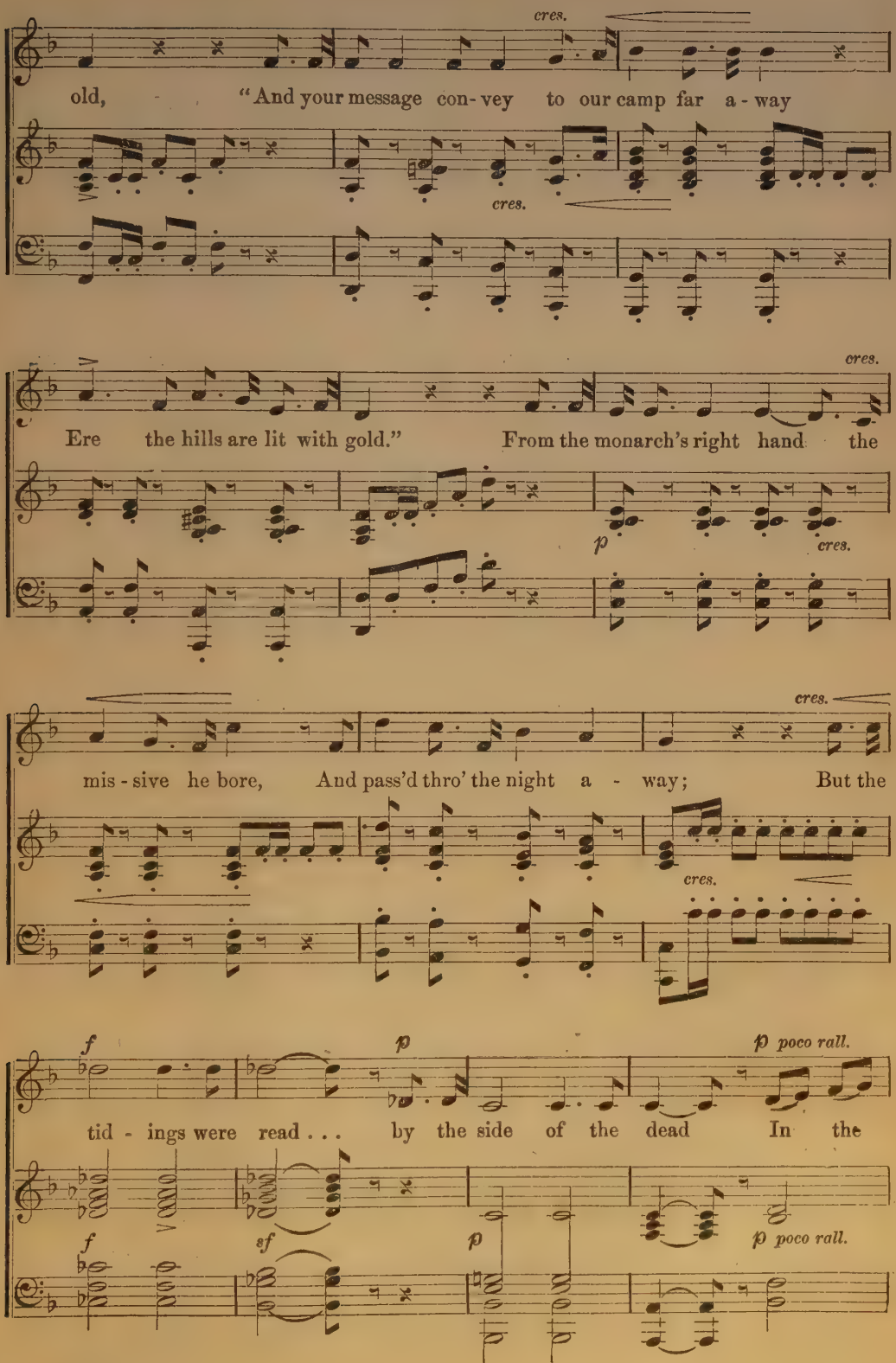
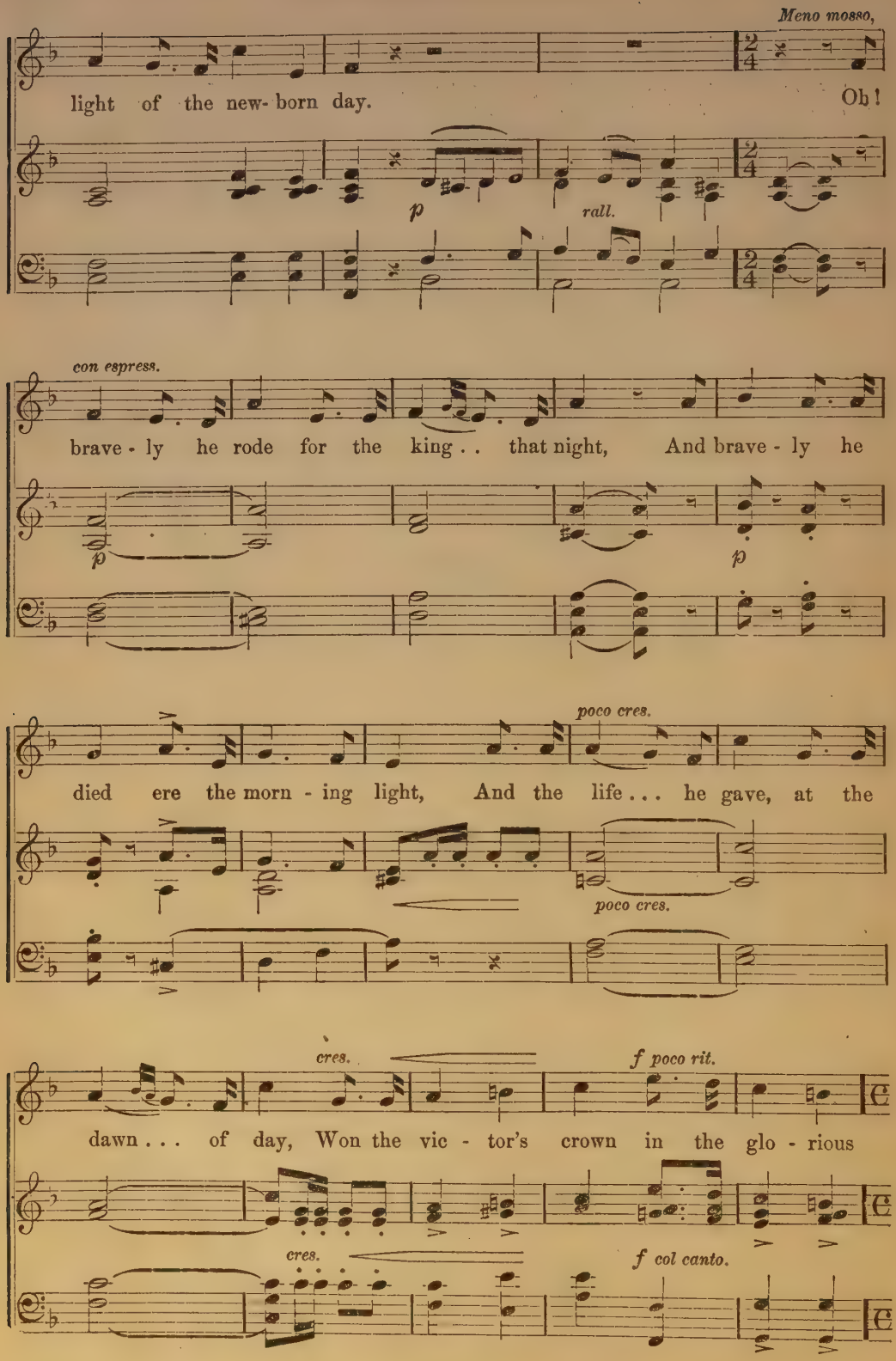
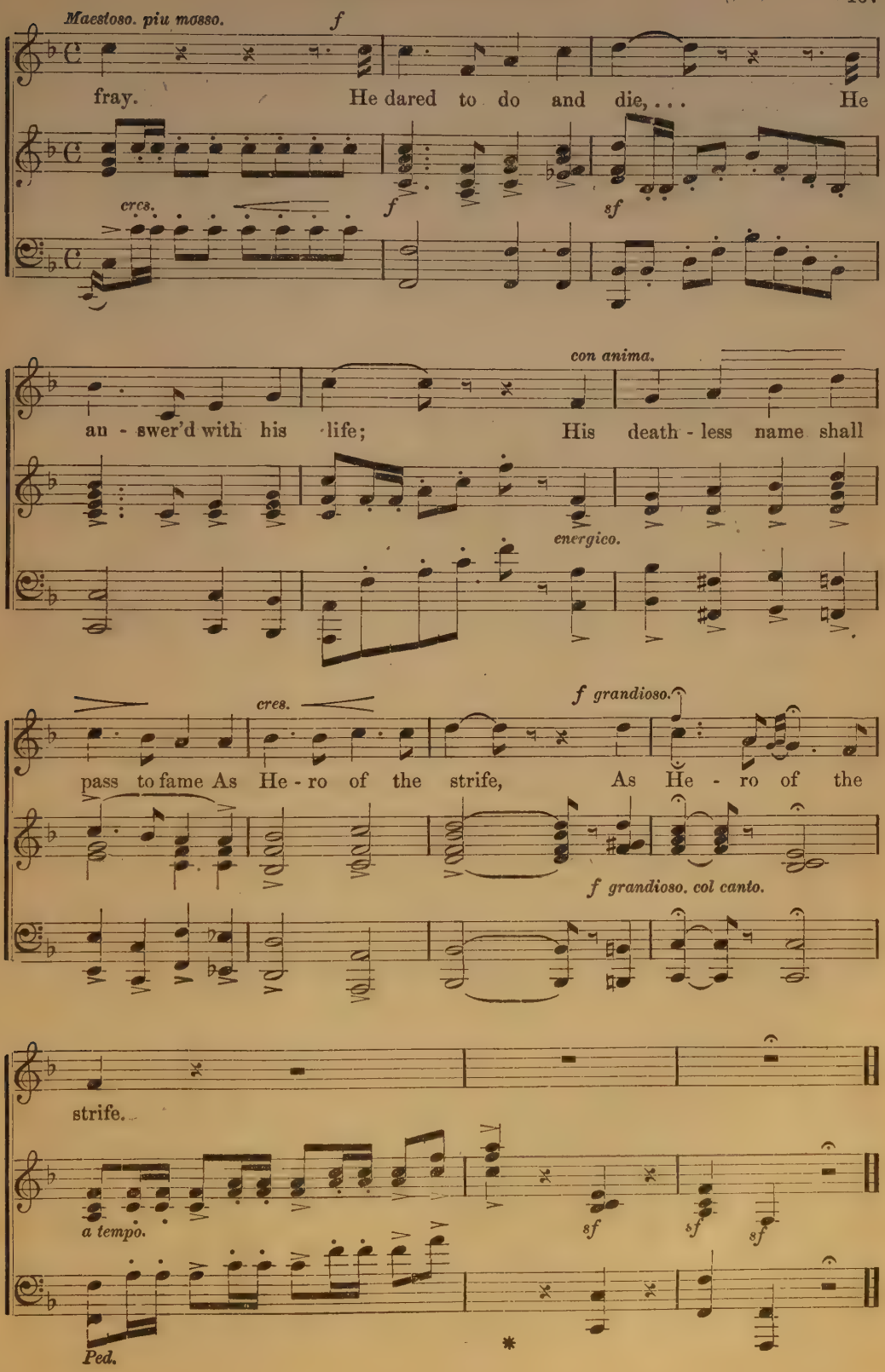

know not their place, And this is the or - der I bring: "The
cres.
f
p
cres.
bear - er must die . . . ere the tid - ings sup - ply,— The news that he
f sf sf
p
cres.
rit.
rides, that he rides for the king."
rit. col canto.
a tempo.
sf
mf
"Oh! who will ride for the king . . this night? And reach our
mf


poco cres.
camp' ere the morn - ing light? Who will yield his life . . .
poco cres.
cres.
f rit.
ere the dawn of day, That our con - quest may crown the com - ing
cres.
f rit. col canto.
Primo tempo.
fray?"
marziale.
f
cres.
sf
p stacc.
con energia.
"I will give my life for the Fa - ther-land!" Cried a warrior worn and


cres.
old, "And your message con-vey to our camp far a-way
cres.
cres.
Ere the hills are lit with gold." From the monarch's right hand the
p
cres.
cres.
mis-sive he bore, And pass'd thro' the night a-way; But the
cres.
f
p
p poco rall.
tid-ings were read . . . by the side of the dead In the
f
sf
p
p poco rall.

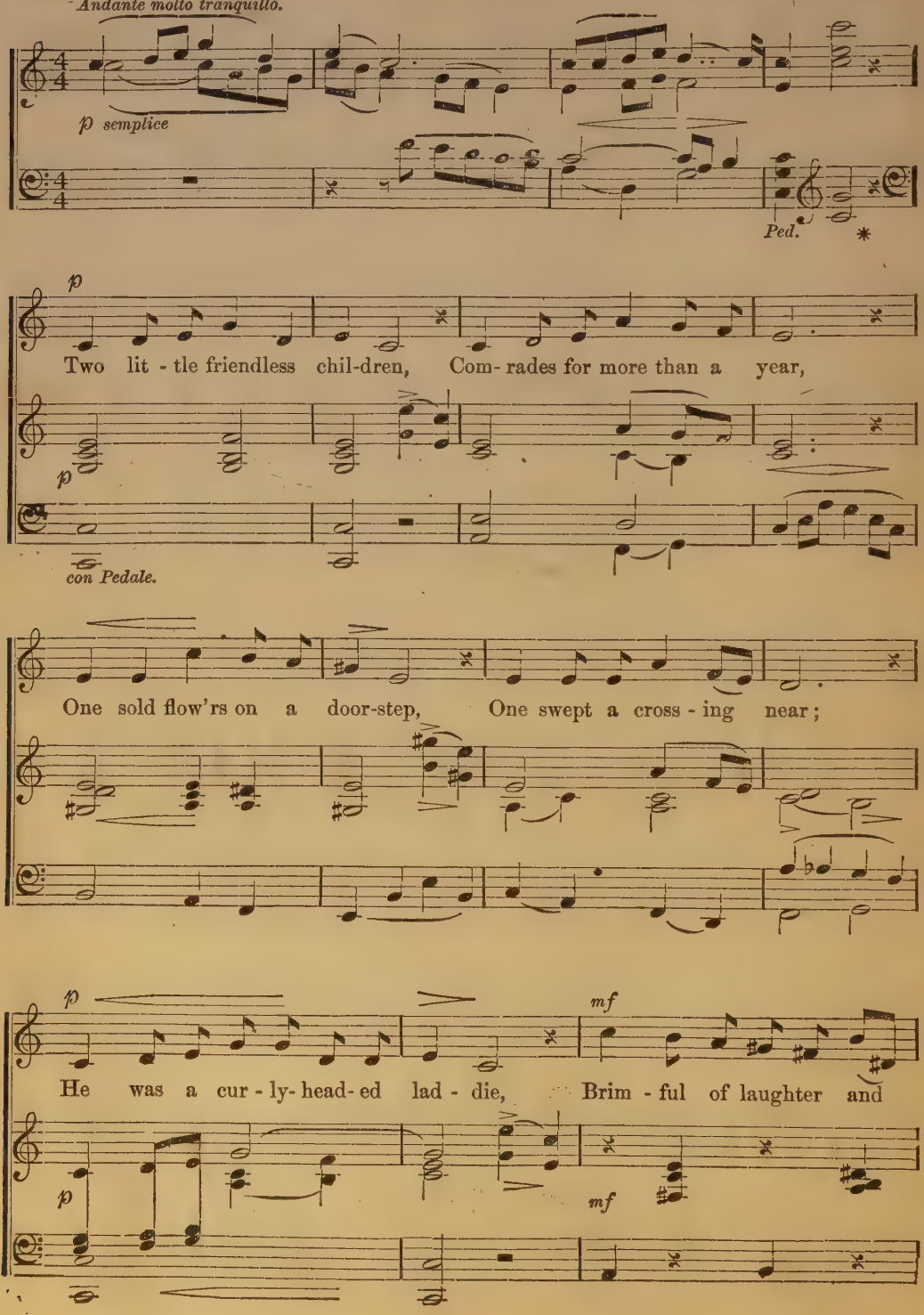

Meno mosso,
light of the new-born day.
Oh!
p
rall.
con espress.
brave-ly he rode for the king . . that night, And brave-ly he
p
p
poco cres.
died ere the morn-ing light, And the life . . . he gave, at the
poco cres.
cres.
f poco rit.
dawn . . . of day, Won the vic-tor's crown in the glo-rious
cres.
f col canto.

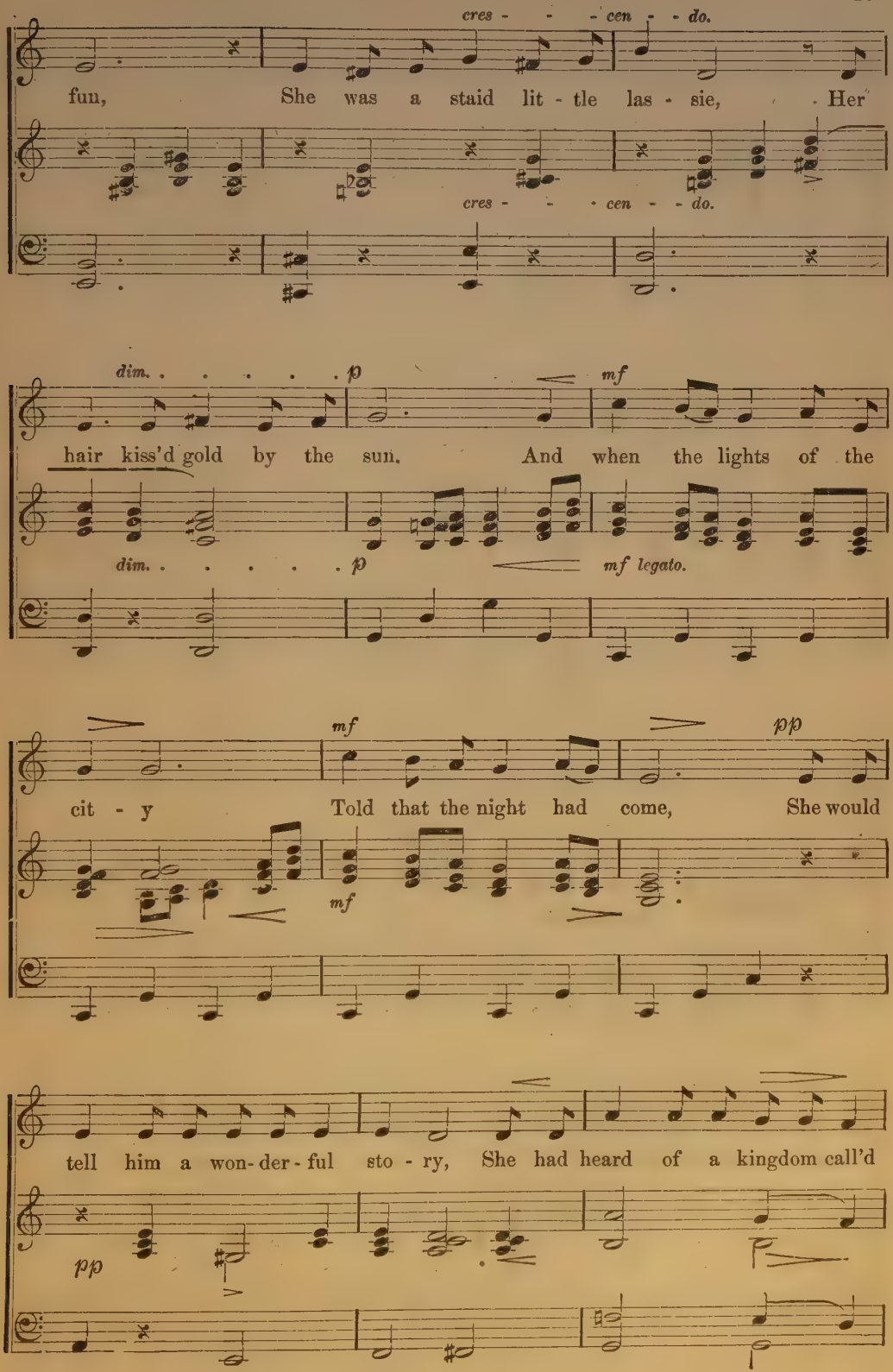

Maestoso. piu mosso.
f
fray. He dared to do and die, . . . He
cres.
f
sf
con anima.
an - swer'd with his life; His death - less name shall
energico.
cres.
f grandioso.
pass to fame As He - ro of the strife, As He - ro of the
f grandioso. col canto.
strife.
a tempo.
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
*

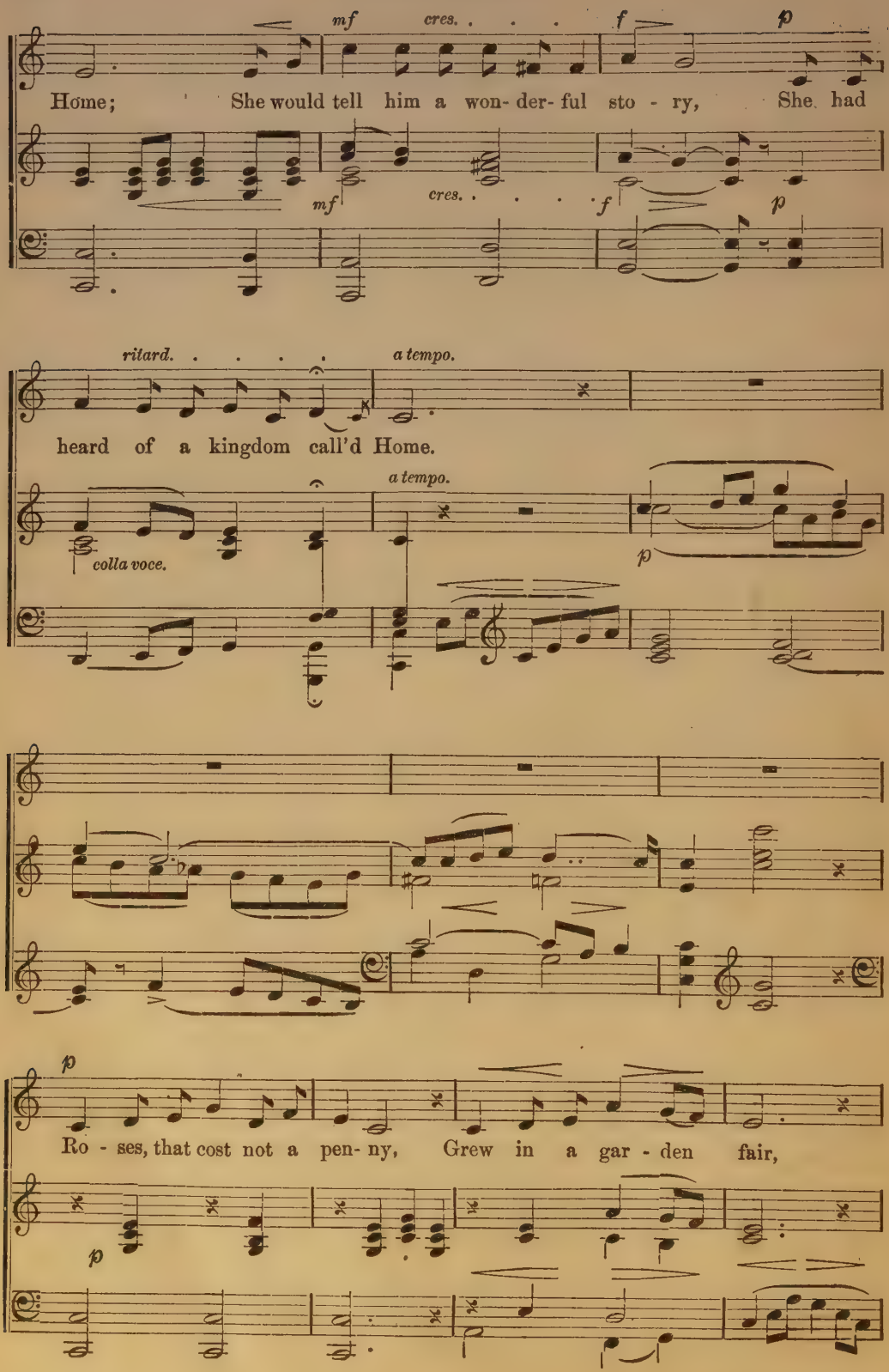
THE NEW KINGDOM.

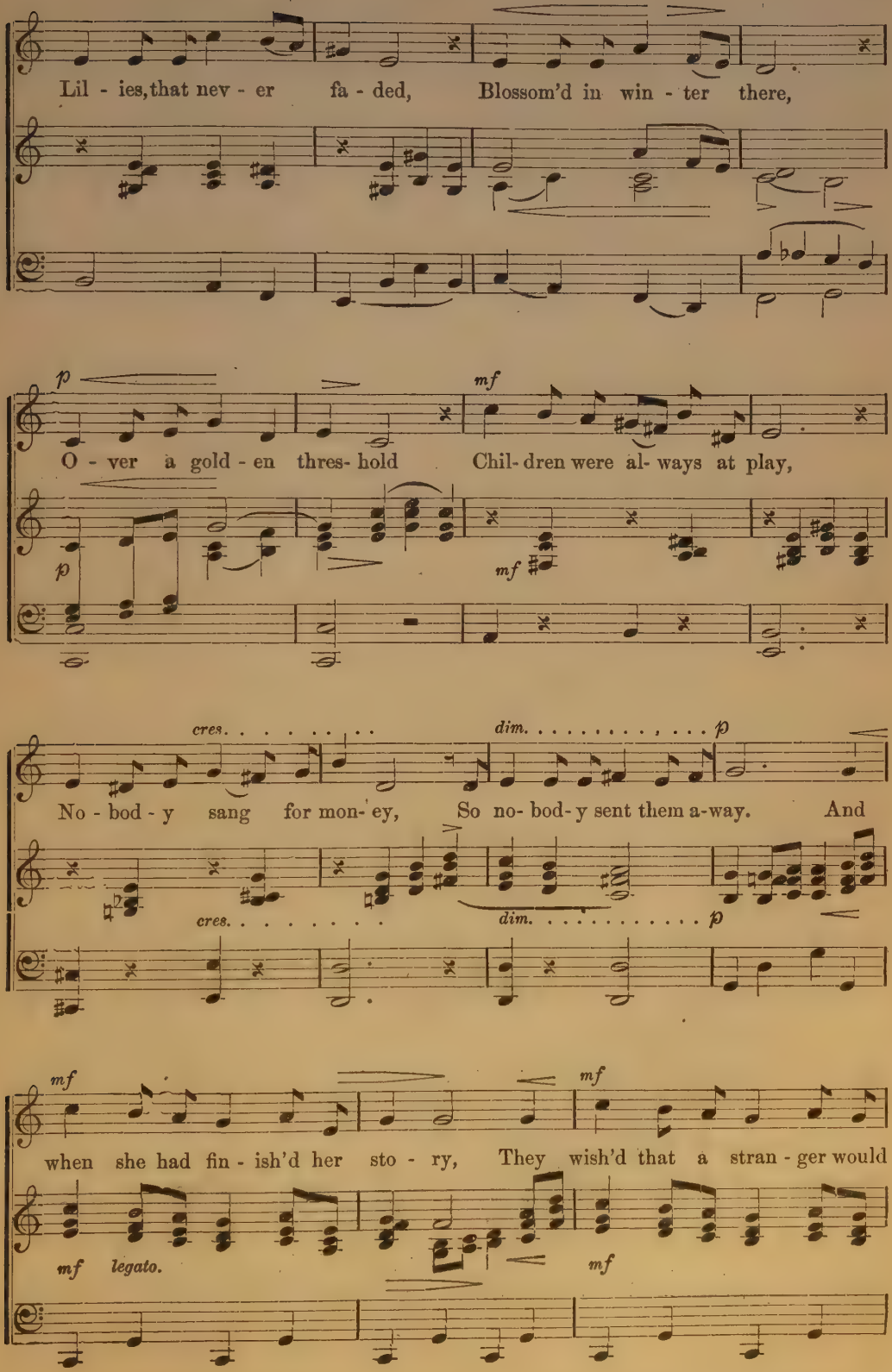
MARY MARK-LEMON. BERTHOLD TOURS.

Andante molto tranquillo.

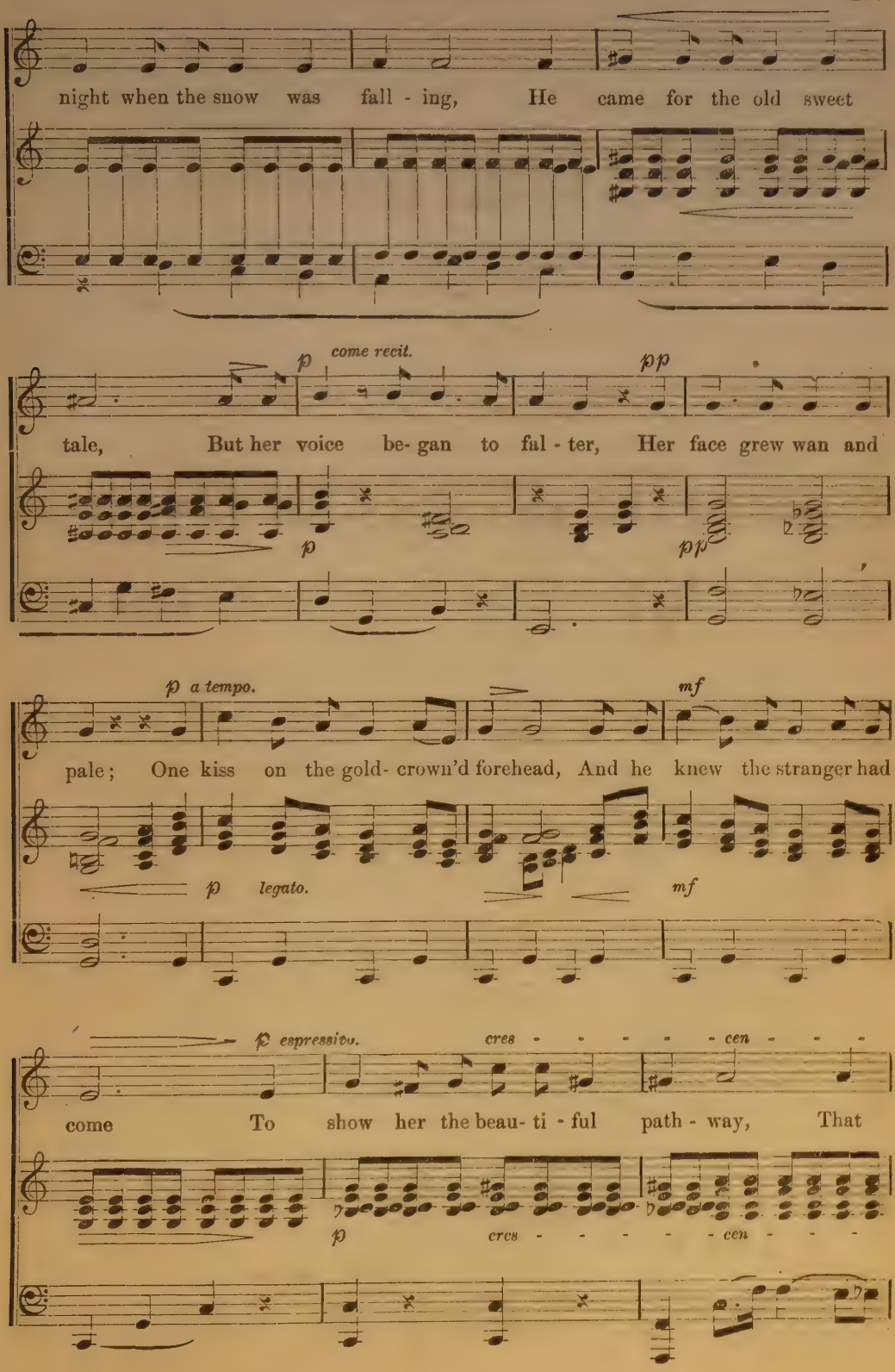

p semplice
Ped.
*
p
Two lit - tle friendless chil-dren, Com- rades for more than a year,
p
con Pedale.
One sold flow'rs on a door-step, One swept a cross - ing near;
p
mf
He was a cur - ly- head- ed lad - die, Brim - ful of laughter and
p
mf

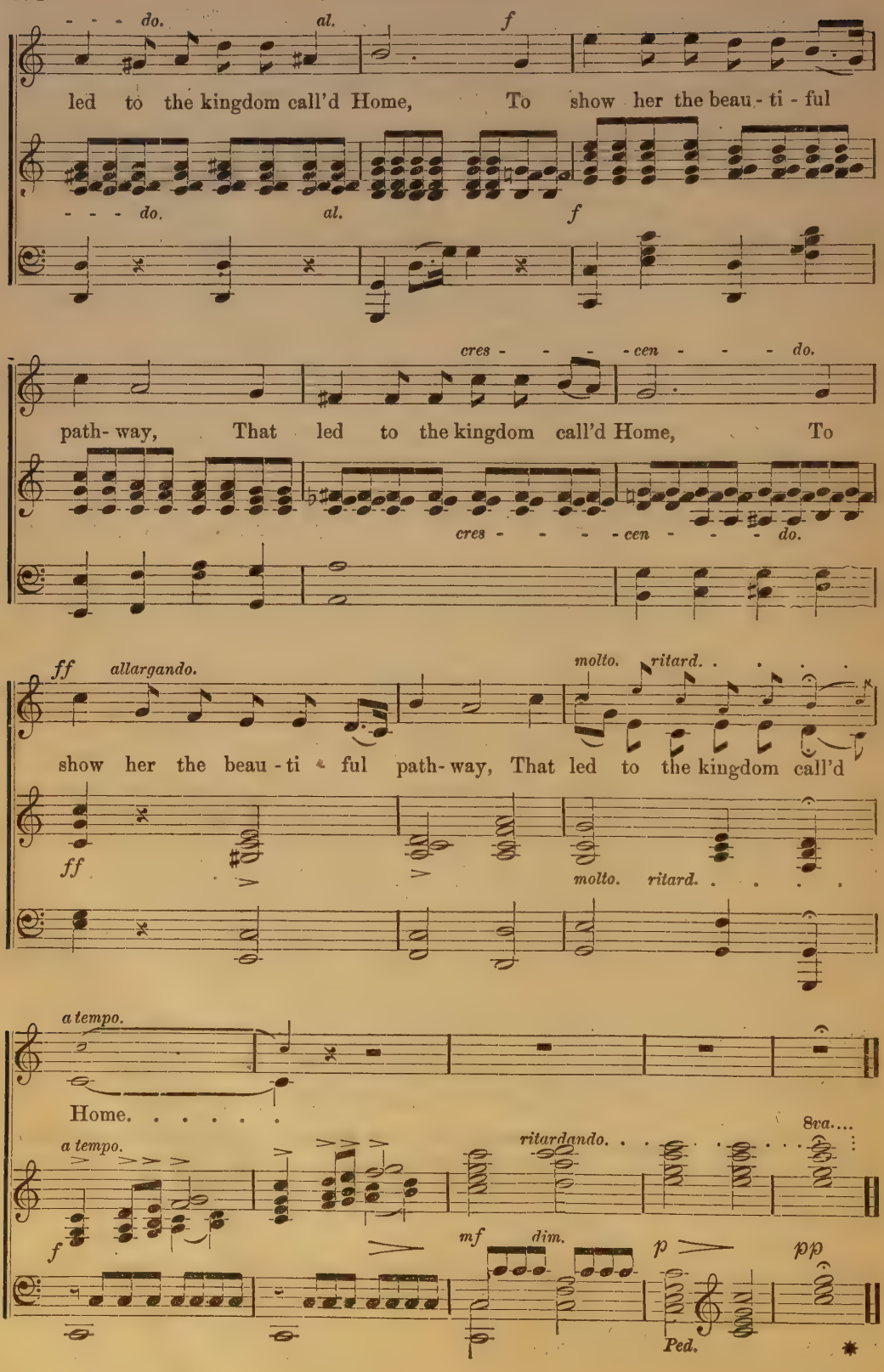

cres - - - cen - do.
fun, She was a staid lit - tle las - sie, Her
cres - - - cen - do.
dim. . . . . p
mf
hair kiss'd gold by the sun. And when the lights of the
dim. . . . . p
mf legato.
mf
pp
cit - y Told that the night had come, She would
mf
tell him a won-der-ful sto - ry, She had heard of a kingdom call'd
pp


mf
cres.
f
p
Home; She would tell him a won- der- ful sto - ry, She had
mf
cres.
f
p
ritard.
a tempo.
heard of a kingdom call'd Home.
a tempo.
colla voce.
p
p
Ro - ses, that cost not a pen- ny, Grew in a gar - den fair,
p


Lil - ies, that nev - er fa - ded, Blossom'd in win - ter there,
p
mf
O - ver a gold - en thres- hold Chil- dren were al- ways at play,
cres.
dim.
p
No - bod - y sang for mon- ey, So no- bod- y sent them a-way. And
mf
when she had fin - ish'd her sto - ry, They wish'd that a stran - ger would
mf legato.

p espressivo.
cres - - - - - - cen - - - -
come, And show them the beau- ti - ful path - way That
p
cres - - - - - - cen - - - -
- - - - - do.
al.
f
leads to the king-dom call'd Home; And show them the beauti- ful
- - - - - do.
al.
f
mf
ritard.
a tempo.
path - way That leads to the kingdom call'd Home.
a tempo.
mf
colla voce.
p
One
p
p


night when the snow was fall - ing, He came for the old sweet
p come recit. pp
tale, But her voice be- gan to fal - ter, Her face grew wan and
p pp
p a tempo. mf
pale; One kiss on the gold- crown'd forehead, And he knew the stranger had
p legato. mf
p espressivo. cres - - - - - cen - - -
come To show her the beau- ti - ful path - way, That
p cres - - - - - cen - - -

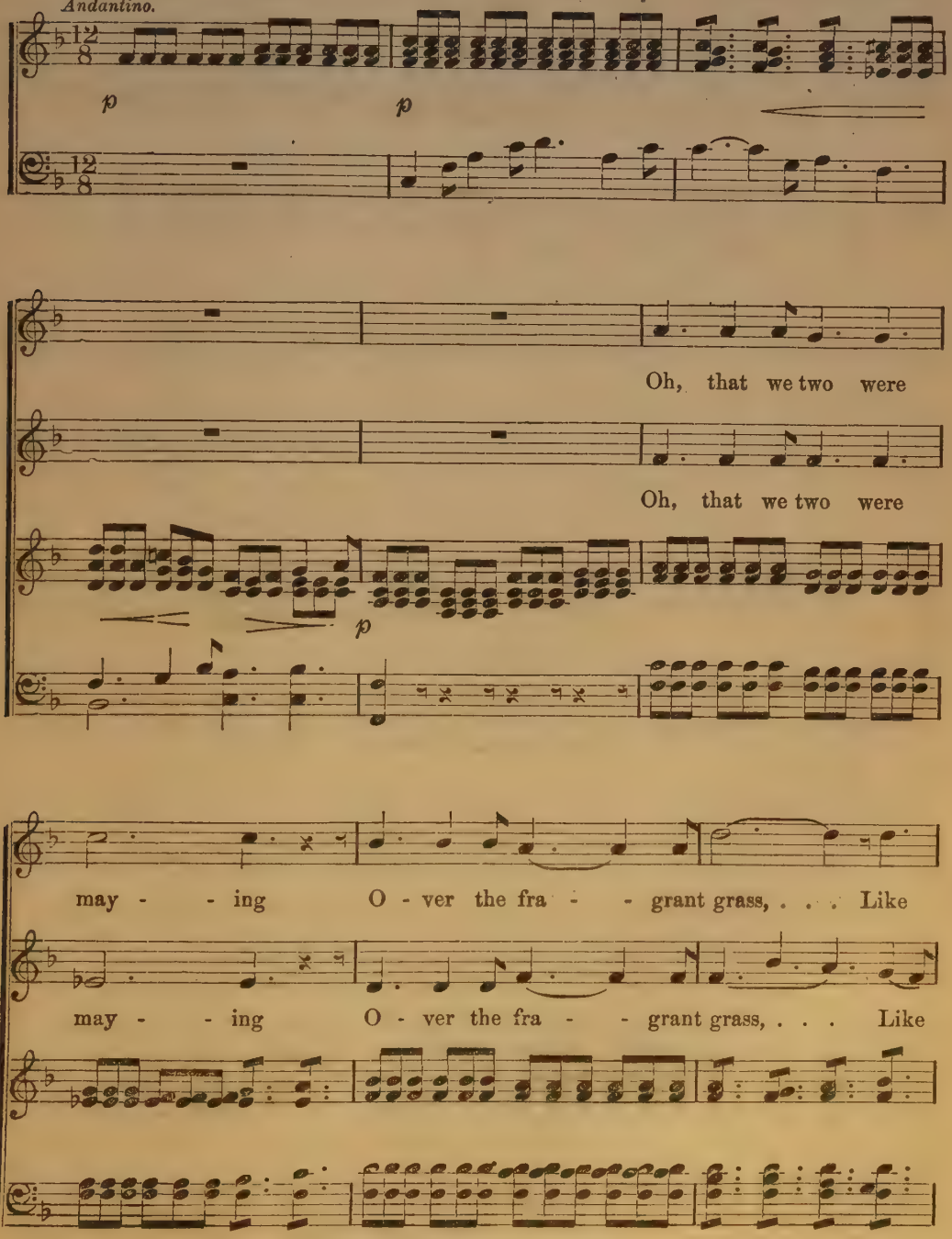

- - - do.
al.
f
led to the kingdom call'd Home, To show her the beau - ti - ful
- - - do.
al.
f
cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
path- way, That led to the kingdom call'd Home, To
cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
ff
allargando.
molto. ritard.
show her the beau - ti - ful path- way, That led to the kingdom call'd
ff
molto. ritard.
a tempo.
Home.
a tempo.
ritardando.
8va....
f
mf
dim.
p
pp
Ped.

OH, THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.

(DUET.)

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. CHARLES GOUNOD.

Andantino.



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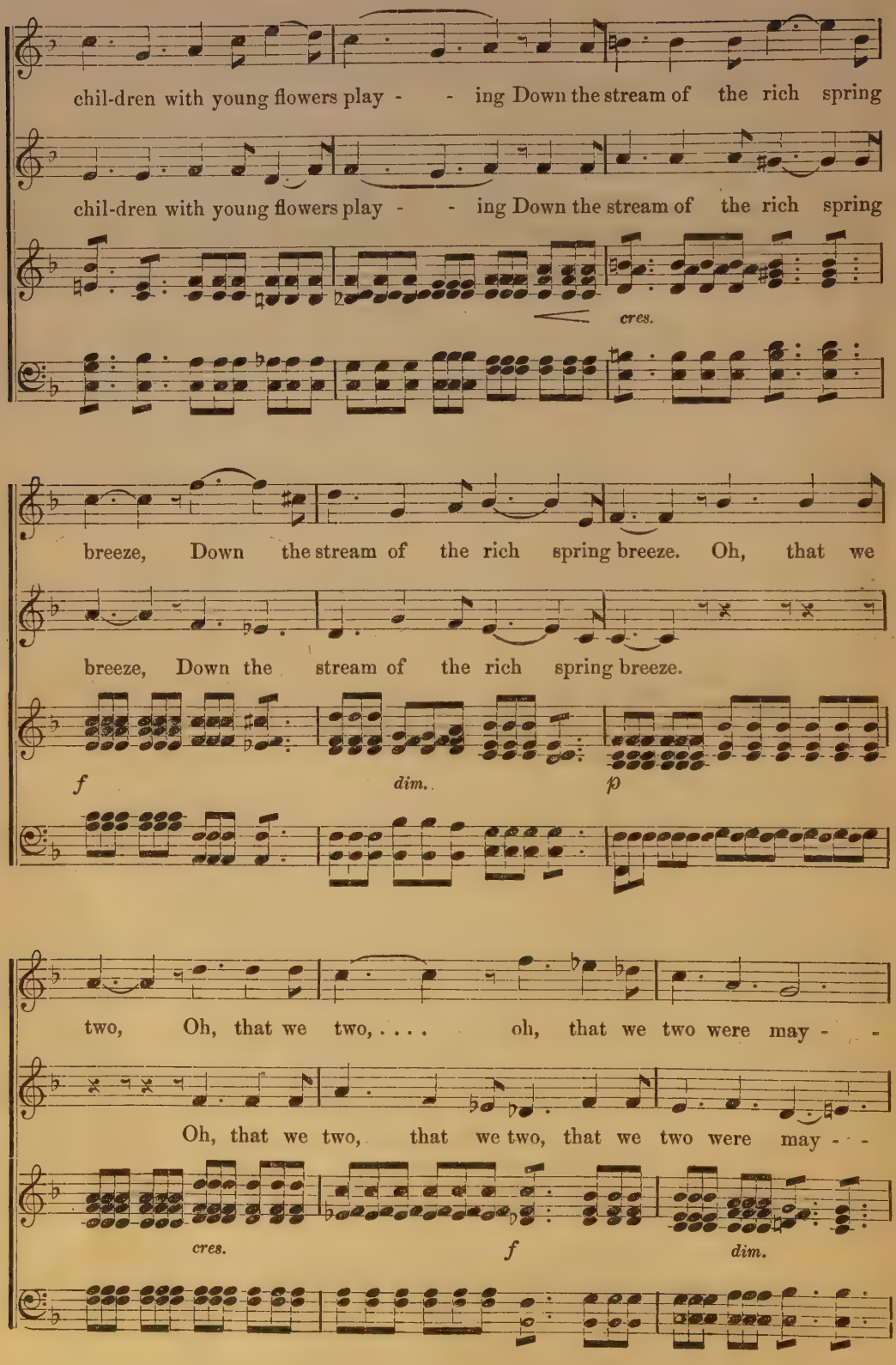
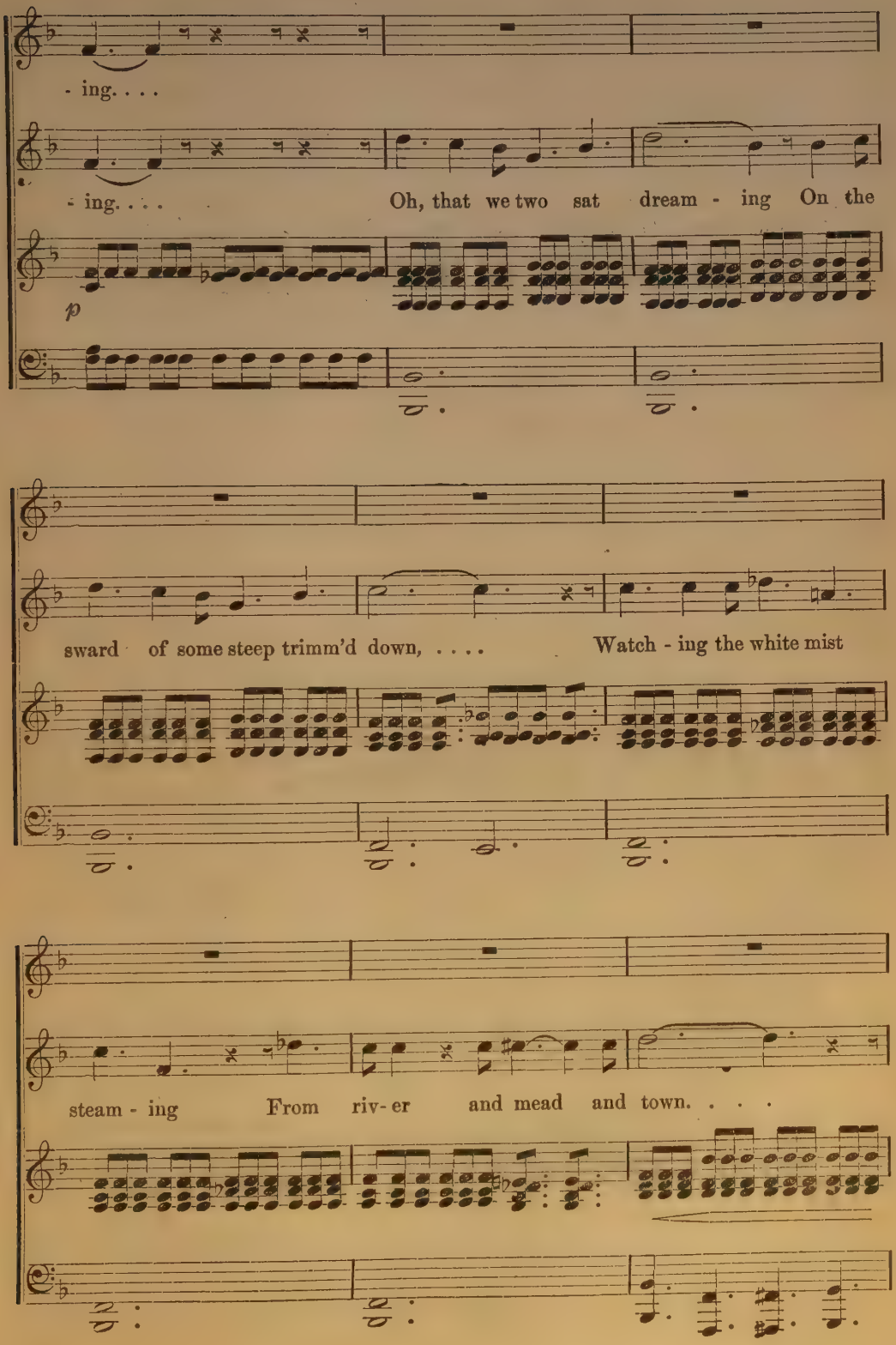
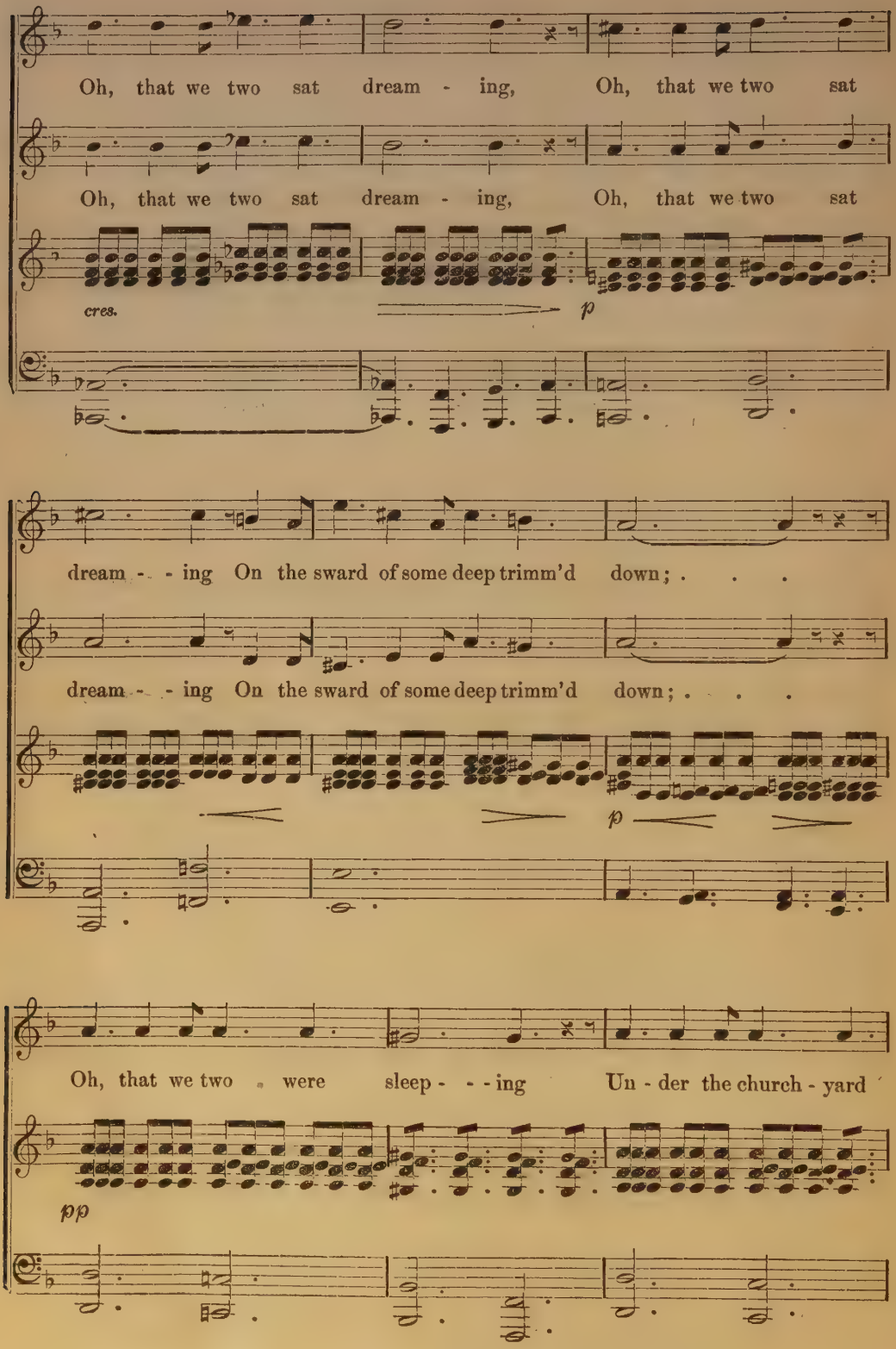
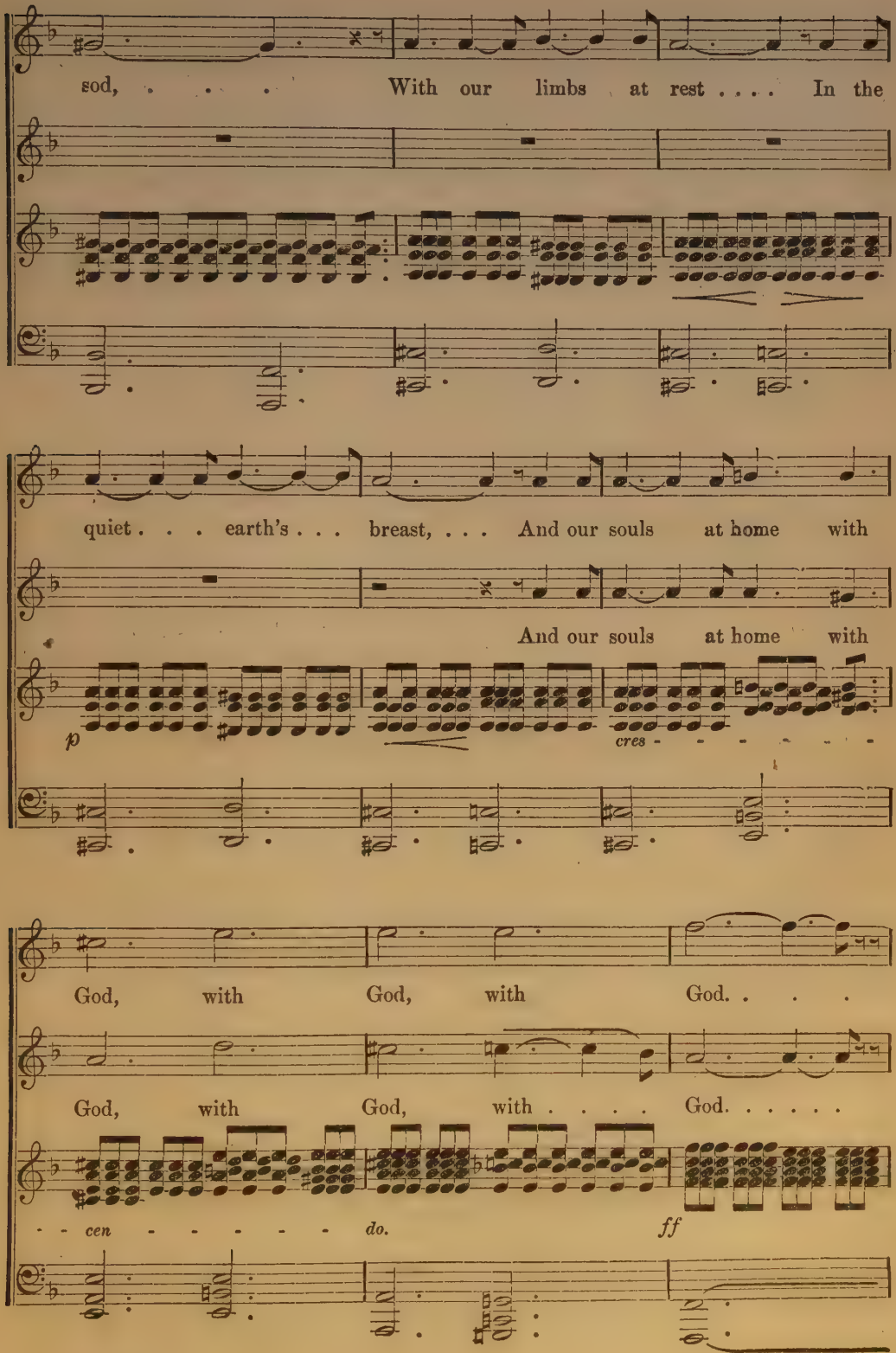
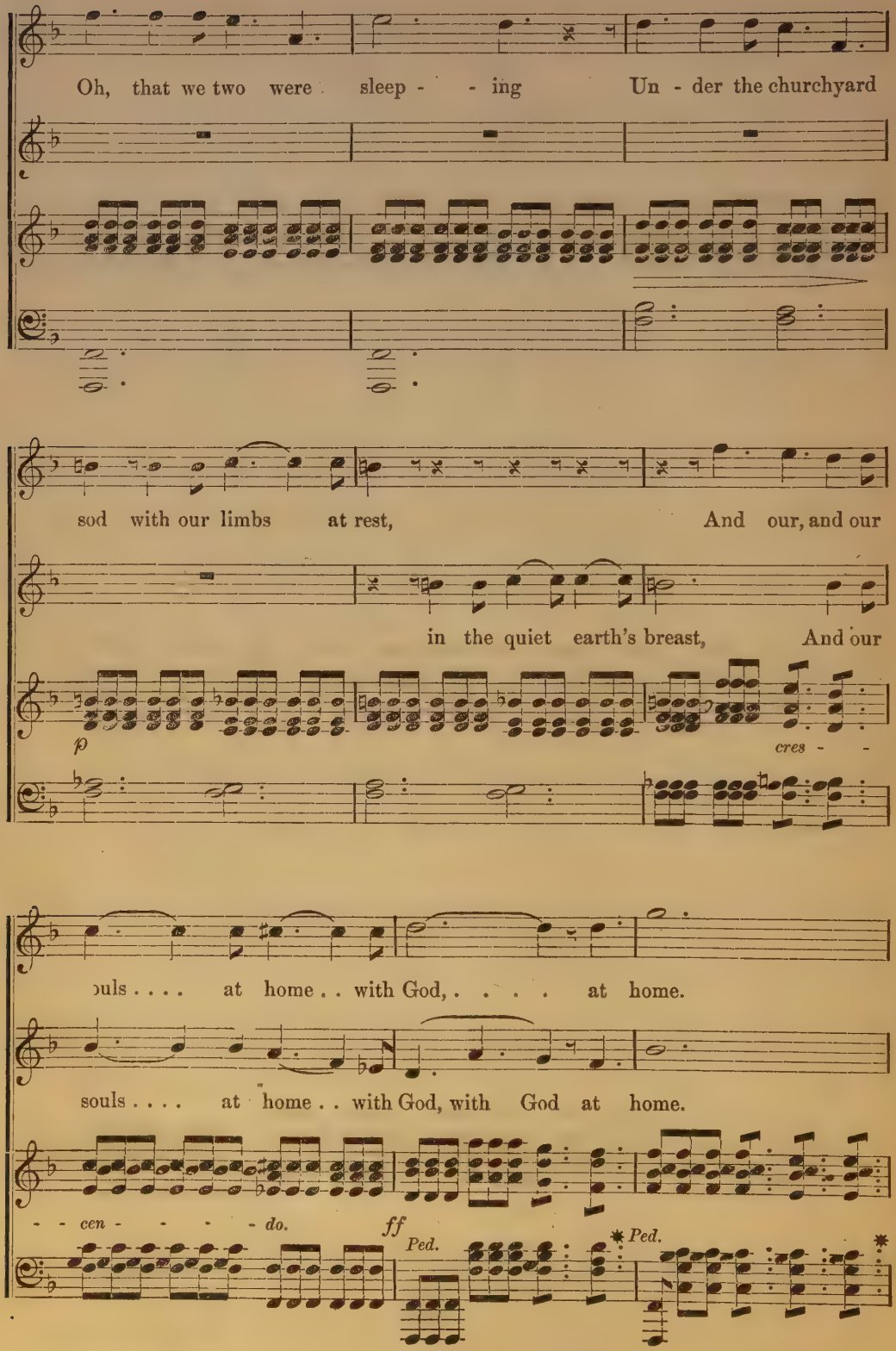
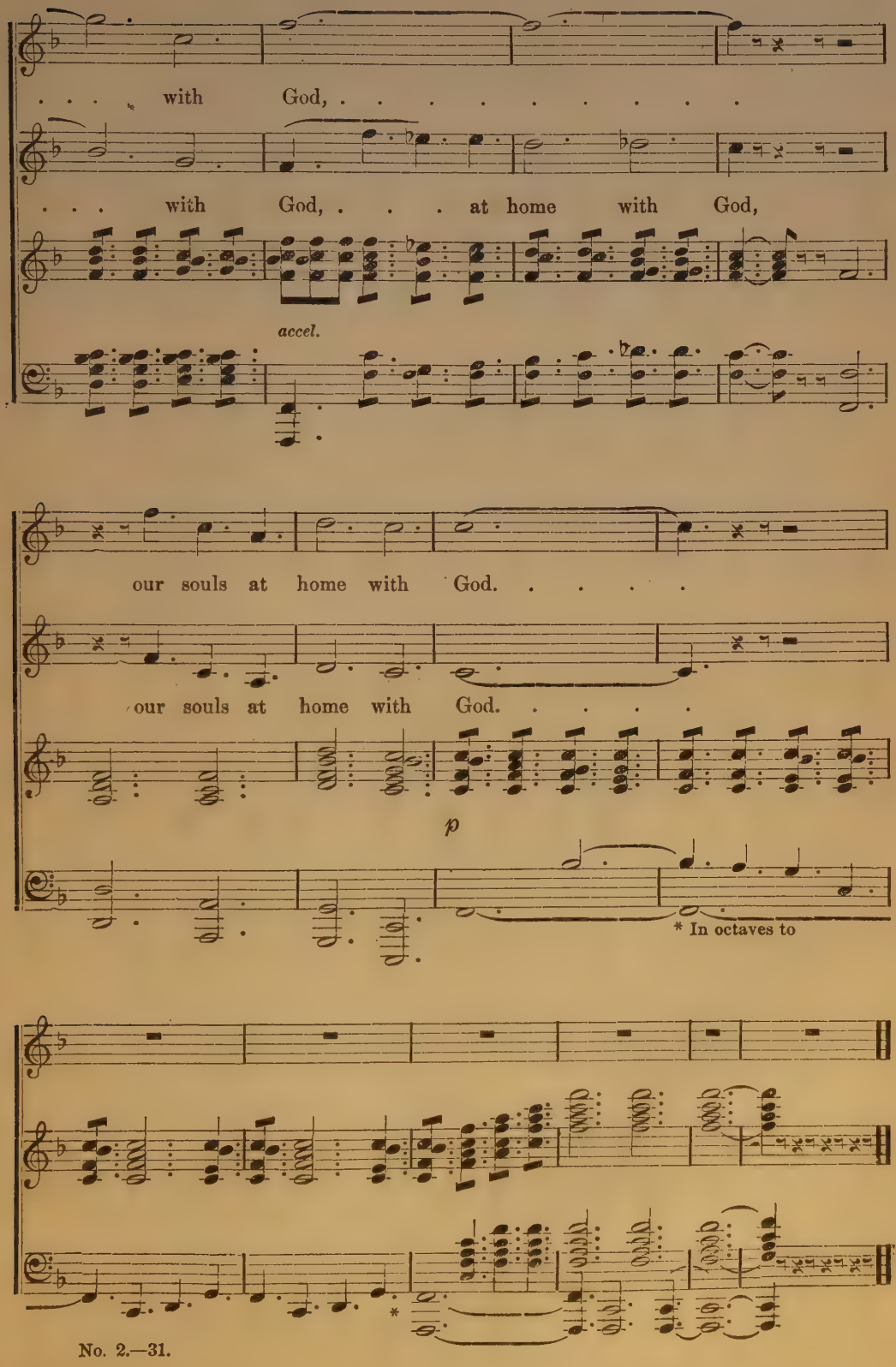

chil-dren with young flowers play - - ing Down the stream of the rich spring
chil-dren with young flowers play - - ing Down the stream of the rich spring
cres.
breeze, Down the stream of the rich spring breeze. Oh, that we
breeze, Down the stream of the rich spring breeze.
f
dim.
p
two, Oh, that we two, ... oh, that we two were may - -
Oh, that we two, that we two, that we two were may - - -
cres.
f
dim.


- ing. . . .
- ing. . . .
Oh, that we two sat dream - ing On the
p
sward of some steep trimm'd down, ...
Watch - ing the white mist
steam - ing From riv - er and mead and town. . . .


Oh, that we two sat dream - ing, Oh, that we two sat
Oh, that we two sat dream - ing, Oh, that we two sat
cres.
p
dream - - ing On the sward of some deep trimm'd down; . . .
dream - - ing On the sward of some deep trimm'd down; . . .
p
Oh, that we two were sleep - - - ing Un - der the church - yard
pp


sod, ... With our limbs at rest . . . . In the
quiet . . . earth's . . . breast, . . . And our souls at home with
And our souls at home with
p
cres - - - - - - -
God, with God, with God. . . .
God, with God, with . . . . God. . . . . .
- - cen - - - - - - do.
ff

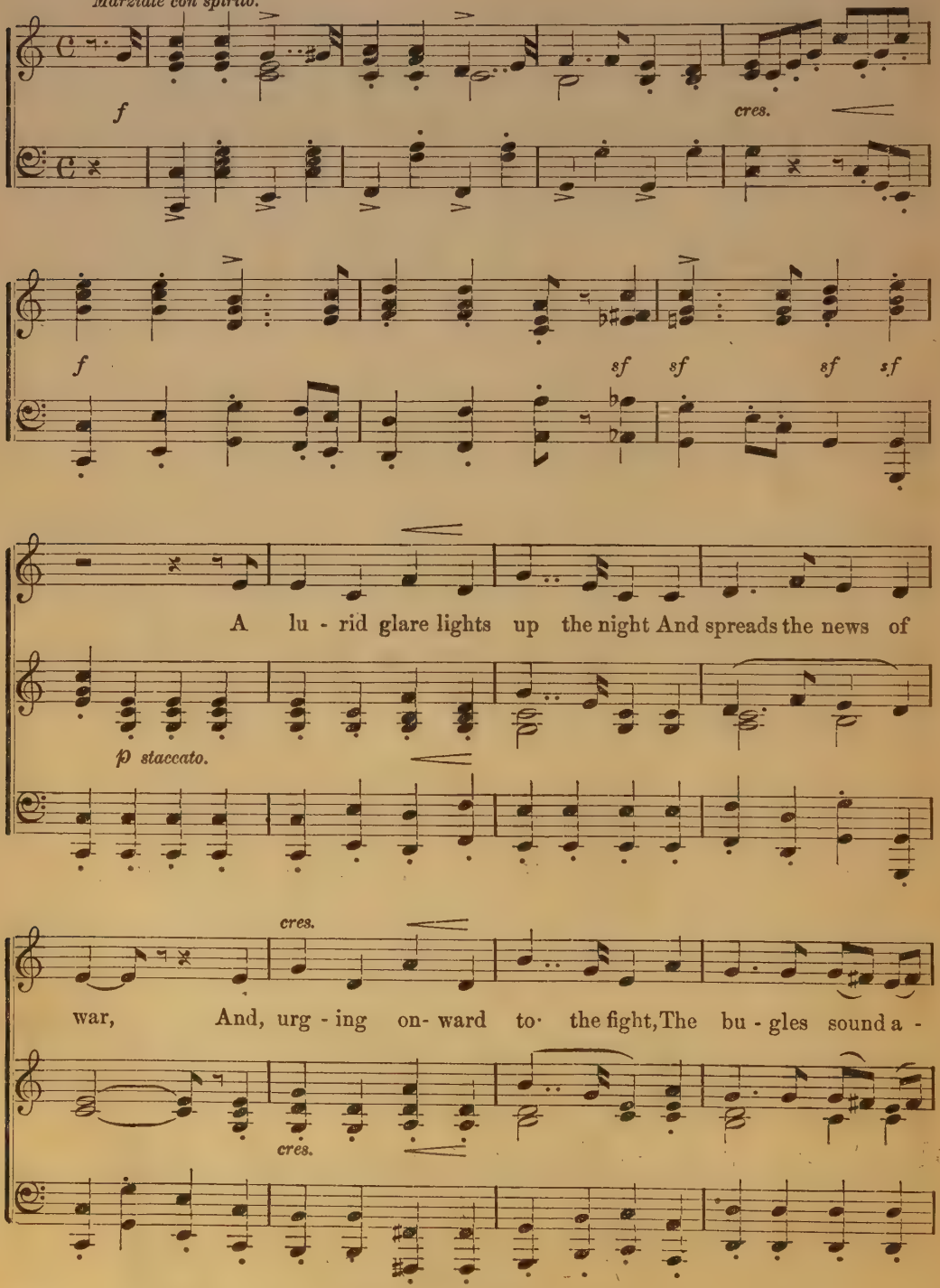

Oh, that we two were sleep - - ing Un - der the churchyard
sod with our limbs at rest, And our, and our
in the quiet earth's breast, And our
p
cres - -
ouls . . . . at home . . with God, ... at home.
souls . . . . at home . . with God, with God at home.
- - cen - - - - - do.
ff
Ped.
Ped.


. . . . with God, ...
. . . with God, . . . at home with God,
accel.
our souls at home with God. . . . .
our souls at home with God. . . . .
p
* In octaves to

THE OUTPOST.

EDWARD OXENFORD. CIRO PINSUTI.

Marziale con spirito.


f
cres.
f
sf sf sf sf
A lu - rid glare lights up the night And spreads the news of
p staccato.
cres.
war, And, urg - ing on- ward to· the fight, The bu - gles sound a -
cres.

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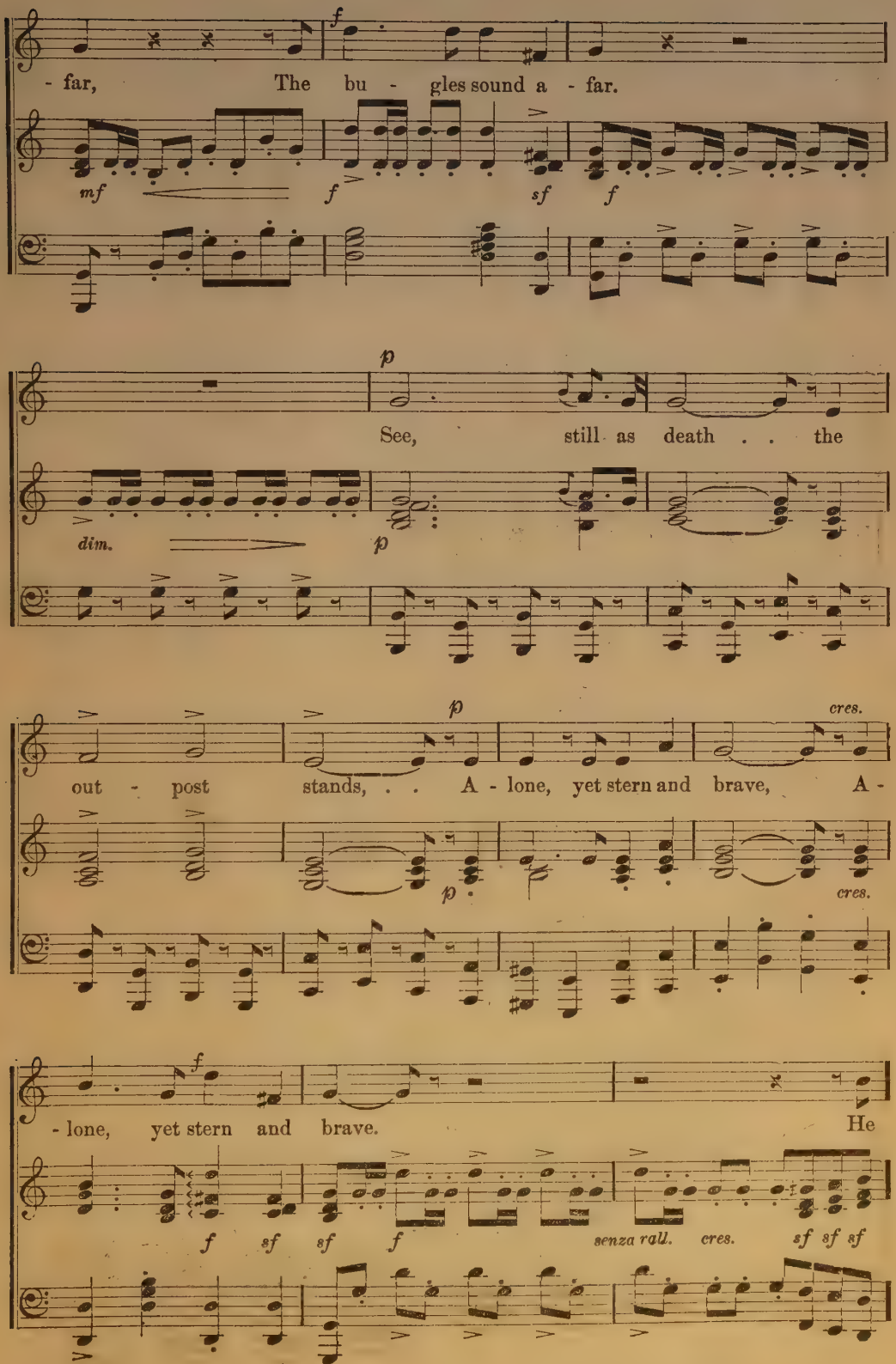
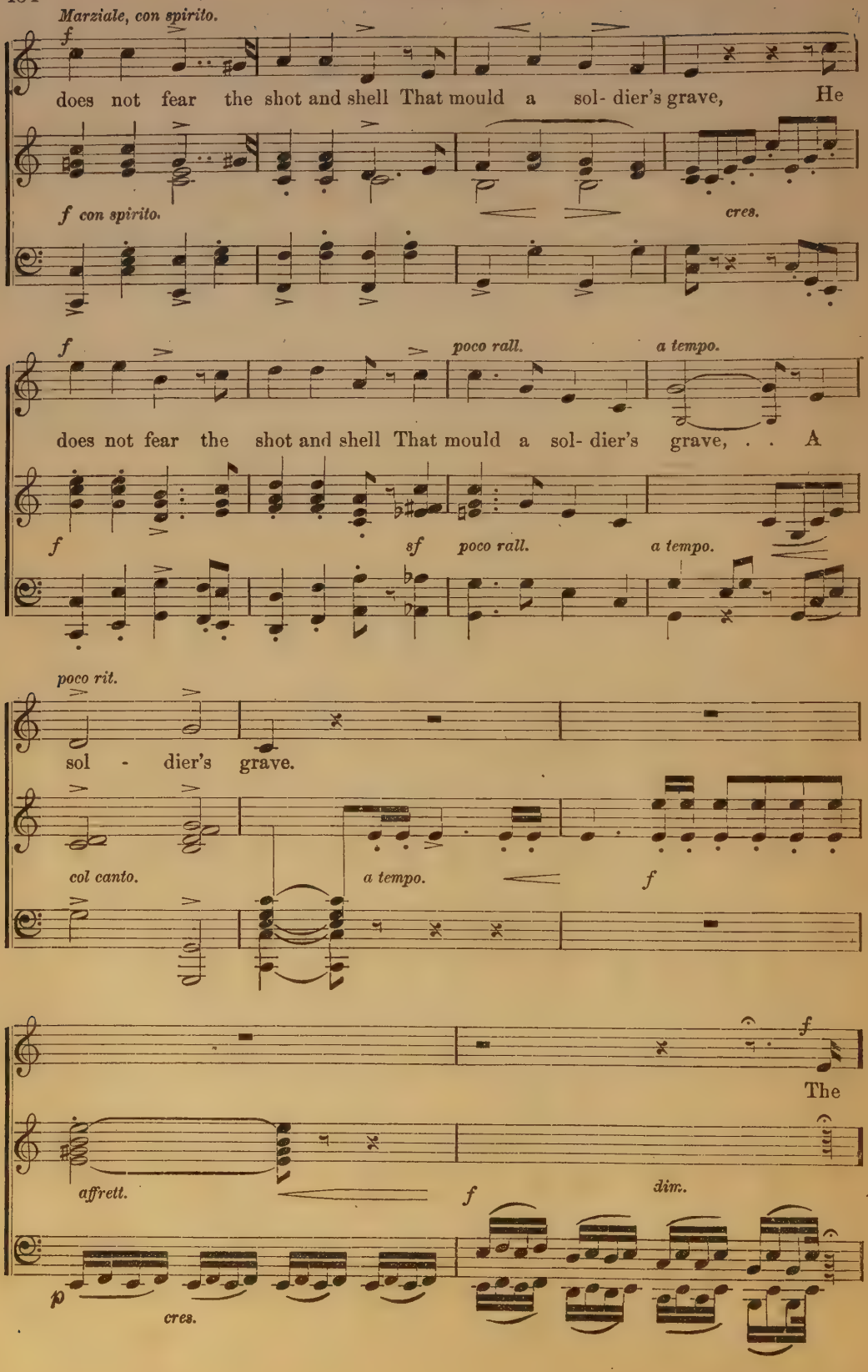
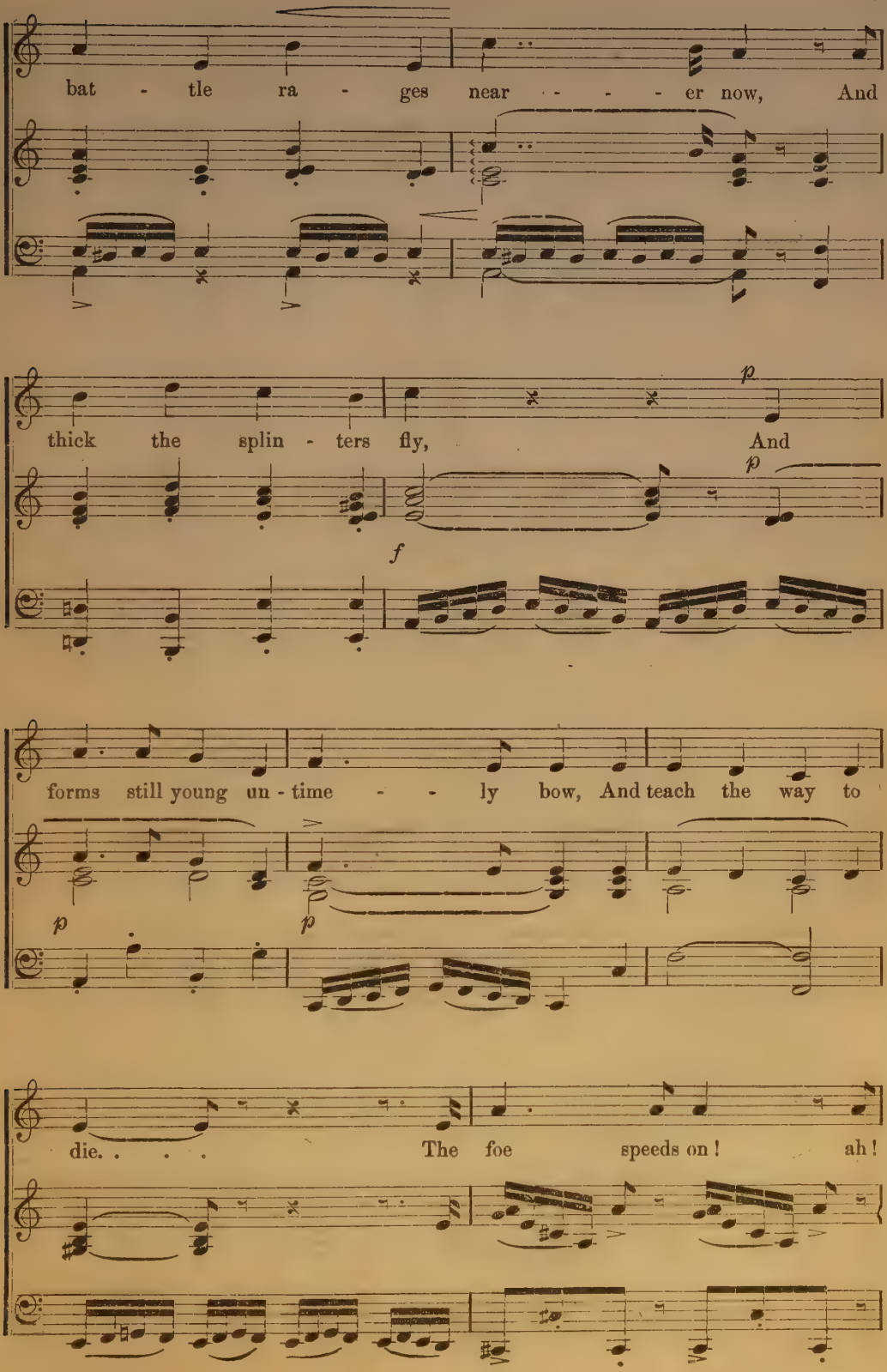
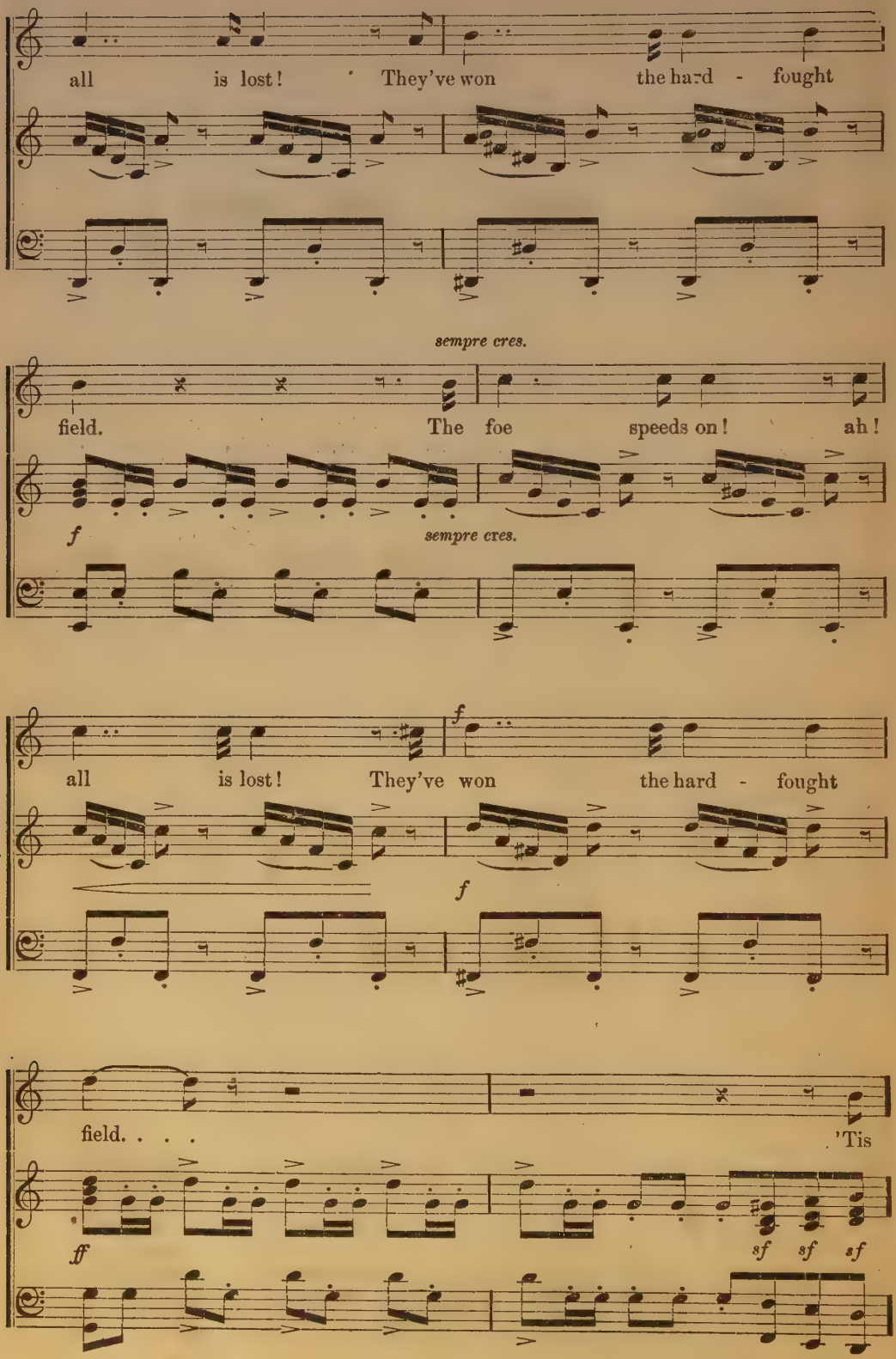
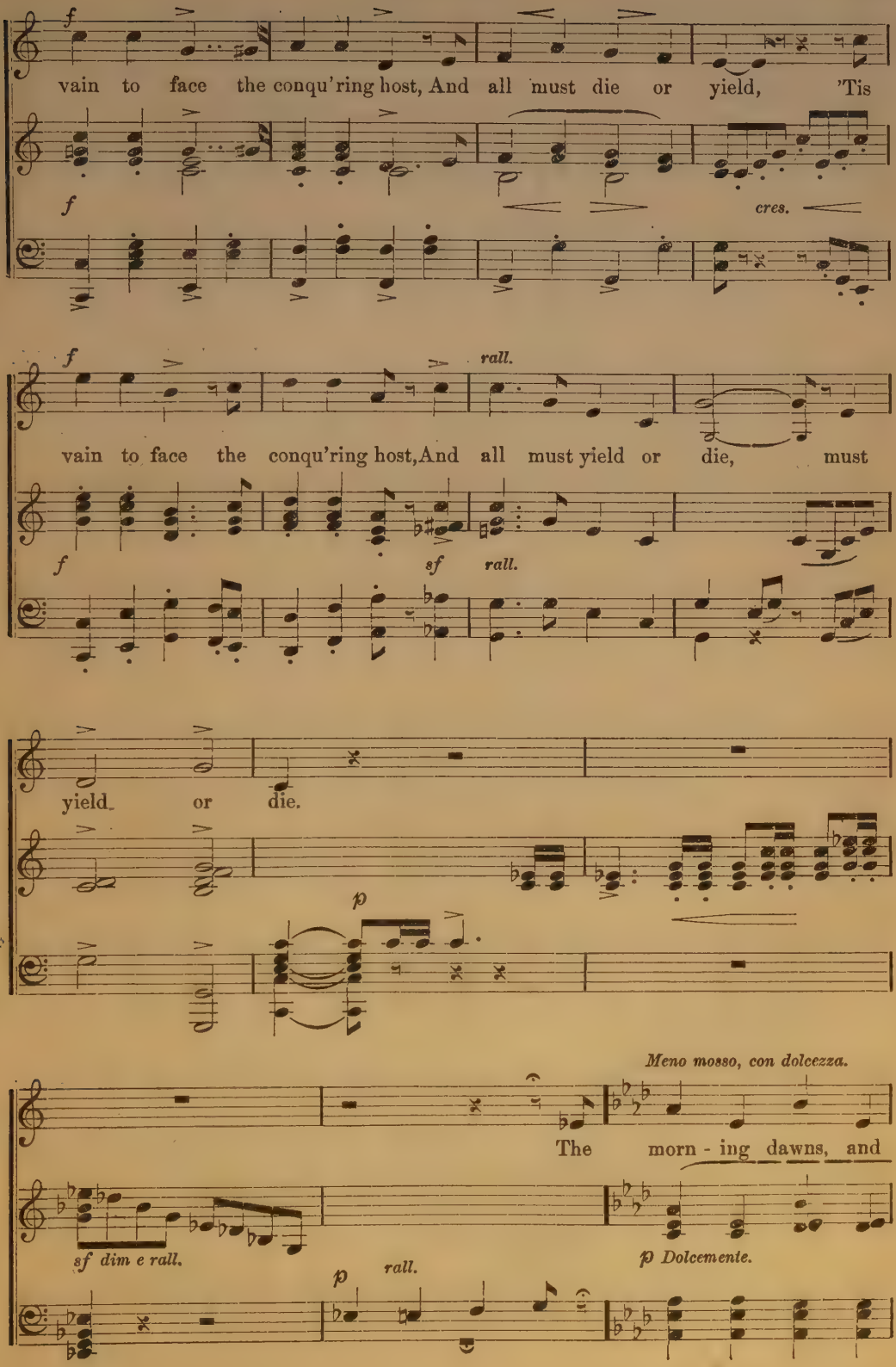
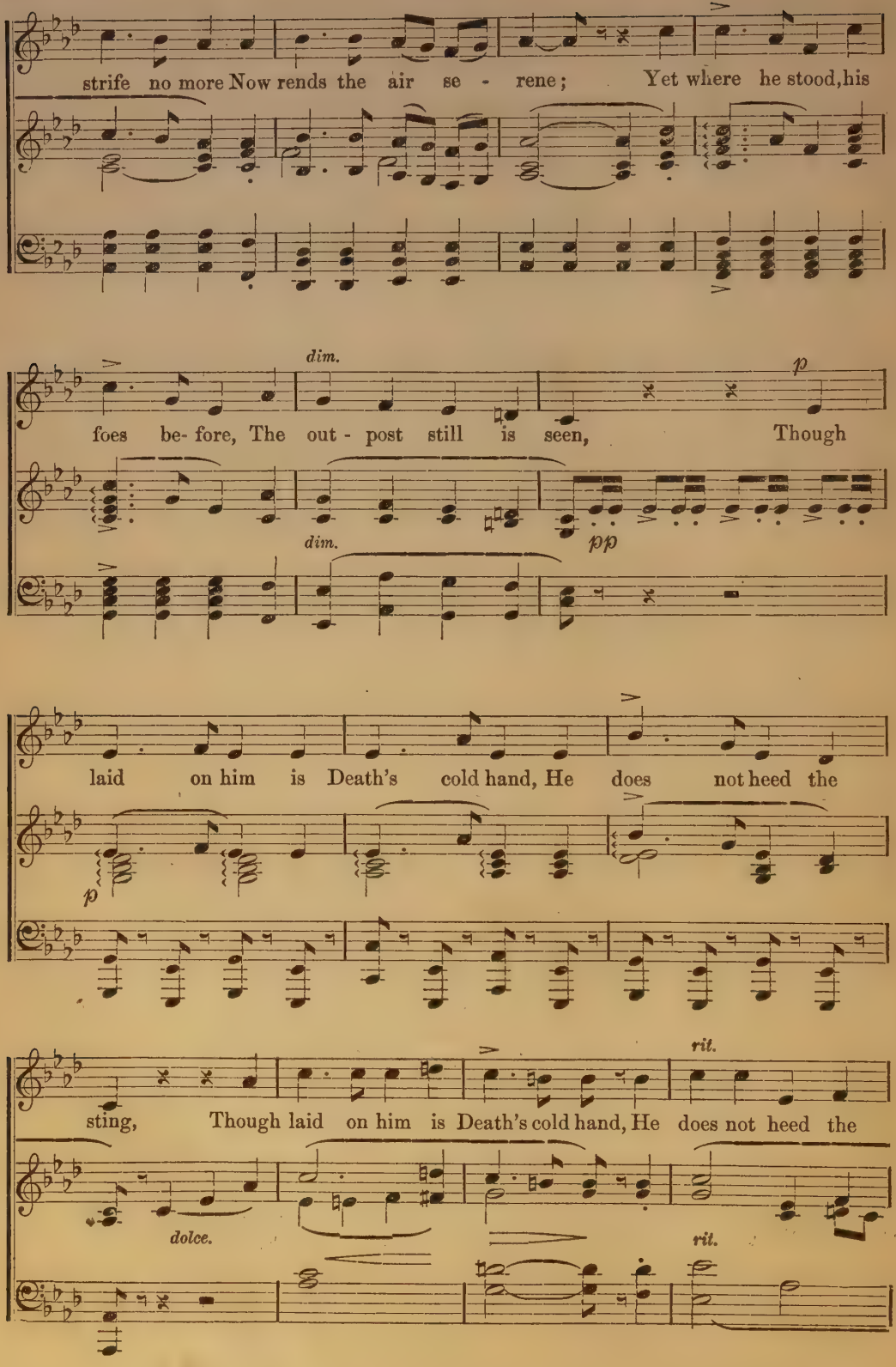

- far, The bu - gles sound a - far.
mf
f
sf
f
See, still as death . . the
dim.
p
out - post stands, . . A - lone, yet stern and brave, A -
cres.
- lone, yet stern and brave. He
f sf sf f
senza rall. cres. sf sf sf

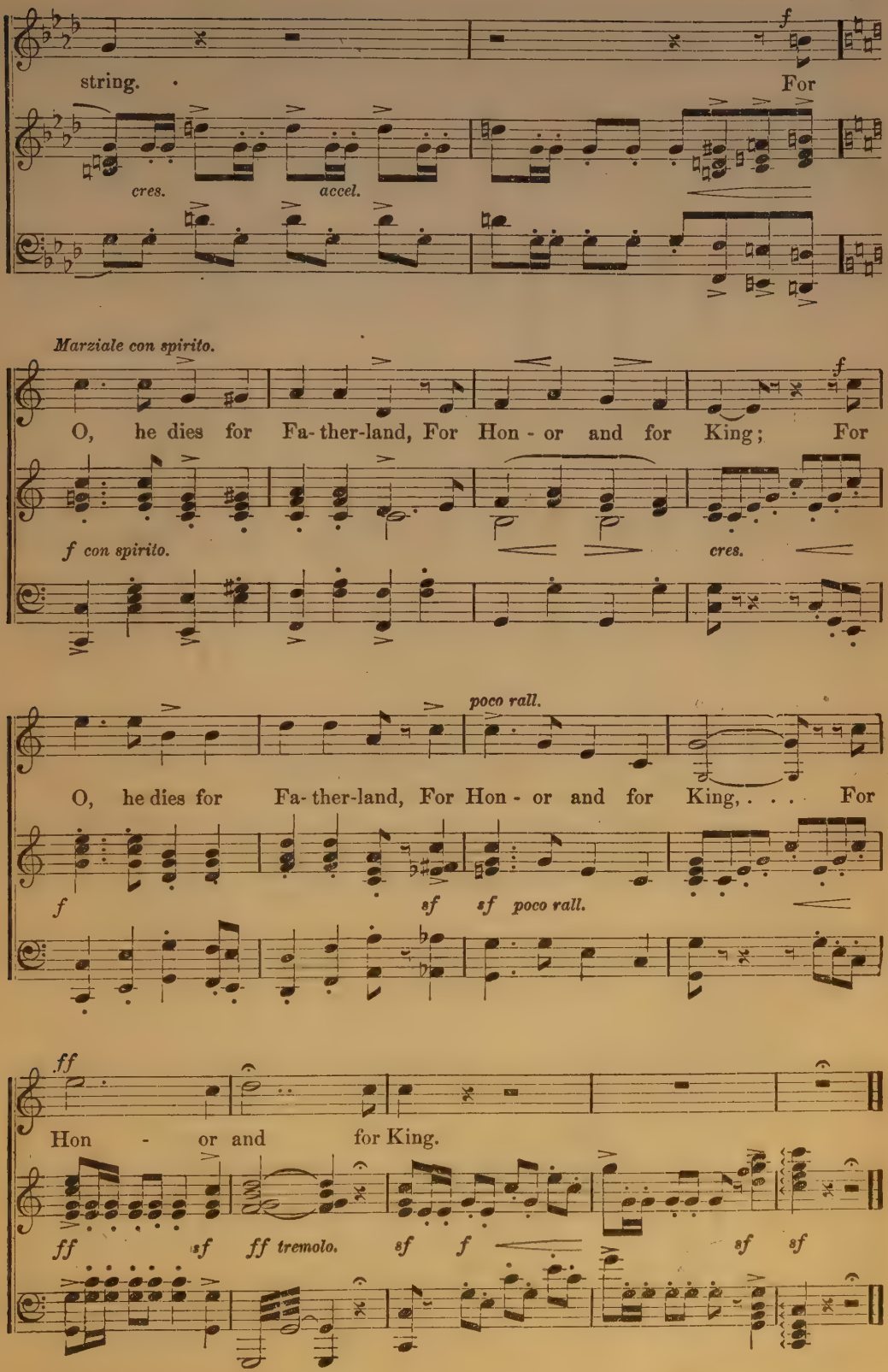

Marziale, con spirito.
f
does not fear the shot and shell That mould a sol- dier's grave, He
f con spirito.
cres.
f
poco rall.
a tempo.
does not fear the shot and shell That mould a sol- dier's grave, . . A
f
sf
poco rall.
a tempo.
poco rit.
sol - dier's grave.
col canto.
a tempo.
f
f
The
affrett.
f
dim.
p
cres.


bat - tle ra - ges near - - - - er now, And
thick the splin - ters fly, And
forms still young un - time - - ly bow, And teach the way to
die. . . . The foe speeds on! ah!

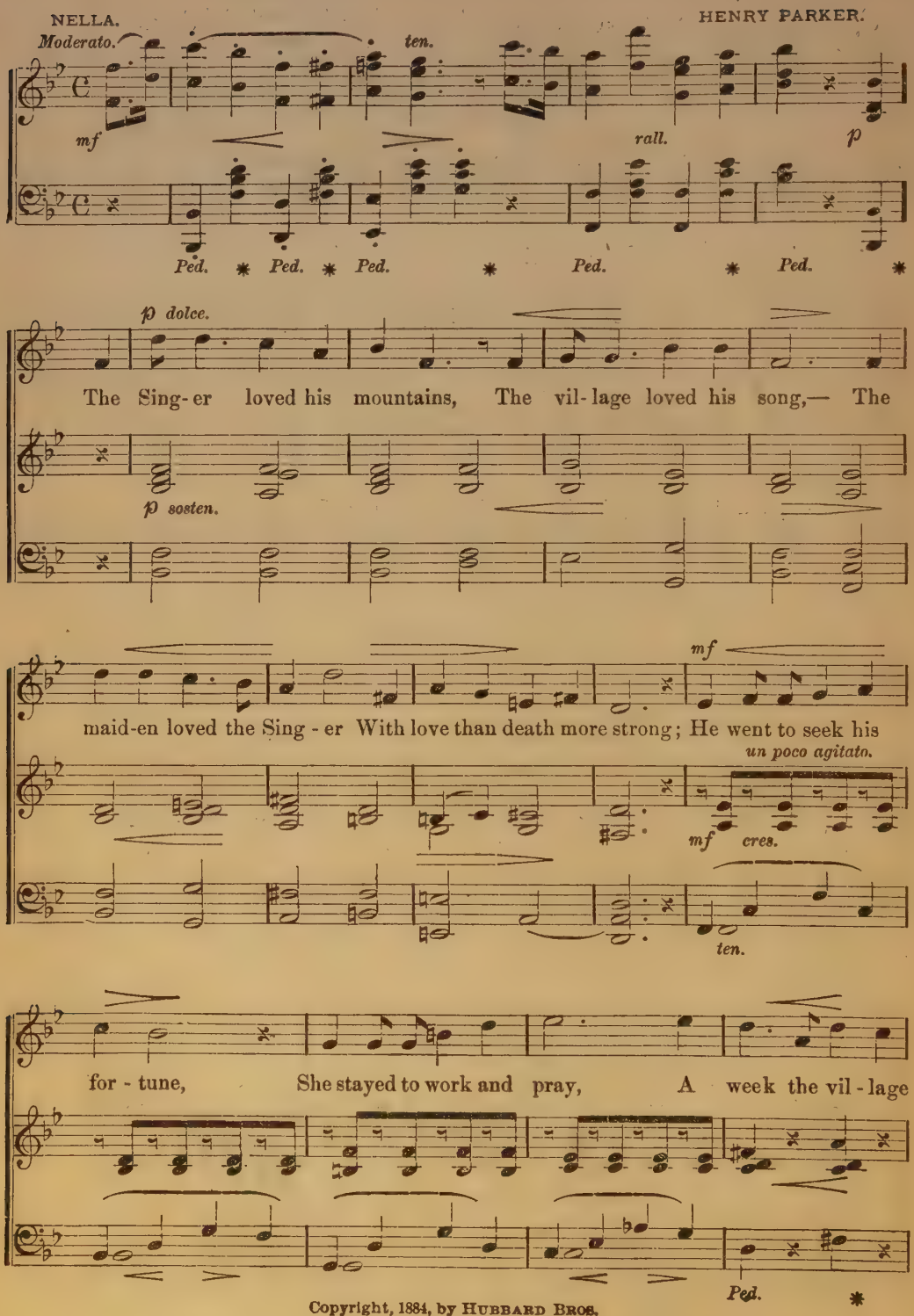

all is lost! They've won the hard - fought
sempre cres.
field. The foe speeds on! ah!
f
sempre cres.
f
all is lost! They've won the hard - fought
f
field. . . . 'Tis
ff
sf sf sf


f
vain to face the conqu'ring host, And all must die or yield, 'Tis
f
cres.
f
rall.
vain to face the conqu'ring host, And all must yield or die, must
f
sf
rall.
yield or die.
p
Meno mosso, con dolcezza.
The morn - ing dawns, and
sf dim e rall.
p
rall.
p Dolcemente.


strife no more Now rends the air se - rene; Yet where he stood, his
dim.
p
foes be- fore, The out - post still is seen, Though
dim.
pp
laid on him is Death's cold hand, He does not heed the
p
rit.
sting, Though laid on him is Death's cold hand, He does not heed the
dolce.
rit.


f
string.
For
cres.
accel.
Marziale con spirito.
O, he dies for Fa- ther-land, For Hon - or and for King; For
f con spirito.
cres.
f
poco rall.
O, he dies for Fa- ther-land, For Hon - or and for King, . . . For
f
sf
sf poco rall.
ff
Hon - or and for King.
ff
sf
ff tremolo.
sf
f
sf
sf

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.



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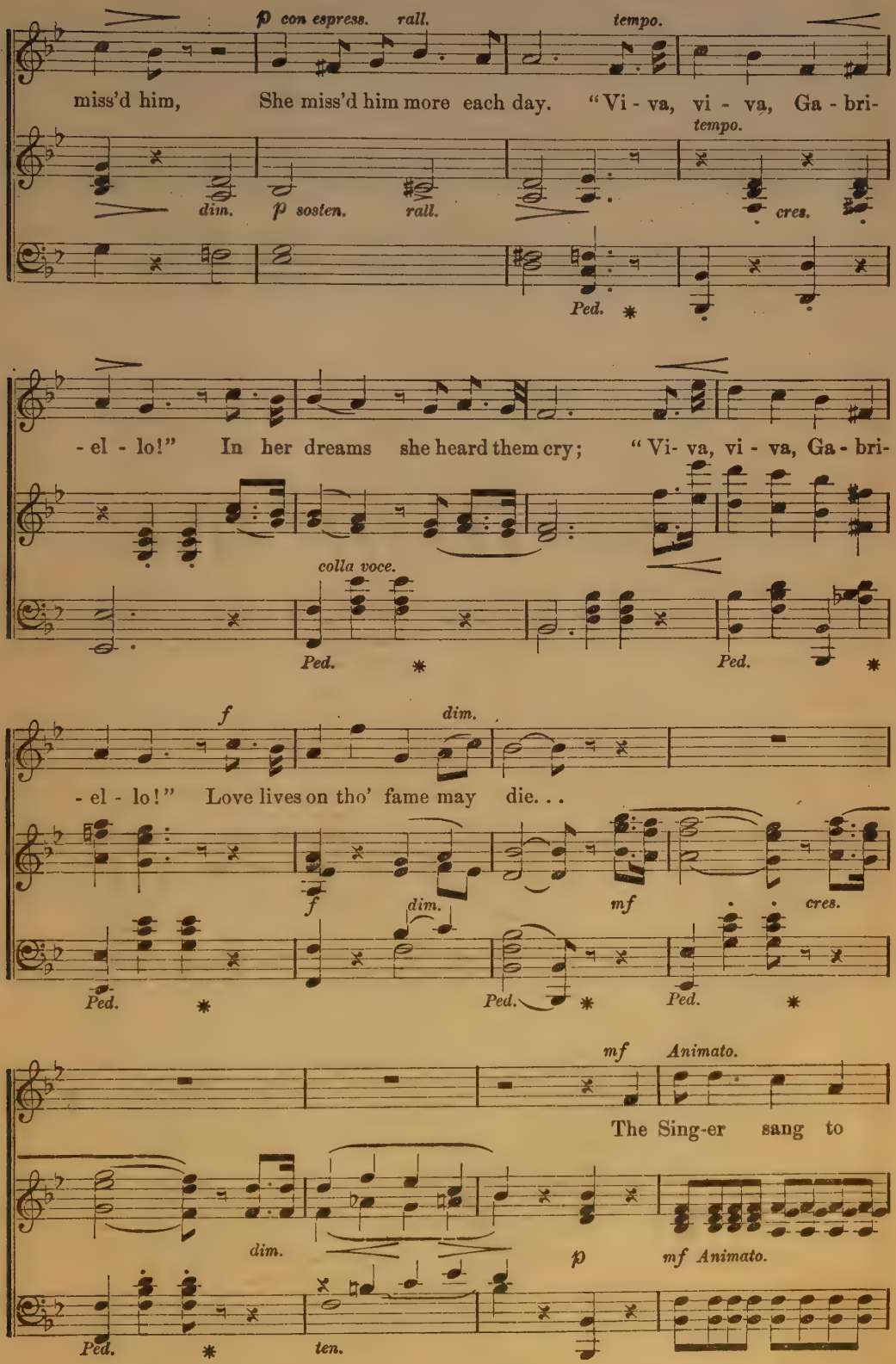
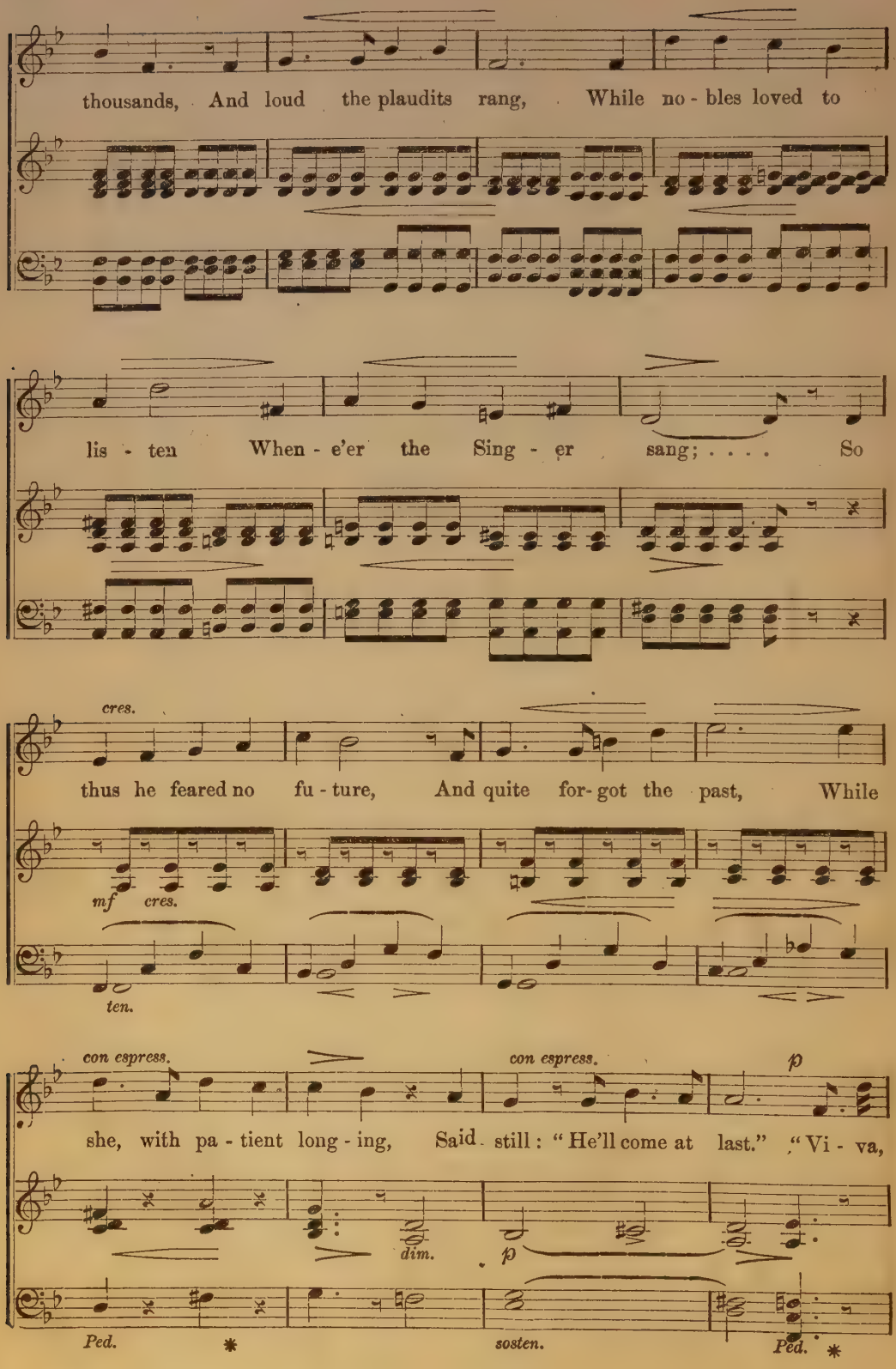
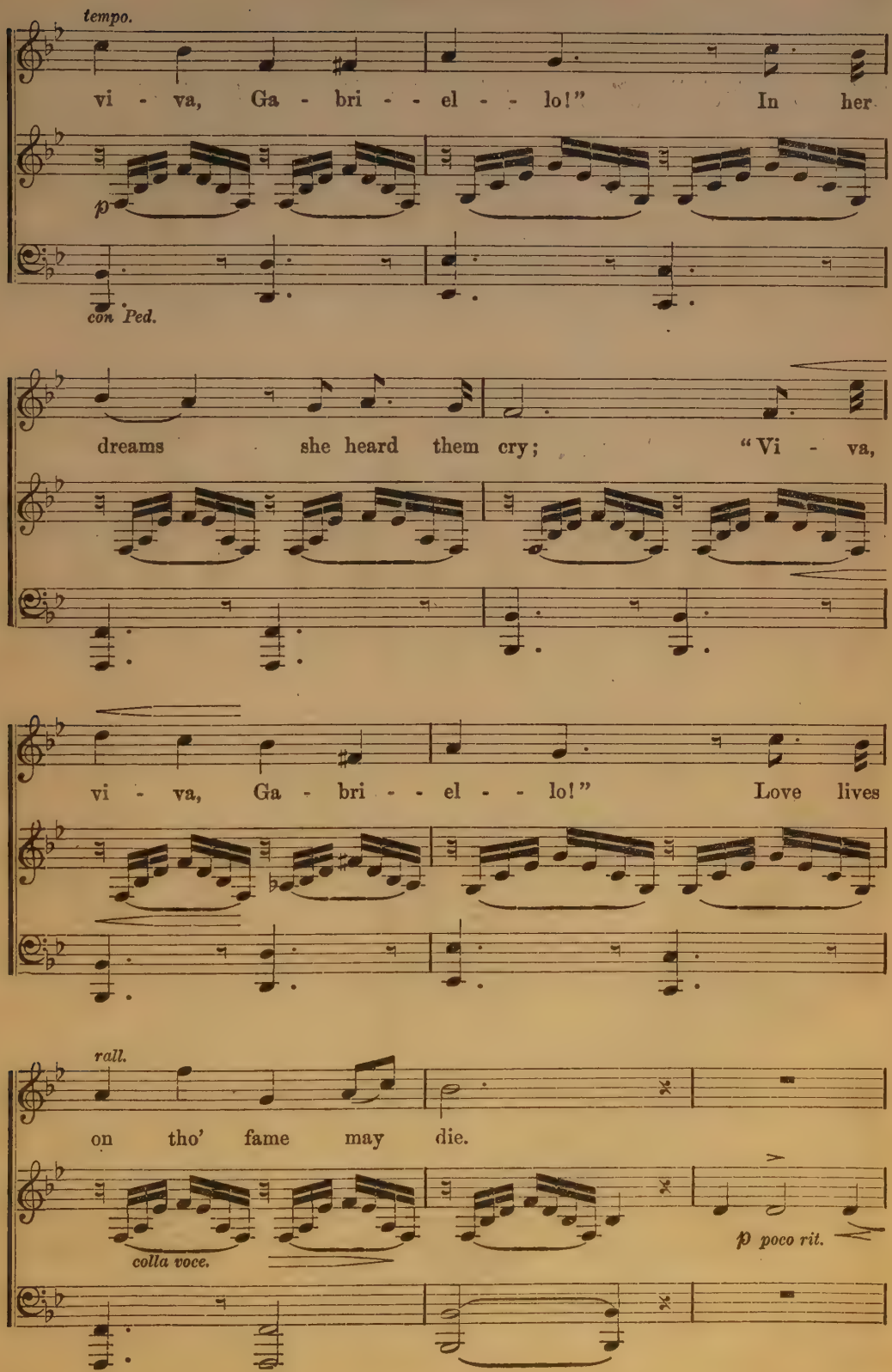
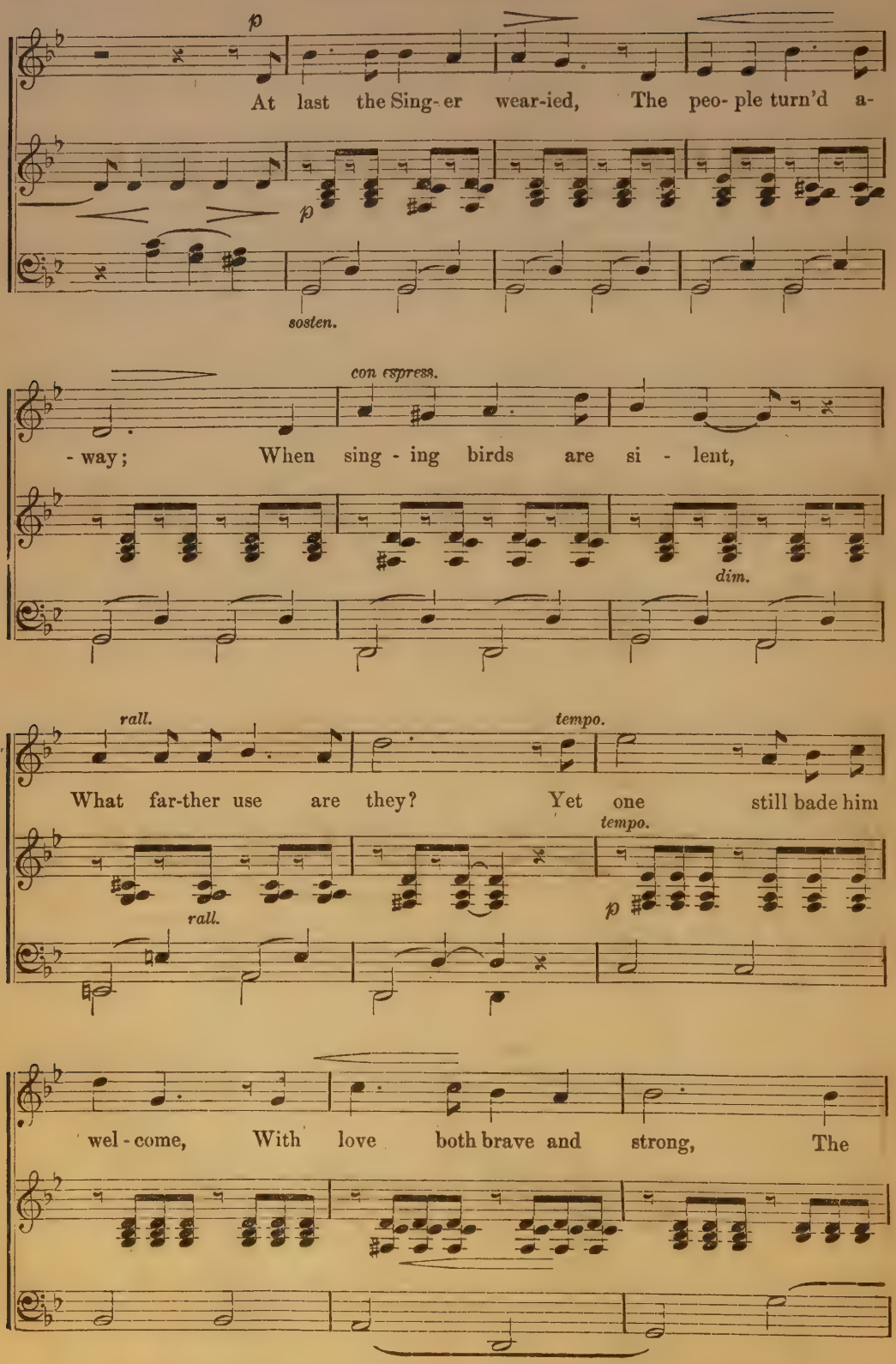
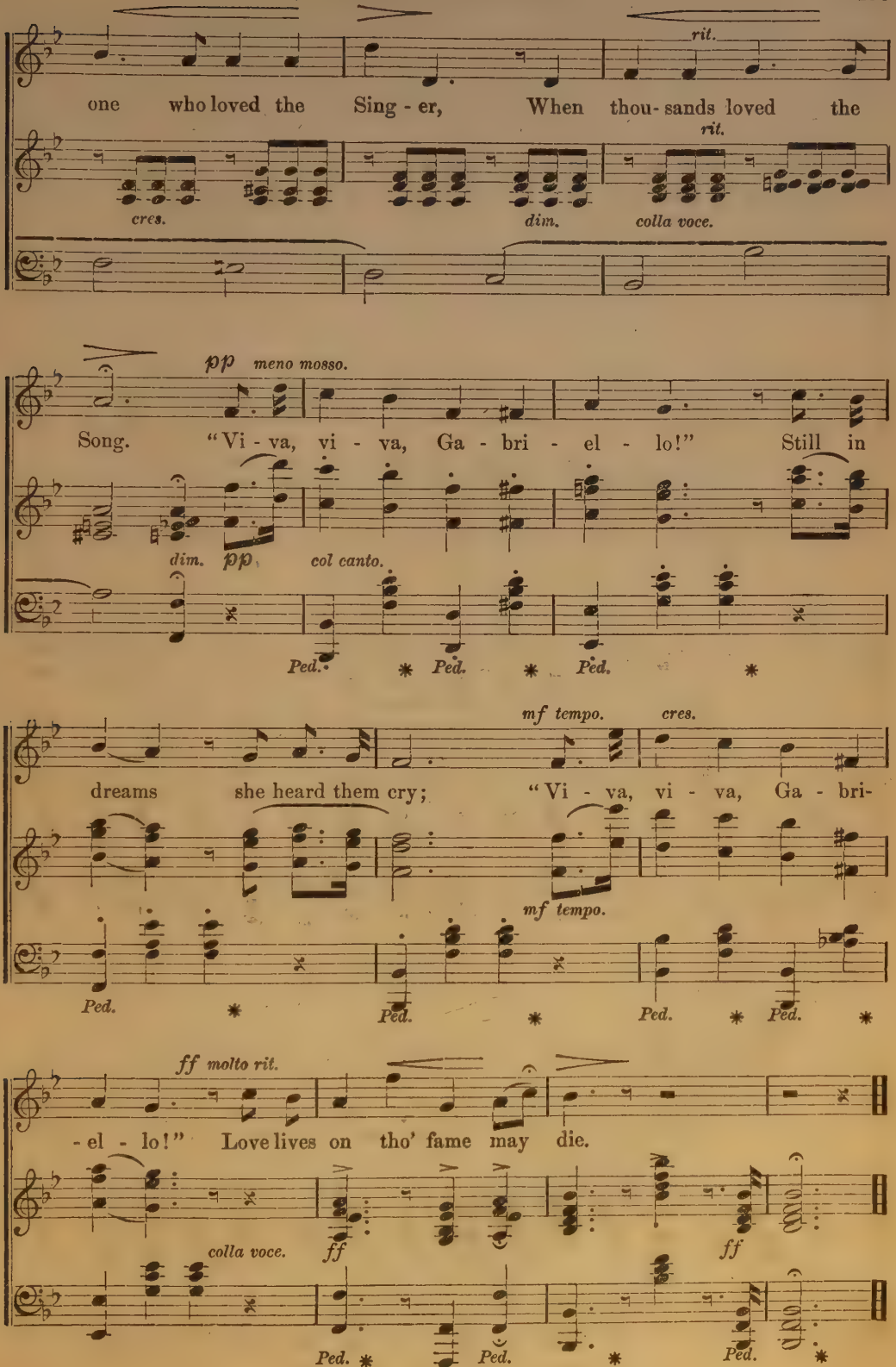

p con espress. rall. tempo.
miss'd him, She miss'd him more each day. "Vi - va, vi - va, Ga - bri-
tempo.
dim. p sosten. rall. cres.
Ped. *
- el - lo!" In her dreams she heard them cry; "Vi- va, vi - va, Ga - bri-
colla voce.
Ped. * Ped. *
f dim.
- el - lo!" Love lives on tho' fame may die. . .
f dim. mf cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf Animato.
The Sing-er sang to
dim. p mf Animato.
Ped. * ten.


thousands, And loud the plaudits rang, While no - bles loved to
lis - ten When - e'er the Sing - er sang; . . . . So
cres.
thus he feared no fu - ture, And quite for - got the past, While
mf cres.
ten.
con espress.
con espress.
p
she, with pa - tient long - ing, Said still: "He'll come at last." "Vi - va,
dim.
p
Ped.
*
sosten.
Ped.
*


tempo.
vi - va, Ga - bri - - el - - lo!" In her
p
con Ped.
dreams she heard them cry; "Vi - va,
vi - va, Ga - bri - - el - - lo!" Love lives
rall.
on tho' fame may die.
colla voce.
p poco rit.

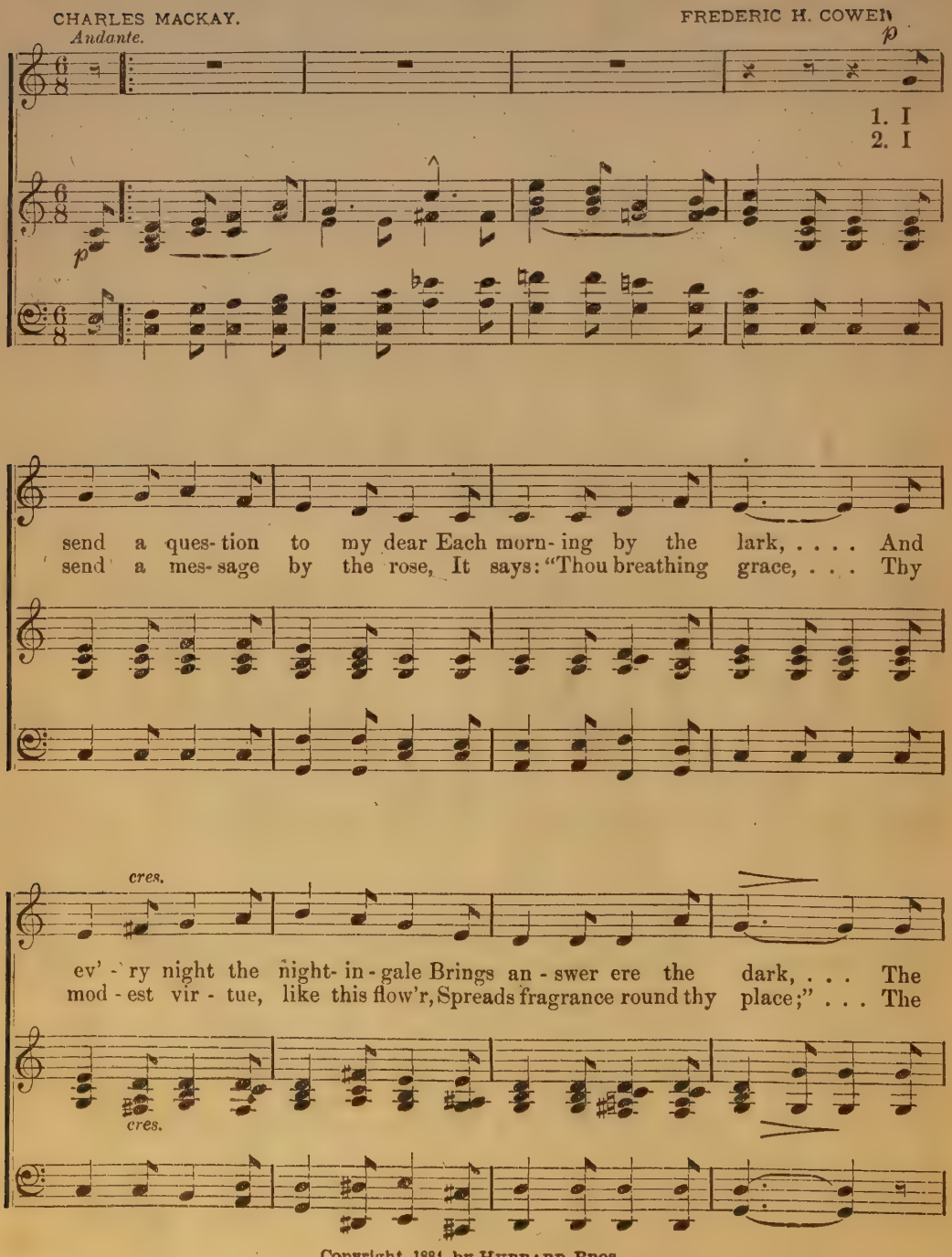

p
At last the Sing-er wear-ied, The peo-ple turn'd a-
p
sosten.
con espress.
-way; When sing-ing birds are si-lent,
dim.
rall.
tempo.
What far-ther use are they? Yet one still bade him
tempo.
rall.
p
wel-come, With love both brave and strong, The


rit.
one who loved the Sing - er, When thou - sands loved the
rit.
cres.
dim.
colla voce.
pp meno mosso.
Song. "Vi - va, vi - va, Ga - bri - el - lo!" Still in
dim. pp
col canto.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf tempo.
cres.
dreams she heard them cry; "Vi - va, vi - va, Ga - bri-
mf tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ff molto rit.
- el - lo!" Love lives on tho' fame may die.
colla voce.
ff
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

LOVE'S REPLIES.

BALLAD

CHARLES MACKAY. FREDERIC H. COWEN


Andante.
p
1. I
2. I
p
send a ques- tion to my dear Each morn- ing by the lark, ... And
send a mes- sage by the rose, It says: "Thou breathing grace, . . . Thy
cres.
ev' - ry night the night- in - gale Brings an - swer ere the dark, . . . The
mod - est vir - tue, like this flow'r, Spreads fragrance round thy place;" . . . The
cres.

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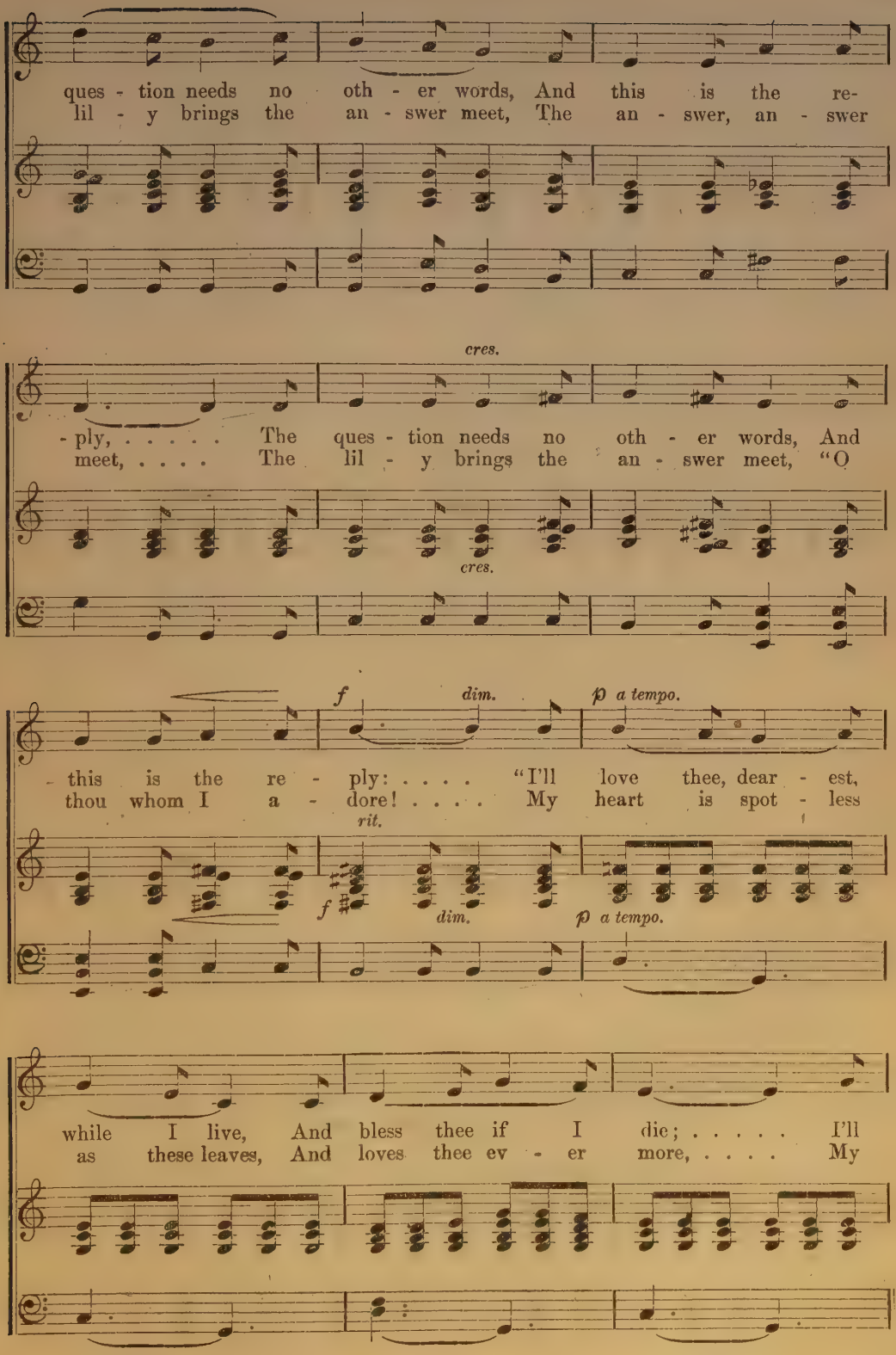
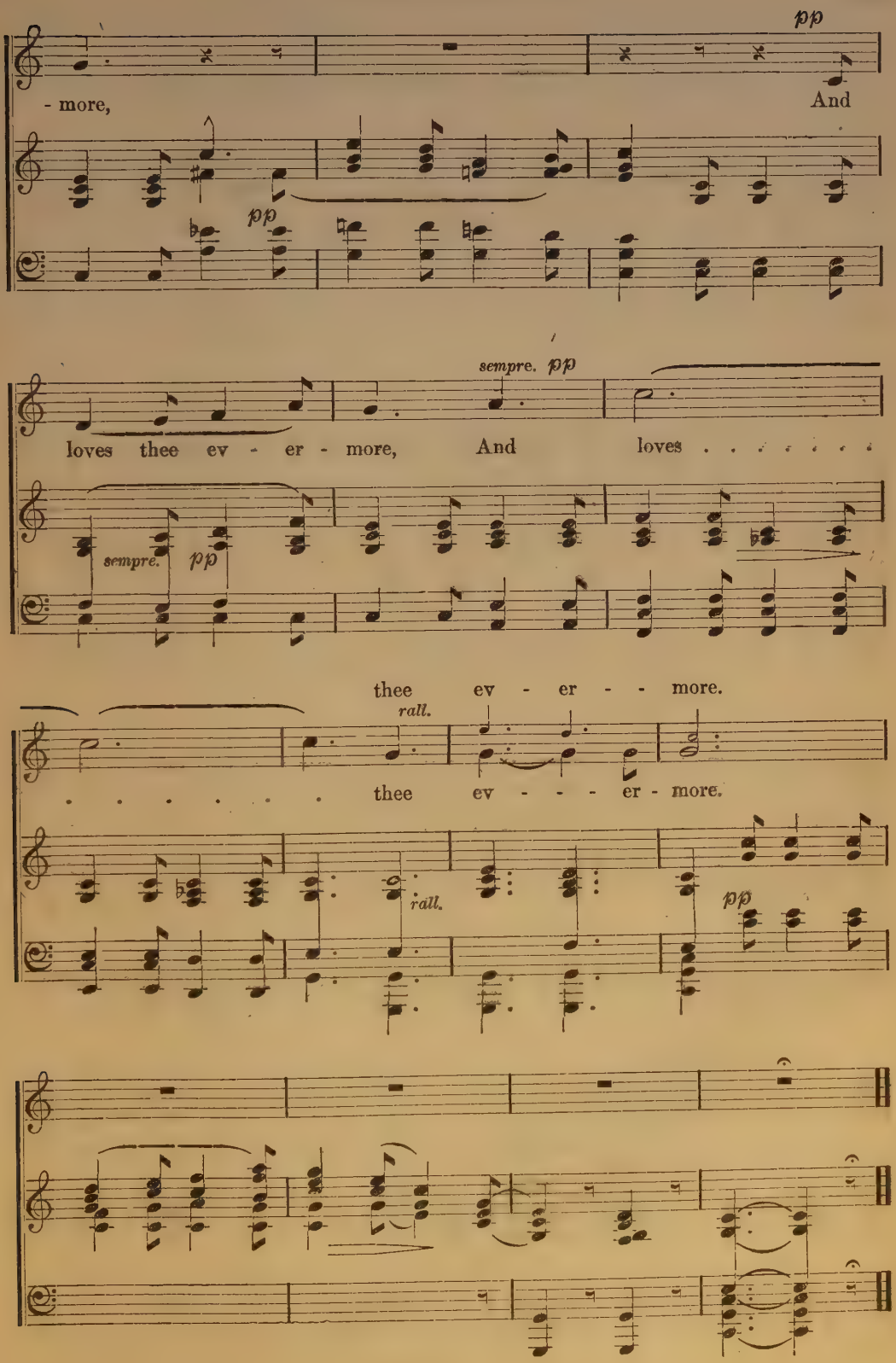

ques - tion needs no oth - er words, And this is the re-
lil - y brings the an - swer meet, The an - swer, an - swer
cres.
- ply, ... The ques - tion needs no oth - er words, And
meet, ... The lil - y brings the an - swer meet, "O
cres.
f dim. p a tempo.
- this is the re - ply: . . . . "I'll love thee, dear - est,
thou whom I a - dore! . . . . My heart is spot - less
rit.
f dim. p a tempo.
while I live, And bless thee if I die; . . . . . I'll
as these leaves, And loves thee ev - er more, ... My

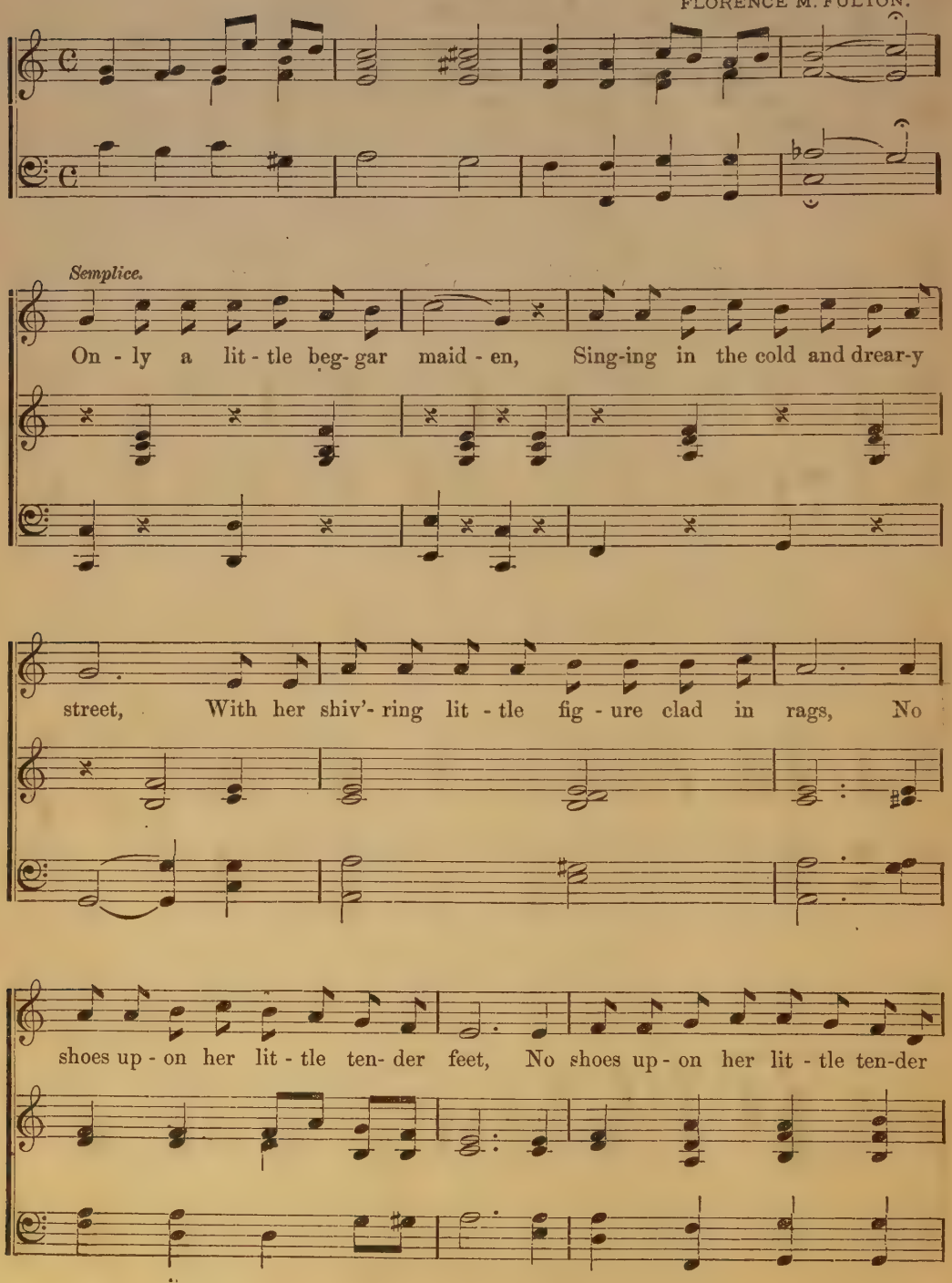
love thee, dear - est, while I live, And bless thee if I
heart is spot - less as these leaves, And loves thee ev - er-
cres.
f
die, And bless thee if I die, ...
- more, And loves thee ev - er - more, ...
f
espress.
rit.
. . . And bless, and bless . . . thee, And bless thee if I
. . . And loves, and loves . . . thee, And loves thee ev - er-
dim.
rit.
a tempo. 1st time.
a tempo. 2d time.
pp
die. - more, ... And loves thee ev - er-
p a tempo.
p a tempo.


pp
- more,
And
pp
sempre. pp
loves thee ev - er - more, And loves . . . . . .
sempre.
pp
thee ev - er - - more.
rall.
. . . . . thee ev - - - - er - more.
rall.
pp

ONLY A LITTLE BEGGAR MAIDEN.

SONG.

FLORENCE M. FULTON.


Semplice.
On - ly a lit - tle beg- gar maid - en, Sing-ing in the cold and drear-y
street, With her shiv'- ring lit - tle fig - ure clad in rags, No
shoes up - on her lit - tle ten- der feet, No shoes up - on her lit - tle ten-der

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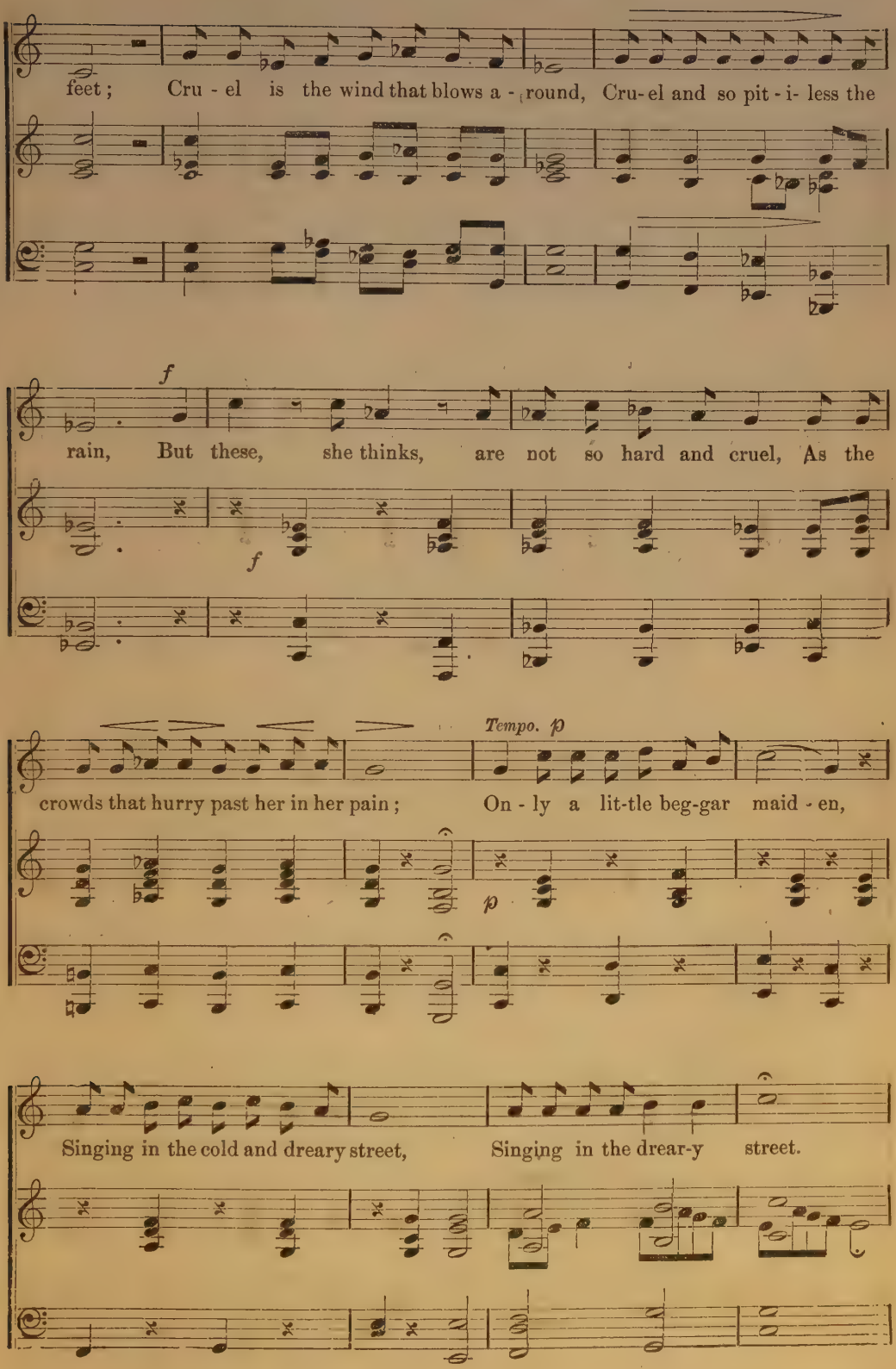
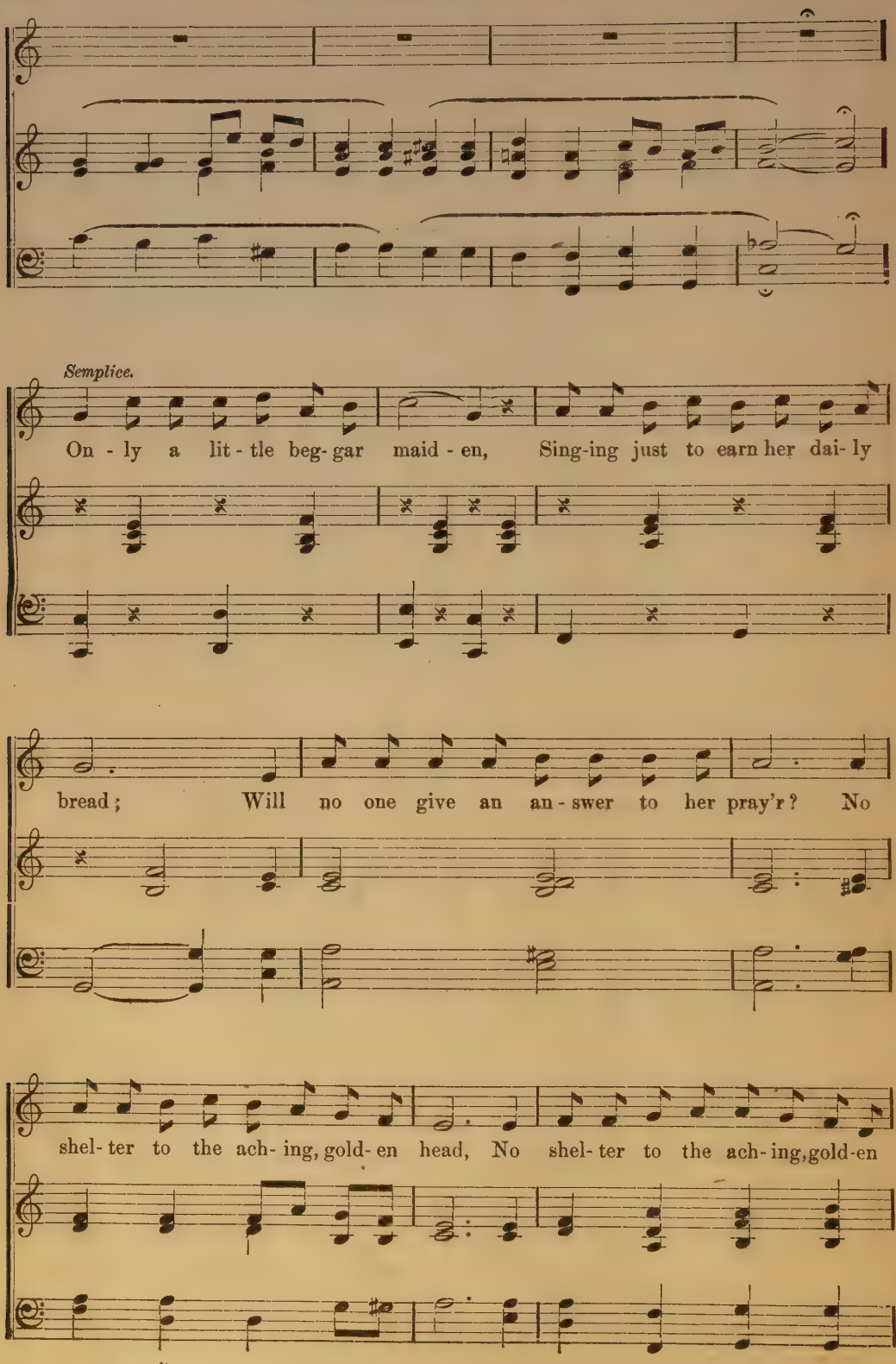
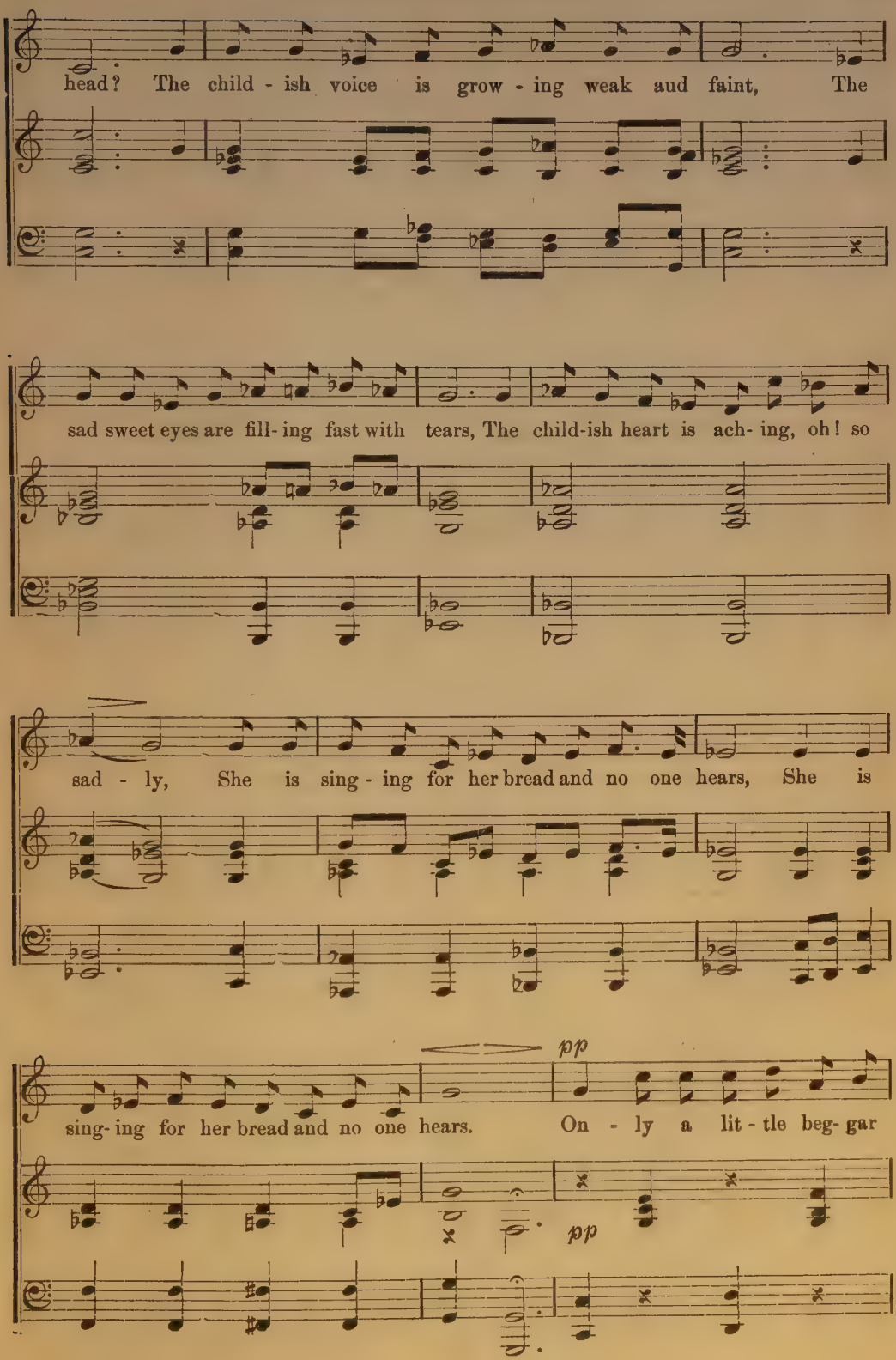
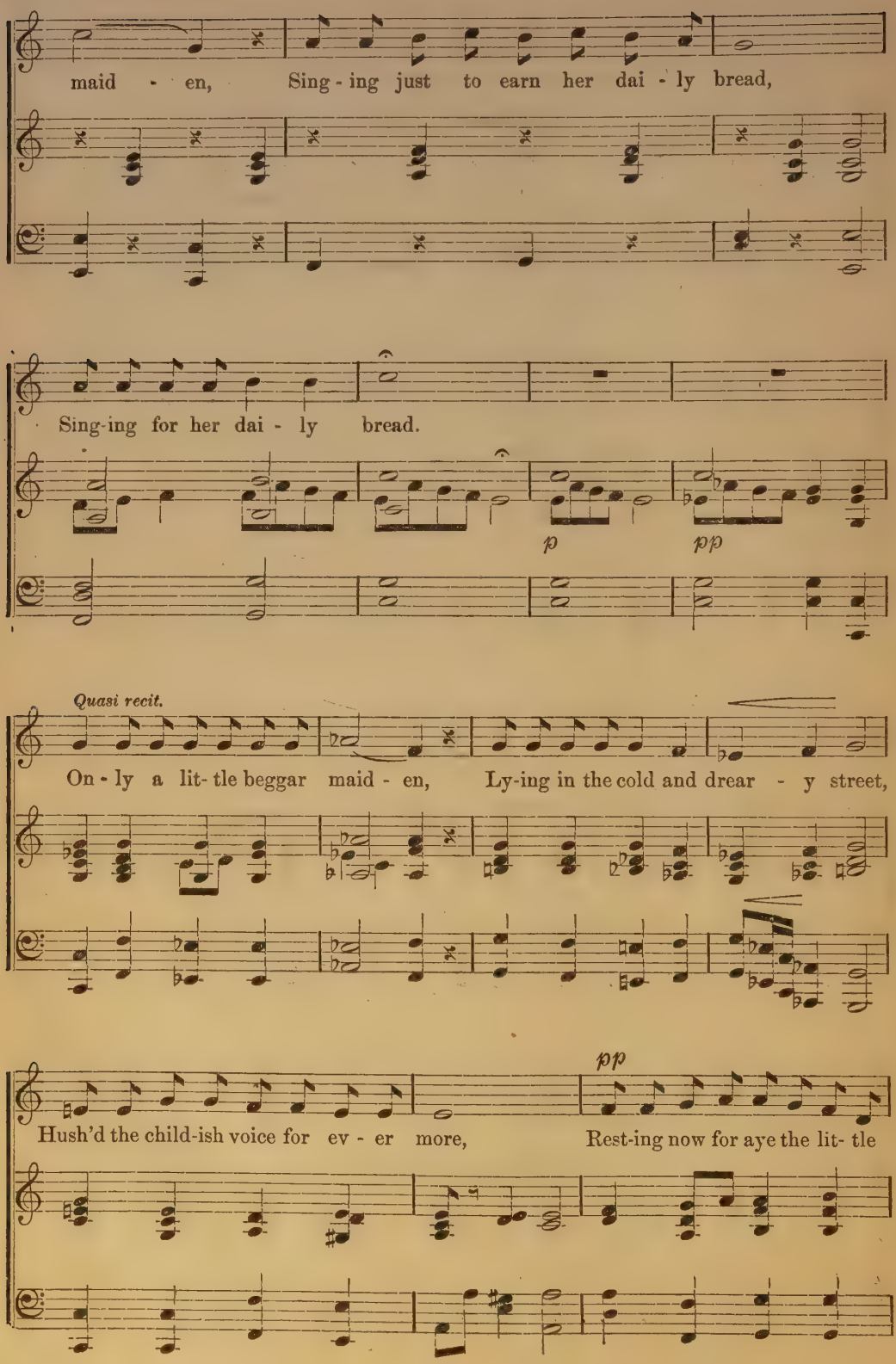
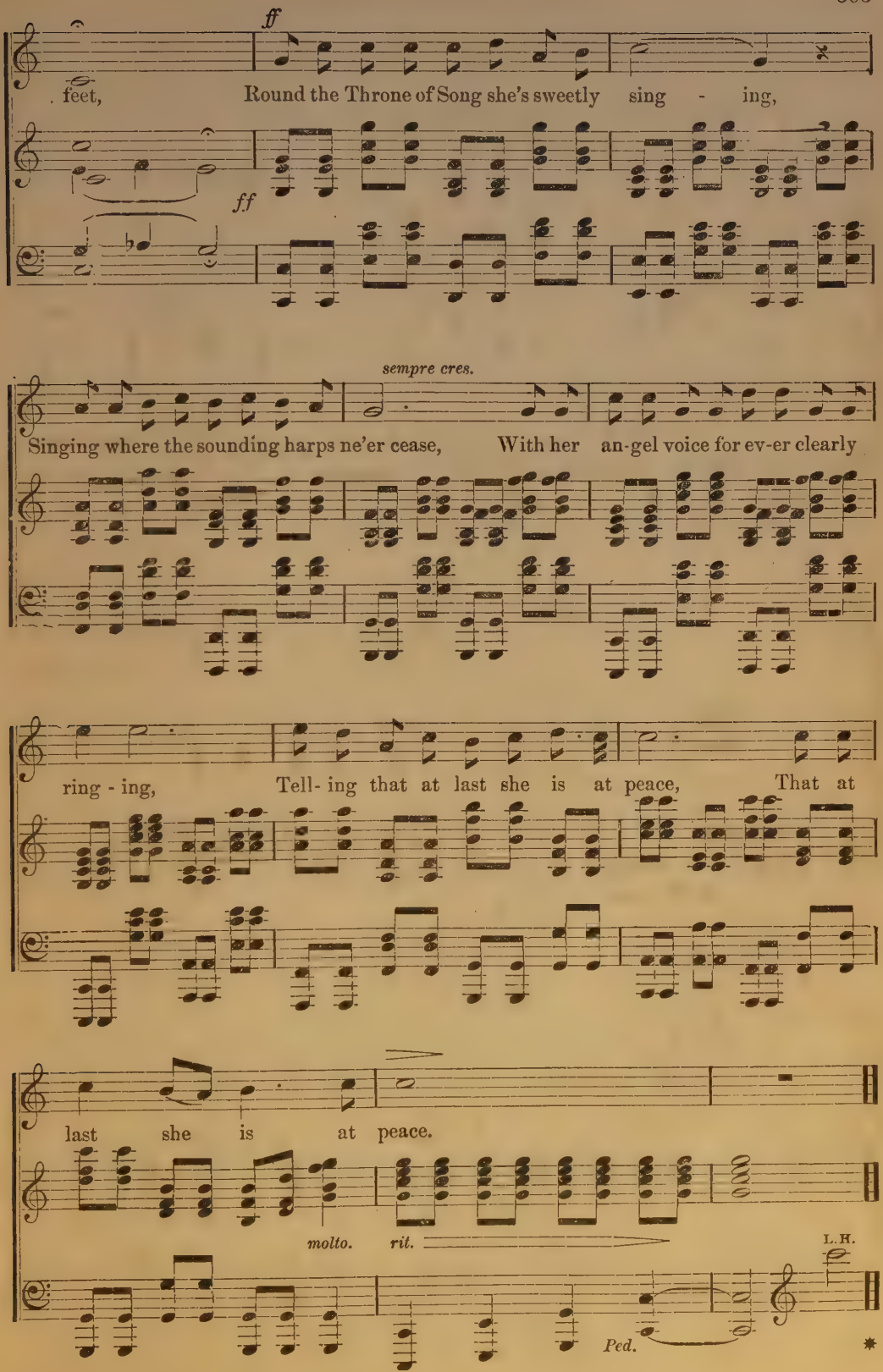

feet; Cru - el is the wind that blows a - round, Cru-el and so pit - i- less the
f
rain, But these, she thinks, are not so hard and cruel, As the
f
Tempo. p
crowds that hurry past her in her pain; On - ly a lit-tle beg-gar maid - en,
p
Singing in the cold and dreary street, Singing in the drear-y street.


Semplice.
On - ly a lit - tle beg- gar maid - en, Sing-ing just to earn her dai- ly
bread; Will no one give an an - swer to her pray'r? No
shel- ter to the ach- ing, gold- en head, No shel- ter to the ach- ing, gold-en

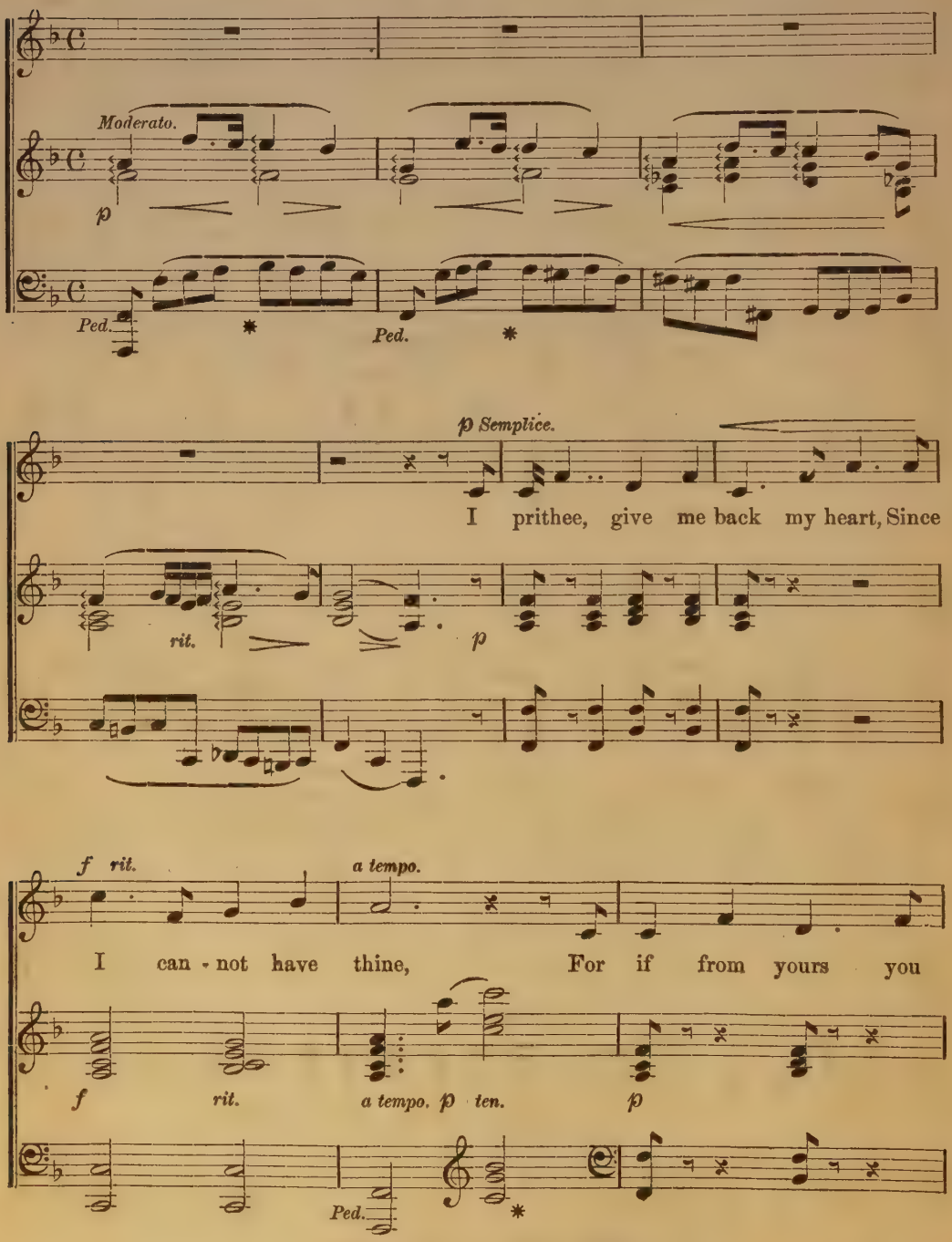

head? The child - ish voice is grow - ing weak aud faint, The
sad sweet eyes are fill- ing fast with tears, The child-ish heart is ach- ing, oh! so
sad - ly, She is sing - ing for her bread and no one hears, She is
pp
sing- ing for her bread and no one hears. On - ly a lit - tle beg- gar
pp


maid - en, Sing - ing just to earn her dai - ly bread,
Sing-ing for her dai - ly bread.
p
pp
Quasi recit.
On - ly a lit- tle beggar maid - en, Ly-ing in the cold and drear - y street,
pp
Hush'd the child-ish voice for ev - er more, Rest-ing now for aye the lit- tle


ff
feet, Round the Throne of Song she's sweetly sing - ing,
ff
sempre cres.
Singing where the sounding harps ne'er cease, With her an-gel voice for ev-er clearly
ring - ing, Tell- ing that at last she is at peace, That at
last she is at peace.
molto. rit.
L. H.
Ped.

I PRITHEE, GIVE ME BACK MY HEART.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



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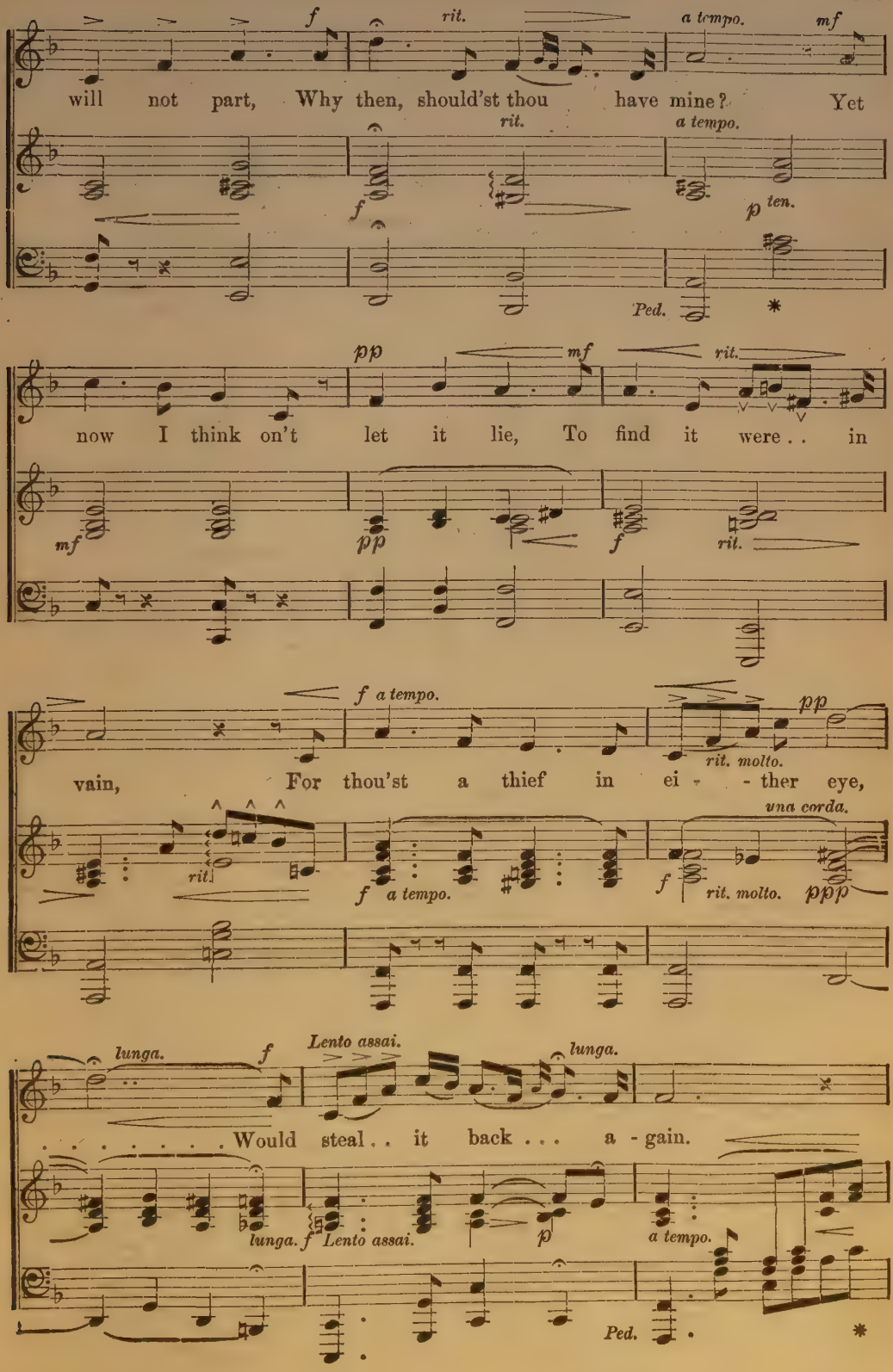
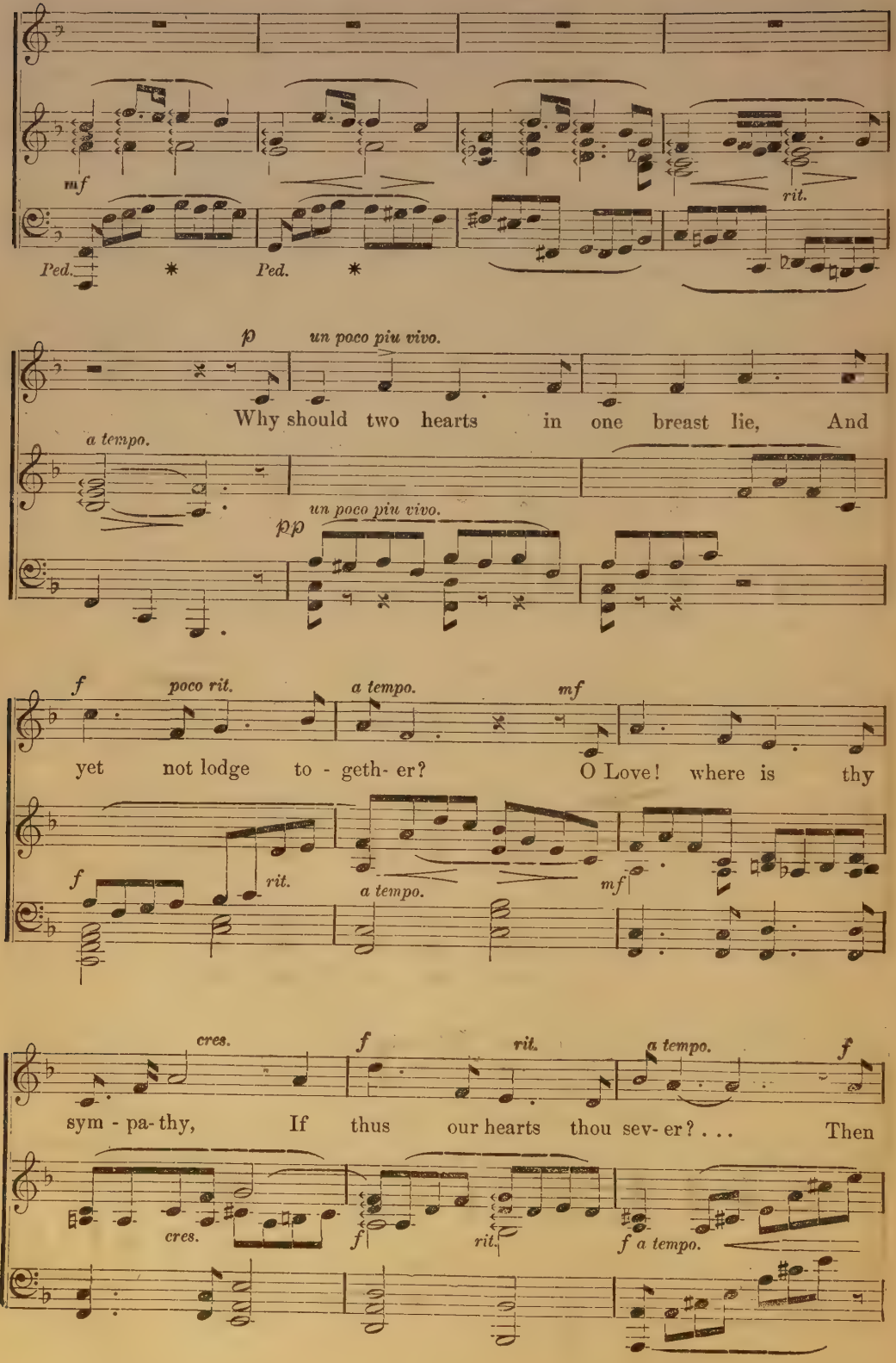
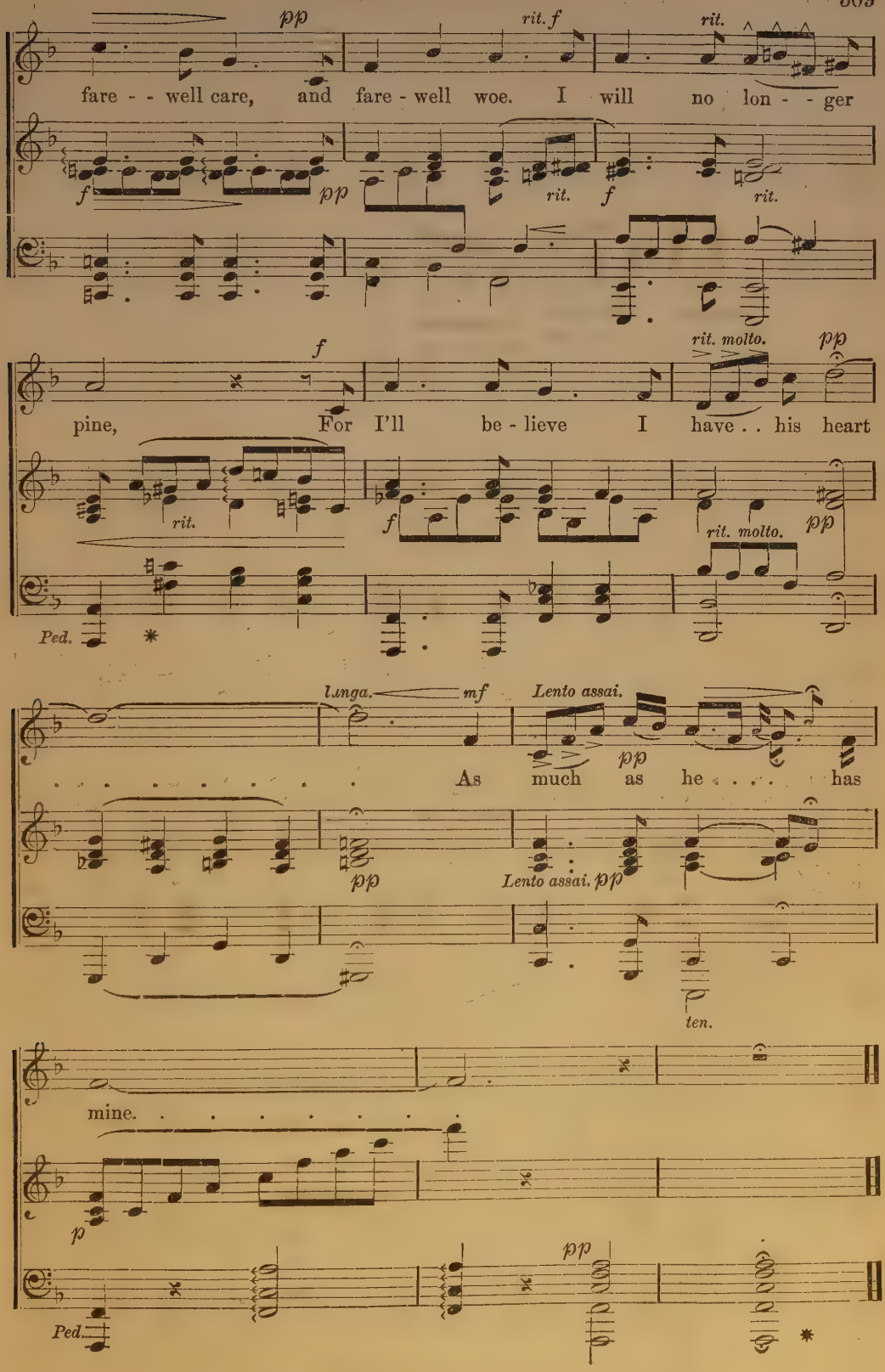
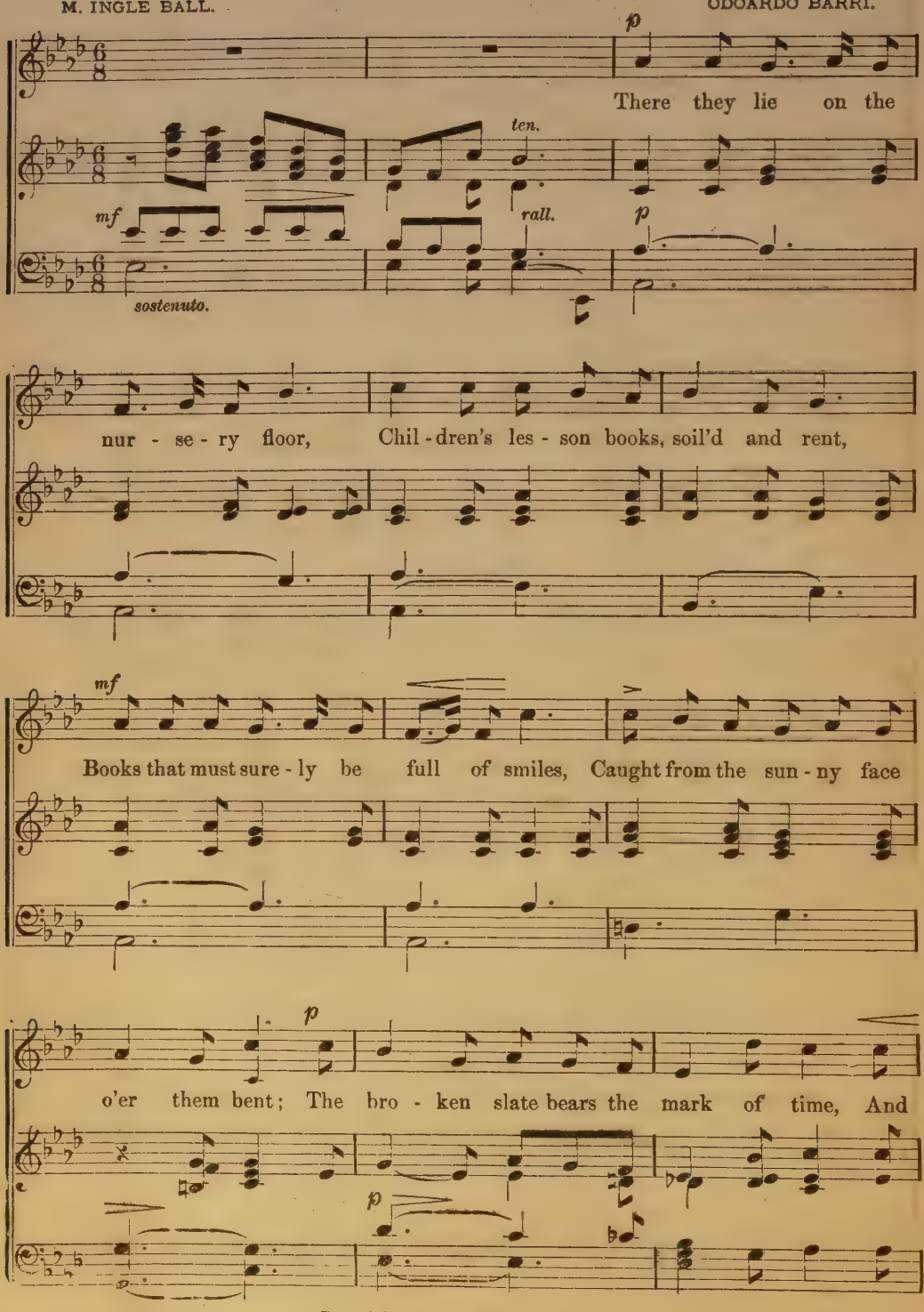

f
rit.
a tempo.
mf
will not part, Why then, should'st thou have mine? Yet
rit.
a tempo.
f
p ten.
Ped.
*
pp
mf
rit.
now I think on't let it lie, To find it were . . in
mf
pp
f
rit.
f a tempo.
pp
rit. molto.
vain, For thou'st a thief in ei - - ther eye,
una corda.
rit.
f a tempo.
f
rit. molto.
ppp
lunga.
f
Lento assai.
lunga.
. . . . . Would steal . . it back . . . a - gain.
lunga.
f
Lento assai.
p
a tempo.
Ped.
*


mf
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *
p un poco piu vivo.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie, And
a tempo.
un poco piu vivo.
pp
f poco rit. a tempo. mf
yet not lodge to - geth- er? O Love! where is thy
f rit. a tempo. mf
cres. f rit. a tempo. f
sym - pa- thy, If thus our hearts thou sev- er? . . . Then
cres. f rit. f a tempo.


pp
rit. f
rit.
fare - - well care, and fare - well woe. I will no lon - - ger
f
pp
rit.
f
rit.
f
rit. molto.
pp
pine, For I'll be - lieve I have . . his heart
rit.
f
rit. molto.
pp
Ped.
*
lunga.
mf
Lento assai.
pp
As much as he . . . . has
pp
Lento assai. pp
ten.
mine. . . . . .
p
pp
Ped.
*

LESSON BOOKS.

M. INGLE BALL. ODOARDO BARRI.


p
There they lie on the
ten.
mf
rall.
p
sostenuto.
nur - se - ry floor, Chil - dren's les - son books, soil'd and rent,
mf
Books that must sure - ly be full of smiles, Caught from the sun - ny face
p
o'er them bent; The bro - ken slate bears the mark of time, And
p

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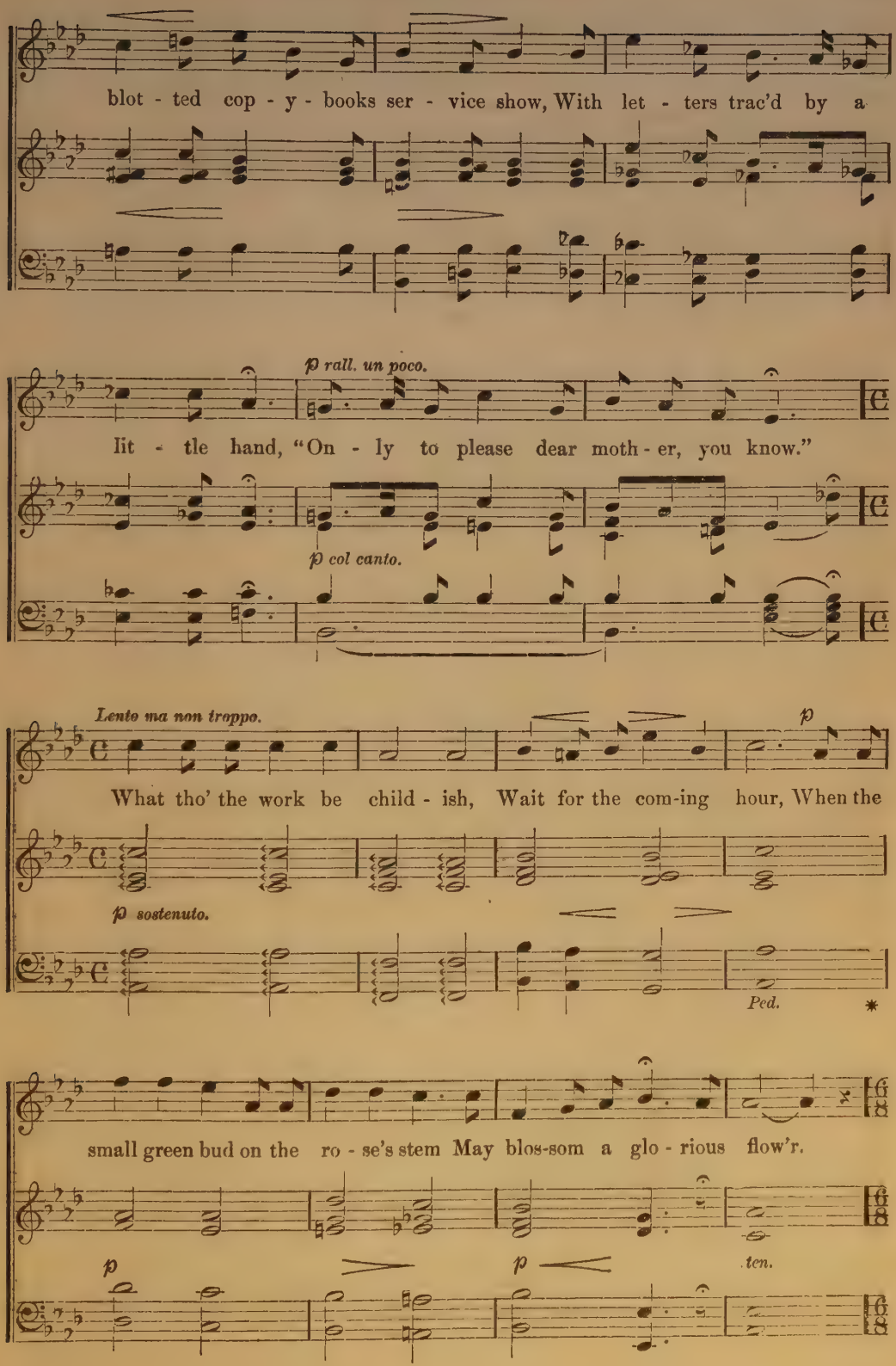
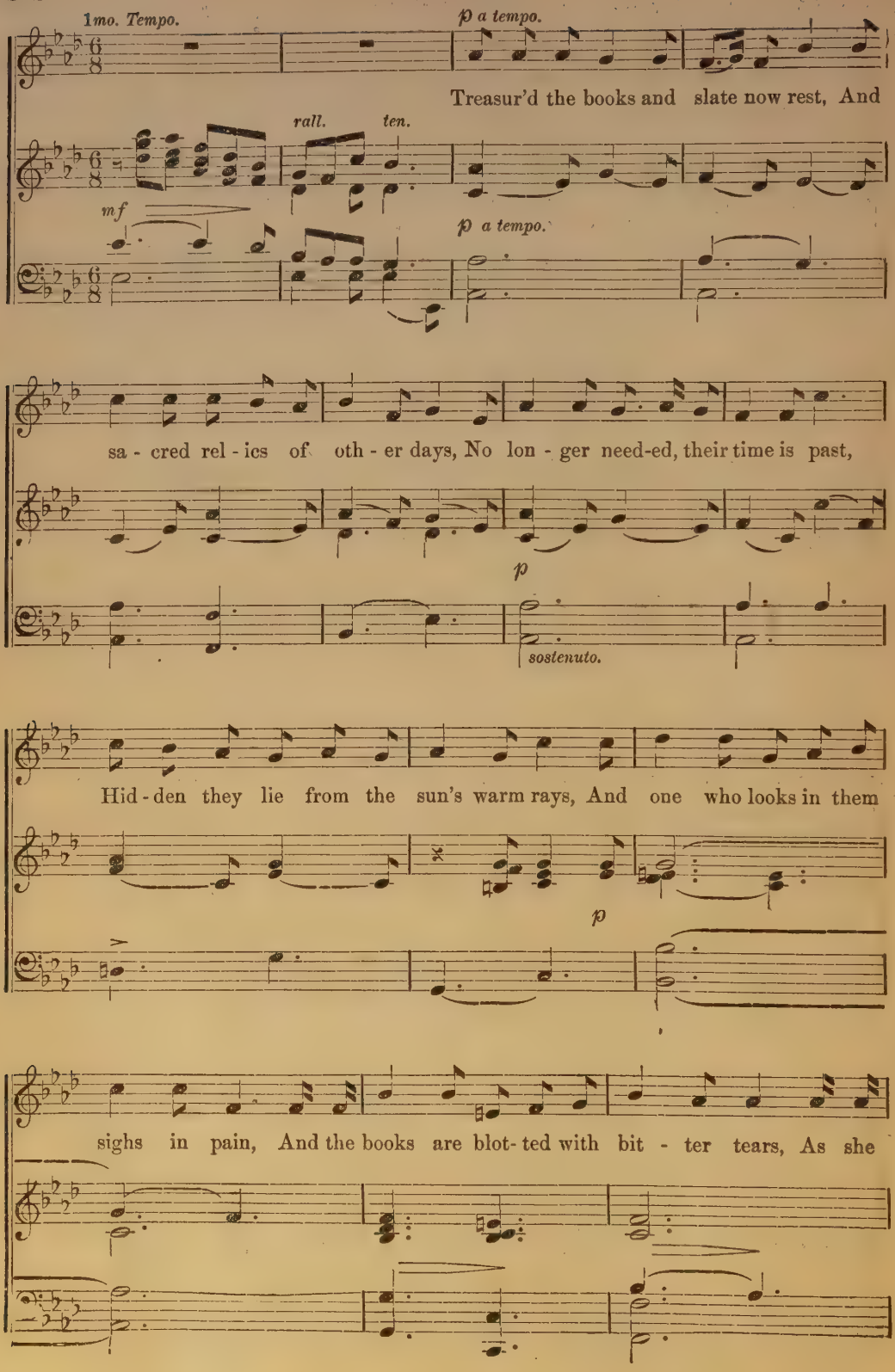
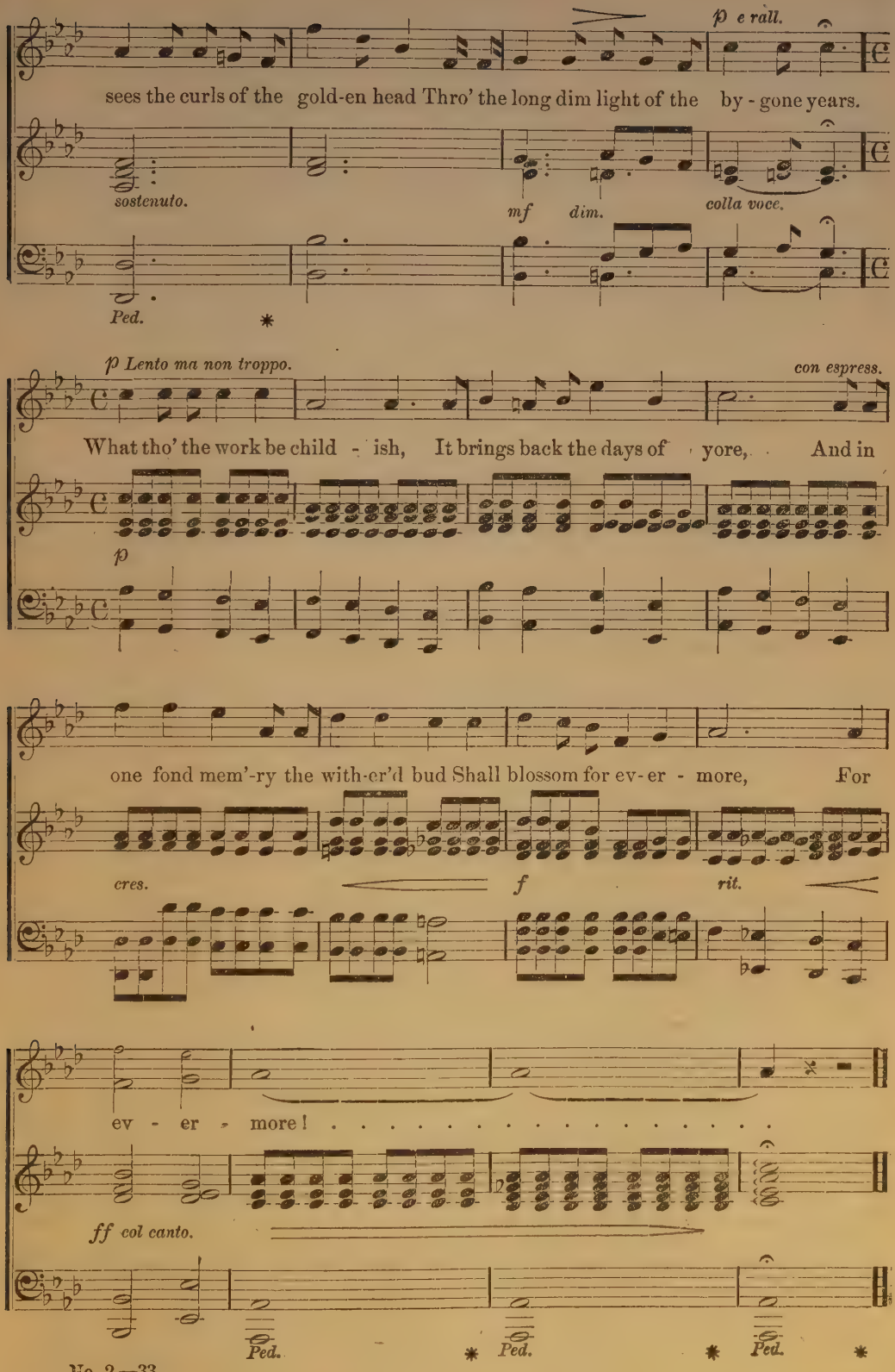

blot - ted cop - y - books ser - vice show, With let - ters trac'd by a
p rall. un poco.
lit - tle hand, "On - ly to please dear moth - er, you know."
p col canto.
Lento ma non troppo.
p
What tho' the work be child - ish, Wait for the com-ing hour, When the
p sostenuto.
Ped.
*
small green bud on the ro - se's stem May blos-som a glo - rious flow'r.
p
p
ten.


1mo. Tempo.
p a tempo.
Treasur'd the books and slate now rest, And
rall.
ten.
mf
p a tempo.
sa - cred rel - ics of oth - er days, No lon - ger need-ed, their time is past,
p
sostenuto.
Hid - den they lie from the sun's warm rays, And one who looks in them
p
sighs in pain, And the books are blot - ted with bit - ter tears, As she


p e rall.
sees the curls of the gold-en head Thro' the long dim light of the by - gone years.
sostenuto.
mf dim.
colla voce.
Ped.
p Lento ma non troppo.
con espress.
What tho' the work be child - ish, It brings back the days of yore, And in
p
one fond mem'-ry the with-er'd bud Shall blossom for ev-er - more, For
cres.
f
rit.
ev - er - more!
ff col canto.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

MARY MARK LEMON. ODOARDO BARRI.

Con eleganza.
mf
a mezza
1 In the
2 Tho' the
p
sf
voce ben legato.
long, long a - go of the van - ish'd years, When the
sun - shine must fade from the sum - mer flow'rs, Tho' the
un poco cres: ma non troppo.
love - dawn broke on high, In the dreamland so old, where
moon - light dies o'er the sea, Yet the love-dream of old will

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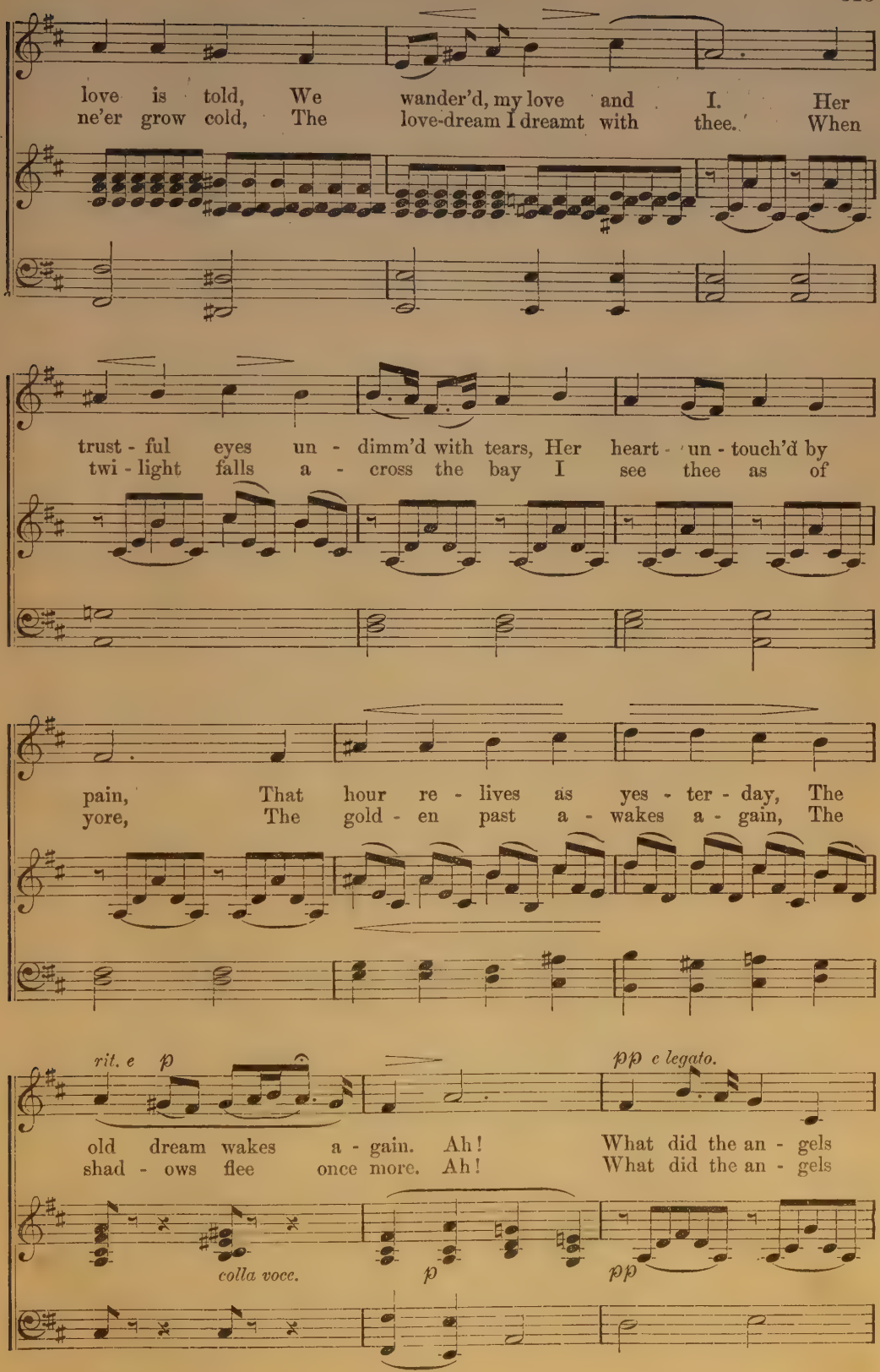
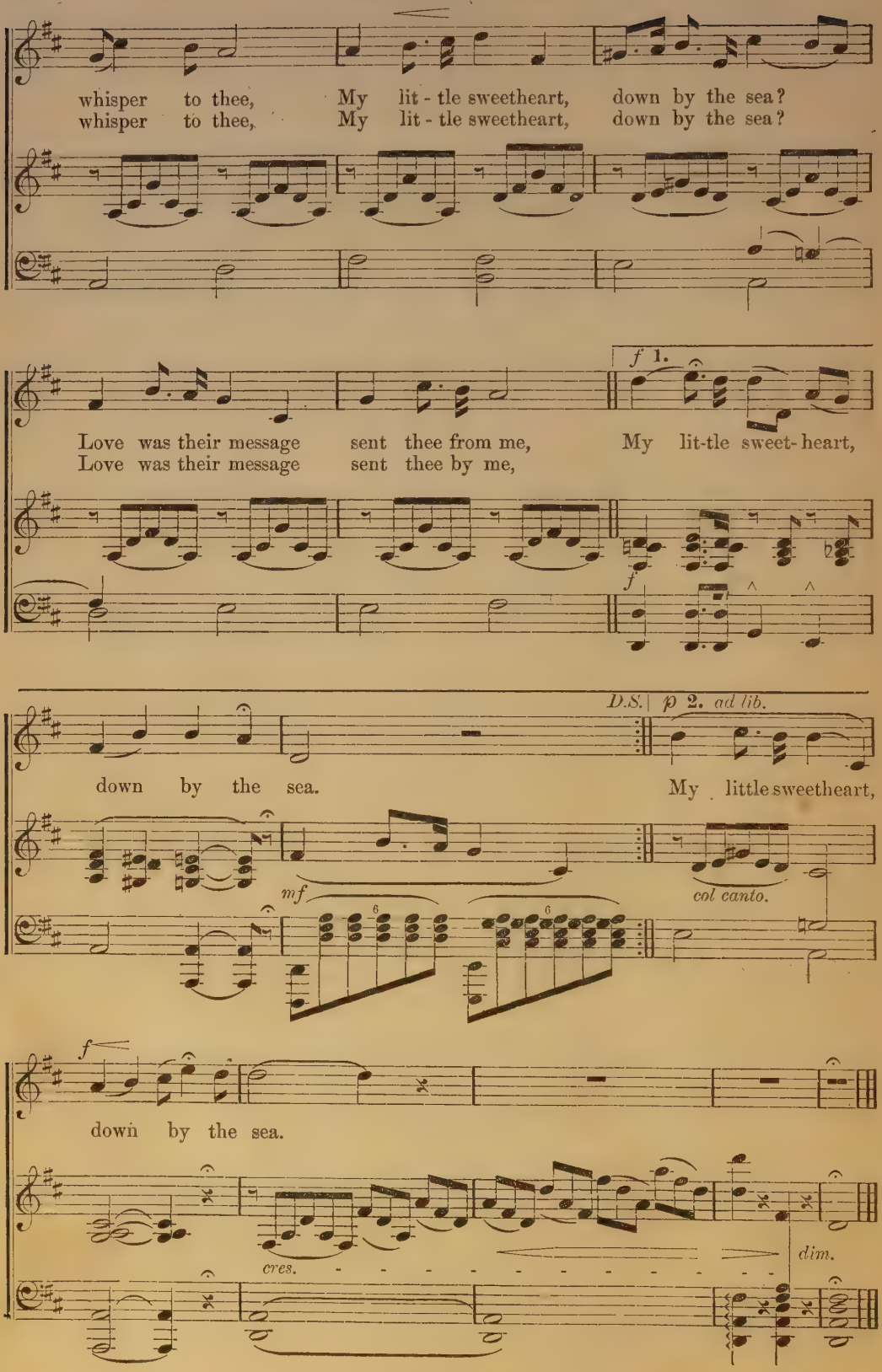
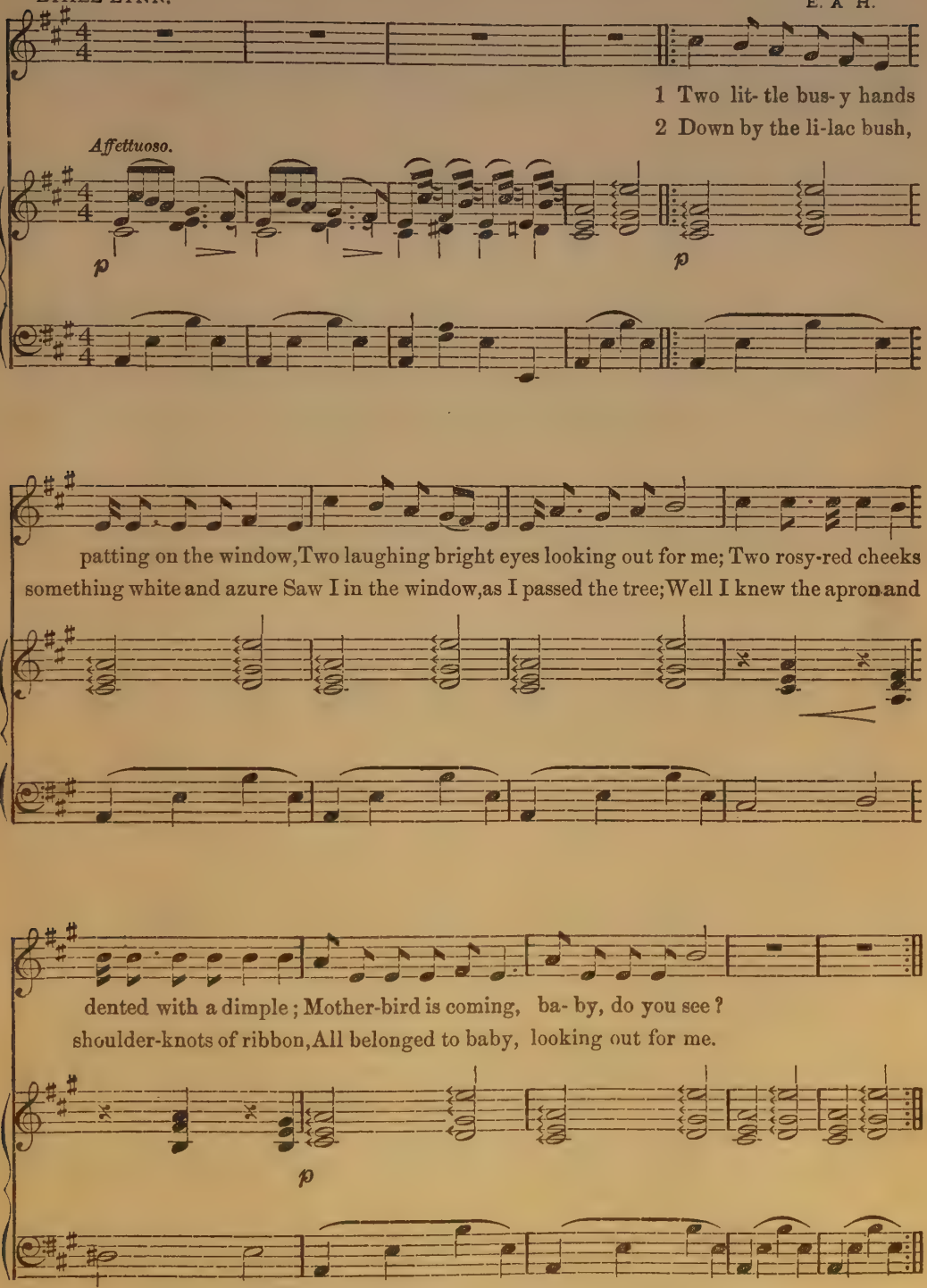

love is told, We wander'd, my love and I. Her
ne'er grow cold, The love-dream I dreamt with thee. When
trust - ful eyes un - dimm'd with tears, Her heart - un - touch'd by
twi - light falls a - cross the bay I see thee as of
pain, That hour re - lives as yes - ter - day, The
yore, The gold - en past a - wakes a - gain, The
rit. e p
pp e legato.
old dream wakes a - gain. Ah! What did the an - gels
shad - ows flee once more. Ah! What did the an - gels
colla voce.
p
pp


whisper to thee, My lit - tle sweetheart, down by the sea?
whisper to thee, My lit - tle sweetheart, down by the sea?
f 1.
Love was their message sent thee from me, My lit-tle sweet-heart,
Love was their message sent thee by me,
f
D.S. p 2. ad lib.
down by the sea. My little sweetheart,
mf
col canto.
f
down by the sea.
cres.
dim.

BIRDIE LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

ETHEL LYNN. E. A. H.


1 Two lit- tle bus- y hands
2 Down by the li-lac bush,
Affettuoso.
p
p
patting on the window, Two laughing bright eyes looking out for me; Two rosy-red cheeks
something white and azure Saw I in the window, as I passed the tree; Well I knew the apron and
dented with a dimple; Mother-bird is coming, ba- by, do you see?
shoulder-knots of ribbon, All belonged to baby, looking out for me.
p

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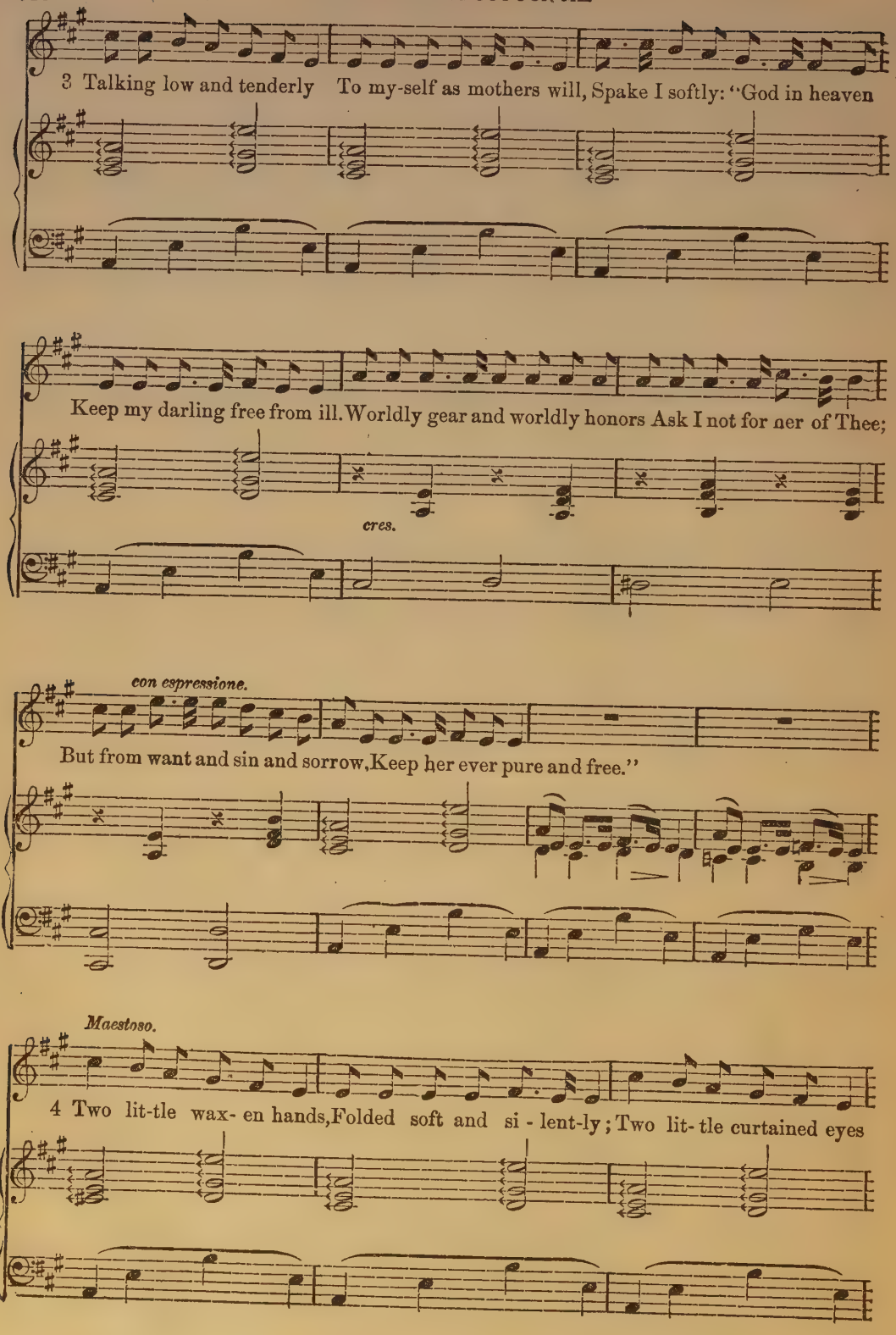
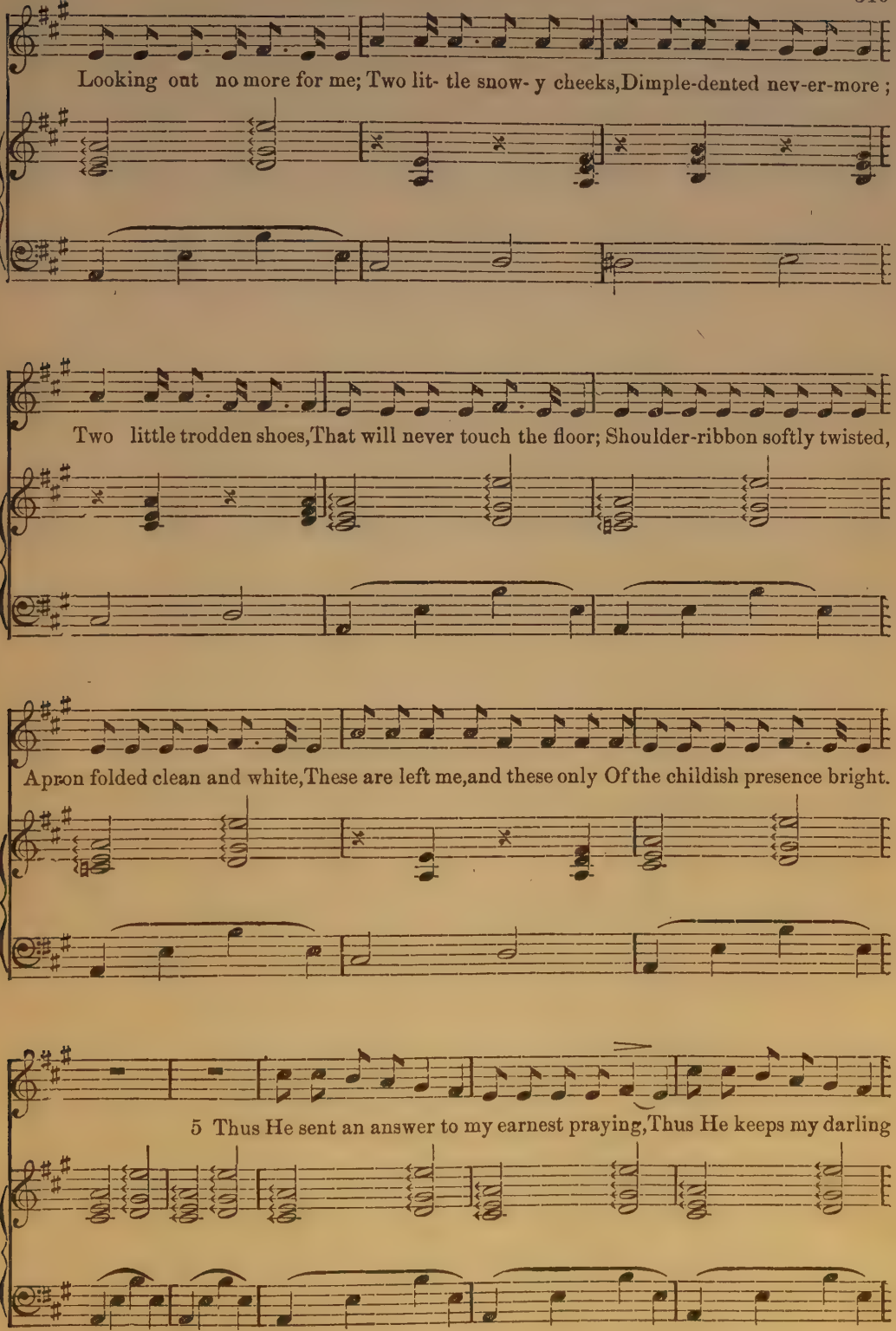
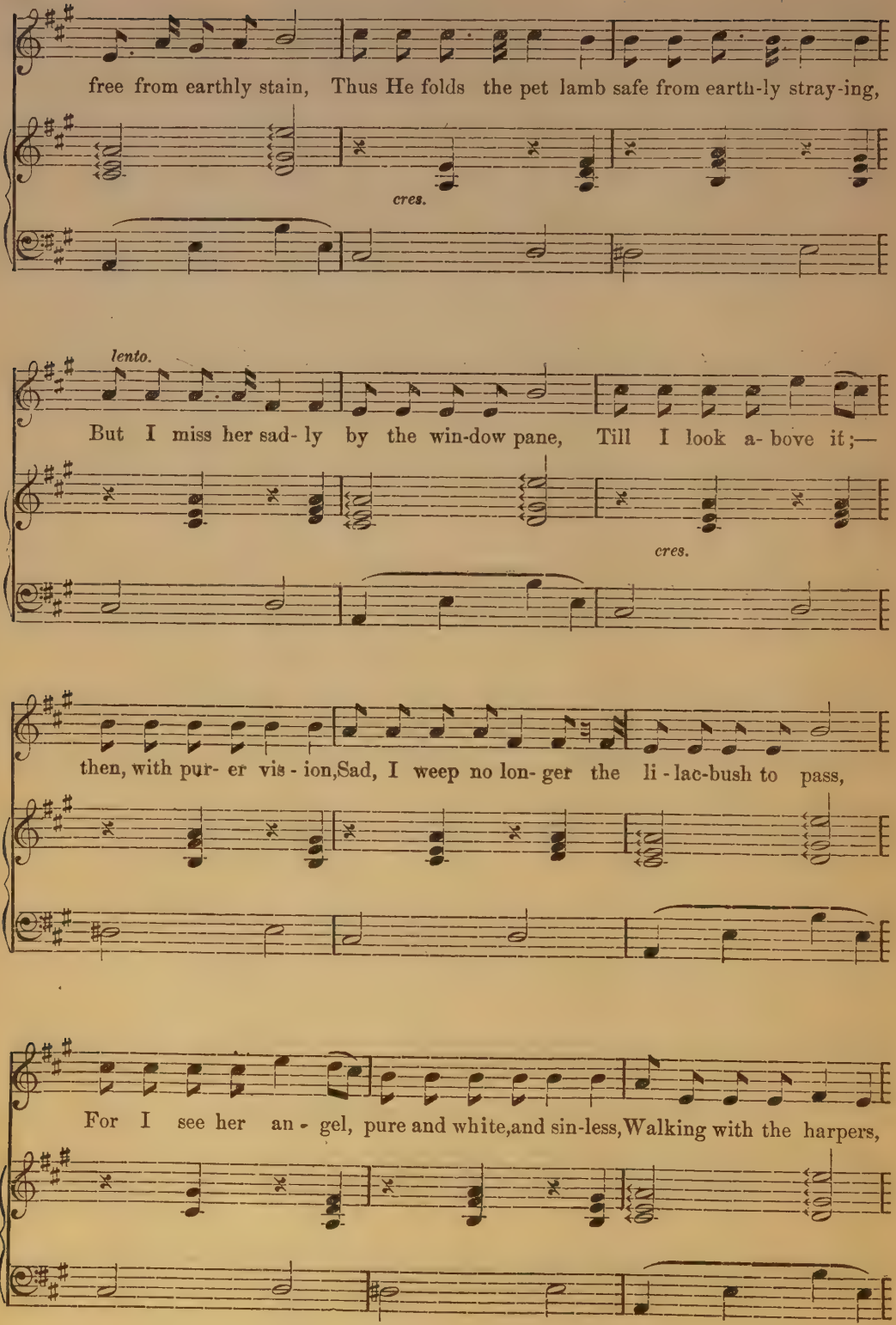
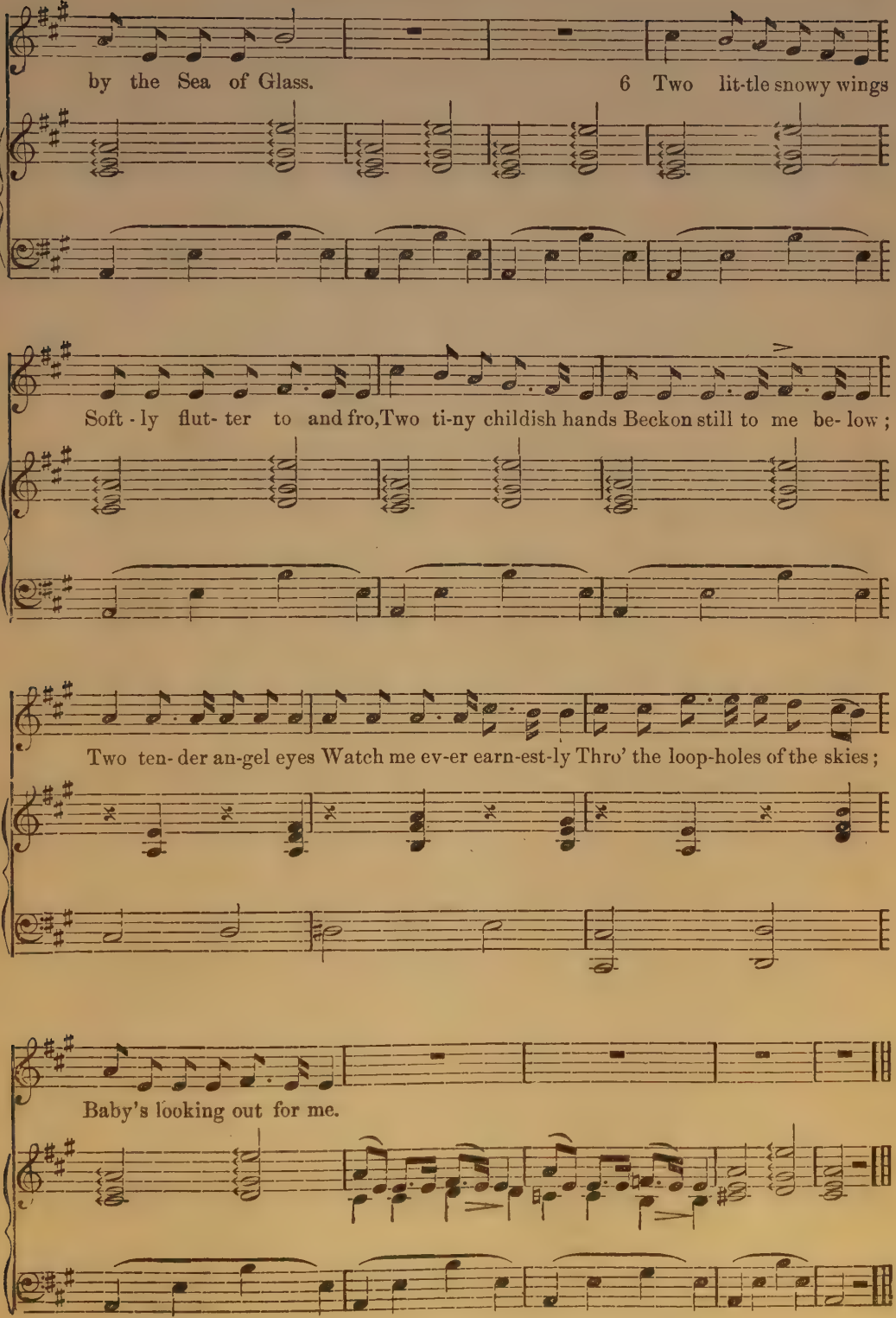
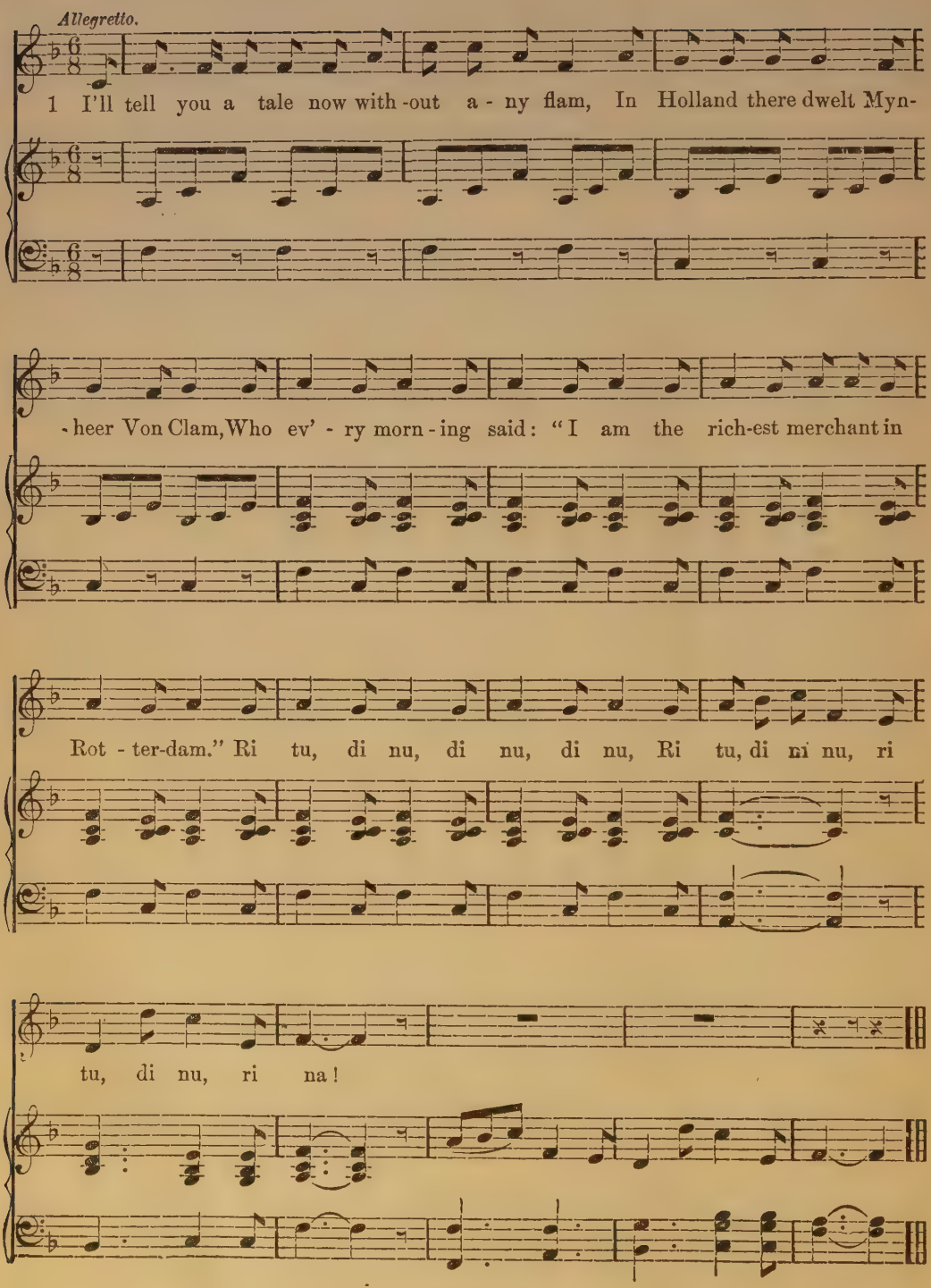

3 Talking low and tenderly To my-self as mothers will, Spake I softly: "God in heaven
Keep my darling free from ill. Worldly gear and worldly honors Ask I not for ner of Thee;
cres.
con espressione.
But from want and sin and sorrow, Keep her ever pure and free."
Maestoso.
4 Two lit-tle wax- en hands, Folded soft and si - lent-ly; Two lit- tle curtained eyes


Looking out no more for me; Two lit- tle snow- y cheeks, Dimple-dented nev-er-more ;
Two little trodden shoes, That will never touch the floor; Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded clean and white, These are left me, and these only Of the childish presence bright.
5 Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying, Thus He keeps my darling


free from earthly stain, Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earth-ly stray-ing,
cres.
lento.
But I miss her sad- ly by the win-dow pane, Till I look a- bove it;—
cres.
then, with pur- er vis - ion, Sad, I weep no lon- ger the li - lac-bush to pass,
For I see her an - gel, pure and white, and sin-less, Walking with the harpers,


by the Sea of Glass.
6 Two lit-tle snowy wings
Soft - ly flut- ter to and fro, Two ti-ny childish hands Beckon still to me be- low;
Two ten- der an-gel eyes Watch me ev-er earn-est-ly Thro' the loop-holes of the skies;
Baby's looking out for me.

THE CORK LEG.


Allegretto.
1 I'll tell you a tale now with-out a - ny flam, In Holland there dwelt Myn-
-heer Von Clam, Who ev' - ry morn - ing said: "I am the rich-est merchant in
Rot - ter-dam." Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu, Ri tu, di nu, ri
tu, di nu, ri na!

2 One day, when he had stuff'd him as full as an egg,
A poor relation came to beg,
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

3 A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finished his jaw by amputation.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

4 "Mr. Doctor," says he, when he'd done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lose one fork;
But on two crutches I never will stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

5 An Artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
And the springs were a compound of clock-work and steam.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

6 The leg was made, and fitted right,
Inspection the Artist did invite;
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
As he fixed it on and screwed it tight.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

7 He walked through squares, passed each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he could not stop!
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

8 Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbors thought he was running a race;
He clung to a lamp post to stop his pace,
But the leg wouldn't stay, but kept on the chase.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

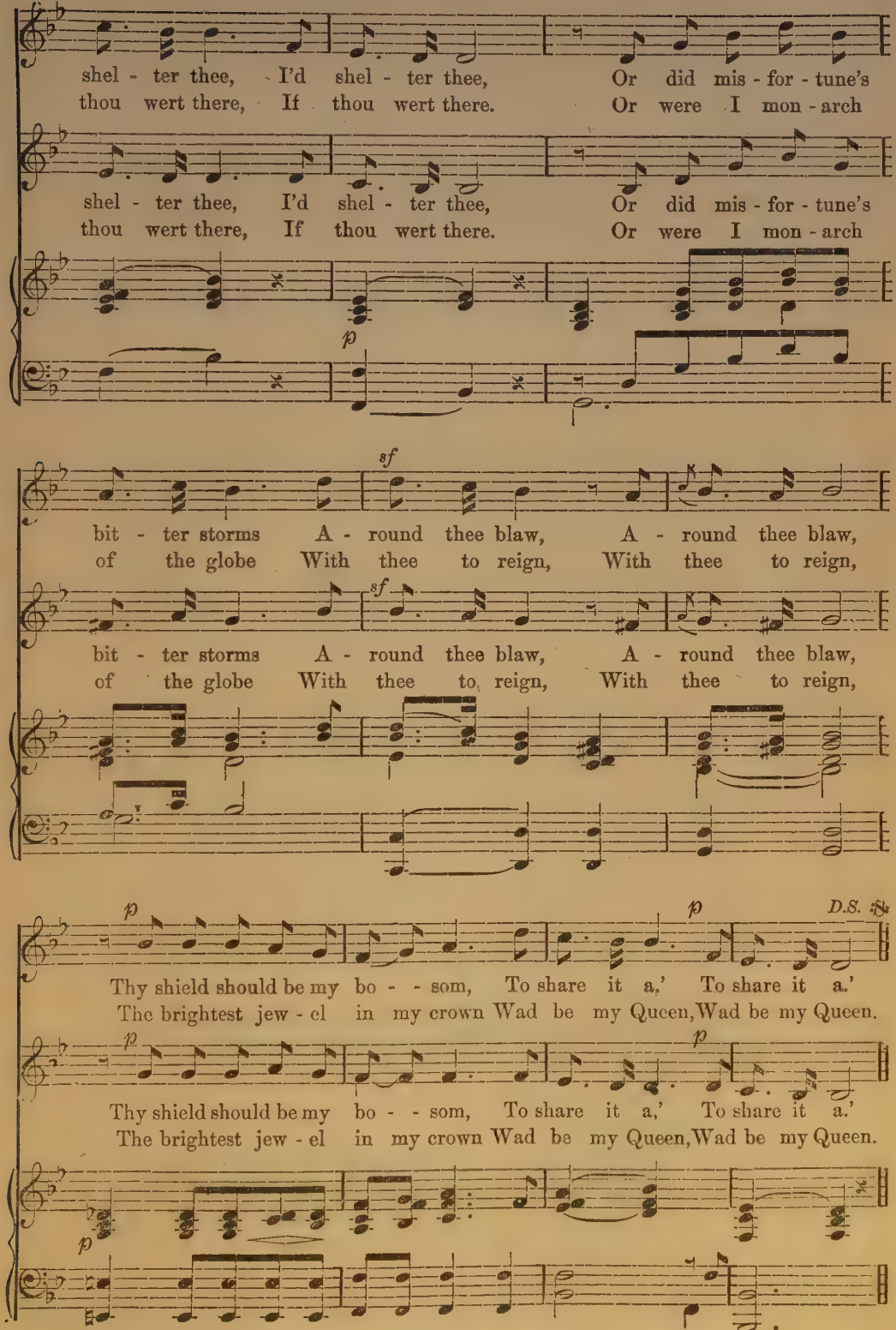
9 Then he called to some men with all his might:
"Oh, stop this leg, or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minuete he was out of sight.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

10 He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
To ease his weary bones he'd fain,
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again.
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

11 He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before!
Rit tu, di nu, etc.

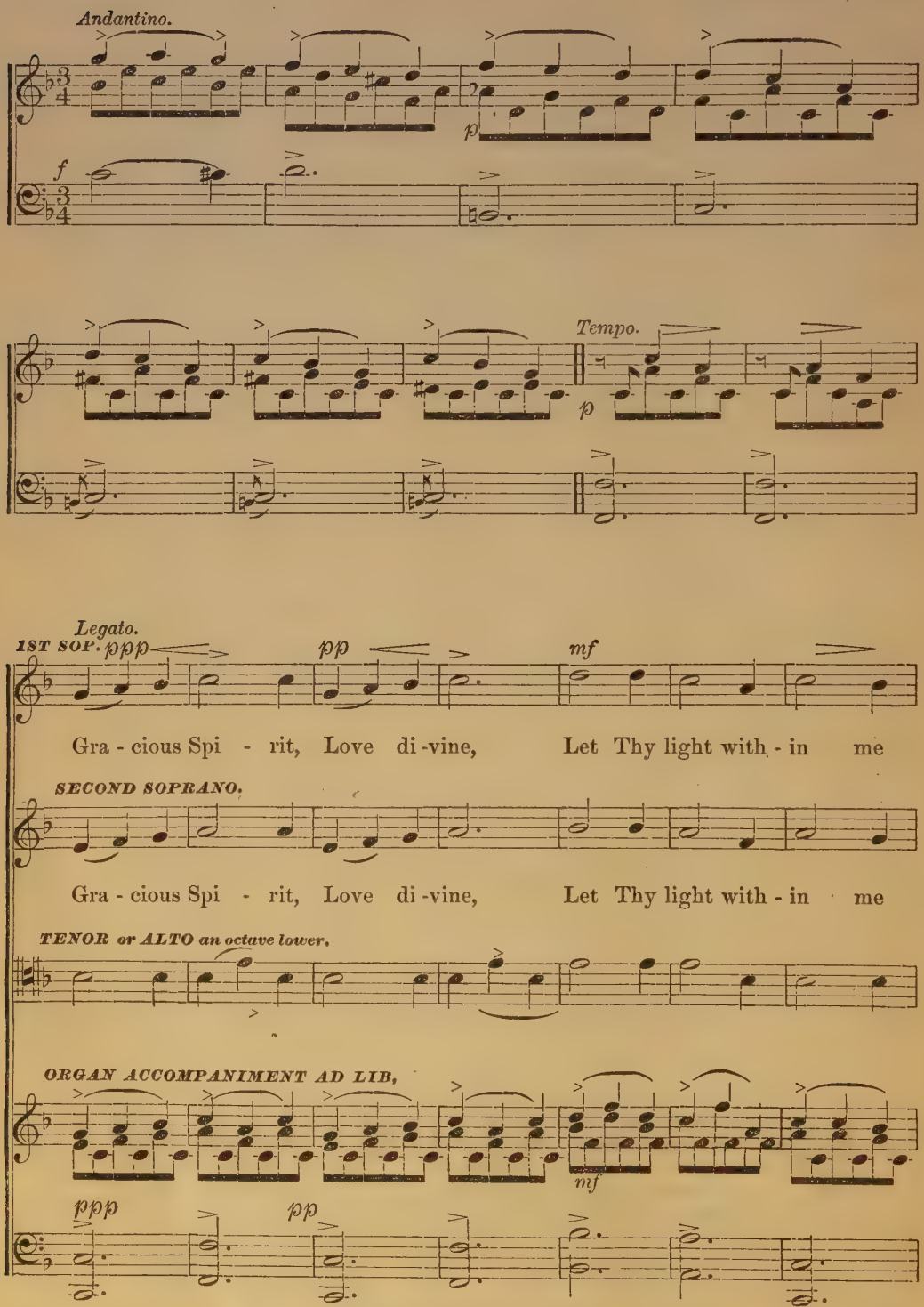
O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

ROBERT BURNS.
MENDELSSOHN.
p Andante.
1 O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On
2 Or were I in the wild - est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae
1 O wert thou in the cauld blast, On you - der lea, On
2 Or were I in the wild - est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae
yon - der lea, My plai - die to the an - gry airt . . . I'd
black and bare, The des - ert were a Par - a - dise . . . If
yon - der lea, My plai - die to the an - gry airt . . . I'd
black and bare, The des - ert were a Par - a - dise . . . If


shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee, Or did mis - for - tune's
thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I mon - arch
shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee, Or did mis - for - tune's
thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I mon - arch
p
sf
bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
of the globe With thee to reign, With thee to reign,
sf
bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
of the globe With thee to reign, With thee to reign,
p
p
D.S.
Thy shield should be my bo - - som, To share it a,' To share it a.'
The brightest jew - el in my crown Wad be my Queen, Wad be my Queen.
p
p
Thy shield should be my bo - - som, To share it a,' To share it a.'
The brightest jew - el in my crown Wad be my Queen, Wad be my Queen.
p

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

IRVING EMERSON. By per.



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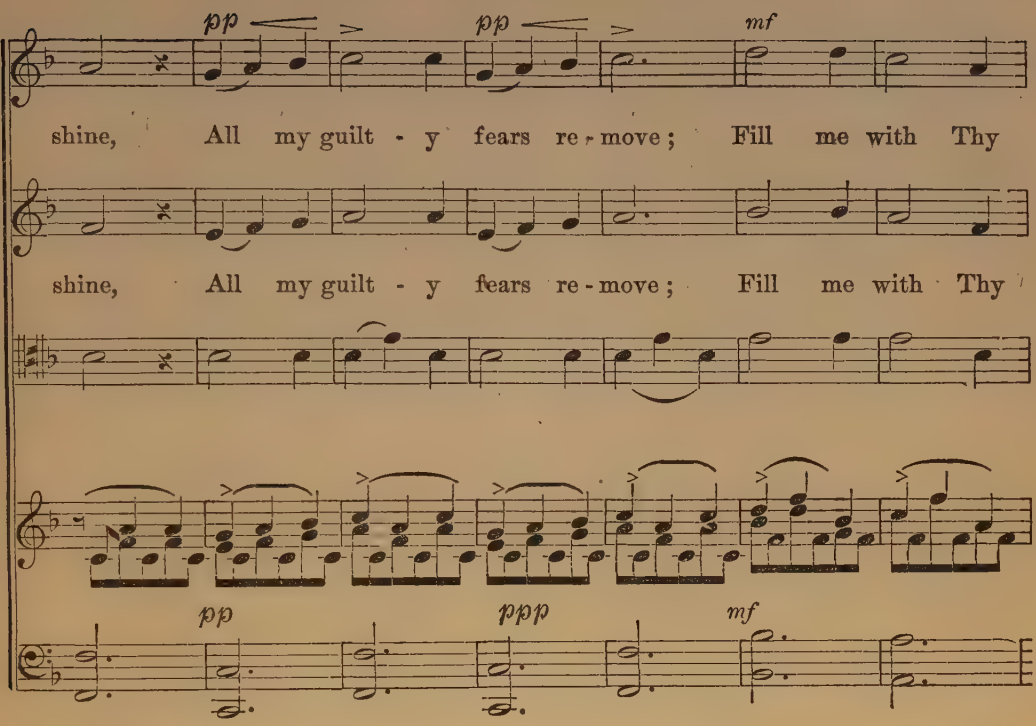
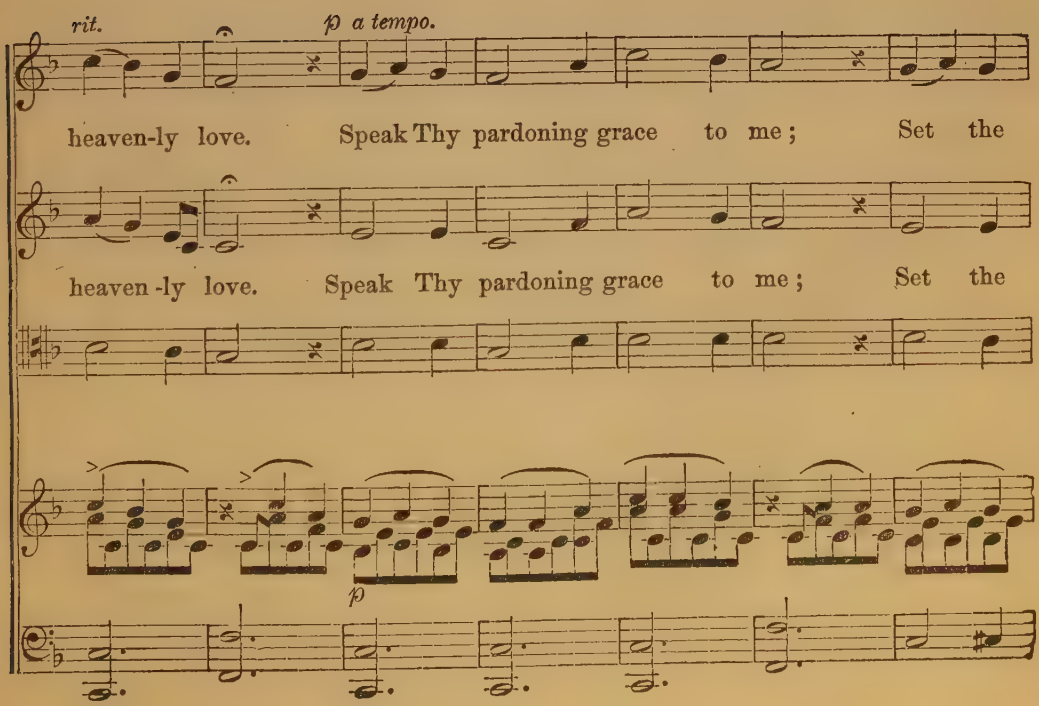
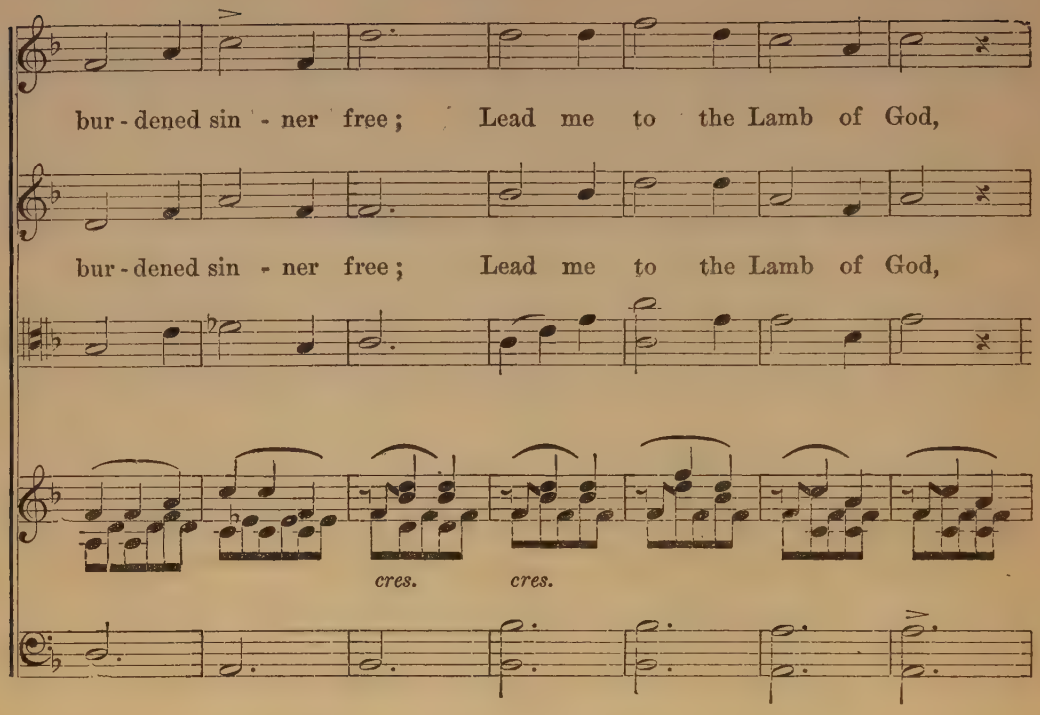
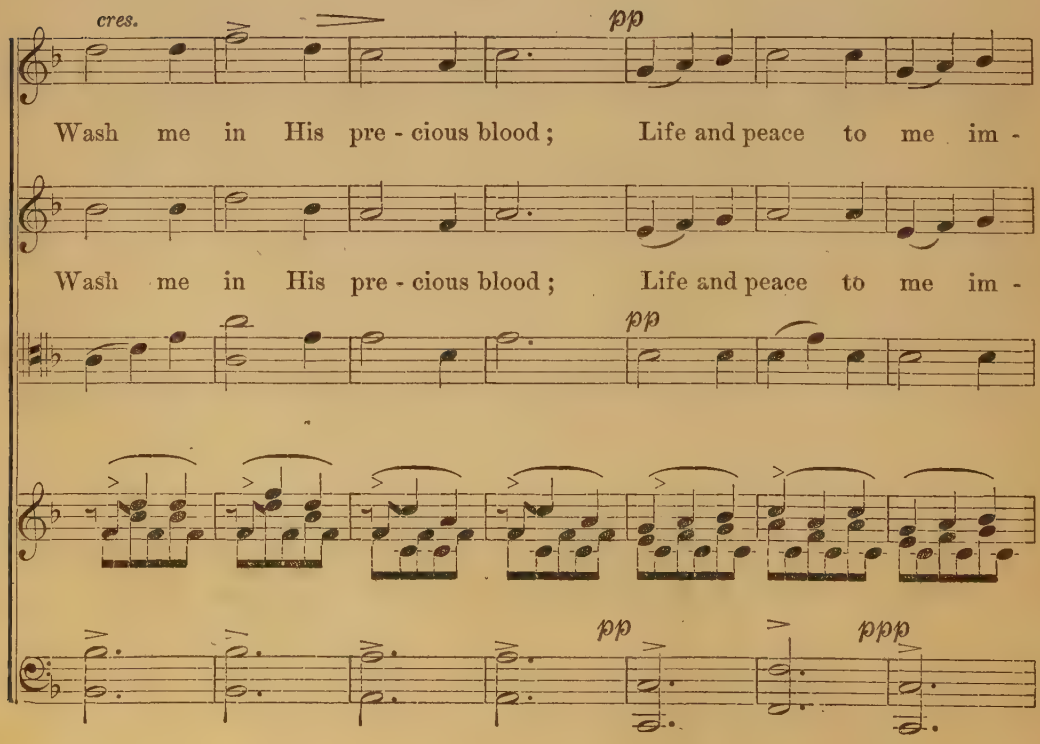
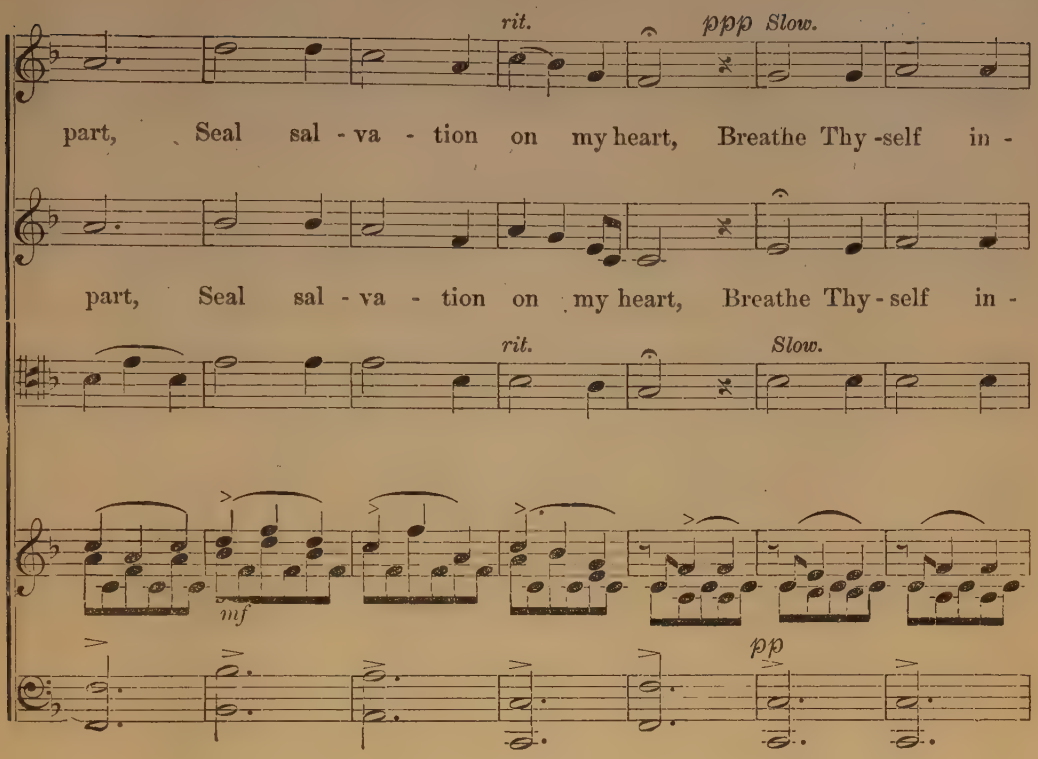
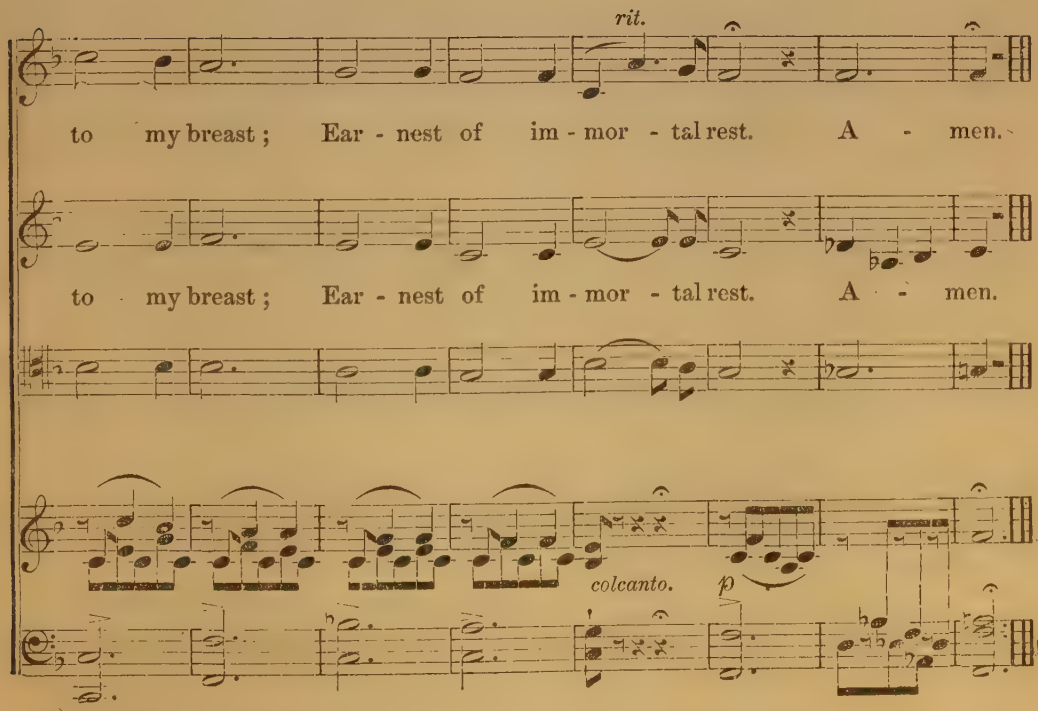

pp
pp
mf
shine, All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy
shine, All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy
pp
ppp
mf


rit.
p a tempo.
heaven-ly love. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me; Set the
heaven-ly love. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me; Set the
p


bur - dened sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God,
bur - dened sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God,
cres.
cres.

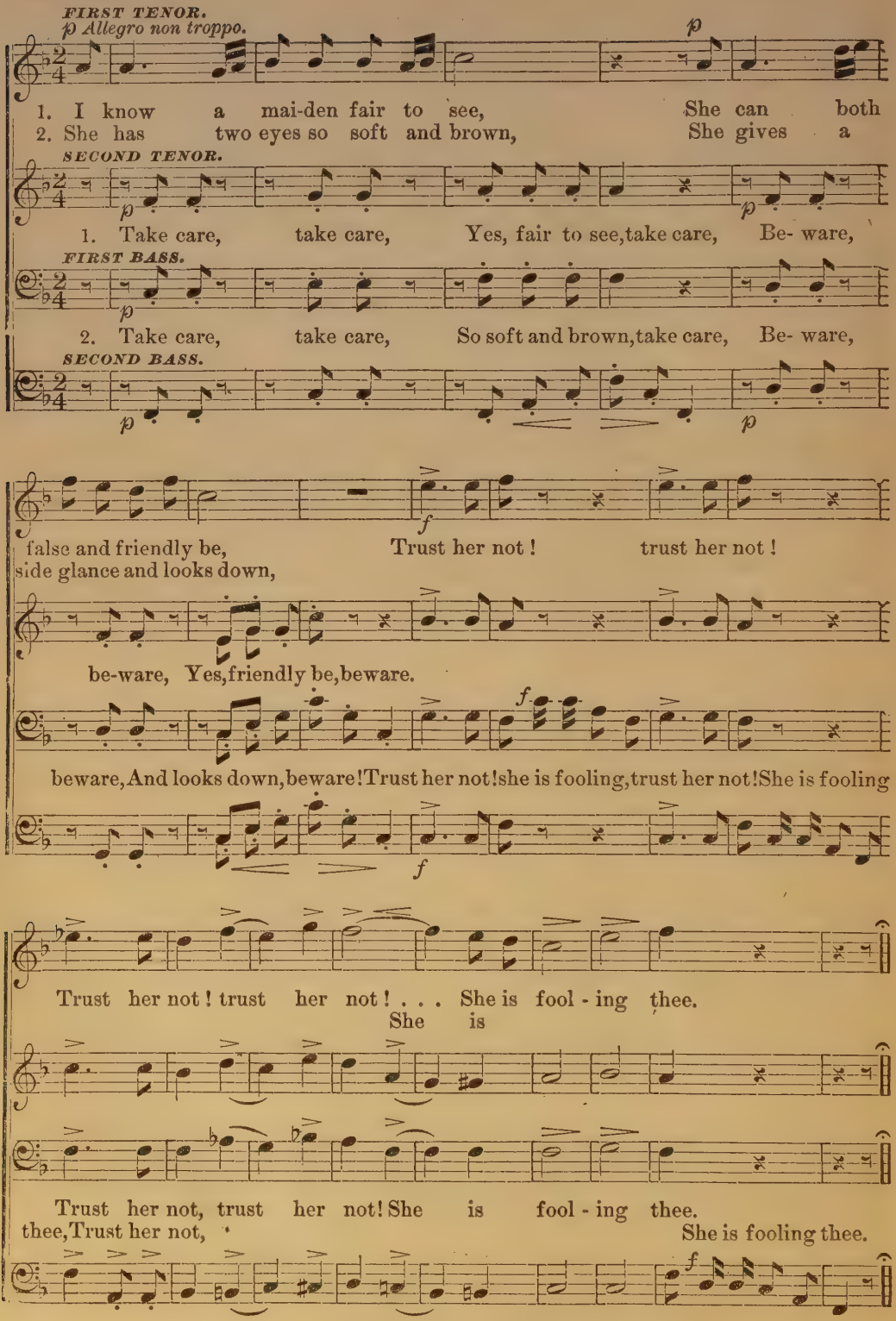

cres.
pp
Wash me in His pre - cious blood; Life and peace to me im -
Wash me in His pre - cious blood; Life and peace to me im -
pp
pp
ppp


rit.
ppp Slow.
part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart, Breathe Thy-self in -
part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart, Breathe Thy-self in -
rit.
Slow.
mf
pp


rit.
to my breast; Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest. A - men.
to my breast; Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest. A - men.
colcanto.
p

BEWARE.

LONGFELLOW. O. B. BROWN. By per.


FIRST TENOR.
p Allegro non troppo.
1. I know a mai-den fair to see, She can both
2. She has two eyes so soft and brown, She gives a
SECOND TENOR.
1. Take care, take care, Yes, fair to see, take care, Be- ware,
FIRST BASS.
2. Take care, take care, So soft and brown, take care, Be- ware,
SECOND BASS.
false and friendly be, Trust her not! trust her not!
side glance and looks down,
be-ware, Yes, friendly be, beware.
beware, And looks down, beware! Trust her not! she is fooling, trust her not! She is fooling
Trust her not! trust her not! . . . She is fool - ing thee.
She is
Trust her not, trust her not! She is fool - ing thee.
thee, Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

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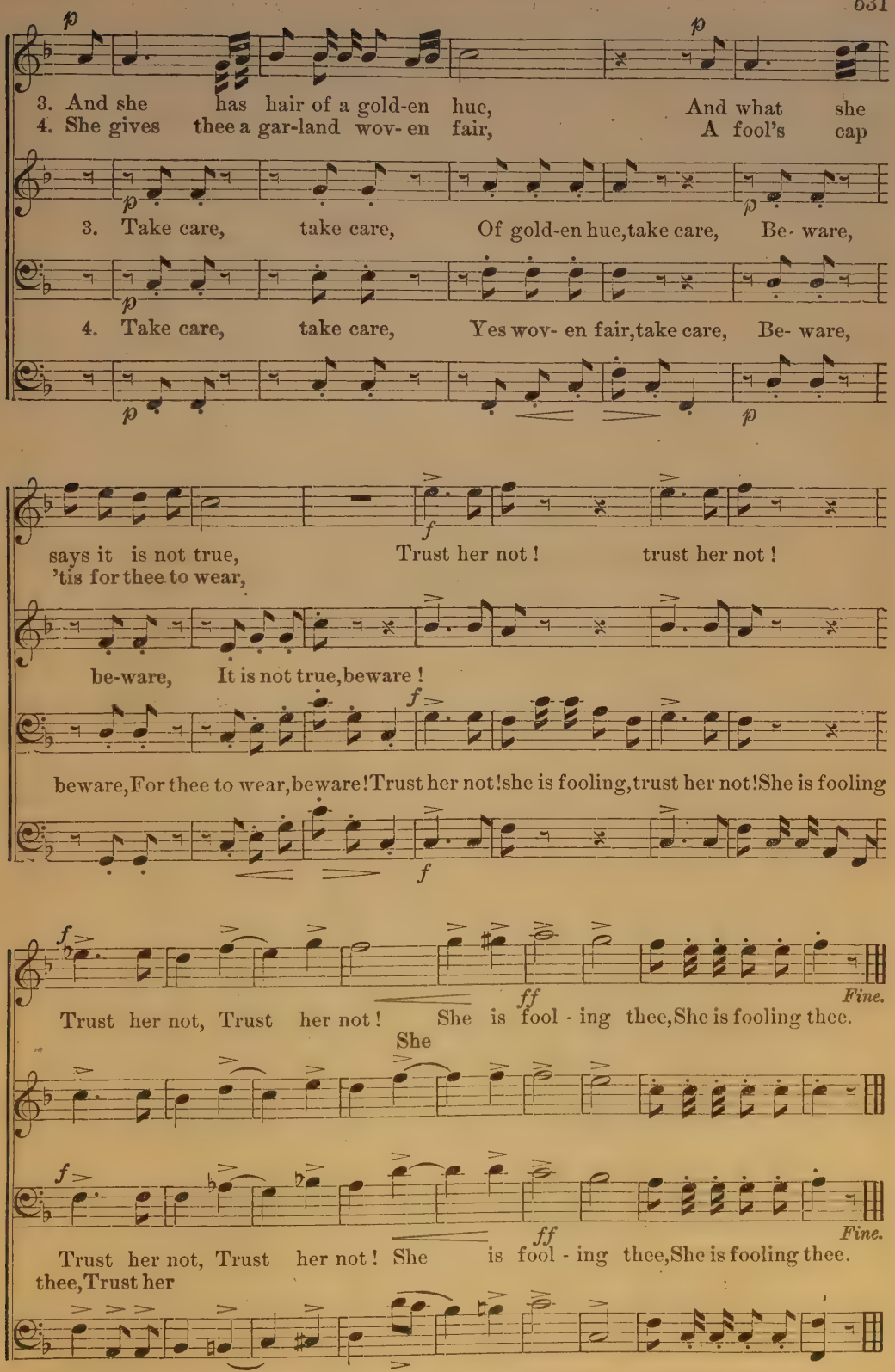
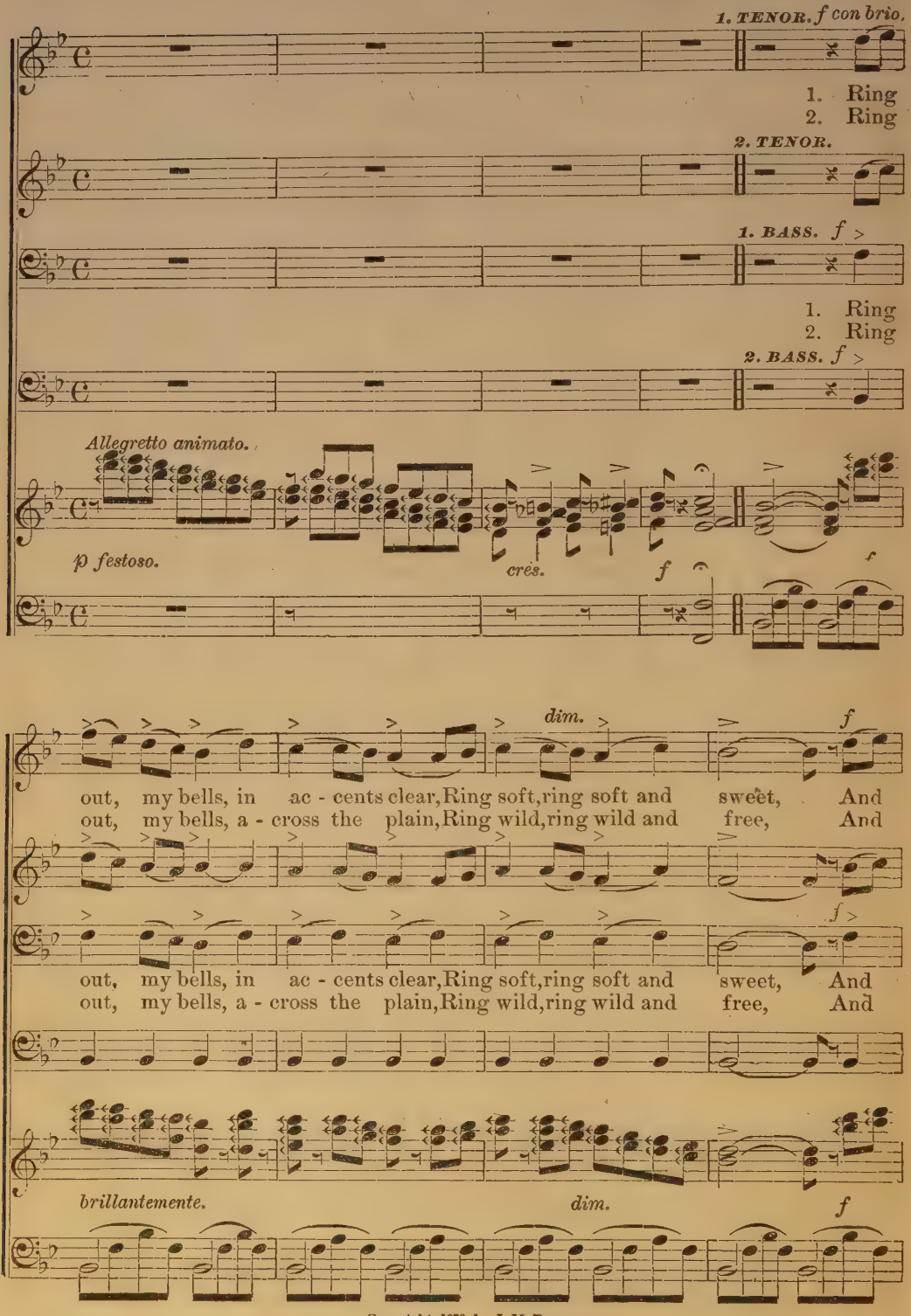

3. And she has hair of a gold-en hue, And what she
4. She gives thee a gar-land wov- en fair, A fool's cap
3. Take care, take care, Of gold-en hue, take care, Be- ware,
4. Take care, take care, Yes wov- en fair, take care, Be- ware,
says it is not true, Trust her not ! trust her not !
'tis for thee to wear,
be-ware, It is not true, beware !
beware, For thee to wear, beware ! Trust her not ! she is fooling, trust her not ! She is fooling
Trust her not, Trust her not ! She is fool - ing thee, She is fooling thee.
Fine.
She
Trust her not, Trust her not ! She is fool - ing thee, She is fooling thee.
Fine.
thee, Trust her

RING ON, MY BELLS.

VINCENZO CIRILLO. By per.


1. TENOR. f con brio.
1. Ring
2. Ring
2. TENOR.
1. BASS. f
1. Ring
2. Ring
2. BASS. f
Allegretto animato.
p festoso.
cres.
f
f
dim.
f
out, my bells, in ac - cents clear, Ring soft, ring soft and sweet, And
out, my bells, a - cross the plain, Ring wild, ring wild and free, And
f
out, my bells, in ac - cents clear, Ring soft, ring soft and sweet, And
out, my bells, a - cross the plain, Ring wild, ring wild and free, And
brillantemente.
dim.
f

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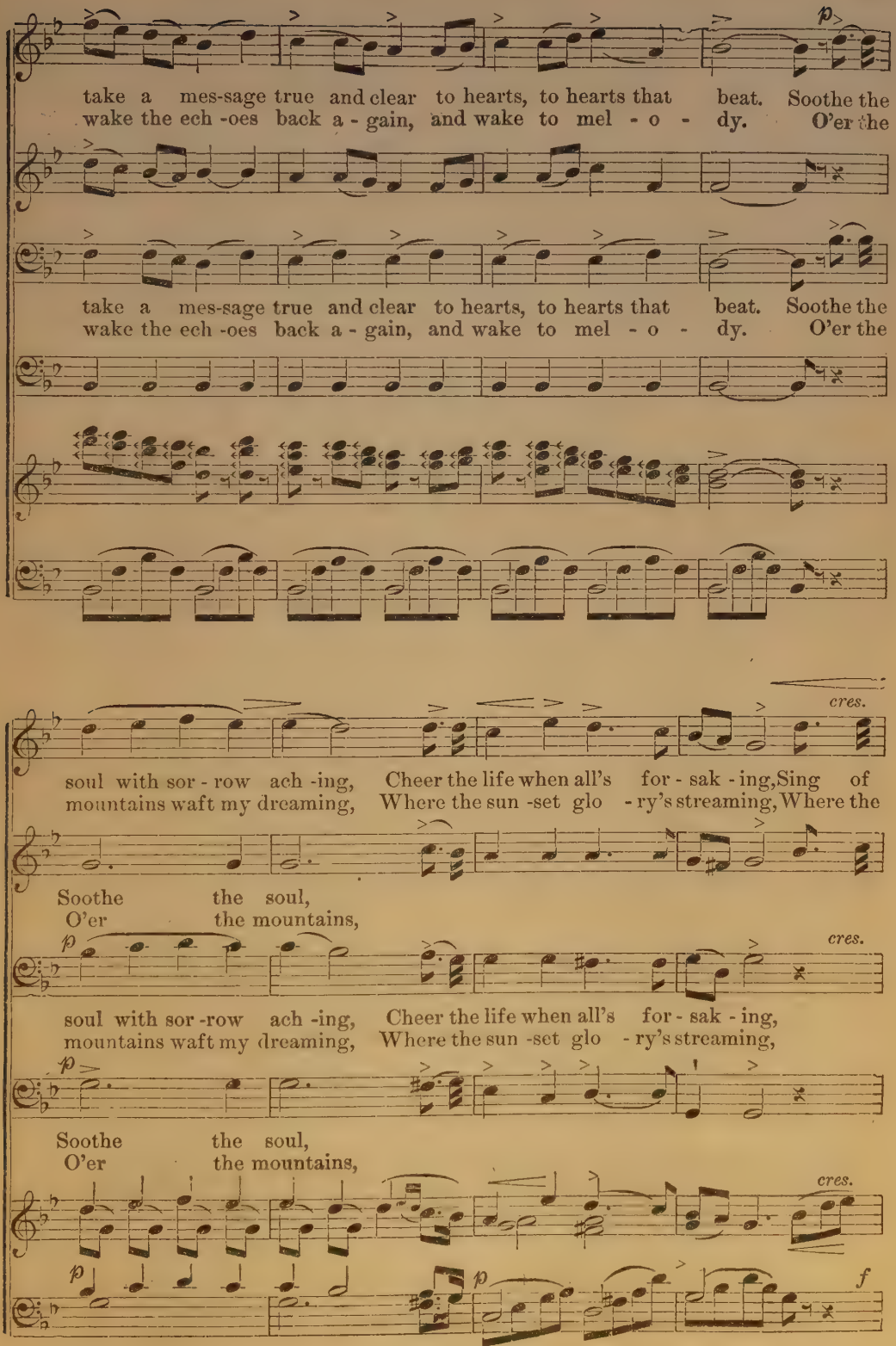
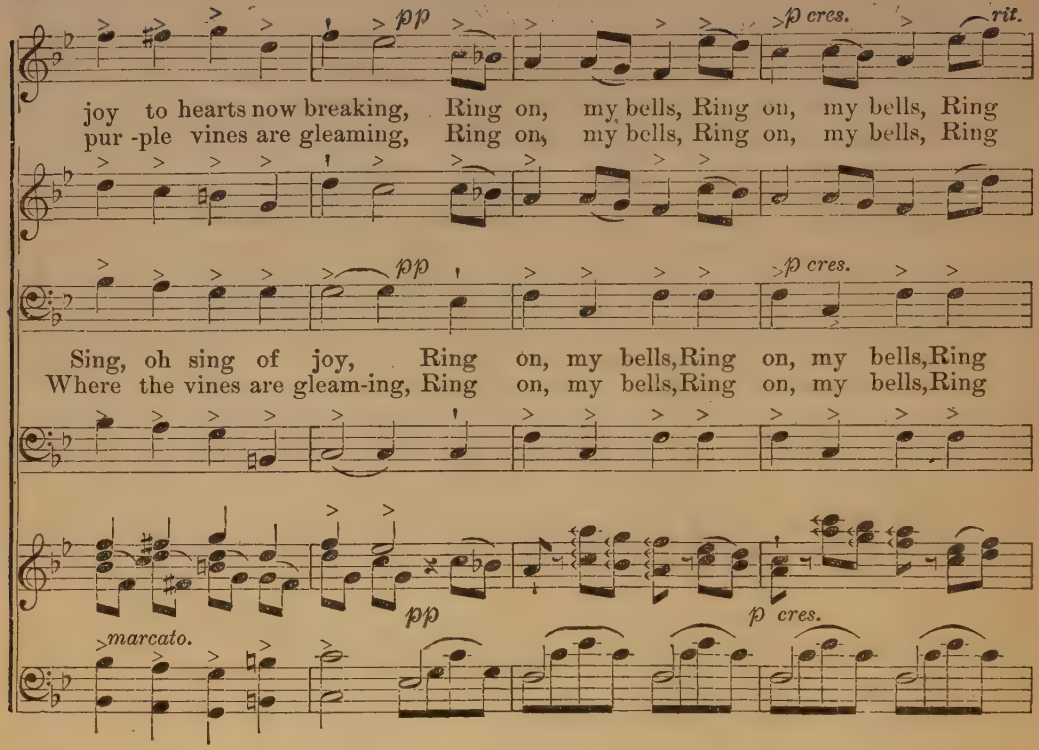
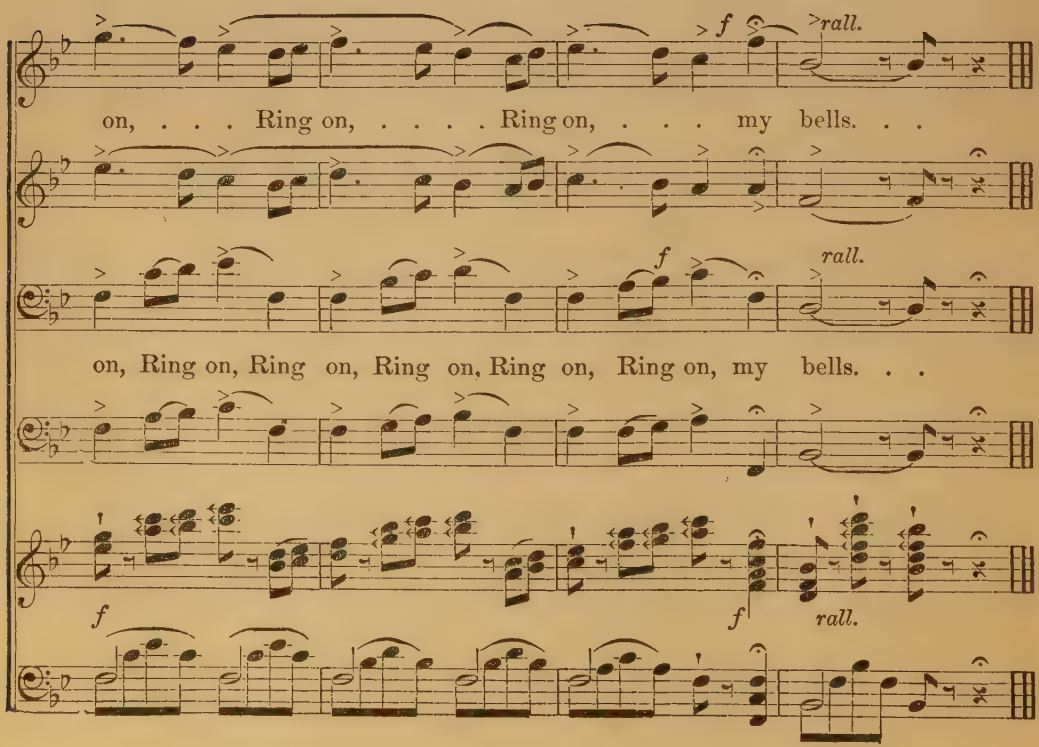
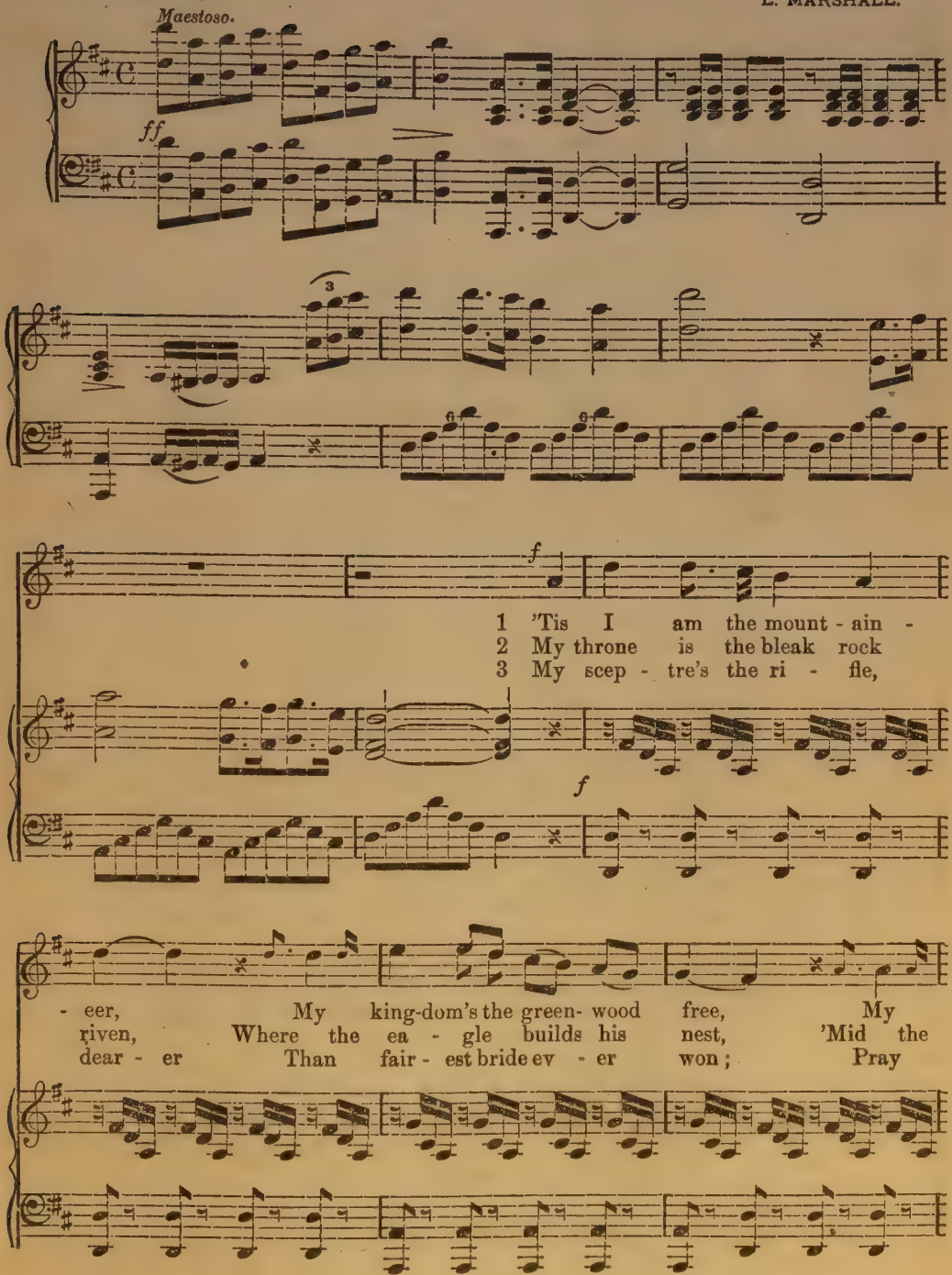

take a mes-sage true and clear to hearts, to hearts that beat. Soothe the
wake the ech-oes back a-gain, and wake to mel-o-dy. O'er the
take a mes-sage true and clear to hearts, to hearts that beat. Soothe the
wake the ech-oes back a-gain, and wake to mel-o-dy. O'er the
cres.
soul with sor-row ach-ing, Cheer the life when all's for-sak-ing, Sing of
mountains waft my dreaming, Where the sun-set glo-ry's streaming, Where the
Soothe the soul,
O'er the mountains,
cres.
soul with sor-row ach-ing, Cheer the life when all's for-sak-ing,
mountains waft my dreaming, Where the sun-set glo-ry's streaming,
Soothe the soul,
O'er the mountains,
cres.
f

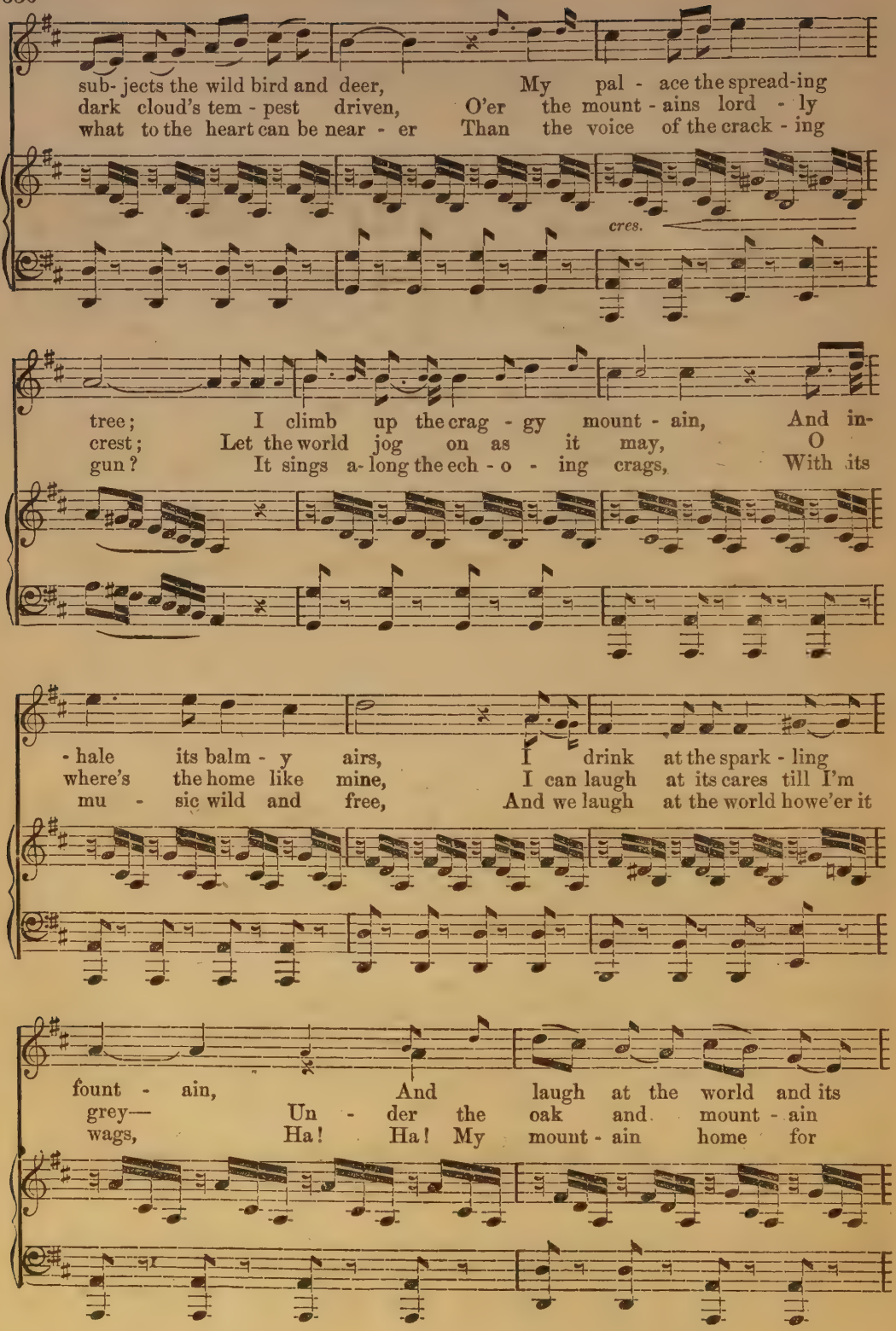

pp
p cres.
rit.
joy to hearts now breaking, Ring on, my bells, Ring on, my bells, Ring
pur-ple vines are gleaming, Ring on, my bells, Ring on, my bells, Ring
pp
p cres.
Sing, oh sing of joy, Ring on, my bells, Ring on, my bells, Ring
Where the vines are gleam-ing, Ring on, my bells, Ring on, my bells, Ring
marcato.
pp
p cres.

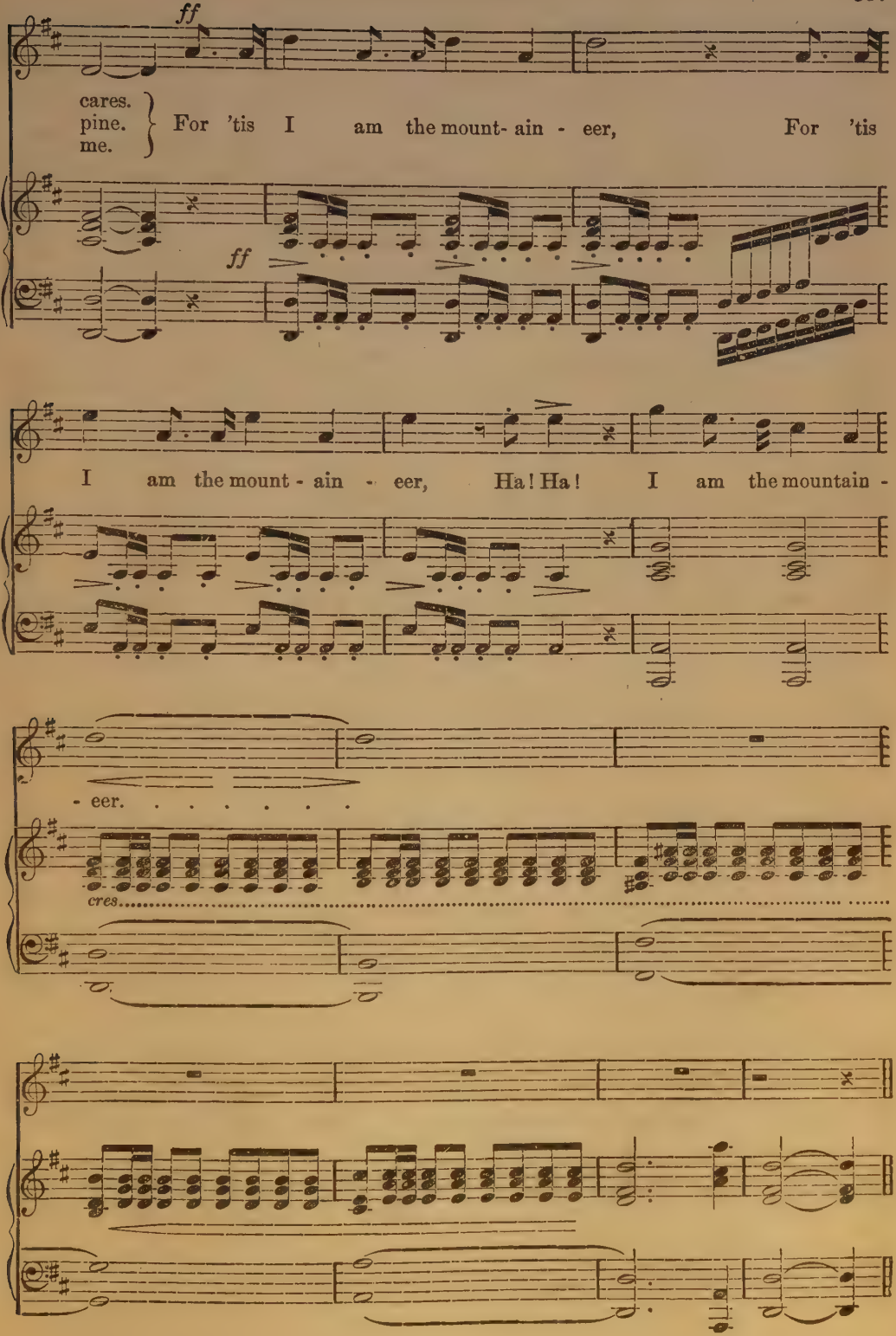

f
rall.
on, . . . Ring on, ... Ring on, . . . my bells. . .
f
rall.
on, Ring on, Ring on, Ring on, Ring on, Ring on, my bells. . .
f
f
rall.

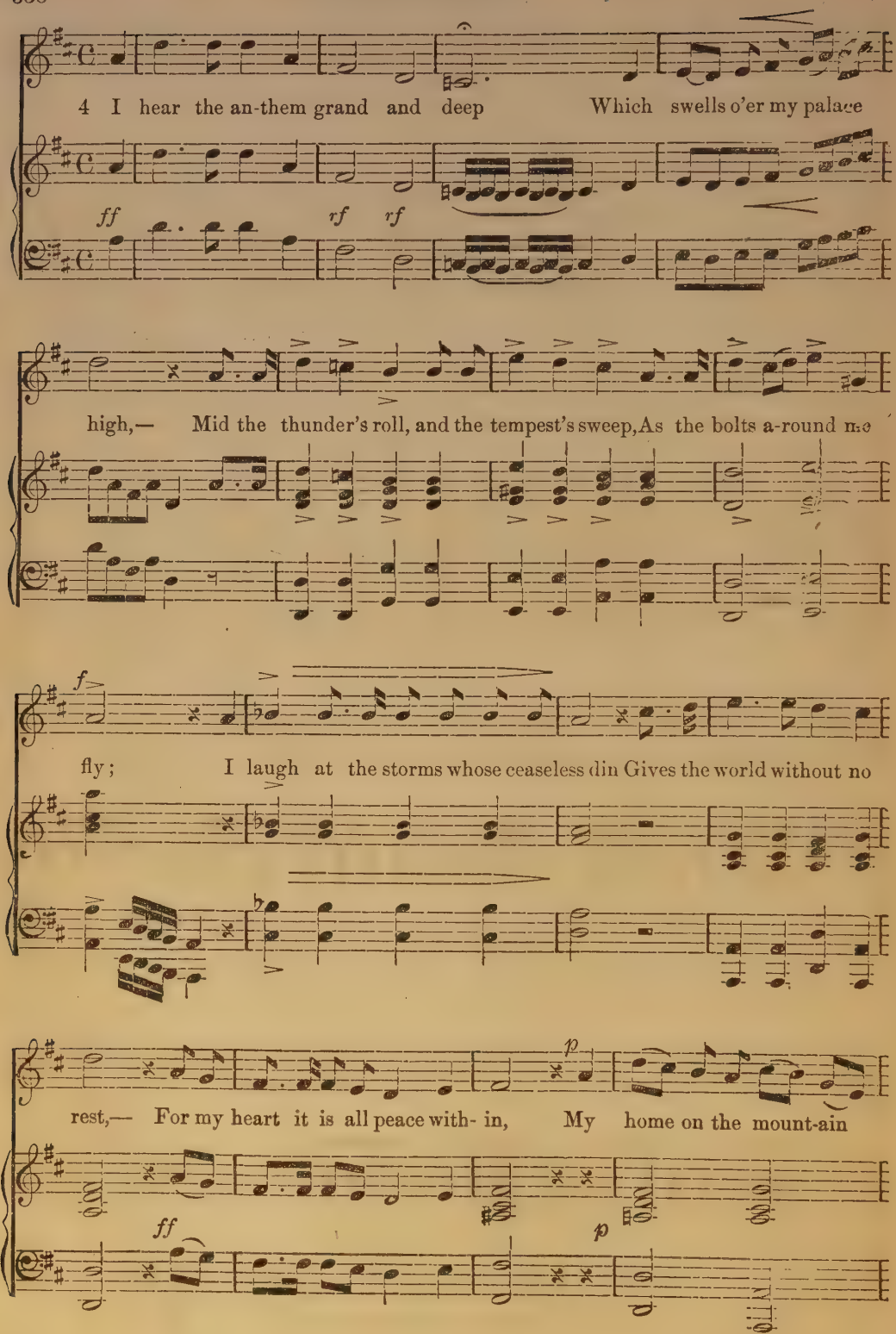
THE MOUNTAINEER.

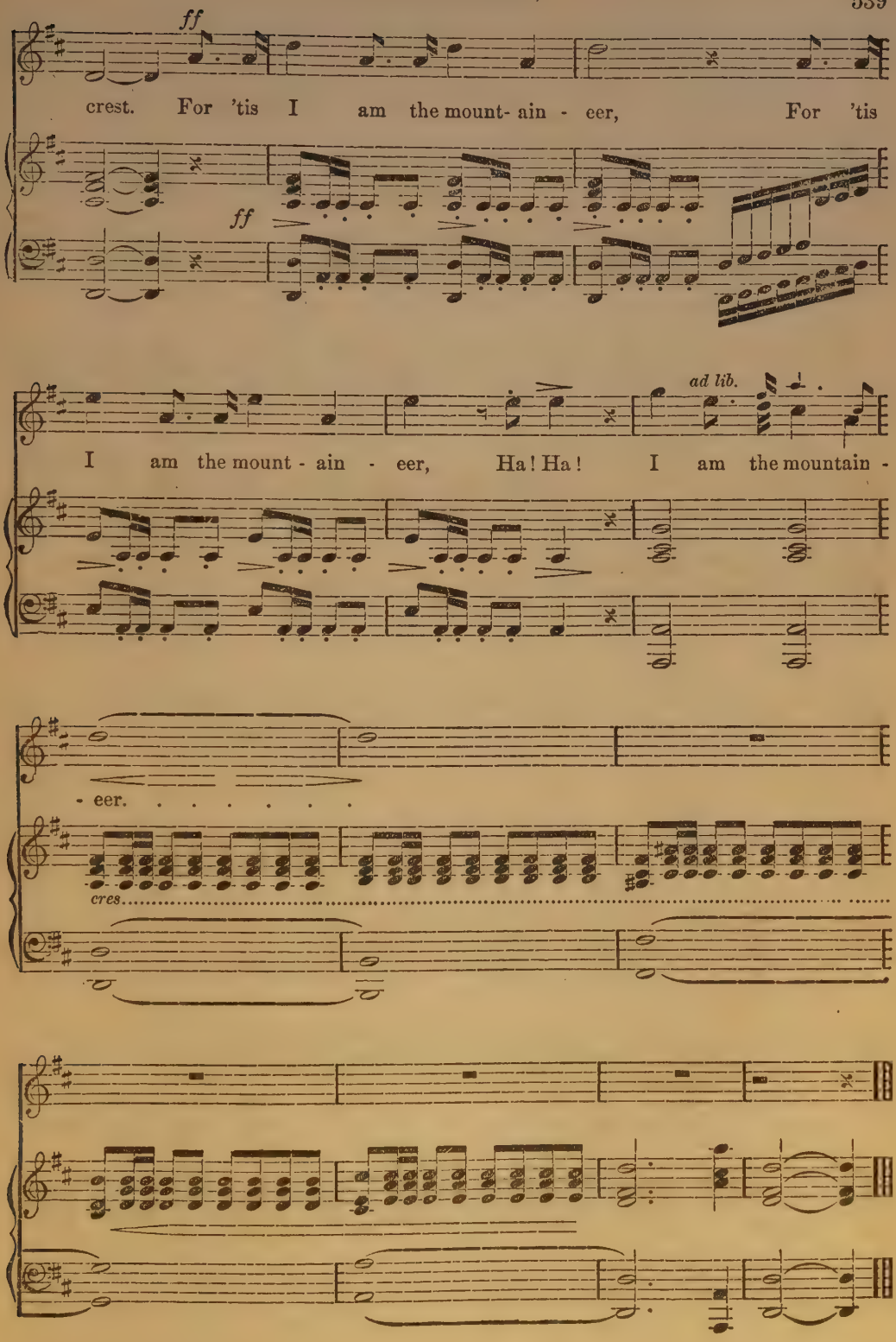
J. H. WARLAND. L. MARSHALL.


Maestoso.
ff
f
1 'Tis I am the mount - ain -
2 My throne is the bleak rock
3 My scep - tre's the ri - fle,
- eer, My king-dom's the green- wood free, My
riven, Where the ea - gle builds his nest, 'Mid the
dear - er Than fair - est bride ev - er won; Pray


sub- jects the wild bird and deer, My pal - ace the spread-ing
dark cloud's tem - pest driven, O'er the mount - ains lord - ly
what to the heart can be near - er Than the voice of the crack - ing
cres.
tree; I climb up the crag - gy mount - ain, And in-
crest; Let the world jog on as it may, O
gun? It sings a- long the ech - o - ing crags, With its
- hale its balm - y airs, I drink at the spark - ling
where's the home like mine, I can laugh at its cares till I'm
mu - sic wild and free, And we laugh at the world howe'er it
fount - ain, And laugh at the world and its
grey— Un - der the oak and mount - ain
wags, Ha! Ha! My mount - ain home for

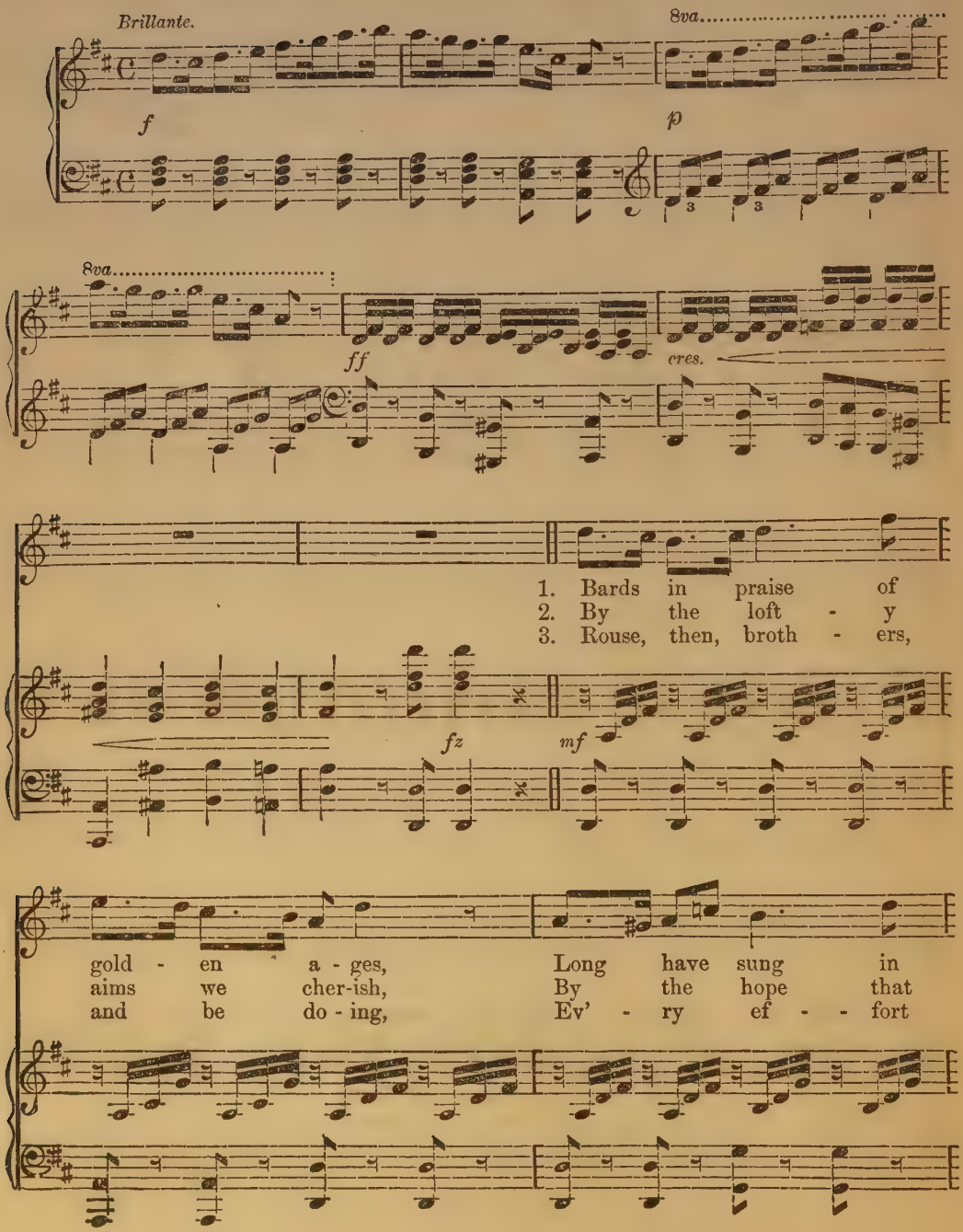

ff
cares.
pine.
me.
For 'tis I am the mount- ain - eer, For 'tis
ff
I am the mount - ain - eer, Ha! Ha! I am the mountain -
- eer.
cres.

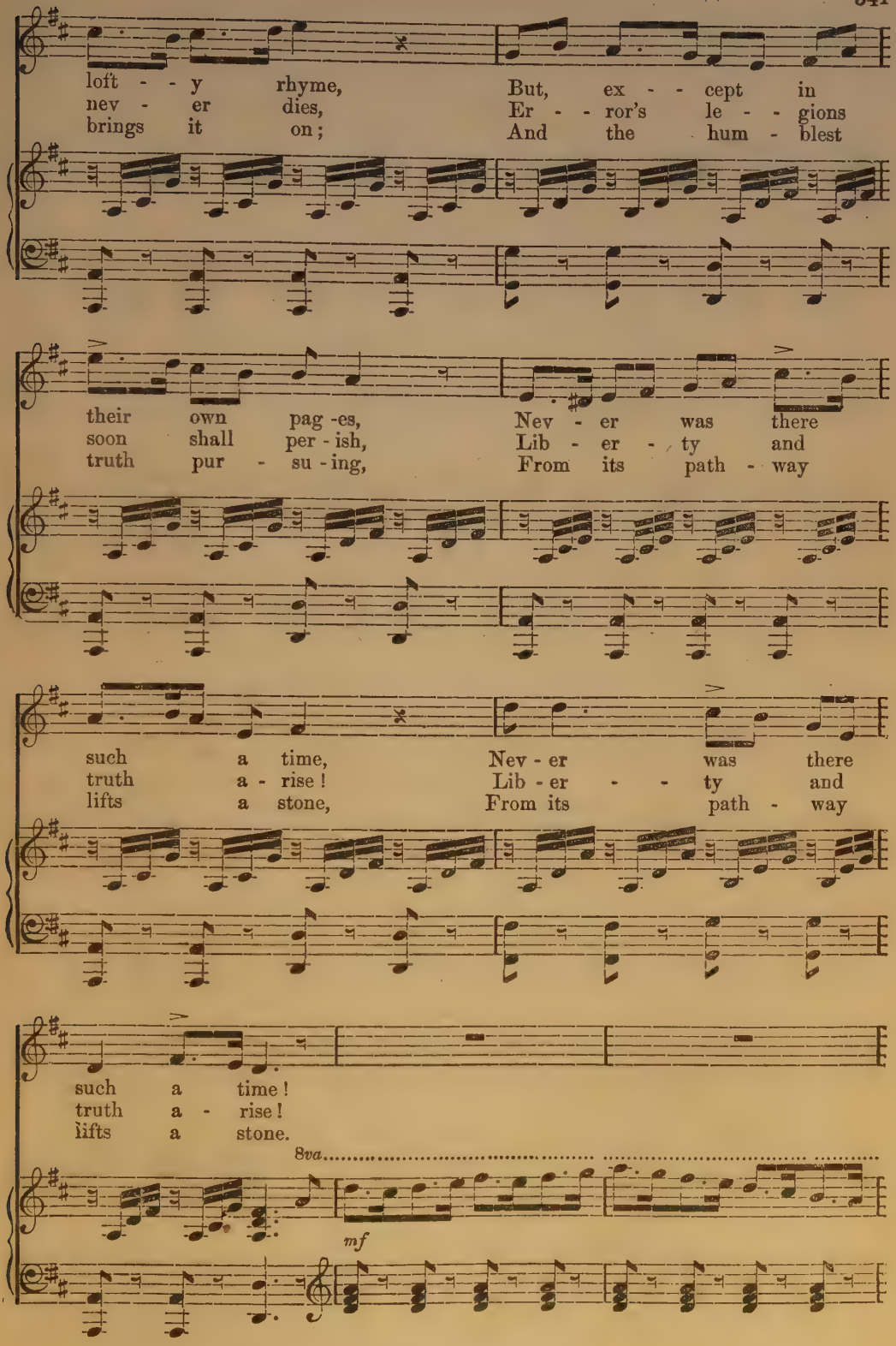

4 I hear the an-them grand and deep Which swells o'er my palace
ff rf rf
high,— Mid the thunder's roll, and the tempest's sweep, As the bolts a-round me
f
fly; I laugh at the storms whose ceaseless din Gives the world without no
p
rest,— For my heart it is all peace with- in, My home on the mount-ain
ff p

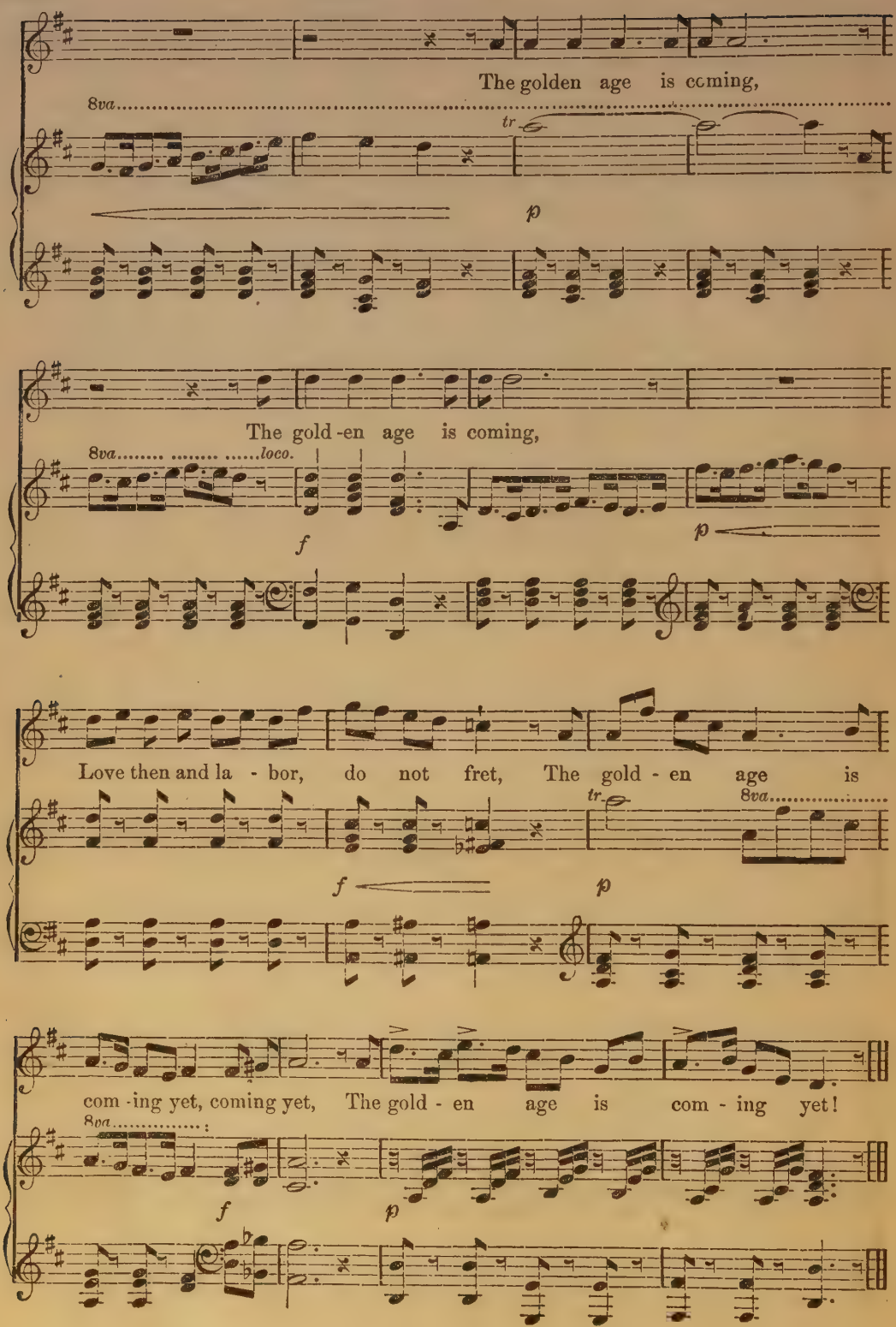

ff
crest. For 'tis I am the mount- ain - eer, For 'tis
ff
ad lib.
I am the mount - ain - eer, Ha! Ha! I am the mountain -
- eer.
cres.

THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING.

L. MARSHALL.

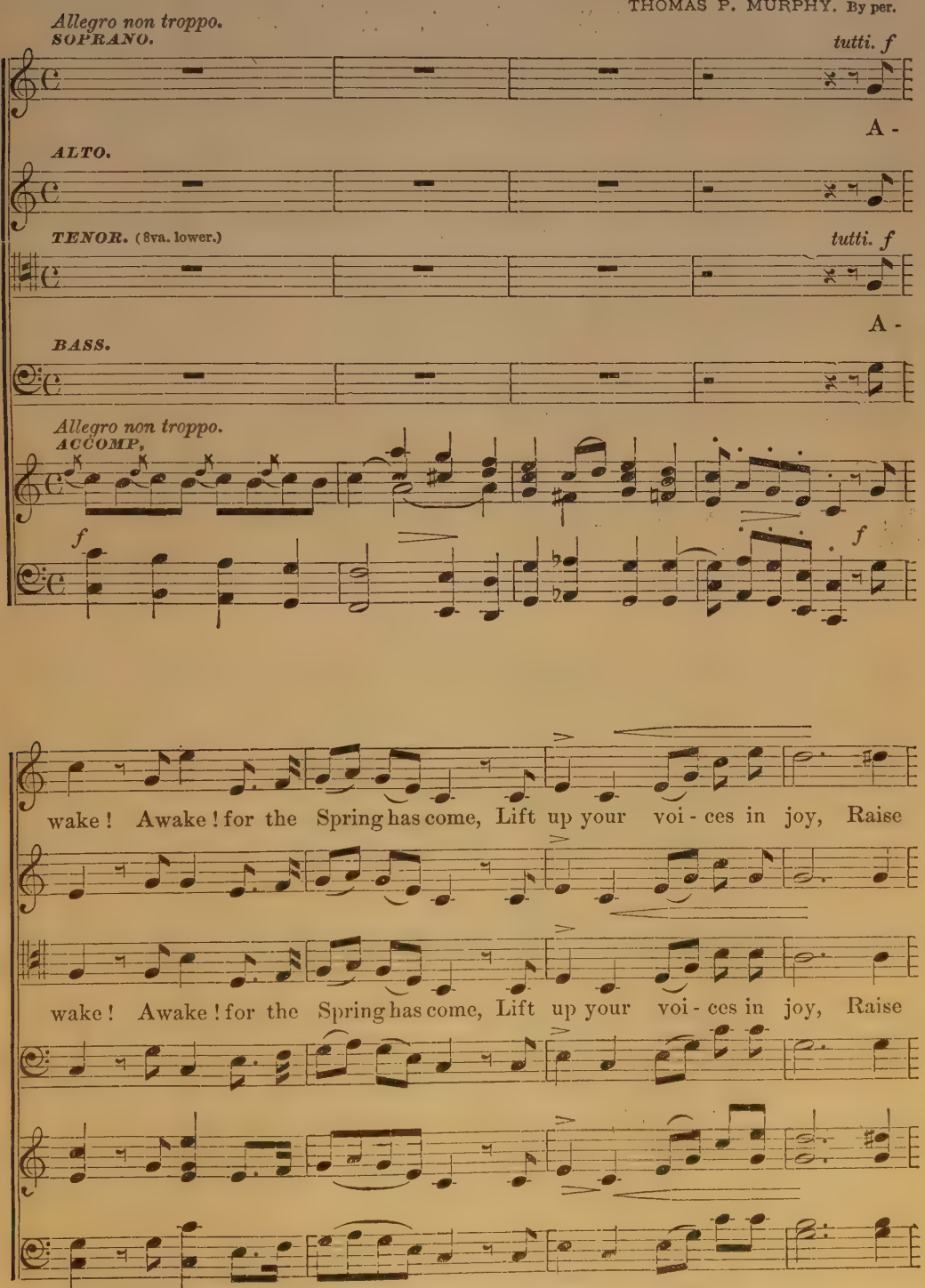



loft - - y rhyme, But, ex - - cept in
nev - er dies, Er - - ror's le - - gions
brings it on; And the hum - blest
their own pag -es, Nev - er was there
soon shall per - ish, Lib - er - ty and
truth pur - su - ing, From its path - way
such a time, Nev - er was there
truth a - rise! Lib - er - - ty and
lifts a stone, From its path - way
such a time!
truth a - rise!
lifts a stone.
8va
mf


The golden age is coming,
8va
tr
p
The gold-en age is coming,
8va
loco.
f
p
Love then and la - bor, do not fret, The gold - en age is
tr
8va
f
p
com-ing yet, coming yet, The gold - en age is com - ing yet!
8va
f
p

AWAKE! AWAKE! FOR THE SPRING HAS COME.

THOMAS P. MURPHY. By per.



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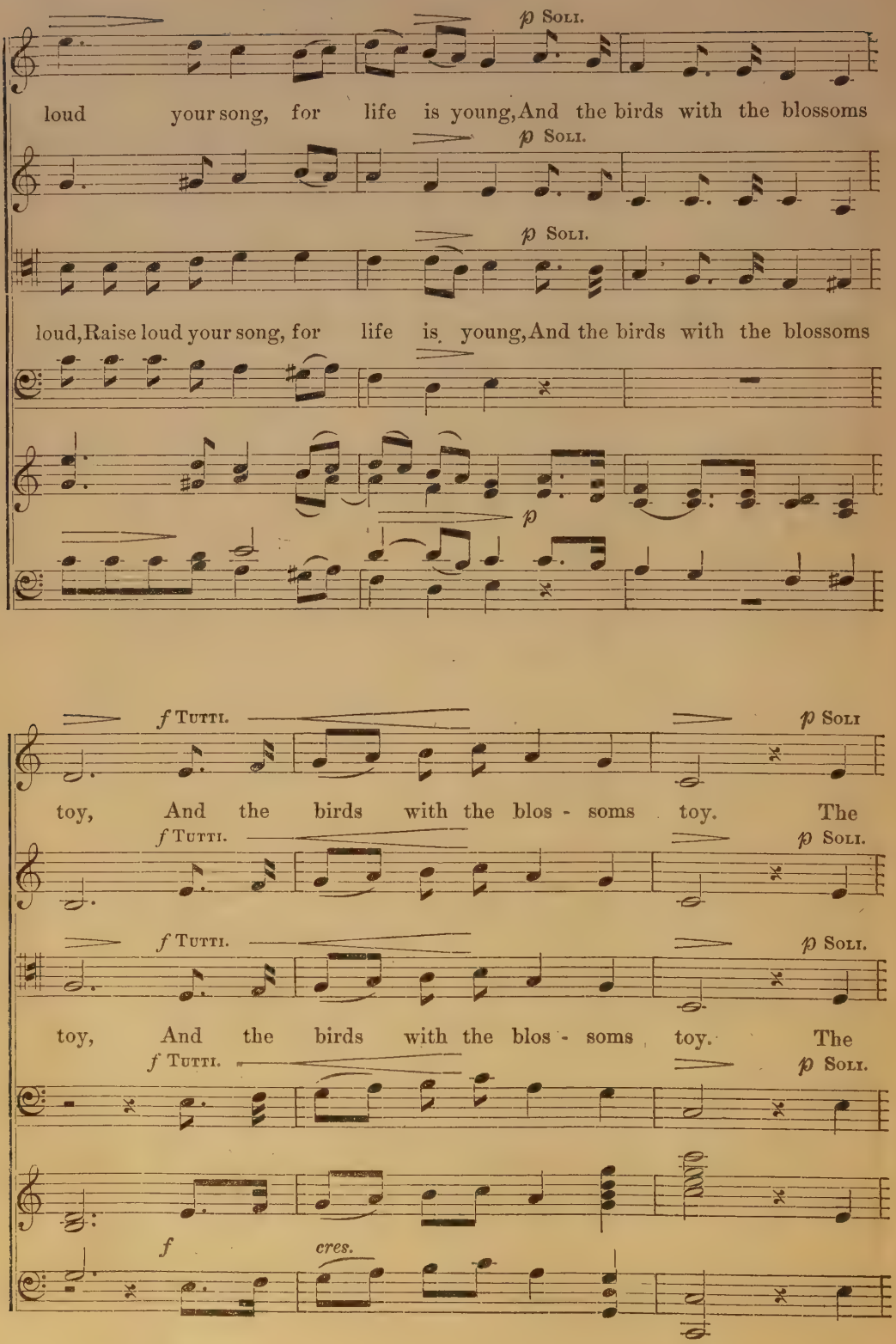
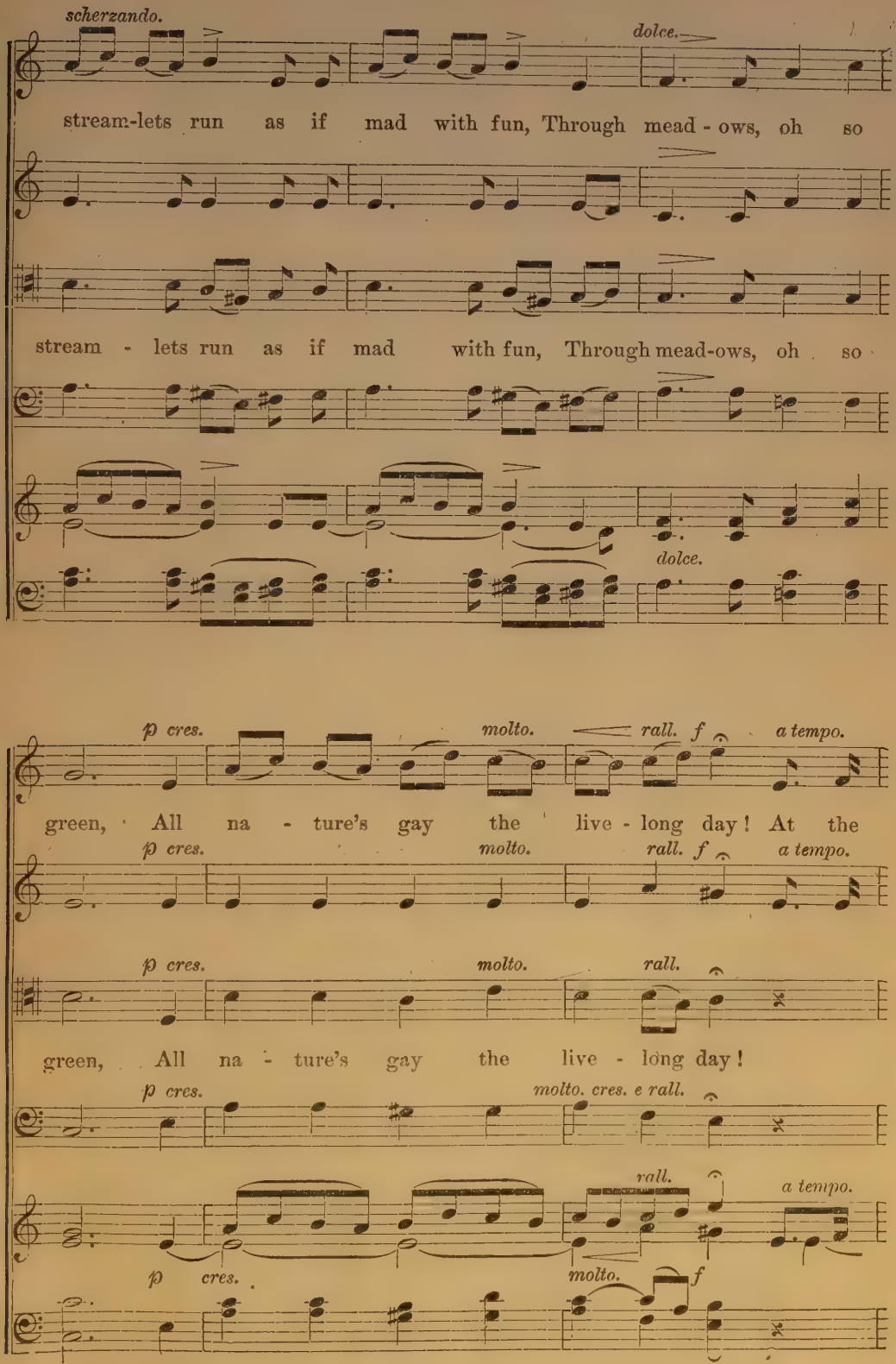
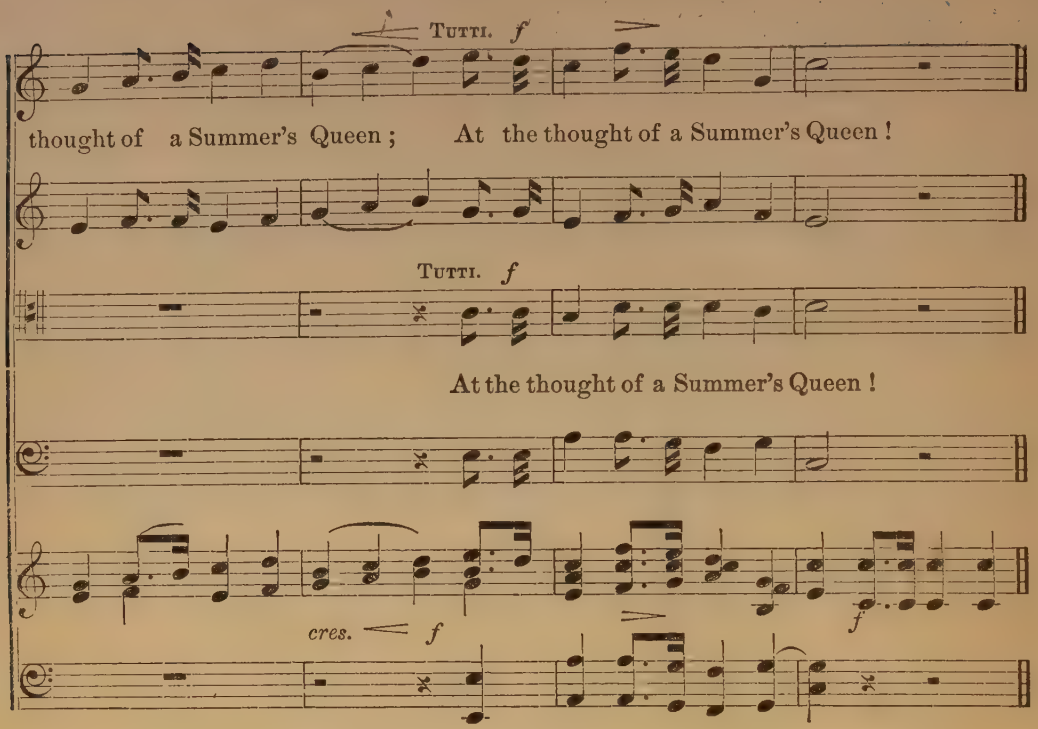
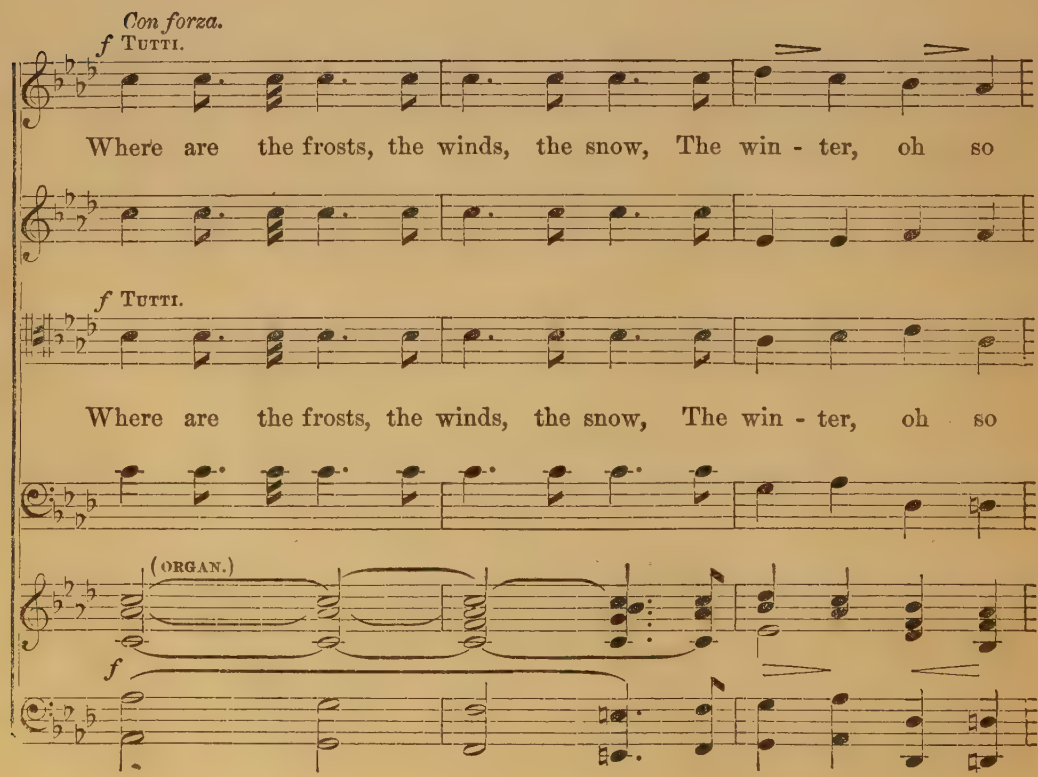
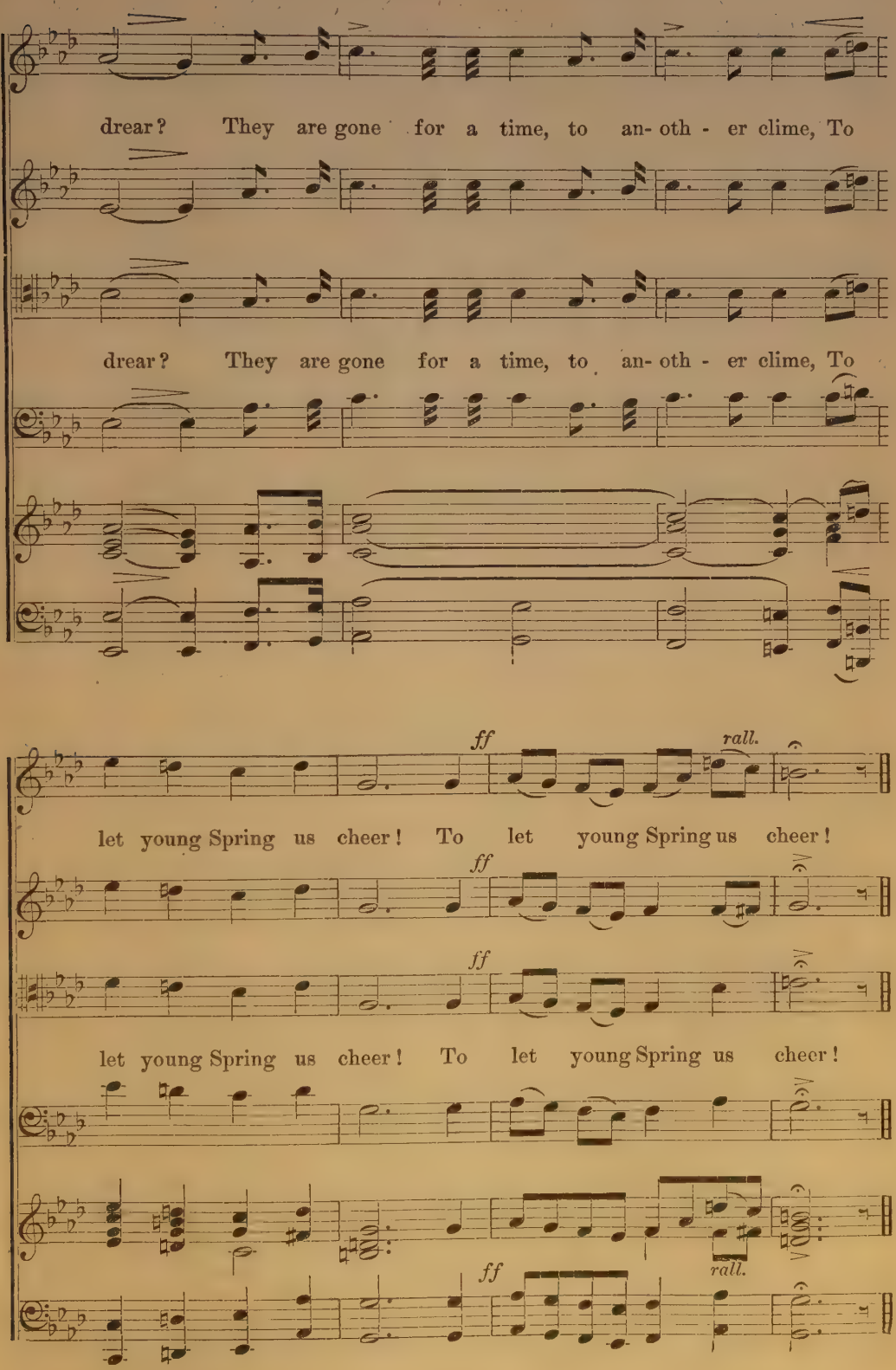
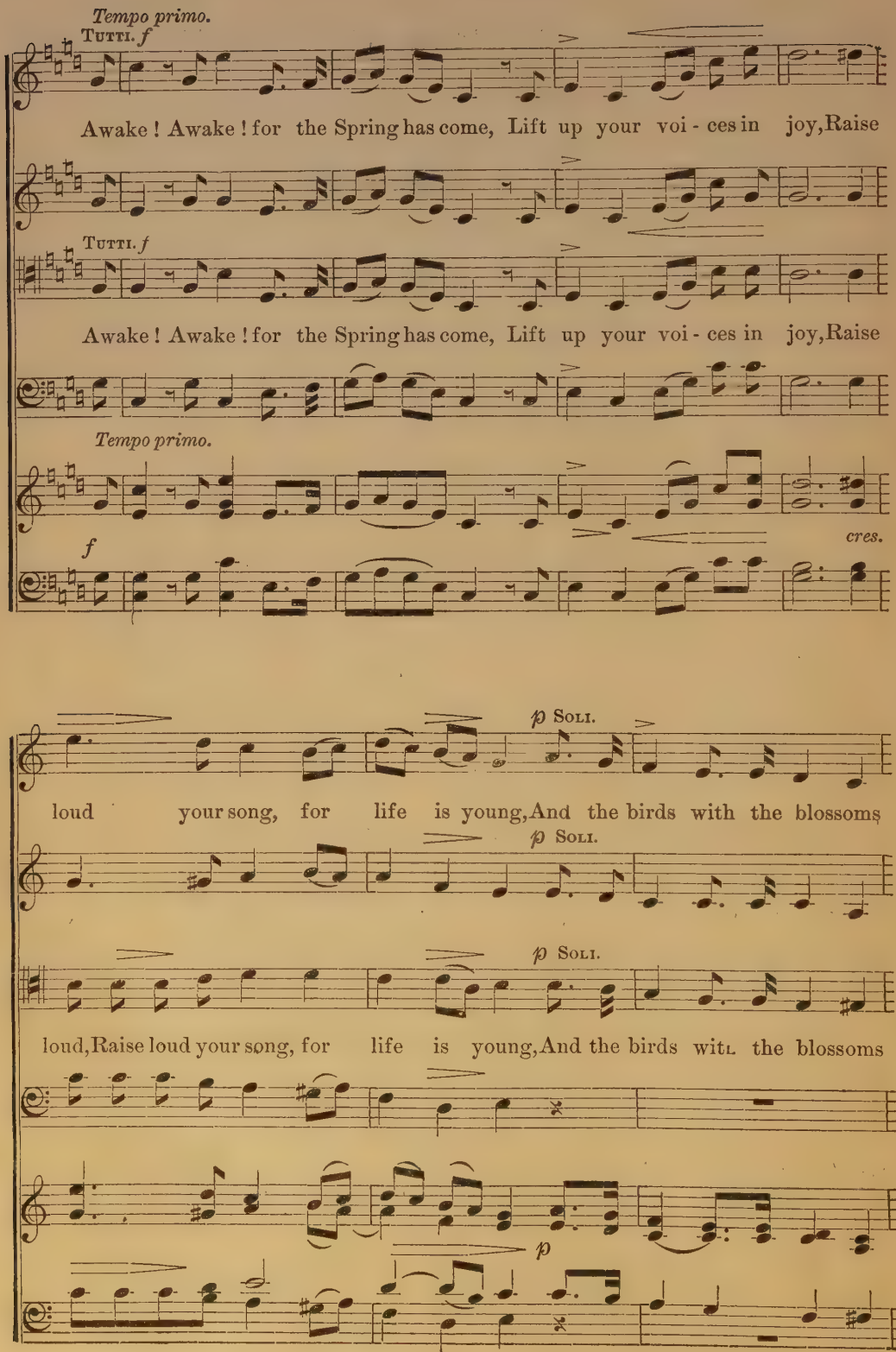

p Soli.
loud your song, for life is young, And the birds with the blossoms
p Soli.
p Soli.
loud, Raise loud your song, for life is young, And the birds with the blossoms
p
f Tutti.
p Soli
toy, And the birds with the blos - soms toy. The
f Tutti.
p Soli.
f Tutti.
p Soli.
toy, And the birds with the blos - soms toy. The
f Tutti.
p Soli.
f
cres.

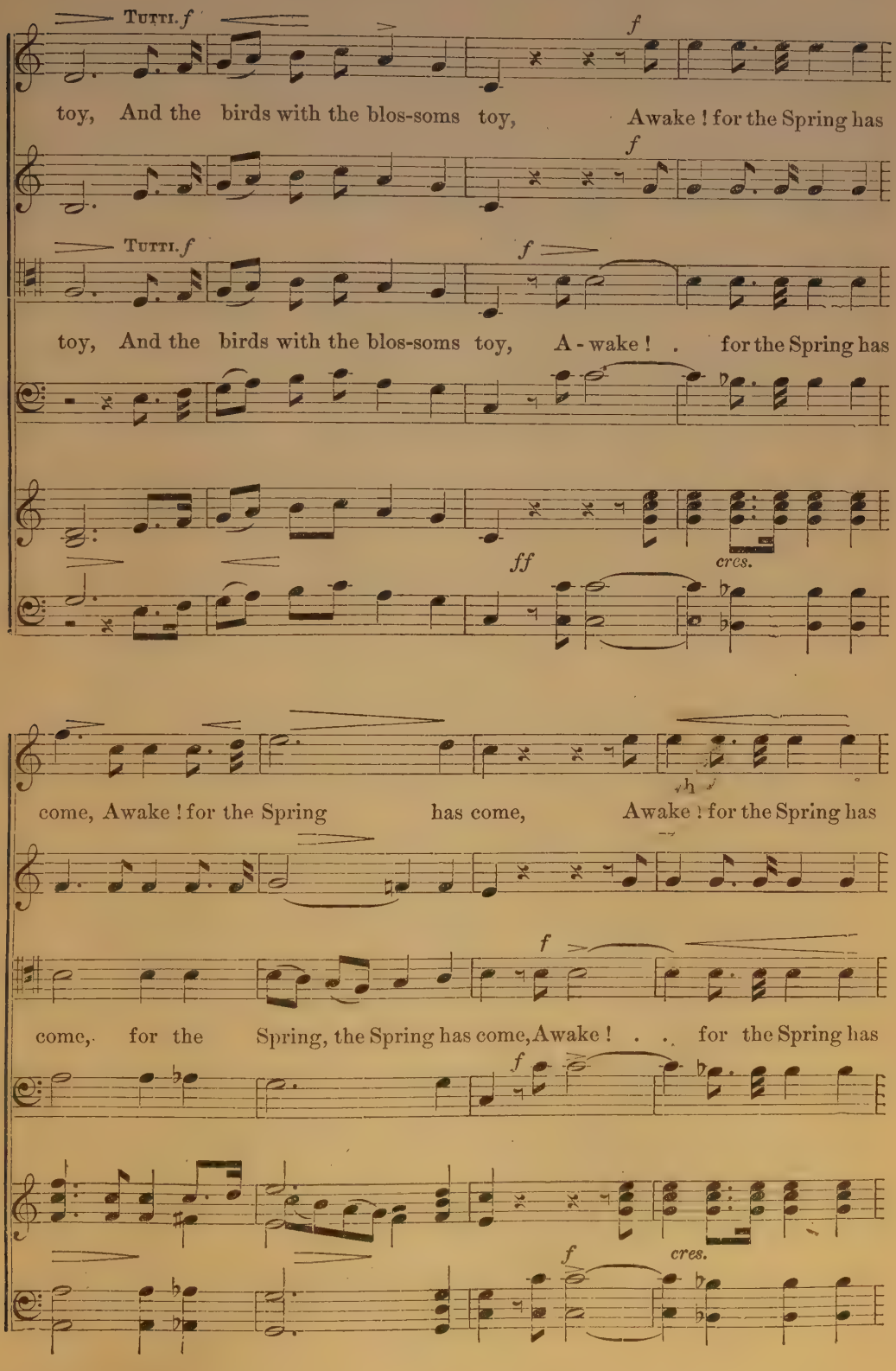

scherzando.
dolce.
stream-lets run as if mad with fun, Through mead - ows, oh so
stream - lets run as if mad with fun, Through mead-ows, oh so
dolce.
p cres.
molto.
rall. f
a tempo.
green, All na - ture's gay the live - long day! At the
p cres.
molto.
rall. f
a tempo.
p cres.
molto.
rall.
green, All na - ture's gay the live - long day!
p cres.
molto. cres. e rall.
rall.
a tempo.
p cres.
molto. f

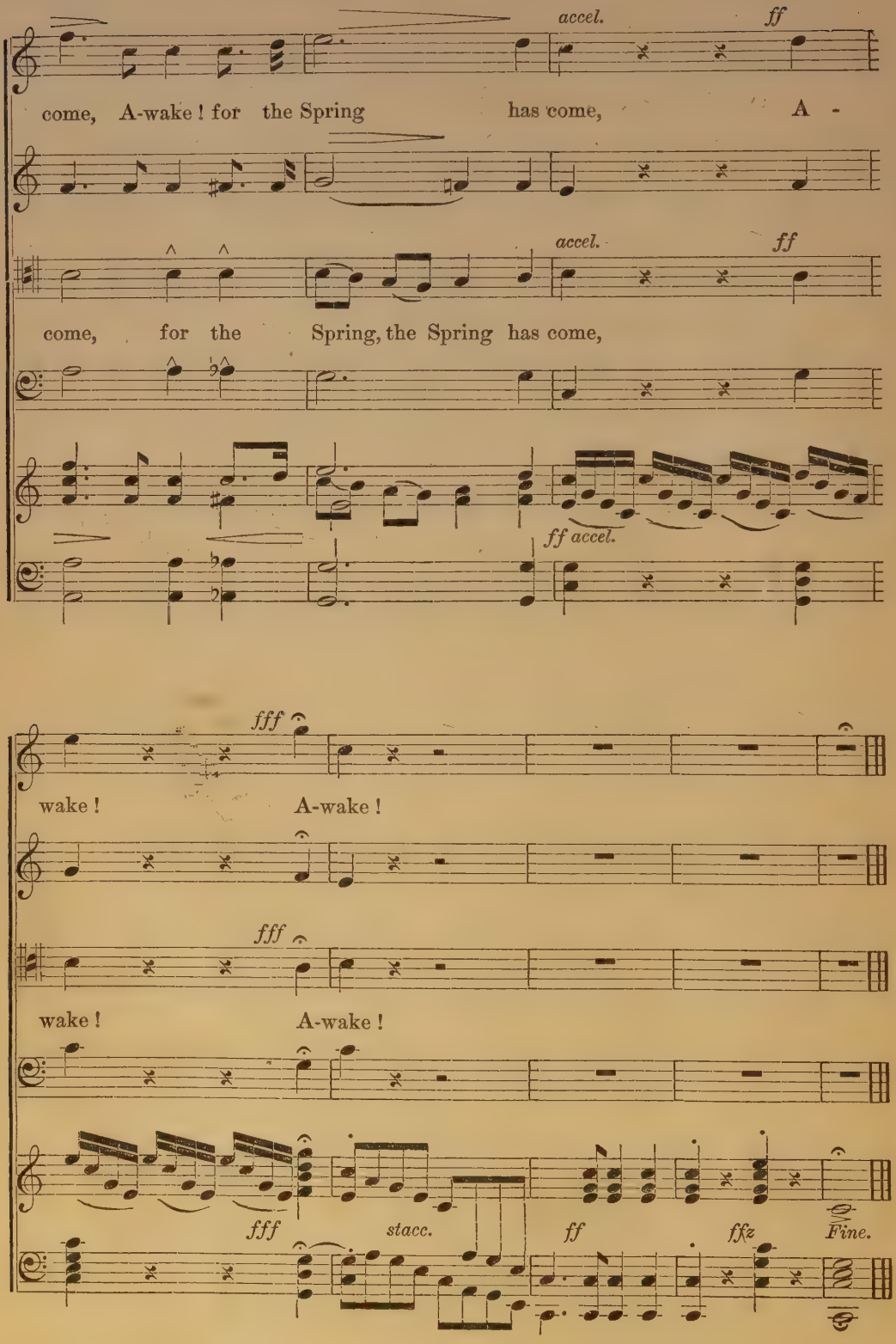

Tutti. f
thought of a Summer's Queen; At the thought of a Summer's Queen!
Tutti. f
At the thought of a Summer's Queen!
cres. f
f


Con forza.
f Tutti.
Where are the frosts, the winds, the snow, The win - ter, oh so
f Tutti.
Where are the frosts, the winds, the snow, The win - ter, oh so
(organ.)
f


drear? They are gone for a time, to an- oth - er clime, To
drear? They are gone for a time, to an- oth - er clime, To
ff
rall.
let young Spring us cheer! To let young Spring us cheer!
ff
let young Spring us cheer! To let young Spring us cheer!
ff
rall.
ff


Tempo primo.
Tutti. f
Awake! Awake! for the Spring has come, Lift up your voi - ces in joy, Raise
Tutti. f
Awake! Awake! for the Spring has come, Lift up your voi - ces in joy, Raise
Tempo primo.
f
cres.
p Soli.
loud your song, for life is young, And the birds with the blossoms
p Soli.
p Soli.
loud, Raise loud your song, for life is young, And the birds with the blossoms
p

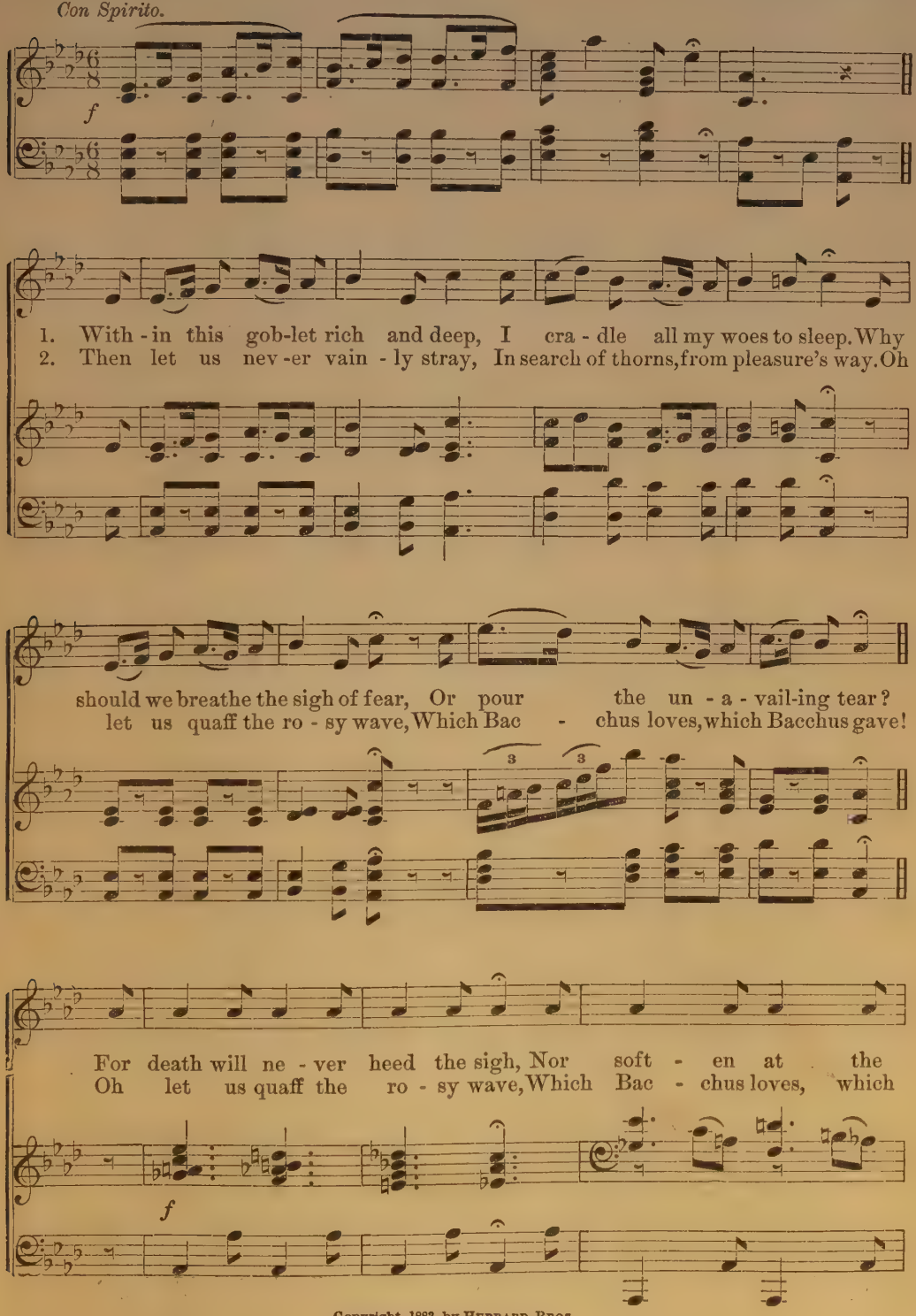

Tutti. f
f
toy, And the birds with the blos-soms toy, Awake! for the Spring has
f
Tutti. f
f
toy, And the birds with the blos-soms toy, A - wake! . for the Spring has
ff
cres.
come, Awake! for the Spring has come, Awake! for the Spring has
f
come, for the Spring, the Spring has come, Awake! . . for the Spring has
f
cres.
f


accel.
ff
come, A-wake! for the Spring has come, A -
accel.
ff
come, for the Spring, the Spring has come,
ff accel.
fff
wake! A-wake!
fff
wake! A-wake!
fff
stacc.
ff
ffz
Fine.

THE ROSY GOBLET.

THOMAS MOORE. ALONZO STONE.

Con Spirito.


f
1. With - in this gob-let rich and deep, I cra - dle all my woes to sleep. Why
2. Then let us nev - er vain - ly stray, In search of thorns, from pleasure's way. Oh
should we breathe the sigh of fear, Or pour the un - a - vail-ing tear?
let us quaff the ro - sy wave, Which Bac - chus loves, which Bacchus gave!
3
3
For death will ne - ver heed the sigh, Nor soft - en at the
Oh let us quaff the ro - sy wave, Which Bac - chus loves, which
f

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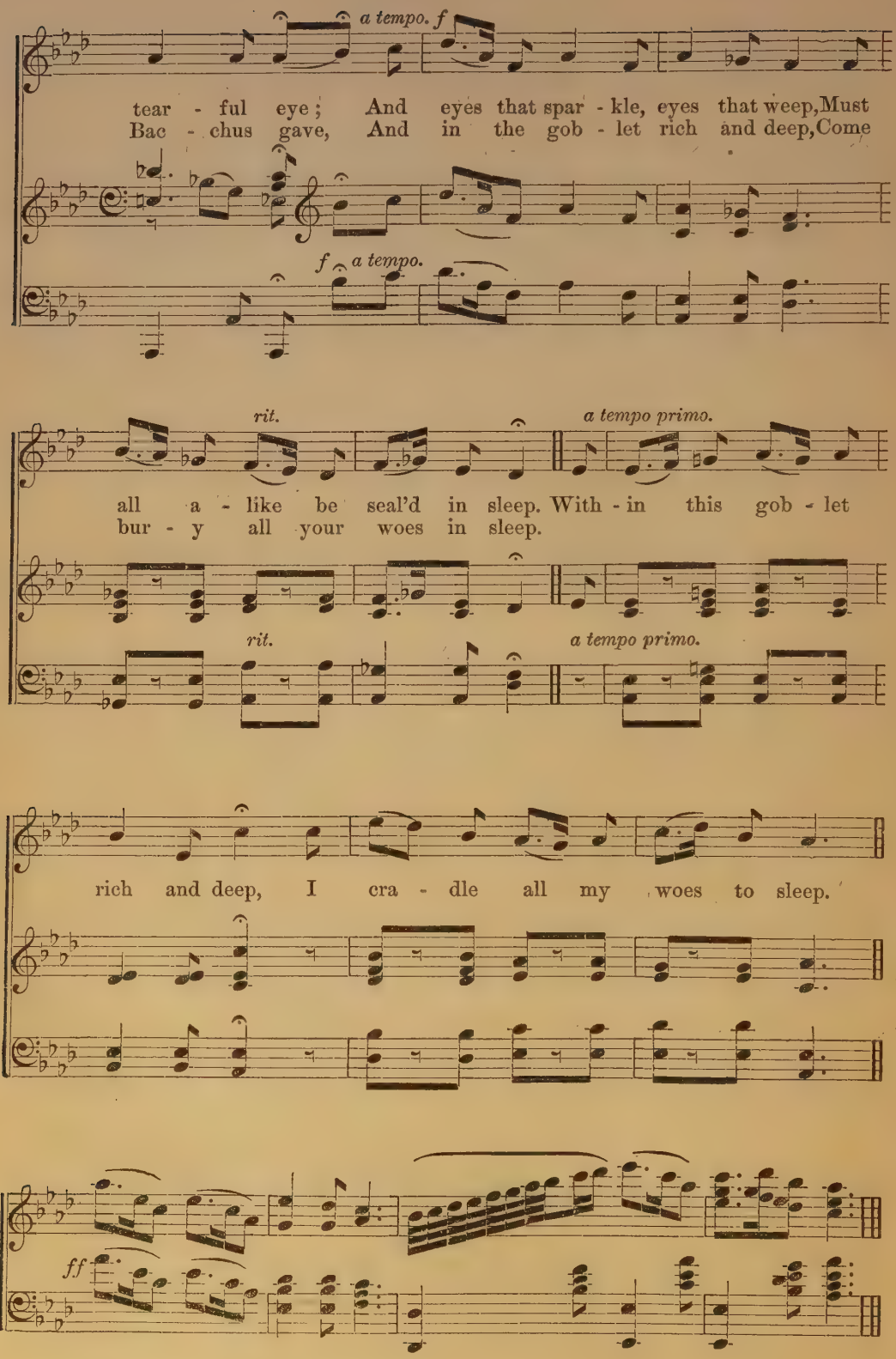
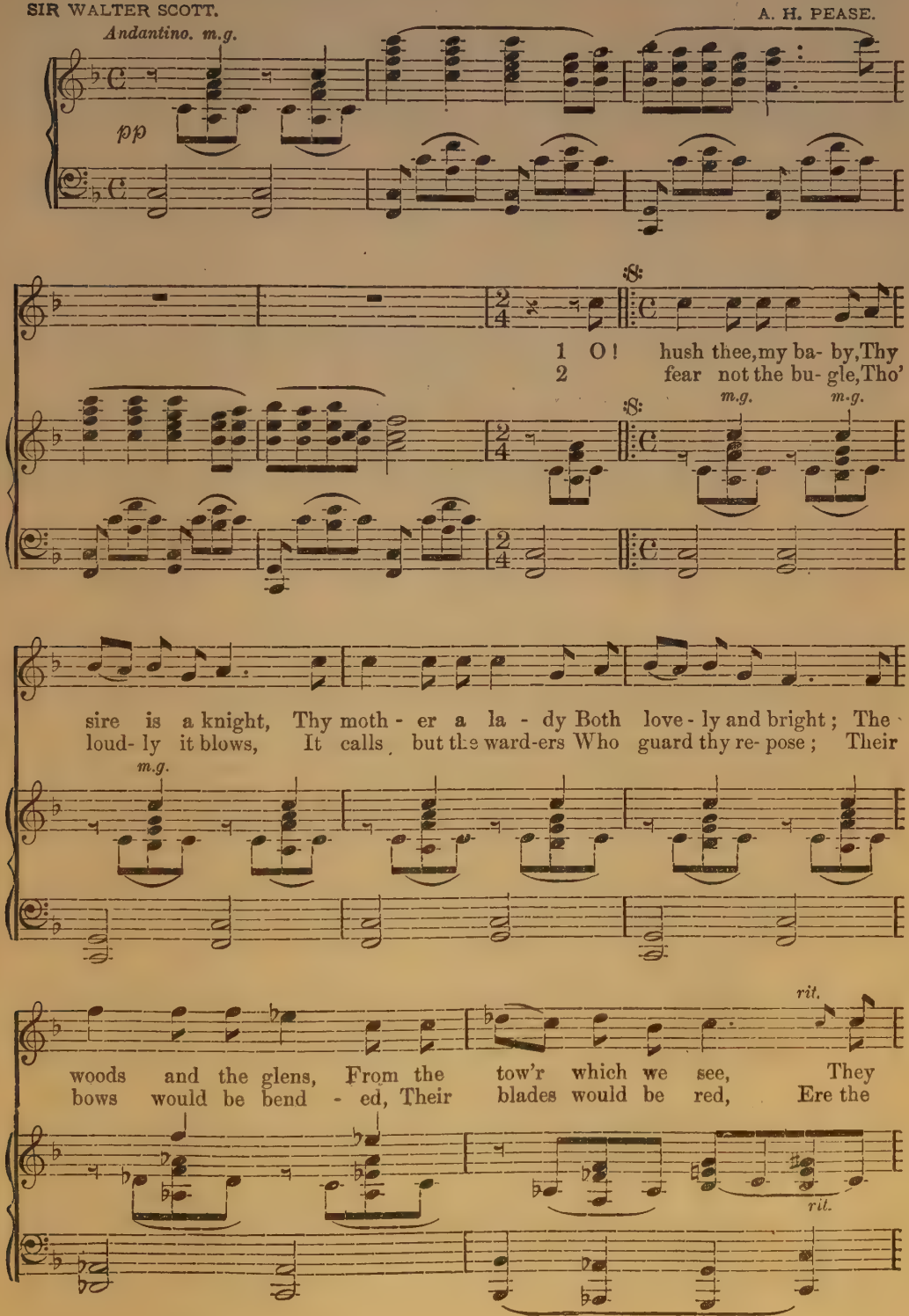
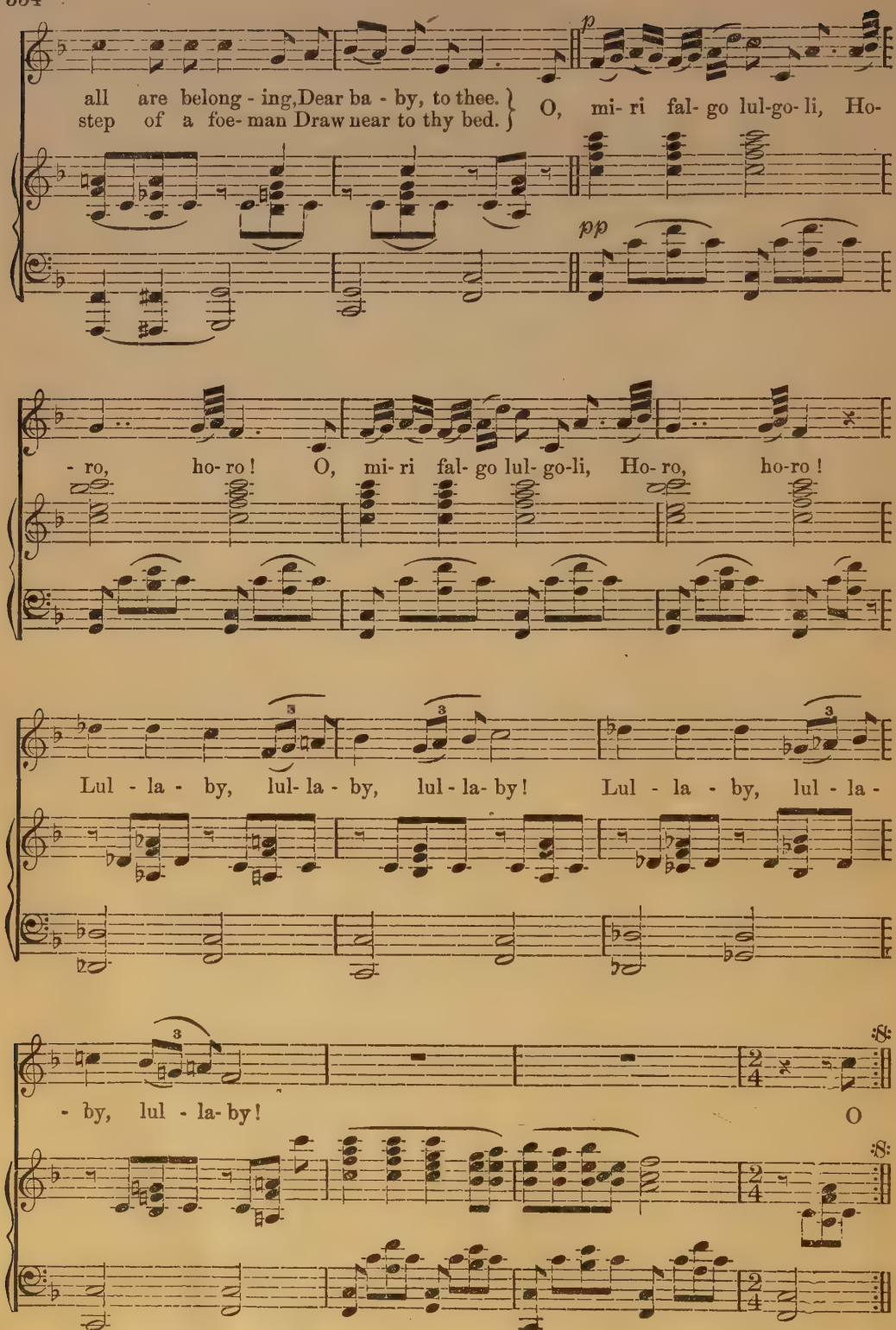
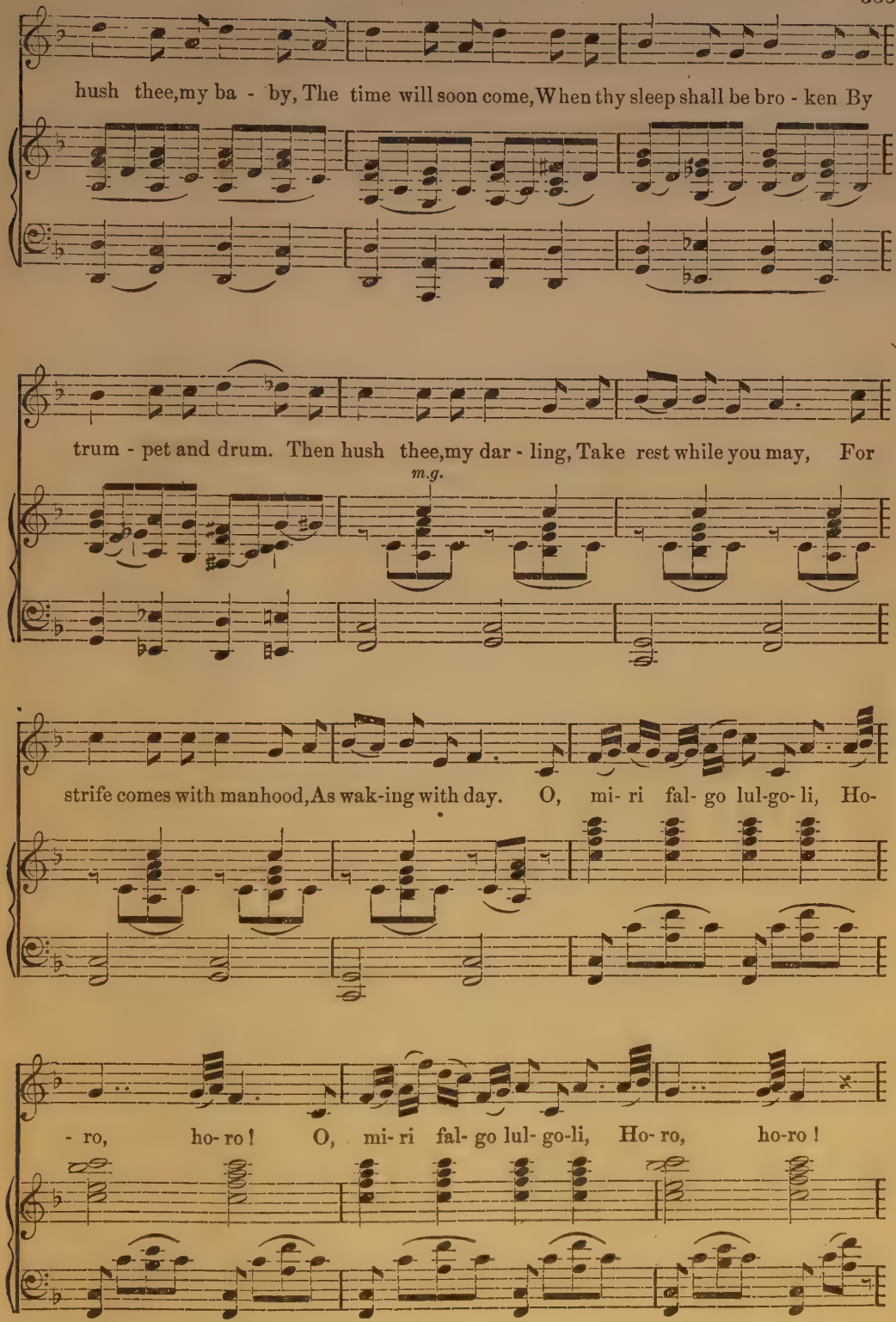

a tempo. f
tear - ful eye; And eyes that spar - kle, eyes that weep, Must
Bac - chus gave, And in the gob - let rich and deep, Come
f a tempo.
rit.
a tempo primo.
all a - like be seal'd in sleep. With - in this gob - let
bur - y all your woes in sleep.
rit.
a tempo primo.
rich and deep, I cra - dle all my woes to sleep.
ff

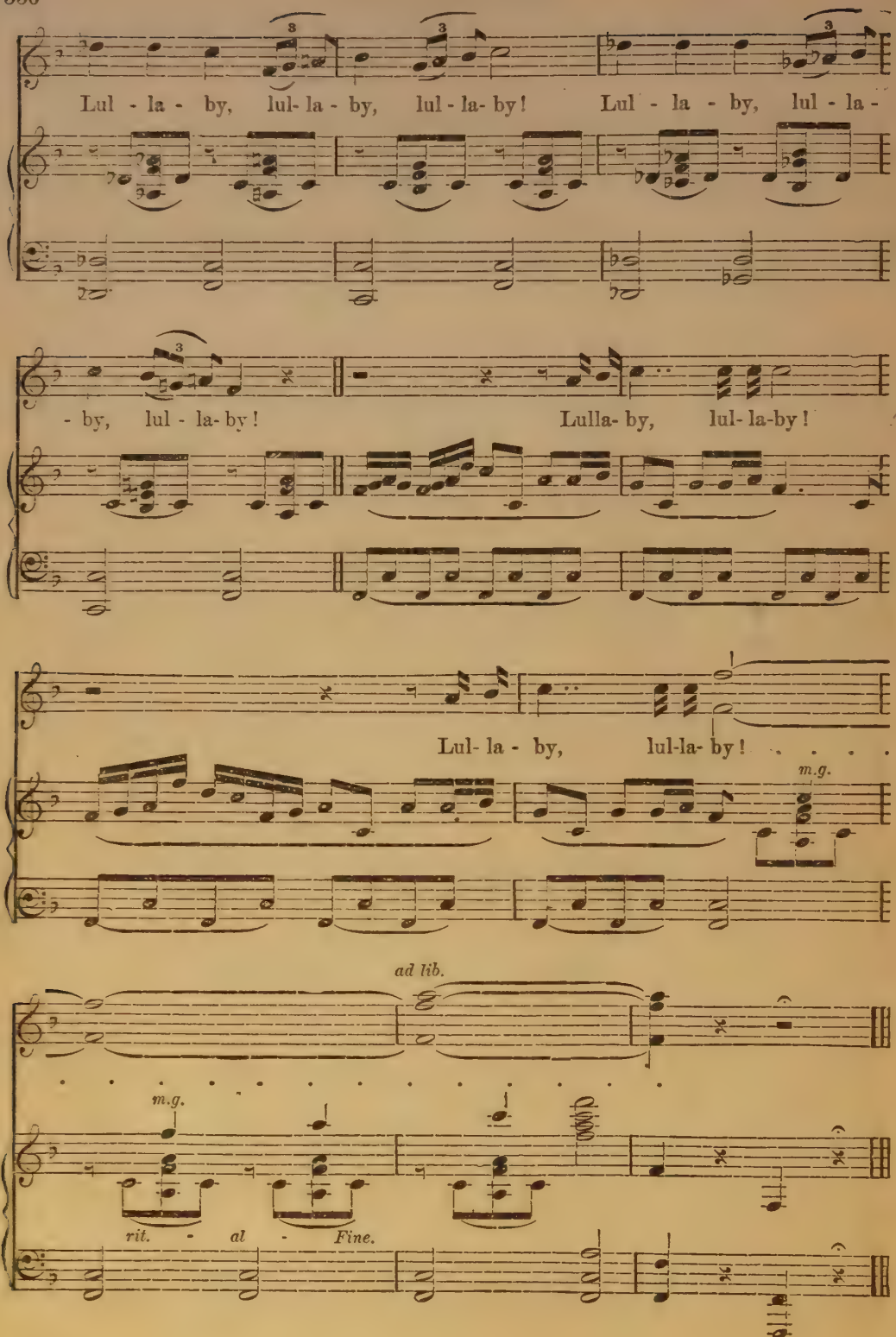
O! HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. A. H. PEASE.


Andantino. m.g.
pp
1 O! hush thee, my ba- by, Thy
2 fear not the bu- gle, Tho'
m.g.
m.g.
sire is a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy Both love - ly and bright; The
loud- ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers Who guard thy re- pose; Their
m.g.
rit.
woods and the glens, From the tow'r which we see, They
bows would be bend - ed, Their blades would be red, Ere the
ril.

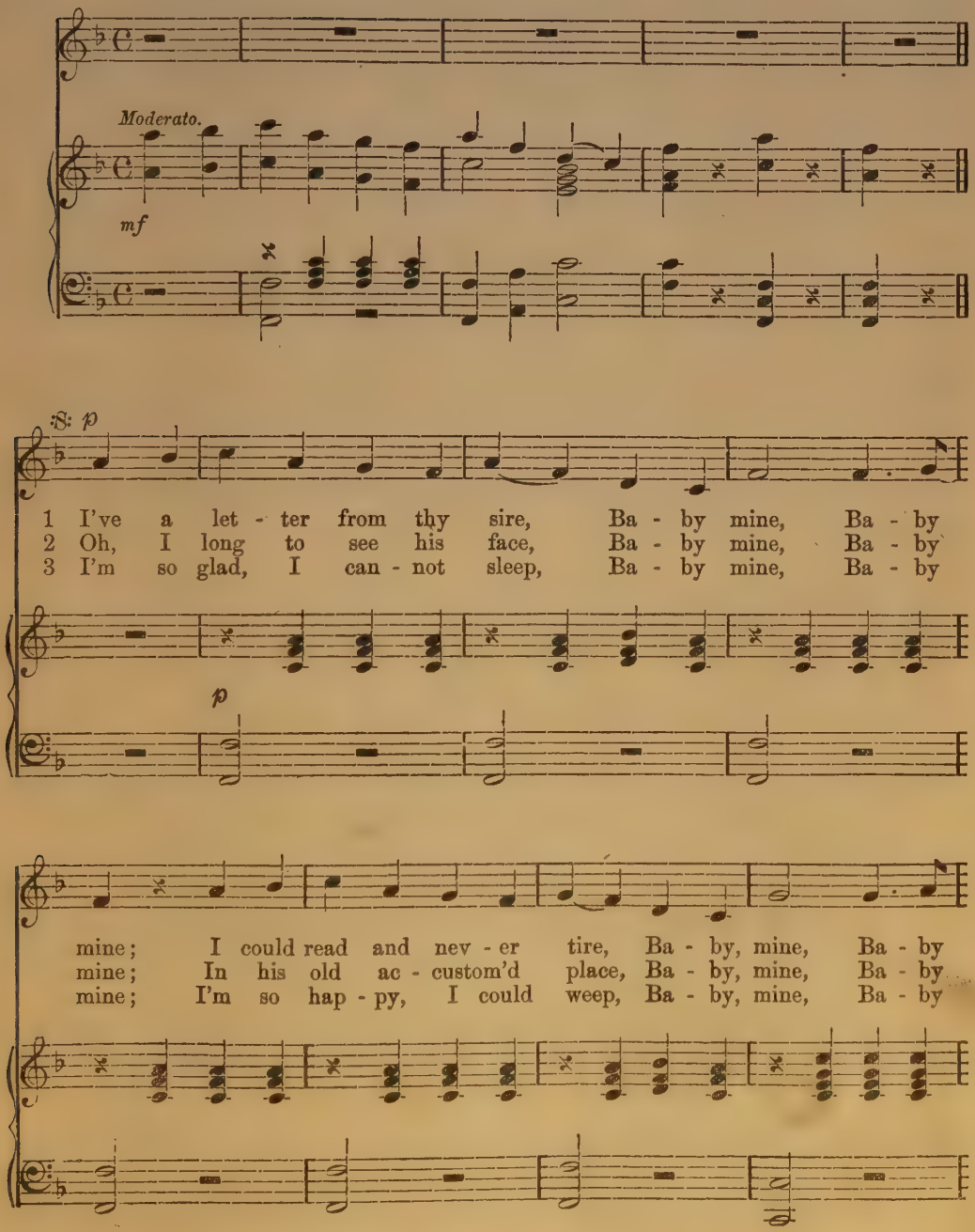

all are belong - ing, Dear ba - by, to thee.
step of a foe- man Draw near to thy bed.
O, mi- ri fal- go lul-go- li, Ho-
p
pp
- ro, ho- ro! O, mi- ri fal- go lul- go-li, Ho- ro, ho-ro!
Lul - la - by, lul- la - by, lul - la- by! Lul - la - by, lul - la -
- by, lul - la- by!
O

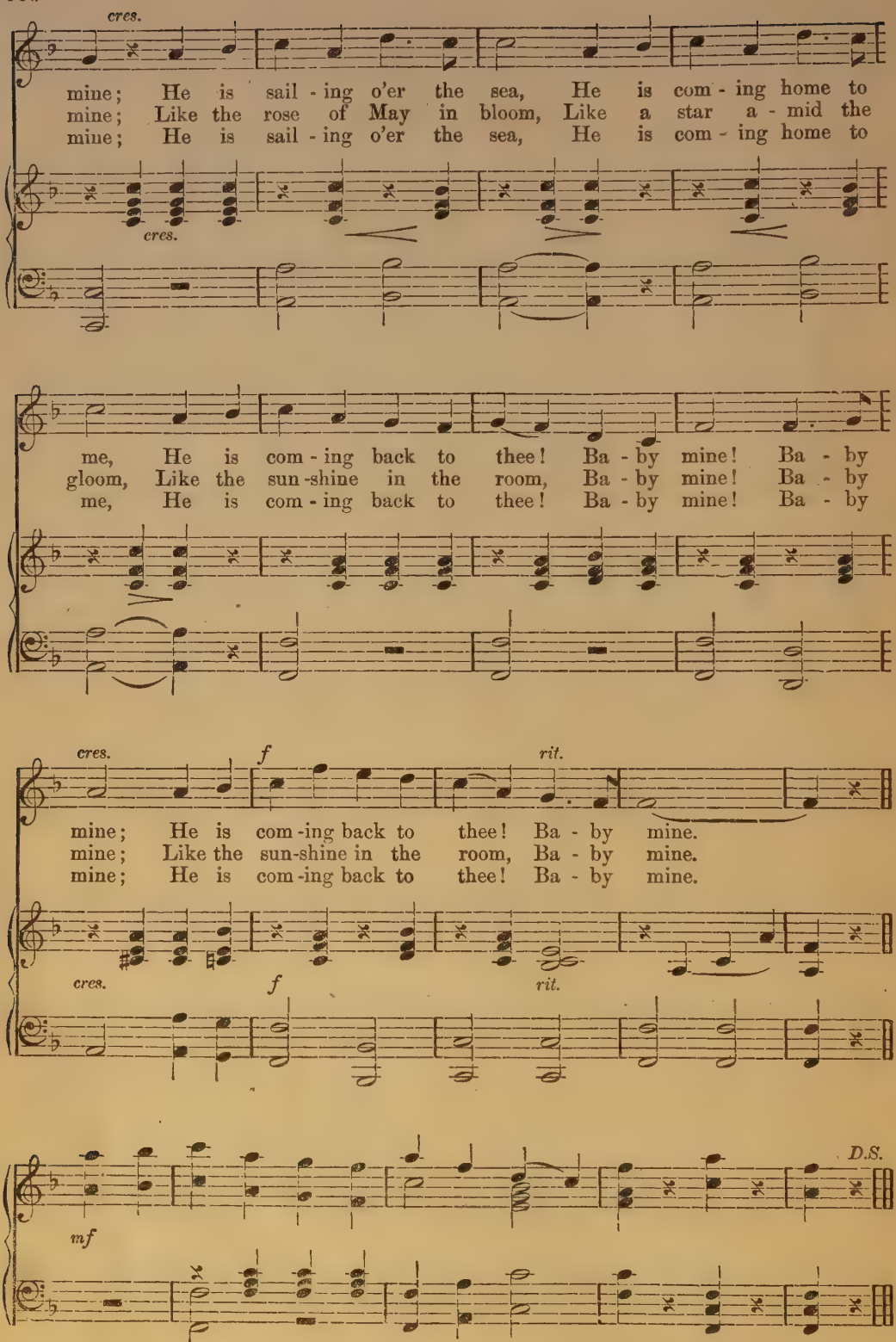

hush thee, my ba - by, The time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken By
trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my dar - ling, Take rest while you may, For
m.g.
strife comes with manhood, As wak-ing with day. O, mi- ri fal- go lul-go- li, Ho-
- ro, ho- ro! O, mi- ri fal- go lul- go-li, Ho- ro, ho-ro!


Lul - la - by, lul- la - by, lul - la- by! Lul - la - by, lul - la -
- by, lul - la- by! Lulla- by, lul- la-by!
Lul- la - by, lul-la- by!
m.g.
ad lib.
m.g.
rit. - al - Fine.

"BABY MINE."

CHARLES MACKEY. ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON.

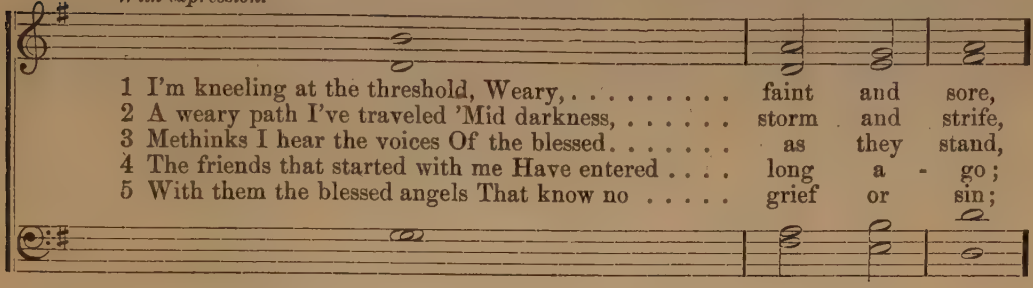

Moderato.
mf
p
1 I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
2 Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
3 I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
p
mine; I could read and nev - er tire, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by
mine; In his old ac - custom'd place, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by
mine; I'm so hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by

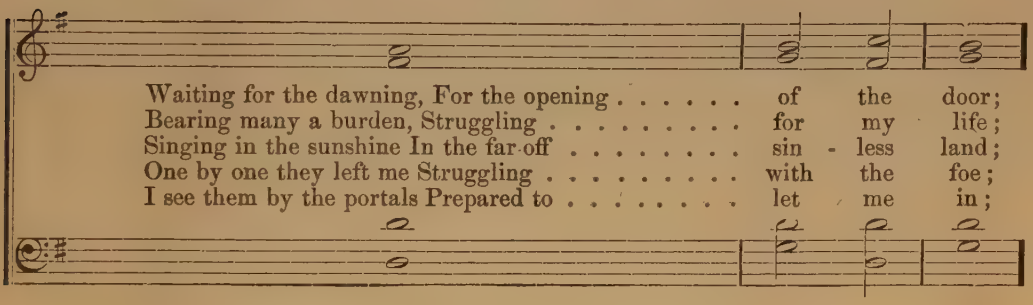

cres.
mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to
mine; Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the
mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to
cres.
me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by
gloom, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine! Ba - by
me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by
cres. f rit.
mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.
mine; Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine.
mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.
cres. f rit.
D.S.
mf

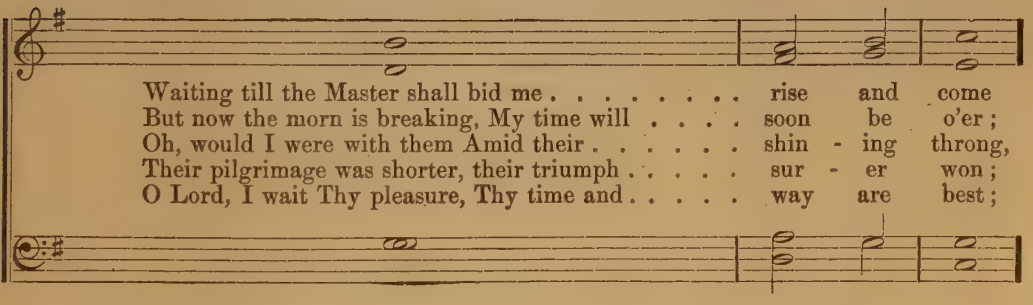
THE WATCHER AT THE GATE.

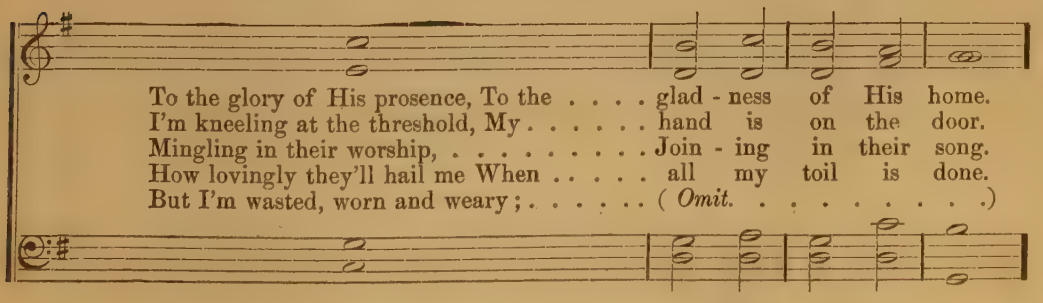
D. B. TOWNER. N. N. M. I.

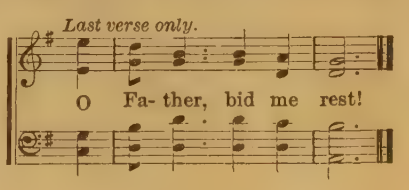
With expression.


1 I'm kneeling at the threshold, Weary, ... faint and sore,
2 A weary path I've traveled 'Mid darkness, ... storm and strife,
3 Methinks I hear the voices Of the blessed. . . . . as they stand,
4 The friends that started with me Have entered . . . . long a - go;
5 With them the blessed angels That know no . . . . . grief or sin;


Waiting for the dawning, For the opening . . . . . of the door;
Bearing many a burden, Struggling . . . . . for my life;
Singing in the sunshine In the far-off . . . . . sin - less land;
One by one they left me Struggling . . . . . with the foe;
I see them by the portals Prepared to . . . . . let me in;

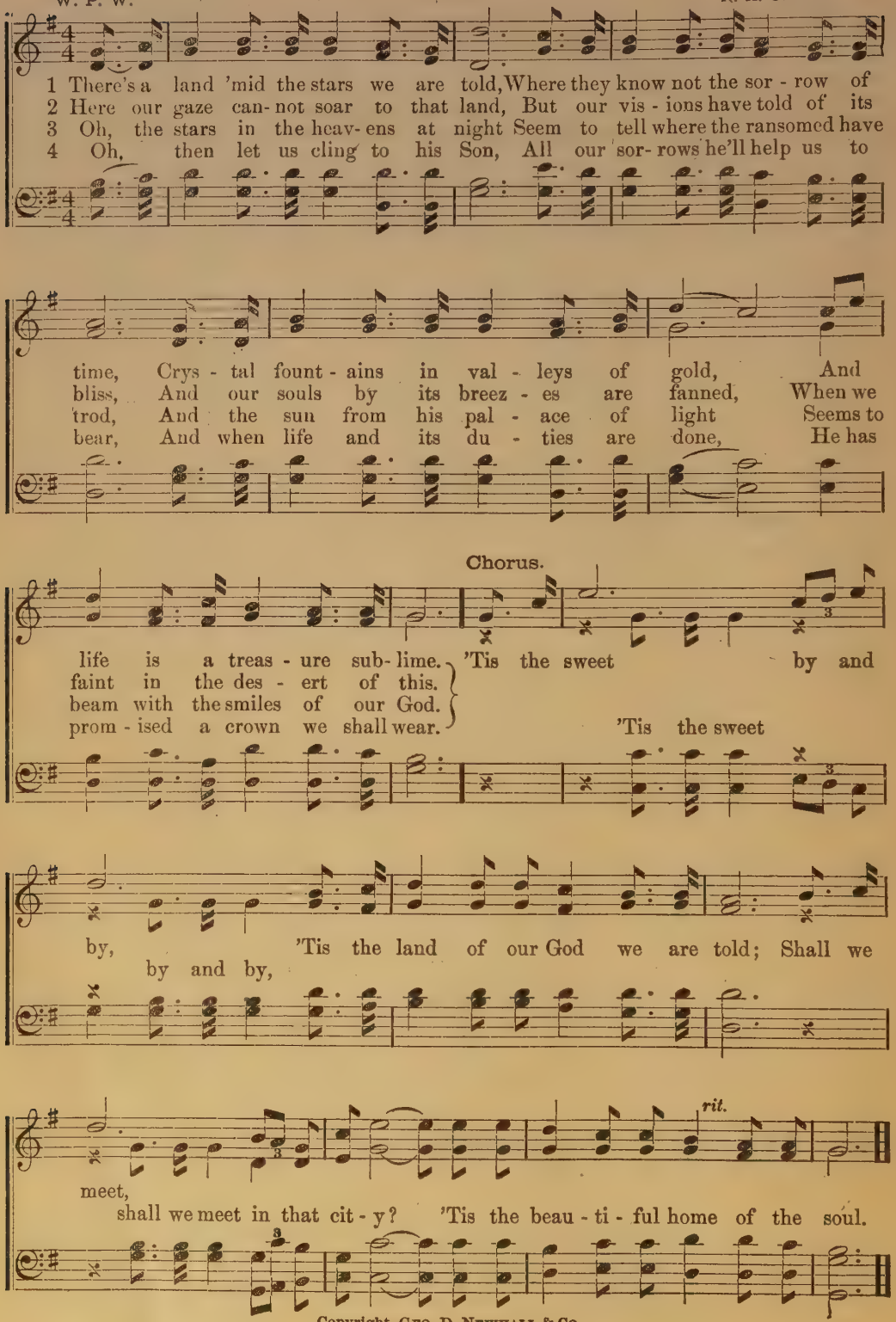

Waiting till the Master shall bid me . . . . . rise and come
But now the morn is breaking, My time will . . . . soon be o'er;
Oh, would I were with them Amid their . . . . . shin - ing throng,
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph . . . . . sur - er won;
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and . . . . . way are best;


To the glory of His prosence, To the . . . . glad - ness of His home.
I'm kneeling at the threshold, My . . . . . hand is on the door.
Mingling in their worship, ... Join - ing in their song.
How lovingly they'll hail me When . . . . . all my toil is done.
But I'm wasted, worn and weary; . . . . . (Omit. . . . . .)



THERE'S A LAND 'MID THE STARS.

W. P. W. R. A. GLENN.


1 There's a land 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sor - row of
2 Here our gaze can- not soar to that land, But our vis - ions have told of its
3 Oh, the stars in the heav- ens at night Seem to tell where the ransomed have
4 Oh, then let us cling to his Son, All our sor- rows he'll help us to
time, Crys - tal fount - ains in val - leys of gold, And
bliss, And our souls by its breez - es are fanned, When we
trod, And the sun from his pal - ace of light Seems to
bear, And when life and its du - ties are done, He has
Chorus.
life is a treas - ure sub- lime. 'Tis the sweet by and
faint in the des - ert of this.
beam with the smiles of our God.
prom - ised a crown we shall wear.
'Tis the sweet
by, 'Tis the land of our God we are told; Shall we
by and by,
meet,
shall we meet in that cit - y? 'Tis the beau - ti - ful home of the soul.
rit.

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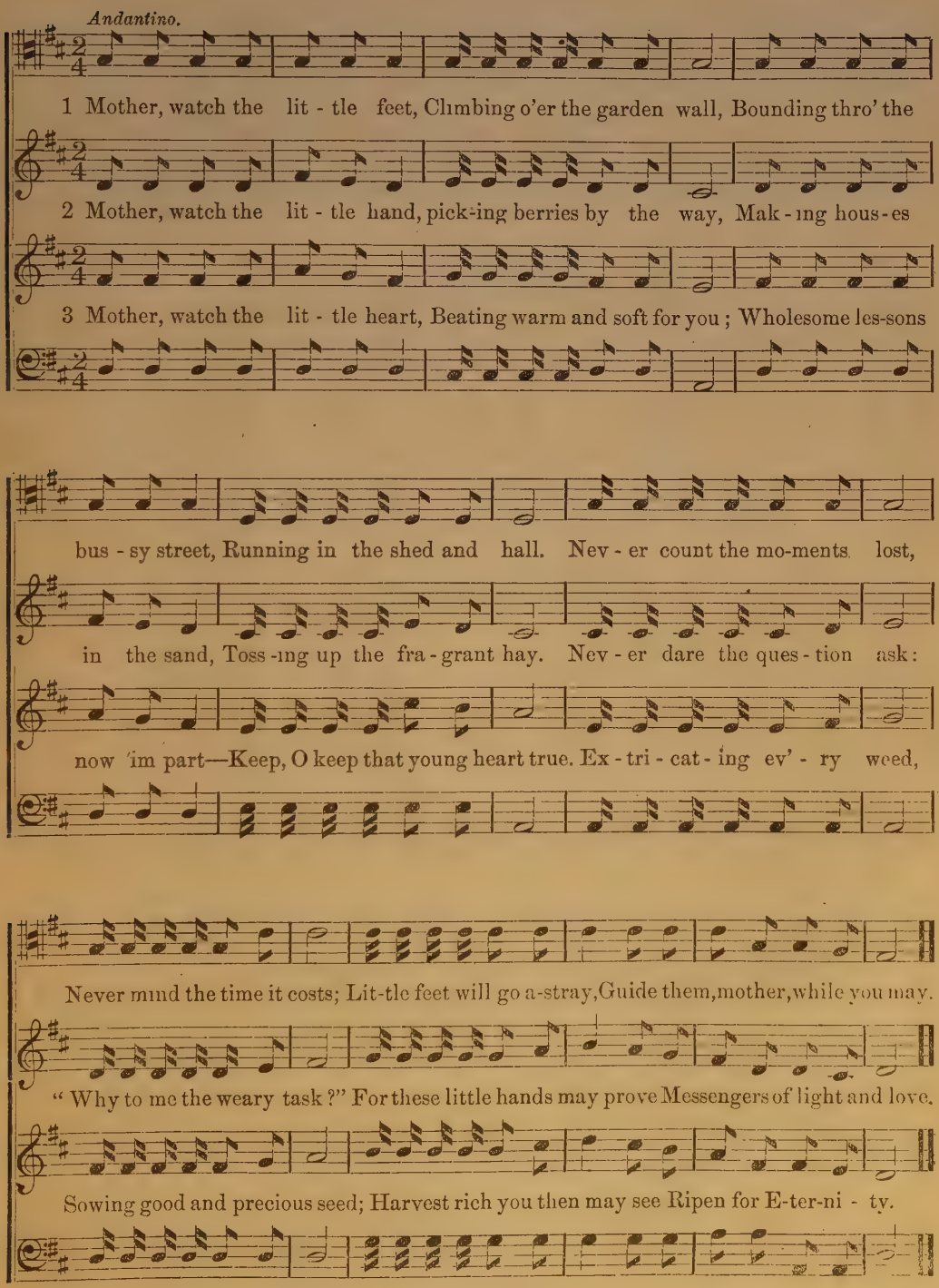
MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.


Andantino.
1 Mother, watch the lit - tle feet, Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding thro' the
2 Mother, watch the lit - tle hand, pick-ing berries by the way, Mak - ing hous - es
3 Mother, watch the lit - tle heart, Beating warm and soft for you ; Wholesome les-sons
bus - sy street, Running in the shed and hall. Nev - er count the mo-ments lost,
in the sand, Toss - ing up the fra - grant hay. Nev - er dare the ques - tion ask:
now 'im part—Keep, O keep that young heart true. Ex - tri - cat - ing ev' - ry weed,
Never mind the time it costs; Lit-tle feet will go a-stray, Guide them, mother, while you may.
" Why to me the weary task ?" For these little hands may prove Messengers of light and love.
Sowing good and precious seed; Harvest rich you then may see Ripen for E-ter-ni - ty.

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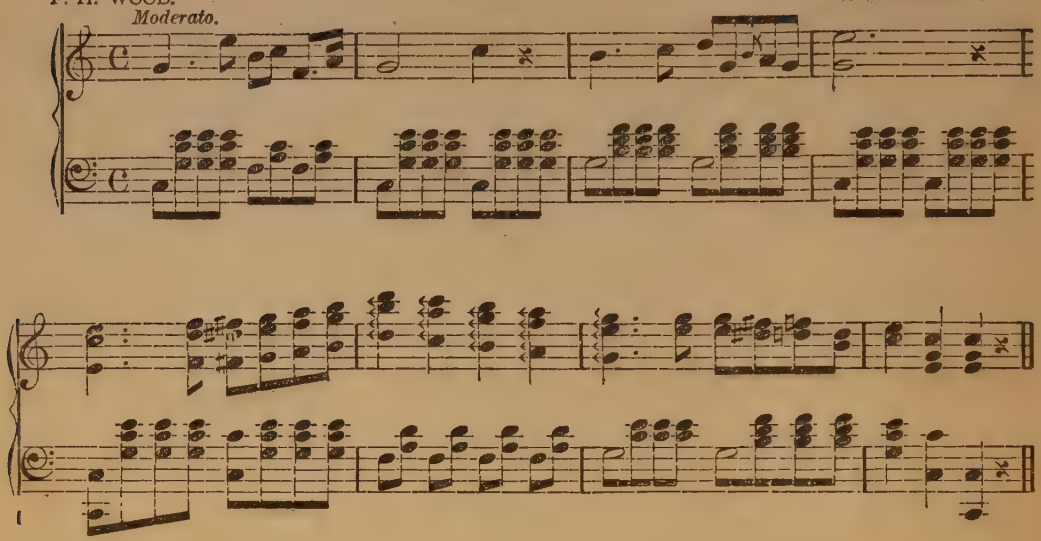
HELEN'S BABIES.

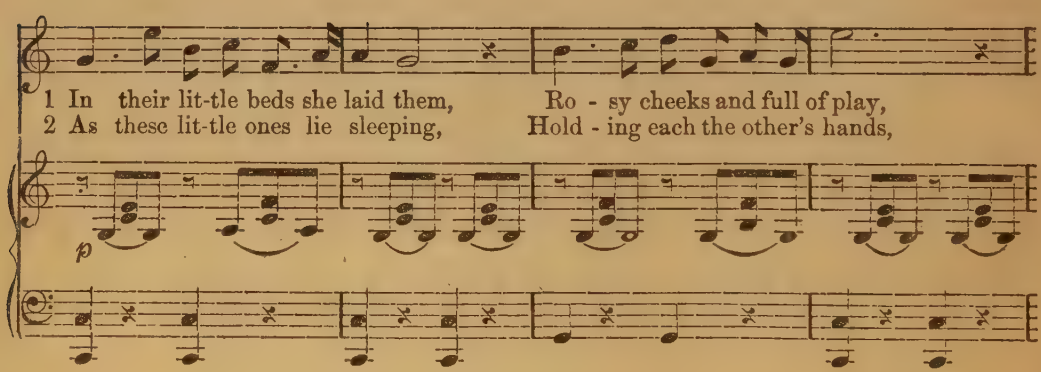
"IN THEIR LITTLE BED."

F. H. WOOD. E. A. BENSON.

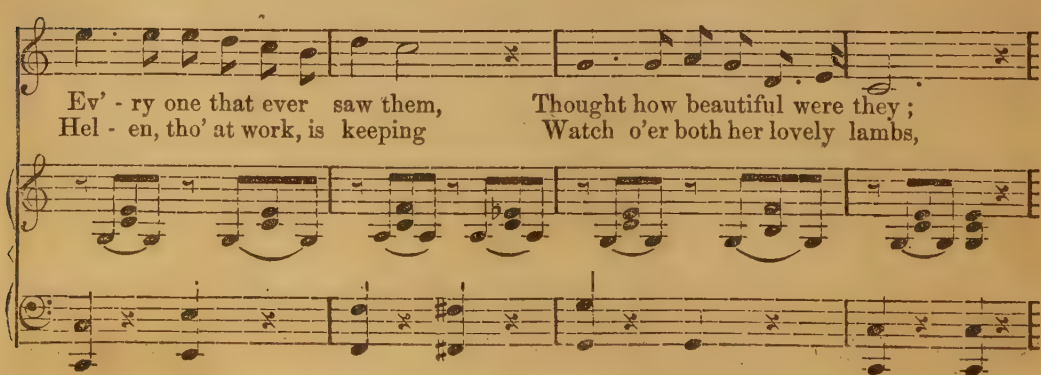
Moderato.

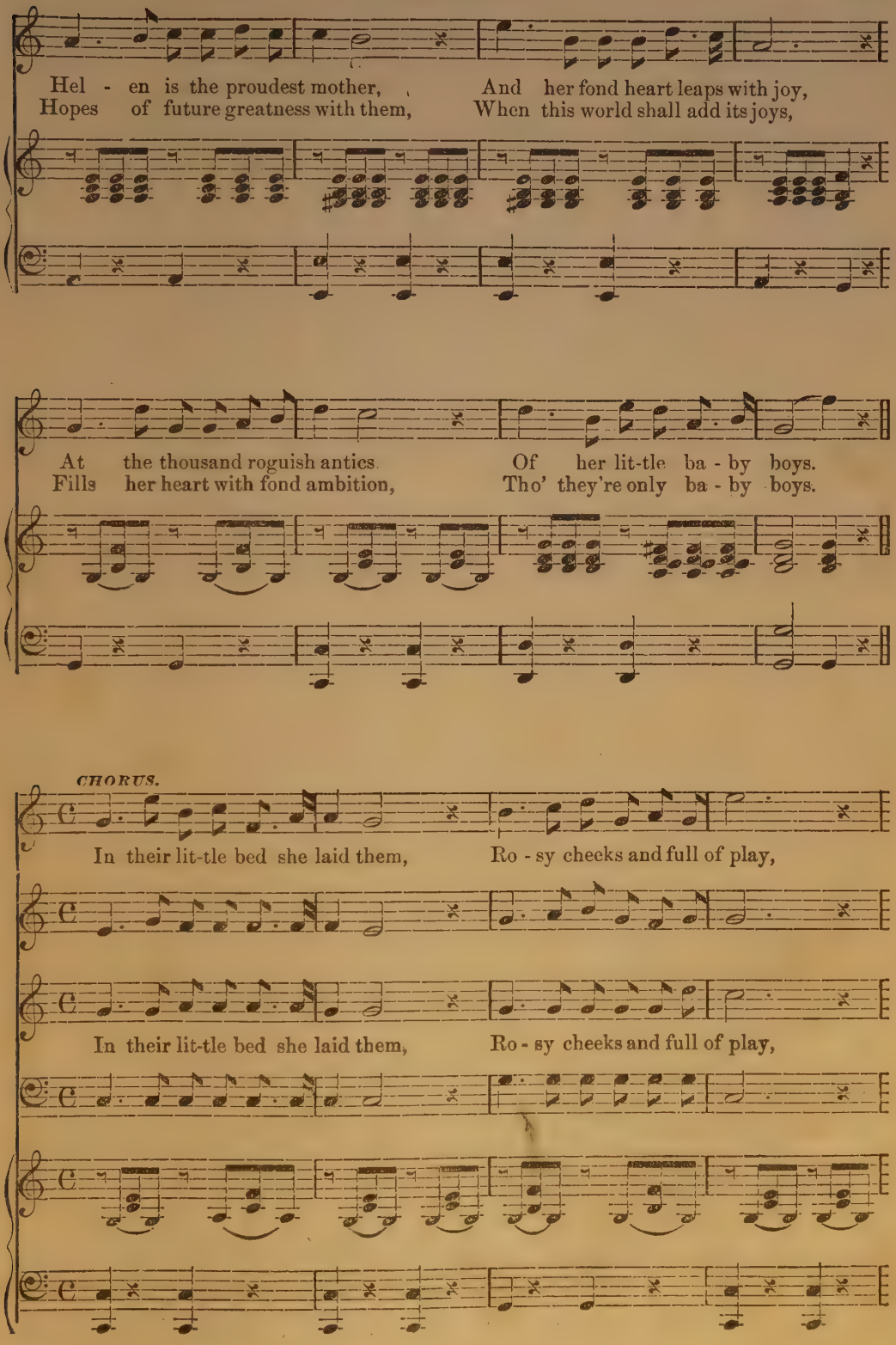


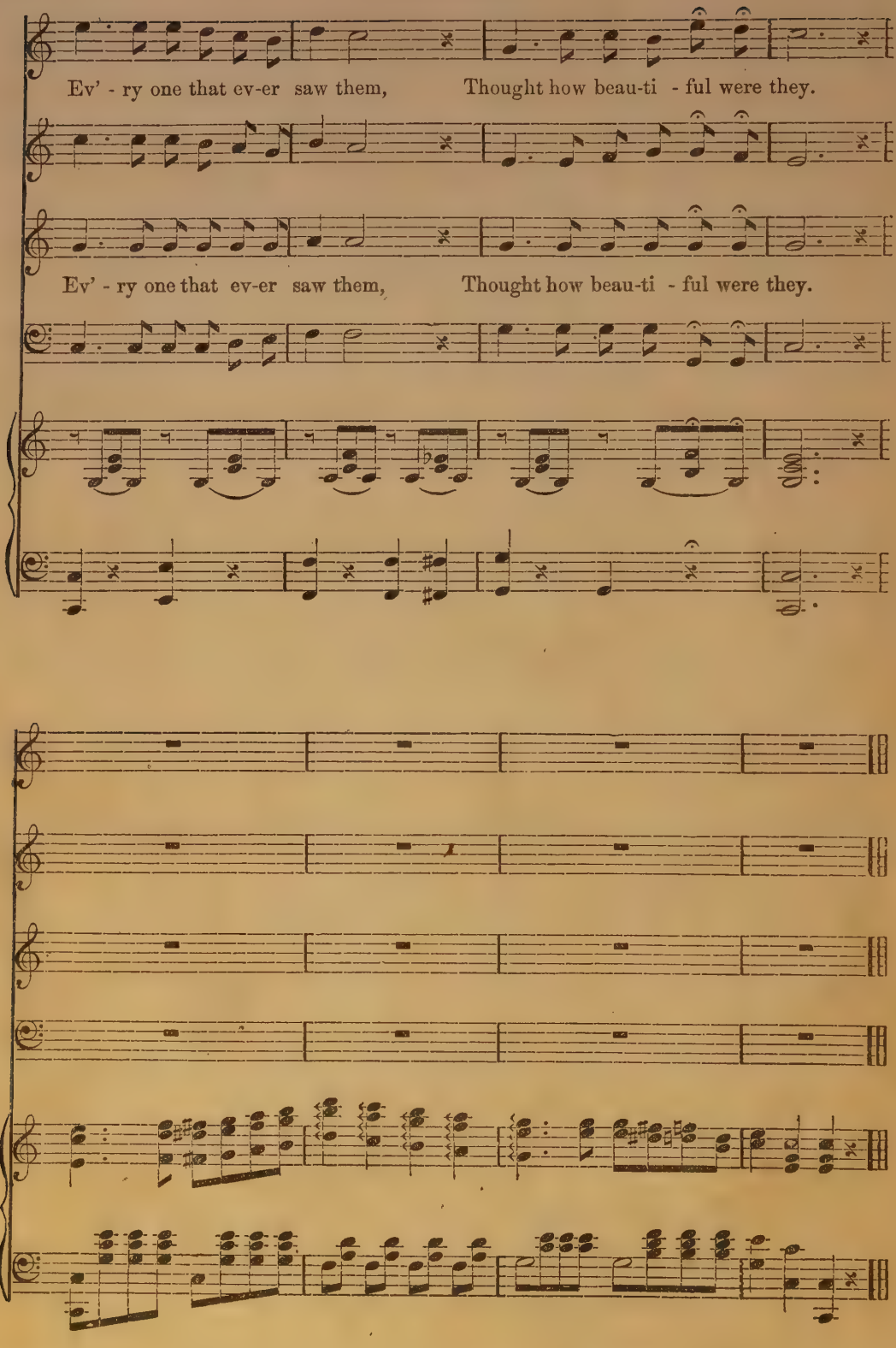
1 In their lit-tle beds she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,
2 As these lit-tle ones lie sleeping, Hold - ing each the other's hands,



Ev' - ry one that ever saw them, Thought how beautiful were they ;
Hel - en, tho' at work, is keeping Watch o'er both her lovely lambs,




Hel - en is the proudest mother, And her fond heart leaps with joy,
Hopes of future greatness with them, When this world shall add its joys,
At the thousand roguish antics Of her lit-tle ba - by boys.
Fills her heart with fond ambition, Tho' they're only ba - by boys.
CHORUS.
In their lit-tle bed she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,
In their lit-tle bed she laid them, Ro - sy cheeks and full of play,

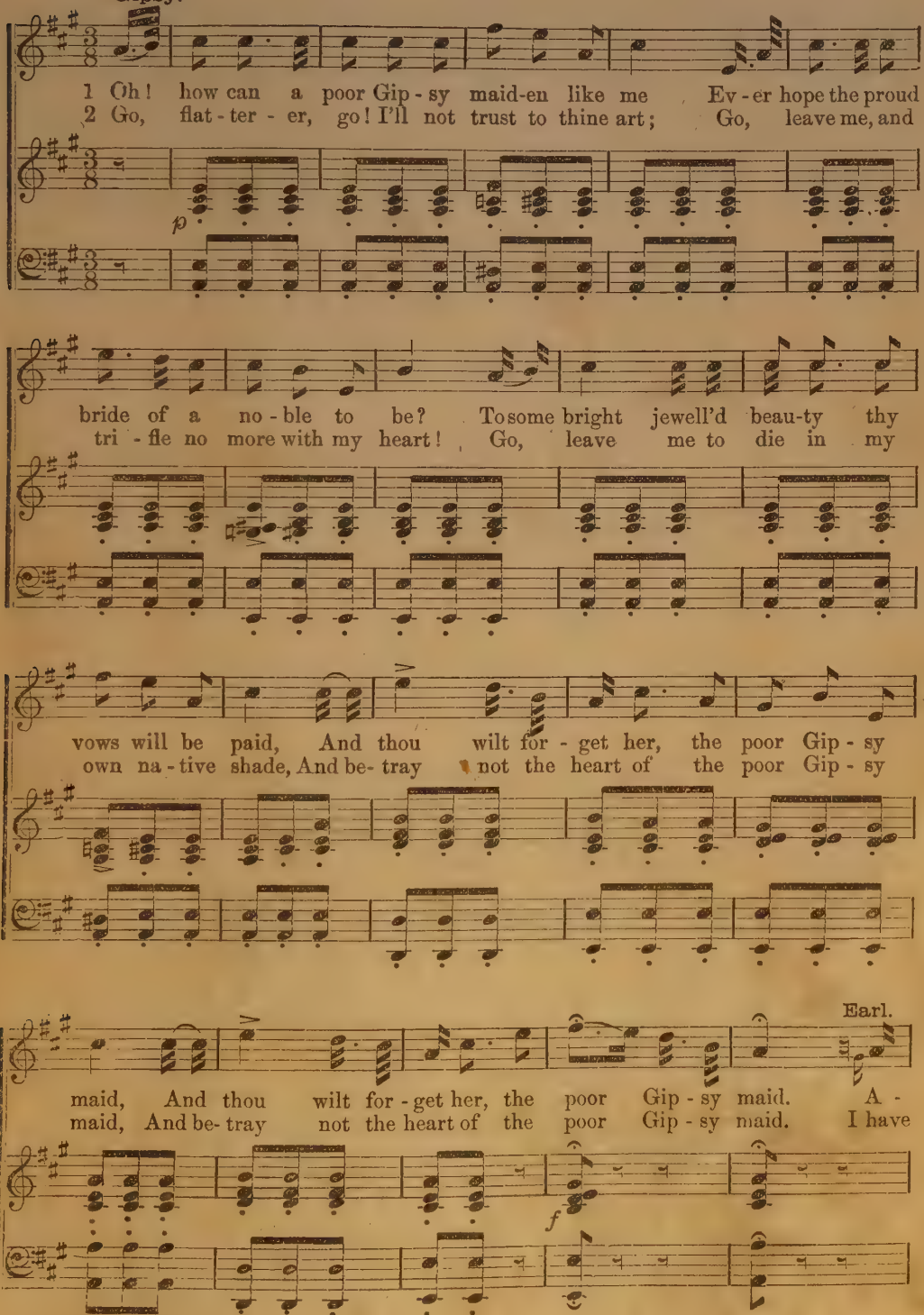

Ev' - ry one that ev-er saw them, Thought how beau-ti - ful were they.
Ev' - ry one that ev-er saw them, Thought how beau-ti - ful were they.

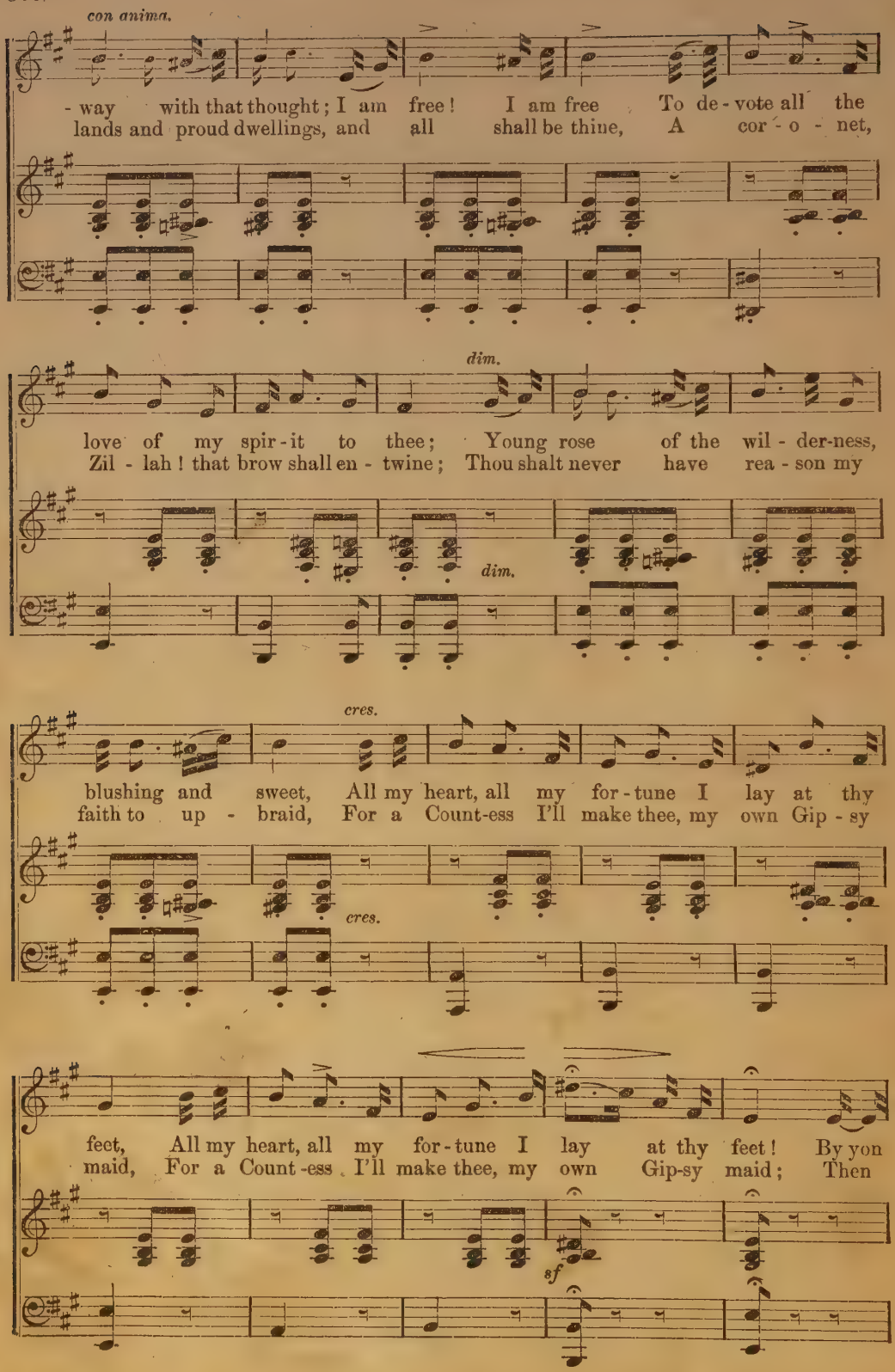
THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

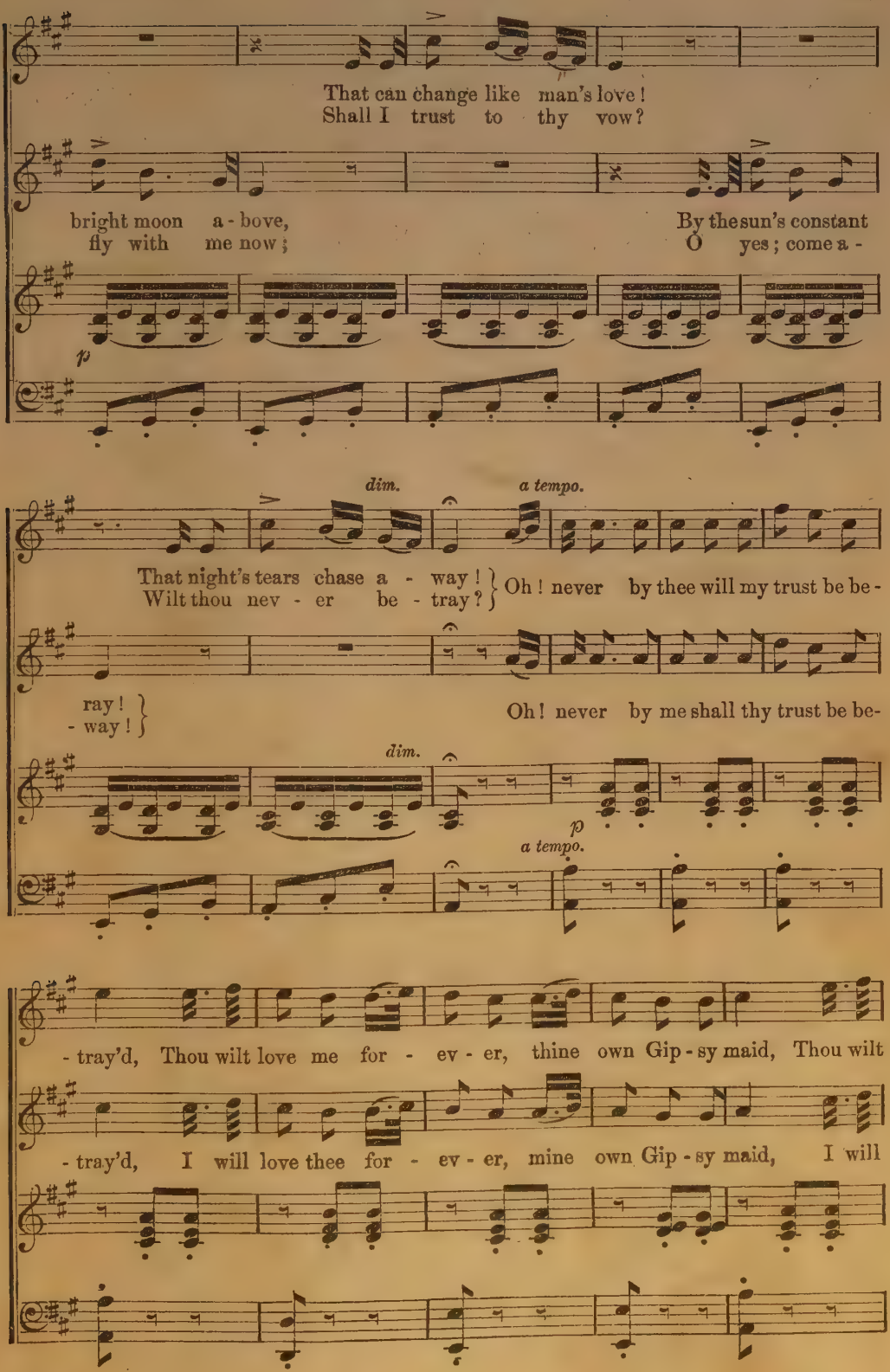
DUET.

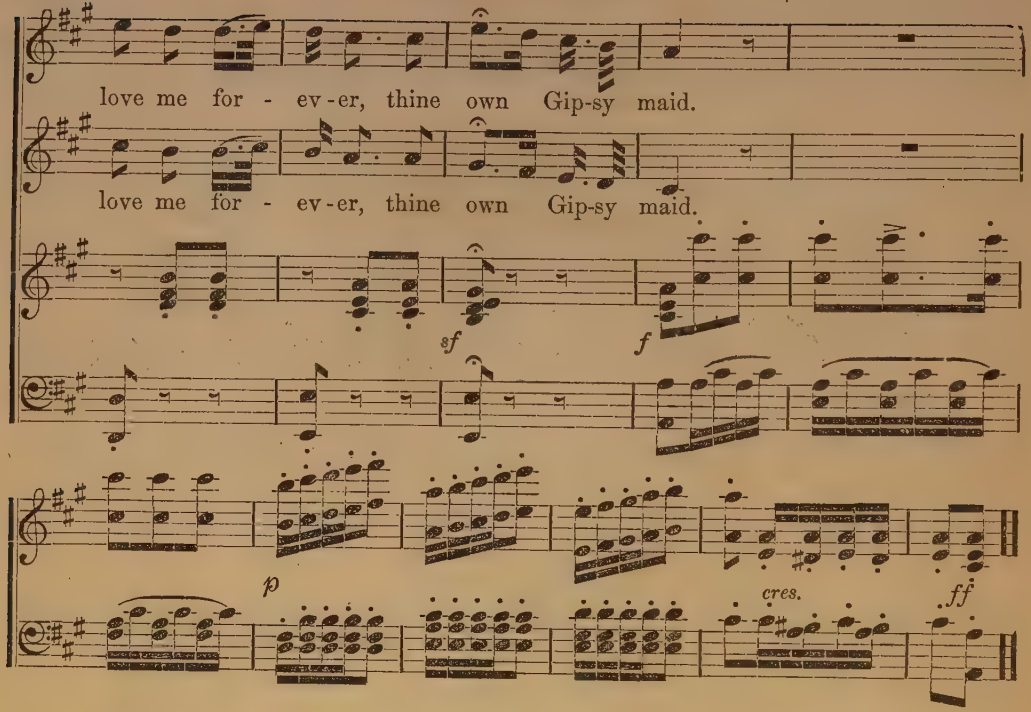
MRS. CRAWFORD. STEPHEN GLOVER.

Gipsy.


1 Oh! how can a poor Gip - sy maid-en like me Ev - er hope the proud
2 Go, flat - ter - er, go! I'll not trust to thine art; Go, leave me, and
p
bride of a no - ble to be? To some bright jewell'd beau-ty thy
tri - fle no more with my heart! Go, leave me to die in my
vows will be paid, And thou wilt for - get her, the poor Gip - sy
own na - tive shade, And be - tray not the heart of the poor Gip - sy
Earl.
maid, And thou wilt for - get her, the poor Gip - sy maid. A -
maid, And be - tray not the heart of the poor Gip - sy maid. I have
f


con anima.
- way with that thought; I am free! I am free To de - vote all the
lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine, A cor - o - net,
dim.
love of my spir - it to thee; Young rose of the wil - der-ness,
Zil - lah! that brow shall en - twine; Thou shalt never have rea - son my
dim.
cres.
blushing and sweet, All my heart, all my for - tune I lay at thy
faith to up - braid, For a Count-ess I'll make thee, my own Gip - sy
cres.
feet, All my heart, all my for - tune I lay at thy feet! By yon
maid, For a Count - ess I'll make thee, my own Gip-sy maid; Then
sf


That can change like man's love!
Shall I trust to thy vow?
bright moon a - bove,
fly with me now;
By the sun's constant
O yes; come a -
p
dim.
a tempo.
That night's tears chase a - way!
Wilt thou nev - er be - tray?
Oh! never by thee will my trust be be -
ray!
- way!
Oh! never by me shall thy trust be be-
dim.
p
a tempo.
- tray'd, Thou wilt love me for - ev - er, thine own Gip - sy maid, Thou wilt
- tray'd, I will love thee for - ev - er, mine own Gip - sy maid, I will


love me for - ev-er, thine own Gip-sy maid.
love me for - ev-er, thine own Gip-sy maid.
sf
f
p
cres.
ff

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